

BOROUGH COUNCIL HELD ITS REGULAR SESSION, MONDAY

Will Introduce Ordinance to License All Plumbers

A regular meeting of council was held Monday evening in borough hall. Mayor Hermann presided and all members of council were present.

Following the discussion of a letter from the Board of Health suggesting that the plumbers doing business in the borough should be licensed, council directed the clerk to write the attorney asking him to prepare an ordinance for the consideration of council.

On Sunday, May 28, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sigurd Dieseth was christened at the Norweigen church, in Perth Amboy, to which they were conveyed accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Connors, in Arthur Grohman's automobile.

Council was of the opinion that Mr. Klink was under some misapprehension and having considered the plans and specifications for the work, drawn by the borough engineer, it was ordered that bids be advertised for by the borough clerk to be received at the next council meeting, June 19.

Bills amounting to about \$2,000, principally for salaries, were approved and ordered paid.

The oiling of the streets was discussed, as were several minor matters.

Mr. William Clark has installed an up-to-date electrical massage instrument at his tansorial parlor, on Woodbridge avenue, opposite Chrome Postoffice.

A NEW CREATION WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY THE MERRIAM WEBSTER The Only New unabridged dictionary in many years.

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WORK STARTED ON NEW ARMOUR PLANT IN CHROME

Operations to build the new plant here for Armour & Company, of Chicago was started last Thursday. The contractors, Messrs. J. L. Flinn & Sons, of Peoria, Ill., are already on the job.

As recently told in the News the plant when constructed will deal with the waste products of the meat industry. Armour & Company are known all over the world. The plant when constructed will prepare for the market various kinds, manufacture sand paper and emery cloth and otherwise recover the value of various waste products which otherwise be lost.

Messrs. Flinn & Sons have already sublet some of their contracts and have appointed F. F. Simons, county and borough engineer, to look after the engineering part of the work. The plant when completed will find employment for a large force.

Infant Daughter Was Christened

On Sunday, May 28, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sigurd Dieseth was christened at the Norweigen church, in Perth Amboy, to which they were conveyed accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Connors, in Arthur Grohman's automobile.

Among the many guests present were the following: Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Connors, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Koses, Post Master and Mrs. Winchell, Misses Hazel, Ethel and May Winchell, Helen Stoken, Jennie and Ruth Wager, of Elizabeth, Mrs. Alice Wager, Anna Anderson, Messrs. J. Finegan, Arthur Grohmann and John Duncan.

Farewell Reception to Helen C. Smith

Mr. and Mrs. William Duff will give a farewell reception to Helen Conner Smith, of Youngstown, Ohio, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John H. Nevill, for the past two months. Dempsey's orchestra will furnish the music for the occasion.

A Launch Trip to South Beach

A party of friends, comprising Helen Conner Smith, of Youngstown, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Nevill, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Duff, Mr. and Mrs. Brennan Mr. and Mrs. L. Jones, Andrew Sprague, T. J. Nevill and Miss Mayme Sexton, left early Sunday morning for South Beach, Staten Island, in Wm. Radley's launch, "The Admiral Dewey". The day was lovely for such an occasion.

Great Selling Out Sale.

As we are retiring from business we have decided to sell out our entire stock of clothing, hats, gents' furnishings and also men's, women's and children's shoes, at practically your own price. Everything must go! It will be the most sensational sale ever held in this borough. Not what we say here, but values themselves will shout the loudest for this Retiring Sale.

ROOSEVELT A. C. DEFEATS WEST END A. C., 8-6

Sunday the home team won a hard fought game of ball from the West End A. C., of Plainfield. The feature of the game was the fine base running and batting in the second inning of the local boys, started by J. Elk after two men were out resulting in 4 runs from 4 stolen bases, 4 single hits and one three-base hit by Jakeway.

Hrivnack made many fine catches of hard hit balls, he seems to pull off a sensational catch or two in every game. Frank Andres was missed from the team Sunday but will be in the game against the Danes next Sunday.

Score: ROOSEVELT A. C. R H E A. Jakeway, p., 2 3 0 J. Scally, lf., 0 1 0 O. Elk, lb., 1 2 1 J. Groom, 2b., 0 1 0 E. Andres, rf., 0 2 2 J. Elk, 3b., 1 1 0 J. Staubach, ss., 1 2 1 G. Ensminger, c., 2 2 0 J. Hrivnack, cf., 1 1 0 8 15 4

WEST END A. C. R H E McClinton, 3b., 1 2 0 Don, lb., 0 0 0 Dixon, c., 2b., 0 2 1 Houn, 2b., c., 1 0 0 Luthman, ss., 1 2 1 Wilson, lf., 1 1 0 Fulton, p., rf., 1 0 0 Frederickson, rf., p., 1 1 0 Smith, cf., 0 1 0 6 9 2

Score by innings: Roosevelt A. C., 0 4 1 2 0 1 0 0 x-8 West End A. C., 1 0 0 3 1 0 0 1 0-6

Next Sunday the locals will play the strongest team that has yet appeared at Carteret and will have to play their best to beat the Danish Social A. C. of Perth Amboy.

Roosevelt 7, Port Reading 3.

The result of the game, by innings, Sunday, May 28, between the Roosevelt A. C. and Port Reading A. C. was as follows: Roosevelt... 4 0 0 0 0 2 1 x-7 7 2 P. Reading. 0 0 0 2 0 0 1 0-3 11 8

Colors Give Up Their Secrets.

The famous blue color given to the porcelain manufactured at Sevres has long been believed to be the result of a secret process, and many legends exist about it. It has, however, been recently shown that it is a mistake to suppose that Sevres blue cannot be produced elsewhere. As a matter of fact, it is produced in many French potteries, where sufficient care is taken and where pure oxid of cobalt is used.

Used to Light Work.

A weather-beaten woman somewhat over six feet in height and with a pair of shoulders proportionately broad, appeared at a back door in Wyoming and asked for light house work. She said that her name was Lizzie and explained that she had been ill with typhoid fever and was convalescing.

"Where did you come from, Lizzie?" the woman of the house inquired. "Where have you been?" "I've been workin' out on Howell's ranch," replied Lizzie, "diggin' post holes while I was gittin' my strength back."—Lippincott's Magazine.

YOUNG MEN WANTED

GOVERNMENT PAYS RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS \$800 TO \$1,450 A YEAR Free Scholarships Are Offered Uncle Sam holds examinations for railway mail clerk, postoffice clerk or carrier, custom house and departmental clerks. Prepare at once for the coming examinations. Thousands of appointments are to be made. Common school education is all you need; city and country people have equal chance. Start to prepare now—free information. Free scholarships this month. Write immediately to Central Schools, Dept. B-553, Rochester, N. Y. j19-20t

MOVING PICTURES AT NASH'S, KISH'S AND ELECTRIC

For the comfort of its ever growing clientele during the hot summer nights, the Wagner Amusement Co. has engaged Kish's hall, Carteret and Nash's hall, Chrome, to accommodate the enormous crowds which have been attracted to the Electric Theatre, not alone for its splendid programme of pictures, vaudeville and music, but for the able manner in which this little theatre is being managed.

They are indeed, to be complimented for their endeavours in every manner in giving the residents of the Borough of Roosevelt a clean, up-to-date, refined performance where an evening may be pleasantly spent by both young and old.

To Boynton Beach Via Sinnott's Stage

Mr. P. Sinnott will run his stage to Boynton Beach every Wednesday and Saturday nights, leaving Chrome post-office at eight o'clock.

Martin Denko Nearly Killed by Fall

Martin Denko, a resident of Lorch street, met with a serious accident some time before 2.30 o'clock Sunday morning. He was found by Marshal Bradley and a citizen about that time lying, practically unconscious, outside of his boarding house. The officer notified the people of the house and he was carried inside by three friends.

It was thought at the time he was drunk but owing to his groans and apparently serious condition Dr. Jacoby was sent for. The physician came to the conclusion that the man was suffering from a fractured spine and other serious injuries and took him on the 11 A. M. train to Elizabeth, where he was removed to the General Hospital. He is now in a very precarious condition and his recovery is not expected.

From inquiries made it would appear that the man went home under the influence of liquor and it is thought he went out on the roof of the porch to sleep, but missing his footing plunged to the street below. He is of Hungarian descent and has resided here off and on for many years.

District Election Officers Named

Under the new Geran law all applications for the position of district election officers throughout the county must be filed with Secretary Gardner Colby, of the Civil Service Commission, at Trenton, not later than June 1. John Pfeiffer, of Perth Amboy, chairman of the Republican County Committee, sent his recommendations in Wednesday of last week. From what can be gleaned there are no factional petitions filed, even though the law states any person may become a candidate if his petition is signed by five residents of the district in which he wishes to serve, and forwarded to Secretary Colby.

Those for Roosevelt are: First District—Uriah Harris, Andrew F. Rooney; second district, William H. Walling, Frank M. Pirrong.

TELEPHONE NO. 138-L FOR COAL AND WOOD

If you want prompt deliveries on coal and wood, Telephone 138-L, J. J. Mullan, Woodbridge avenue, Chrome, New Jersey

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

"Insure your property with Nicholas Rizsak the well known banker. He will insure you in eleven of the strongest companies in the world, at the lowest rates with PIERCE & SON of Perth Amboy. 40 years experience of Smith and High streets, he will also provide a mortgage on your property at reasonable costs." adv.

LAWYERS MUST FOLLOW THE CALENDAR

Judge Daly announced in court last Thursday morning that beginning June 12 a regular calendar of criminal cases would be prepared, and the court would sit until this was finished. Prosecutor Boorse had suggested that some such action be taken because he thought the lawyers seemed to be subordinating their duties in the criminal court to the other courts.

There were three cases set for Thursday, and two had been put off for technical reasons, and the third, that of George Wilecko, charged with illegal selling, could not be tried because the Prosecutor got word that William Vianer his principal witness, was ill in Passaic.

To Oil Roads in Middlesex

The Freeholders Thursday morning adopted a resolution offered by Freeholder Wm. S. Dey, of South Amboy, providing that all county roads running through cities and towns be oiled through the municipal limits.

This means the ending of the dust nuisance in the towns on streets most used by automobilists. A representative of the Standard Oil Co. met the board Thursday afternoon to take up the matter of making a contract for this work.

A. S. Church to Run for Sheriff?

The announcement from Perth Amboy that John Hansen may become a candidate for sheriff next fall, has brought forward the statement that Andrew Church, of South River, former sheriff, may be a candidate again this year for the Republican nomination.

The Democratic nomination will likely go to Freeholder Peter Hendricks, Mayor Bollschweiler, of Perth Amboy, has been making eyes at the nomination but he may be sent to the Assembly, instead.

Thus far there is no reason to believe that Daniel W. Clayton will have opposition for the nomination of Surrogate on the Democratic ticket. No Republican has come forth yet seeking the nomination.

NO COMPANION FOR A BATH

Frightened Hippopotamus Nearly Drowns His Keeper at the Zoo in London.

A hippopotamus is not the most delightful bathing companion in the world, especially on a dark night in a small tank and with a snorting, floundering hippo as badly scared and as anxious to get out of the tank as you would be. The hippopotamus keeper at the London Zoo knows all about it.

One night recently, after the zoo was closed to visitors and all the animals had been bedded down for the night, the keeper saw his charge locked up in his sleeping quarters, a compartment adjoining the swimming pool. After the hippo was locked up attendants cleaned out the swimming pool and filled it with fresh water, all ready for the animal to tumble into when released next morning from the sleeping den. Satisfied that everything was all right for the night, the keeper went out visiting.

Sometime later in the evening a zoo watchman heard the hippo making queer noises as if it wanted to get up and take a bath, so the watchman let the animal out. It plumped itself down in its bath with a snort of relief and went to sleep again there with scarcely more than the tip of its nose above water.

Still later the hippo keeper returned and decided to take a plunge in the hippo's tank. He stripped and dived in. Then followed an exciting struggle, which took place mostly under water. First the keeper was on top of the hippopotamus, trying to get a footing so that he could scramble out of the tank, then the hippopotamus was on top of the keeper. Each was terribly frightened of the other. One dived, the other dived. The keeper yelled for help and the hippo belatedly in his. Just as several of the watchmen arrived the keeper managed to scramble out more dead than alive.

MISS N. SEXTON ENTERTAINED EUCHRE CLUB

The Ariston Euchre Club was delightfully entertained by Miss Nellie Sexton, Friday evening, May 26.

Mrs. Joseph Murphy won ladies' first prize, Miss Anna O'Brien second. Dr. John J. Reason won gentlemen's first prize and Mr. Thomas Mulvihill second. Mrs. Thomas Mulvihill and James Finegan won consolation prizes. Miss May Currie won ladies' guest prize. Mr. Neil O'Brien won gentlemen's guest prize. At 12 o'clock all partook of refreshments. A number of fine vocal selections were given by Miss Anna Adams, Miss Anna O'Brien, Miss Lillian D'Arcy, Mrs. Leslie and Mr. Joseph Rulland. Instrumental solos were rendered by Mrs. George E. Bracher, Mrs. Thomas F. Burke, Mrs. J. Jones, Mrs. Thomas Mulvihill, Miss Josephine D'Arcy, Messrs. William Staubach, Joseph Rulland, Albert Bollschweiler and Joseph Dempsey. Mr. Joseph Dempsey rendered a number of pieces on the violin accompanied by William Staubach on the piano and U. Walz on the caronet. A recitation entitled "Laska" was recited by Mrs. Helen Smith and was very much enjoyed by all.

Dancing was one of the evening's pleasures and was indulged in until the small hours of the morning. Music furnished by Professor Dempsey orchestra. The following were present: Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Reason, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mulvihill, Mr. and Mrs. Nevill, Mr. and Mrs. Seidler, Mr. and Mrs. Bracher, Mr. and Mrs. Burke, Mrs. Joseph Murphy, Mrs. Joseph Childs, Mrs. Otto Staubach, Mrs. Thomas Currie, Mrs. Louis N. Bradford, Mrs. Wm. Sexton, Mrs. Helen Smith, Mrs. J. Jones, the Misses Anna O'Brien, Dolly Breidenstein, May Currie, Leontine Chase, Catherine O'Brien, Anna Adams, Elizabeth Born, Helen D'Arcy, Mayme Sexton, Josephine D'Arcy, Lillian D'Arcy, Messrs. William Coughlin, John McGoldrick, Edward Coughlin, Allan Platt, Ross Nelson, William Day, Robert Draper, Bradley Bangs, C. Walz, Neil O'Brien, Thomas Croke, Joseph Dempsey, John Sullivan, D. Sullivan, W. Walters, John Rung, William Staubach, Peter Godderstadt, William Byrne, Joseph Rulland, J. Wagner, and Albert Bollschweiler, jr., of Perth Amboy.

Locality Lines.

Andrew Sprague, Henry Seidler, William Angus and Sidney Barrett were on an auto trip to Rahway, Tuesday evening.

John Nevill and William Duff were in Summit, N. J. to attend an installation of officers of Elks, Tuesday evening.

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THESE Lots are situated on the Blazing Star Road and are five minutes walk from the school and close to all the large factories. Many improvements have been made on this property, which will increase the value of the lots. Now is the time to buy and share the increase. Write or call for maps and full particulars at once.

Hansons Realty Corporation 168 Smith St., Perth Amboy Office open every evening, 7 to 9 o'clock.

Her Little Journey

By CALISTA HALSEY

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The bell rang. The engine took a long breath, the depot went the other way, and the people standing on the platform had a foolish, left look, as if they had been forgotten. Then the oval of green, with "Littleton" picked out in white shells, the pride of the Village Improvement League, slid past the window. Familiar houses few past, each one flying faster than the last, and as Winnifred Mayne caught the last flutter of the outskirts of the little town, the train gathered speed and settled down to the clanking rhythm of the rails.

"Going to take a little trip, Miss Winnie—do you good," said the conductor, socially. He glanced at her ticket and noted with surprise her distant destination.

"Goin' clear through? You don't say," with frank curiosity.

But Miss Winnie did not explain. It was not necessary that all Littleton should know where she was going and what for. She nestled back into her seat, touching the red plush cushions with a furtive hand. How good it was to be going somewhere, to be out in the world again—to have all this luxury of swift movement without exertion, to get away from two little rooms. Putting her telescope on the seat beside her and her umbrella standing in front of her like a sentinel, lest she forget it, she settled down between the high backed seats with a sense of privacy. If only she could keep the seat to herself!

How good it was to be going somewhere! Even, she remembered, with a shock, ashamed to be so glad, even on such a sad, hurried, sorrowful journey as this. For this was a journey with a telegram at one end of it, and a dying man at the other. It was a wonderful telegram in that it not only told her to come quickly if she would see her brother alive, but had also put more money into her purse than there had been for many a day. She might have gone in the Pullman coach; she might have fared royally in the dining car; but the ingrained thrifty instinct of long necessity made her put up a modest lunch and she hoped to be able to eat it in a seat all to herself.

She looked out of the window. Already the landscape began to be unfamiliar, for she had made few journeys in the hard working years since



"Going to Take a Little Trip, Miss Winnie?"

she had come to Littleton. They were among the mountains now and she could see far, wide horizons, the rise and fall of ranges, great stretches of country flooded with light. She seemed above it all. It was the land of the sky.

By and by, twilight blotted out the landscape, and made the window pane an opaque mirror, and in it she could see her own face, and her prim little hat, which revealed her forehead with its shadowing sweep of brown hair. Now that she had time to look about her, she saw that the hats of other women were dragged down over their eyes and she saw her dainty three-buttoned kid glove, smooth over her slender wrist, should have been a mannish affair of dogskin, with one big button. Still she thought, her clothes were good—and ladylike—she was sure of that and at least her chin did not sag.

And then she caught herself up with sudden swift remorse. How could she think of such things? How could she think of anything on such a sad, hurried, sorrowful journey as this—but of the brother she was going to see?

They had drifted apart—that was all. He had gone west, and had written less and less often, and at last not at all. She had remained behind and taught school until her health broke down. Then she made her baronet charge on life with the point of a needle. Long practice had made her past grand mistress of the art of making the best of things.

A new conductor came on—brusque and unapproachable. She began to be tired; she wondered what time it was, and then the thing she dreaded happened—a big man stopped, a pleasant voice said: "Is this seat occupied?"

The man sat down, in the imperious fashion of the accustomed traveler.

Of course, she never meant to talk to a stranger, but there was something reassuring in the bearing of this one and she asked him what time it was.

He told her.

"Cannot I make you a little more comfortable?" he asked as he put her telescope and umbrella up on the rack.

"I wonder," she said, timidly, "whether we are on time."

The man caught the inarticulate howl of the brakeman at the door, and consulted his time table—the time table that was Greek to her—and said:

"No, we are more than an hour late."

"Oh, it will be after midnight when I get there."

"You are not the only one," he smiled. "It will be after midnight when I get there, too."

Then he picked up a paper and showed her a cartoon and talked about the news of the day. When she asked the conductor when they would reach Le Pere he looked at her with sudden interest.

"I am going to Le Pere," he said; "we shall be late, and if I can be of any assistance, I hope you will allow me to be."

"Oh, thank you," she said. "I am not used to traveling. This is unusual—very. I was sent for."

"Yes?"

"Yes—it's my brother—the only brother I have. I had a telegram. I am afraid he is very ill. People don't usually telegraph until they are—, do they?"

She told him all about it. It seemed so much safer to talk to this utter stranger than to the Littleton conductor.

"Perhaps, if you are acquainted in Le Pere, you know my brother, John Mayne."

"John Mayne your brother? I didn't know he had a sister. I am his friend and physician—perhaps you've heard him speak of Ned Hallam; I had a telegram also. No"—in answer to her quick look of inquiry, "I know no more than you do. I'm simply to get there as soon as I can."

After that there was no reason why she should not go in to dinner with him, and in the light and warmth of the dining car she lost her tired look, bright color fluttered in her cheeks, and they lingered over their coffee till the waiter looked at them disapprovingly.

"We are losing time constantly," he said, consulting the time table, "I wonder what's the matter," and then with a shock and jar the train stood still, with a broken down engine.

"You're dead tired," he said, two hours later, "and there's no sleeper. They were to put it on at the junction."

She protested that she didn't mind; she was not sleepy. But he turned over the empty seat in front of them and made her put her feet up on it. He put on a traveling cap that made him look years younger, and settled himself for such rest as might be had. And sitting primly upright, Miss Winnifred closed her eyes, only to open them when the sun shone through the window the next morning, and to find her head resting cozily on a broad, square shoulder.

"Rested?" he said, in a matter-of-course professional tone that put all embarrassment to flight. "I'm so glad that you got some sleep. We are here yet, you see. Now I will see if there's any chance for breakfast."

He came back. "This is a man's tragedy," he said. "Nothing to eat! They took the diner off."

She thought of the thrifty little lunch—not enough, she was sure, for two.

But after a hungry hour or two, she began to feel guilty, like one carrying concealed weapons.

"Please hand me down my telescope," she said. "I took dinner with you last night; will you take breakfast with me this morning?"

"How good it is," said the man. "You are sure there isn't any more?" They seemed to have known each other for years. In all her life she had never been so happy in caring for any one.

The nurse met them at the door. "Mr. Mayne is much better. He slept all night, for the first time."

They went in together.

"Dear little girl—it's good to see you," said the sick man. "I was afraid I couldn't wait for you, but I seem to have come back. The doctor will know whether I've come back to stay."

The keen, kind eyes that had been searching him, met his, the fingers that had already sought pulse and heart, were laid reassuringly on his hand.

"It looks as if you had, Johnny," he said, as a boy might have said it. "I'll never let you go again, Winnie," said the sick man. "I hope there's nobody else, to interfere with my claim."

The day before, how gladly she would have assured him that there was no one else. But now—she looked appealingly at the doctor. He had been doing everything for her for the last 24 hours.

"Yes, there is somebody else, John. But you and I won't quarrel over her," said the doctor.

And even the nurse understood.



The HOME DEPARTMENT

HAND-PAINTED CARDS

PRETTY REMEMBRANCES FOR THE NATAL DAY.

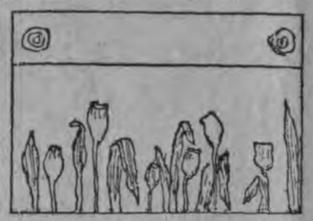
Nothing More Welcome Can Be Offered Friend Than Something That Is One's Own Work—Two Good Designs Here.

Perhaps you number among your friends or relations some one who has a birthday this month. If so, let me suggest that you send a handmade birthday card to the one who is growing old.

The simple drawings before you should be traced on cards or paper. With delicate colors they should be painted, and an appreciative verse written as your good wish.

Pale yellow and green can be used on the border of tulips. The little verse should be written at the top.

The side arrangement of ribbon and roses is another style. Blues and



pinks and yellows can be used. Indeed, the real colors need not be adhered to strictly. Any delicate "blossomy" effect will do.

ALL ADORNED WITH FLOWERS

Innumerable Designs for Millinery Trimmings Have Found Favor With Parisians.

Would you know the flowers that are being made by the thousands over in Paris so that they may blossom out on the millinery of the Frenchwomen? First of all, there are the small June roses in pink, rich red and yellow shades.

Violets are answering the call and are now being sold in all shades of purple, yellow and white. If you wish.

Lilacs in white and lavender; wistaria in its graceful, drooping form, and delicately tinted hydrangeas are here to be massed on crowns or to form huge bunches on large straw shapes.

Moss roses and lilies-of-the-valley are so frequently combined on a hat that these flowers are sold in bunches over in Paris already massed in their white and colored forms.

Popples in the light pink, the deep red and the glowing yellow colors are to be picked from the counters in single and double form. Cerise velvet popples, immense in size, for the hat with only one flower, are much in demand.

Skirt Draperies.

In the introduction of new tunic outlines fashion goes a step further and even introduces drapery. Thus many of the models have a new and refreshing aspect.

Scarf draperies are particularly noticeable. One point of special interest among the many scarflike draperies for skirts is the application of the scarf in the form of a train. The train is in reality only a scarf suspended at one side of the robe.

Because of its narrow width and great length, provision is made for carrying the train. Thus, it is carelessly thrown over one arm, or is held by a loop through which one of the fingers may pass. It is not expected to trail out behind the skirt, but rather is a graceful accessory, adding charm to the movements of the wearer.

Rich Street Gowns.

With the exception of a very few costumes, street gowns in the present season are matters of such elaboration as to make them particularly difficult to describe in a class by themselves. To be sure, there are numbers of two-piece costumes composed of a skirt and a coat for which a waist must be designed unless the shirtwaist is resorted to; but the majority of street costumes of today represent an underdress of great richness, especially at the top, with a coat that is modifyingly plain, perhaps, but not necessarily so. There are charming cotton voile waists offered for use with the skirt-and-coat costume, and novel chiffon waist tops for the plainer complete underdresses.—Harper's Bazar.

A New-Old Style.

The newest sashes have their long ends, or even the one end when there is but one, gathered into a plaque or a pliable beaded or embroidered motif as a finish. This is only a revival of the mode of the twelfth or thirteenth century, when the leather belt was finished at the end by being run through a buckle like the one which fastened it at the waist.

Then there is a card with the trees in bloom. Pale green, covered with pink blossoms, gives a lovely effect. This is a delightful little orchard to send to your friends.

The wreath and ribbon can be done in a favorite color. Yellow and pale green, pink flowers, white and green



with colored ribbon are suggestions for coloring.

Here are some little verses to inscribe:

The daisies peep from every field,
The violets sweet odor yield;
The purple blossom paints the thorn,
The stream reflects the blush of morn.

The newborn May,
As cradled yet in April's lap she lay,
Born in your blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! Thy radiant form unfold,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
When earth was born in bloom.
The light is made of many dyes,
The air is all perfume.

Hebe's here. May is here!
The air is fresh and sunny;
And the miser-bees are busy
Hoarding golden honey.

Wreaths for the May: for happy-spring
Today shall all her dowry bring—
The love of kind, the joy, the grace,
Hymen of element and race.

For thee, sweet month, the groves green
Livelier wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year.
—Exchange.

CLOTH OR SERGE COSTUME

In Either Material This Design Would Make Up Most Effectively, With Russian Coat.

Cloth or serge might be used for this costume, which is very smart style; it has the skirt cut narrow at



foot, and trimmed with two pieces of wide fancy braid taken round lower part as far as side of fronts, where other pieces are sewn.

The Russian coat has the left side of front quite plain, while the right side is trimmed with one wide reversed edged with braid, which also edges neck, forms waistband and trims cuffs.

Hat of Tegal to match, trimmed with a leather mount.

Materials required: 5½ yards 26 inches wide, 6 yards braid, 5½ yards silk for lining coat.

To Make a Bran Bath.

Bran baths are frequently of service in rough states of the skin. Place a closely tied cotton bag holding a small teacupful of bran in a quart of boiling water. Keep it hot for half an hour. Then add the water to four gallons of hot water and squeeze the bag.

To Darn Linen.

When you are hemming new-made linen save the strip you cut off, and later, when the linen must be darned, pull this strip into threads for the purpose.

A Roman Soldier

By REV. STEPHEN PAULSON

TEXT—Now, when the centurion saw what was done he glorified God saying, Certainly this was a righteous man.—Luke 23, 47.

Jesus has been brought to Calvary. The chosen place has been reached and the soldiers settle to their work. The cross is gotten ready. The upright beam is laid upon the ground handy to the hole into which the end will slip. Jesus is laid upon the beams and sharp pointed spikes are driven through the palm of each hand, and through the feet. Then strong hands seize the upper end and shift the cross into place; and as he is lifted up on high the first words from the sufferer are: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Standing by through the whole of the crucifixion was the centurion, whose duty it was to see that everything was properly done. It is not to be assumed that he was any better than his fellow-officers, but it may be assumed that he did not relish his day's work. When a soldier is called to war and wounds he is proud, for that is his calling; but when he is detailed to guard an execution he is filled with disgust, for this is a humiliation.

With his company this centurion had gone on duty in the morning at Pilate's palace, and it was late afternoon before they were released. He had heard the trial of Jesus, and helped to keep the howling rabble back. He had handed Jesus over to his men for scourging and looked on with a callousness born of a rough life. He had escorted Jesus and the malefactors through the streets and taken care that they were kept safe for legal punishment. He had selected the site for the crosses and seen that they were firmly set. And as the rabble passed by mocking Jesus, and as his men gambled for his garments, the centurion had sat on his horse silent, watchful, immovable.

When the criminals were proved to be dead, and the bodies had been disposed of he gathered his company together and marched them back to the barracks. He went to his room and removed his heavy armor which had been like a fiery prison in the hot sun. It had been a long day for the centurion and a sorry day's work, and he was glad in his soul that it was over.

Yet the centurion knew that this day would never pass from his memory. Perhaps he had assisted at many crucifixions, but he had never had a prisoner like Jesus. As he stood before Pilate there was about him a certain dignity of manhood and bravery of soul, which neither bonds nor insults could obscure. Ordinary men had been degraded by the mockings and scourging; this man left the degradation with his enemies. Common men had cried out in their pain as they were fastened to the wood; this man had lifted up his voice in prayer for those who were torturing him. From the cross this man had cared for his mother and his last words had been words of triumph as if a great task had been accomplished. This spectacle of moral heroism had its effect upon the blunt and honest soldier, and it needed not the darkness and the earthquake to call forth his confession. "Certainly this was a righteous man; truly this was a son of God."

The excellency of our Master comes out after the same fashion to every soul, but has various avenues of access. To some he comes by the avenue of intellect. To some he comes by the avenue of the heart and the emotions. There are others to whom the Lord has come as the revelation and incarnation of duty. They are practical people and they receive the Master with their conscience. For years they have been doing their duty by the best light they had. They have also certain unrealized ideals. One day they find them fulfilled in the Master, and henceforth he becomes their model and their Lord.

What a multitude of men there are in every land whose one idea is not to save their souls or to earn a reward, but to do faithfully the work which God has laid to their hand. They make provision for those whom they love, or who are left to their charge; they help where they can any worthy cause and unfortunates in trouble. They are honorable merchants, workmen, sailors or soldiers, and upon conscientious unremitting labor depends the welfare of society. Often they have hateful and heavy work, in the mines and mills and furnaces, or under the blazing sun like the centurion. Yet who commends them for doing their duty? No one but Christ, who says "Well done good and faithful servant." This is the class of men among whom Christ worked and to whom his gospel should come with the greatest power, and one day they will see that Jesus is the ideal and example of all men who labor.

Endless Life in God.

Happy are those who can see the eternal stars in the sunlight as well as in the darkness; to whom all that is fairest in this visible world is the revelation of the glory of divine and eternal things; in whom the common gifts of God's providence are the symbols and sacraments of the better gifts of his grace; to whom a life unweary by care and illuminated with gladness is the discipline for an endless life in God.—R. W. Dale, D. D.



is the handiest thing in the pantry. It is pure and always ready to use.

There is no waste—use as much or as little as you need, and the rest keeps longer than fresh milk.

Gives fine results in all cooking

Tell your grocer to send Libby's Milk



Join in War Against Tuberculosis. From statistics published in the new tuberculosis directory of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis it is ascertained that over 600 cities and towns of the United States, besides about 100 in Canada, are engaged in the war against consumption, and that on April 1st there were nearly 1,500 different agencies at work in the crusade, an increase of nearly 700 per cent. in the last seven years.

The new directory lists 421 tuberculosis sanatoria hospitals, and day camps; 511 associations and committees for the prevention of tuberculosis; 342 special dispensaries; 68 open air schools; 98 hospitals for the insane and penal institutions, making special provision for their tuberculosis inmates; besides giving an account of the anti-tuberculosis legislation in every state and in about 250 cities.

The new directory is sold by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, 105 East 22d street, New York city, at cost price, 50c postpaid.

Just Hopes.

A gentleman never snatches his trousers away from his wife when he discovers her going through his pockets. He only hopes she will leave him enough with which to go downtown in the morning. He is perfectly welcome to go through her purse any time and help himself to anything he can find. That is what married life means. A man should not allow his feelings to be hurt when his wife runs across loose change or a roll in his pockets; he ought to play the game and take such little conjugal pastimes for granted.

FEED YOU MONEY
Feed Your Brain, and It Will Feed You Money and Fame.

"Ever since boyhood I have been especially fond of meats, and I am convinced I ate too rapidly, and failed to masticate my food properly.

"The result was that I found myself, a few years ago, afflicted with ailments of the stomach, and kidneys, which interfered seriously with my business.

"At last I took the advice of friends and began to eat Grape-Nuts instead of the heavy meats, etc., that had constituted my former diet.

"I found that I was at once benefited by the change, that I was soon relieved from the heartburn and indigestion that used to follow my meals, that the pains in my back from my kidney affection had ceased.

"My nerves, which used to be unsteady, and my brain, which was slow and lethargic from a heavy diet of meats and greasy foods, had, not in a moment, but gradually, and none the less surely, been restored to normal efficiency.

"Now every nerve is steady and my brain and thinking faculties are quicker and more acute than for years past.

"After my old style breakfasts I used to suffer during the forenoon from a feeling of weakness which hindered me seriously in my work, but since I began to use Grape-Nuts food I can work till dinner time with all ease and comfort." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pink.

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

That Tired Feeling

That is caused by impure, impoverished blood or low, run-down condition of the system, is burdensome and discouraging. Do not put up with it, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which removes it as nothing else does.

"I had that tired feeling, had no appetite and no ambition to do anything. A friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and soon that tired feeling was gone, I had a good appetite and felt well. I believe Hood's saved me from a long illness." Mrs. B. Johnson, Westfield, N. J.

Get Hood's Sarsaparilla today. In liquid form or in tablets called Sarsataba.

NATURAL EVIDENCE.



Adelaide—Why, Cornelia, your hair is all mussed up.

Cornelia—Yes, dear; you—you see, George stole up and snatched a dozen kisses before I could scream.

Adelaide—But why don't you step in front of the mirror and rearrange your hair?

Cornelia—Gracious! Why, I wouldn't do it for the world. Why, none of the girls would believe he kissed me.

Politician and Preacher.

A politician in a western state, long suspected of crookedness and noted for his shifty ways, was finally indicted and tried. The jury was out a long time, but eventually acquitted him. After the verdict was in and the politician was leaving the courtroom, a minister who had been in part responsible for the indictment and trial approached the politician and said: "Well, my friend, you have escaped; but you had a close shave. I trust this will be a warning to you to lead a better life and deal more fairly with your fellow men."

"That may be," the politician replied. "That may be; but I ain't pledged to any one."—Saturday Evening Post.

Her Qualifications.

Pat and his little brown mare were familiar sights to the people of the town of Garry. The mare was lean, blind and lame, but by dint of much coaxing Pat kept her to the harness. One day while leading her to water he had to pass a corner where a crowd of would-be sports had congregated. Thinking to have some amusement at Pat's expense, one called out: "Hallo, there, Pat. I'm looking for the real goods. How much is that mare of yours able to draw?"

"Begorra," said Pat, "I can't say exactly, but she seems to be able to draw the attentions of every fool in town."—The Housekeeper.

Who She Was.

"Well," laughed Squiggles, "some men never know when they are snubbed! That lady you just spoke to was about as distant as they make 'em in her greeting."

"Well, why shouldn't she be?" retorted Jabbers. "She's a distant relative of mine."

"By marriage?"

"No—by divorce. She got rid of me at Sioux Falls back in 1898."—Harper's Weekly.

Those with whom we can apparently become well acquainted in a few moments are generally the most difficult to rightly know and understand.

One Cook

May make a cake "fit for the Queen," while another only succeeds in making a "pretty good cake" from the same materials.

It's a matter of skill!

People appreciate, who have once tasted.

Post Toasties

A delicious food made of White Corn—flaked and toasted to a delicate, crisp brown—to the "Queen's taste."

Post Toasties are served direct from the package with cream or milk, and sugar if desired—

A breakfast favorite!

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Bastle Creek, Mich.

Men Liars

Women Excel in Accurate Report of Physical Fact

By TIMOTHY WILFRED COAKLEY



HE SEER who wrote that "all men are liars" was not indicting humanity. He was speaking not generically, but specifically. He meant not mankind, but us, the men, in contradistinction to the women.

He was right. Lying, like the rapid-fire gun, the "Boston agreement," the tricks of trade, the battleship, is a weapon, and men are the wielders of weapons. Lying is, after all, only brutality refined. Falsehood is cruelty tempered by cowardice.

In the frank age of competitive force man was the strong-arm robber. He brought the spoil to his lady love, but liked to glaze over the bloody detail of acquisition. Many a respectable citizen in our era has qualms when his wife congratulates him on the business victory which he has achieved through the fraudulent finesse of commercial competition. He tells her he can't explain processes to her, that she has no head for business. He means she has no heart for it, and his reserve is eloquent of the fact that he has not, at bottom, either. But he is born into a condition and he accepts it. He wields the weapon and is naturally more expert in its use than the woman.

Not that women cannot pick up the tool when it serves their purpose. Their purpose is different—that's all.

Man's temptation is self-assertion, power. Woman's temptation is self-surrender, helpfulness. Both lie from self-interest, but the self-interest of man is possession, the imposition of his personality upon others; the self-interest of woman is the identification, the absorption of her being through sympathy into that of her environment.

It is a question of motives.

The standard of honor is no different in the soul of a woman from that which rules in a man. Each is tempted according to the temperament. So the question really comes down to this point—what are the psychological elements of differences as between man and woman?

We shall never get beyond the philosophy of Genesis. Out of the "sleeping" Adam was the woman formed. Forever man carries within him the soul element of the woman. Forever woman bears within her the soul element of man. It is in the proportions of the combination that the mystic secret lies. That secret is God's. But this much we may divine, that woman has the instinctive self, the "sleeping" self, the intuitive self, developed in a higher degree than man. The man has in his makeup more of the Ego, the "I," the active self. But each has both elements.

Twenty years of experience in court trials have convinced me that, other things being equal, the best witnesses are women and children. They excel in a vivid and accurate report of the physical fact as it is. That is because temperamentally they are more interested in and respond more readily to their environment of fact and event.

Women will lie unconsciously more readily than men. Men will and do lie consciously more readily than women. Woman, speaking generally, has the finer sense of honor.

Many Great Inventors Were Single

By Samuel A. Donnelly

Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, has just been celebrating his twenty-fifth wedding anniversary and has been advising young men to get married as soon as possible. He says that a man does not take his proper place in society until he is married. The responsibilities of a family steady him and tend to bring out the best there is in him.

All the great epoch-making inventions, with very few exceptions, have been made by bachelors.

Watts was a bachelor when he invented and perfected the modern reciprocating steam engine. Stephenson was a bachelor when he built his first locomotive.

So was Fulton when he started the first steamboat he invented up the Hudson.

So was Samuel Morse when he invented telegraphy.

The same can be said of Alexander Bell, who invented and produced the first practical telephone.

We all knew Marconi to be a bachelor when he invented wireless telegraphy.

The Wright brothers, who invented the first practical aeroplane, are unmarried.

Some of these men got married after their great inventions had been made.

What has any of them done since he got married? Very few of them got married early in life.

Where would civilization and society be except for the bachelors who have led in all other useful arts as well as invention?

I do not wish to discourage marriage. But facts are facts and the truth in regard to decent, useful bachelors should be allowed to crop out once in a while.

Facts of Children of Married Cousins

By J. S. MORTON
Chicago

The Illinois law that forbids the marriage of cousins is not by any means universal, nor will it ever effectually "protect society against the possibility of burden by deformed children."

To assert that all deformed and mentally defective children are the offspring of married cousins is untrue, and to suggest that all the children of cousins are deformed and mentally defective is equally false.

Through a long lifetime's observation upon this subject I brand these detestable statements as cruel, insulting slurs flung in the faces of many good and intelligent men and women whose children are as healthy and bright as any in the world and better and brighter than some.

Moreover, the woman who marries her cousin has the advantage of knowing her husband's precedents, his manner of life before marriage and his hereditary disposition, none of which she ever will know until it is too late if she marries a stranger.

It is not married cousins that fill the divorce courts.

WORSE EACH YEAR.

How Chronic Kidney Trouble Was Finally Checked.

Mrs. C. L. Wolfe, Anita, Pa., says: "The terrible pains across the small of my back caused me greater misery than I can describe. Often I felt as sore as a boll all over my body. I grew worse and worse until finally I became so bad I could not do the least work. I was so dizzy I feared I would fall and my head was constantly racked with pain. Nervousness prevented my sleeping and in the morning I arose more tired than ever. Seeing that I was not improving under the physician's treatment, I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They made me the strong, well woman I am today."

Remember the name—Doan's.
For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HIS PROPERTY.



Old Man—Here, get out of that puddle at once!
Kid—Nt! You go an' find a mud puddle of your own!

CURED ITCHING AND BURNING

"I was taken with an itch in April, 1904, and used most everything. I had a friend pay me a visit from Cumberland, and she advised me to use Cuticura Remedies which I did. The cure was so certain, quick, and I use them to this day. I had it terribly under my knees. I only used one box of pills, but two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, and I use the Cuticura Soap all the time. I hope this will benefit others, as it has me, after Dr. — and others could do nothing for me." (Signed) Miss Lu Johnson, 1523 Ninth St., N. W., Washington, D. C., April 3, 1910.

In a later letter Miss Johnson adds: "The trouble began with an eruption under my knees, and extended upwards toward my waist, until I was not able to sit down. It kept a constant itching and burning all the time, night and day. I went to my doctor, but he could do me no good after I do not know how many medicines he gave me, and then told me I would be compelled to go to a skin specialist, which I positively refused to do. I cried all the time. Finally I made up my mind to try Cuticura Remedies, and tried Cuticura Pills, Ointment and Soap, and was entirely cured of the itching three days after I started using them. The healing took about eight days. I consider Cuticura Remedies marvelous, and would recommend them everywhere."

Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, for free book on skin afflictions.

At All Hours.

"Professor, what do you consider the most wonderful thing in the world?"

"The brain of a centipede; it is infinitesimally small, yet it has perfect control over the creature's entire system of legs and feet."

Important to Mothers

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

The Way of It.

Knecker—How does marriage affect accomplishments?
Bocker—A girl drops her music and a man takes up his smoking.

Do your feet feel tired, achy, and sore at night? Rub them with a little Hamline Wizard Oil. They'll be glad in the morning and so will you.

Don't let your money burn a hole in some other fellow's pocket.

If constipation is present, the liver sluggish, take Garfield Tea; it is mild in action and never loses its potency.

Flattery is simply the nice things we say about other people.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 50c a bottle.

Many a man succeeds because he's a good guesser.

Garfield Tea cures constipation, keeps the blood pure and tones up the system.

Many a girl has too many strings to her bow.

Explained.
Indignant Diner—Look here, waiter; I just found a button in this dish of roast turkey.
Calm Waiter—Yes, sir; it is part of the dressing.—Harper's Bazar.

CHILDREN WHO ARE SICKLY.
Mothers should never be without a box of Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They bring a cold, relieve feverishness, constipation, teething disorders, headache and stomach troubles. Used by Mothers for 25 years. THESE POWDERS NEVER FAIL. Sold by all Drug Stores, Etc. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE to any mother. Address: Alice S. Ginn, 100 N. Y.

A Redeeming Feature.
"Maud is a barem-scarum sort, isn't she?"
"Yes, but her skirt isn't."

Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Watery Eyes and Granulated Lids. No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Murine Eye Salve in Assorted Tubes New Size 50c. Murine Liquid 25c-50c.

People who say just what they think are more numerous than popular.

The herb laxative, Garfield Tea, promptly overcomes constipation, biliousness, sick-headache and insures better health.

Many a fellow who falls into a fortune goes right through it.

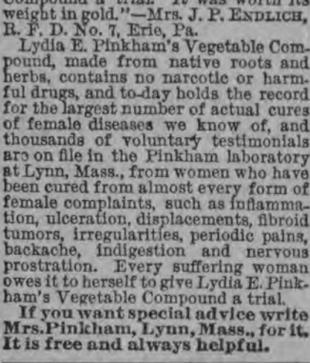
SHE SUFFERED FIVE YEARS

Finally Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Eric, Pa.—"I suffered for five years from female troubles and at last was almost helpless. I went to three doctors and they did me no good, so my sister advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and when I had taken only two bottles I could see a big change, so I took six bottles and I am now strong and well again. I don't know how to express my thanks for the good it has done me and I hope all suffering women will give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It was worth its weight in gold."—Mrs. J. P. ENDRICH, R. F. D. No. 7, Erie, Pa.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.



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Scrub cows fed on Alfalfa produce butter fat at a cost of 7c a pound. Alfalfa, tested against wheat bran and dried brewer's grain as feed, shows a saving in milk cost of 12.7c per hundred and 2.3c per pound in butter. Tests with other feeds are equally favorable.

The milk value of one acre of alfalfa is \$74. We are selling alfalfa land on which each acre produces ten to twelve tons of alfalfa hay in six cuttings every year. It is located in the Sacramento Valley, Cal. which is green the year round and where your cows will never have the shivers.

Our terms have been especially arranged for dairymen. This is your opportunity. Fill out coupon and mail today.

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Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

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Cures Strained, Puffy Ankles, Lymphatic Swellings, Puff Swellings, Blisters, Sores, Wire Cuts, Bruises, Swellings, Lameness, and allays Pain quickly without blistering, removing the hair, or laying the bones up. Pleasant to use. 50c per bottle, delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book 5 & 6 free.

ADRIAN W. D. R., Inventor for mankind. For Strains, Painful, Knotted, Swollen Veins, Milk Leg, Gout. Price \$1.00 per bottle at dealers or delivered. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

DAISY FLY KILLER

Keeps away, attracts and kills all flies. Real clean, economical, convenient, cheap. Keeps all seasons. Can't fly over, will not soil or stain anything. Guaranteed effective. Of all dealers or sent prepaid for THE HARDY BROTHERS 120 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Relief for Weak Eyes

WANTED One man in each town to sell Real Estate. Income from \$100 to \$400 per year. D. H. CORNELL CO., 66 Barrington, Mass.

Thompson's Eye Water

W. N. U., NEW YORK, NO. 21-1911.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 1/2 lb. package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

The Roosevelt News

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L. D. TELEPHONE: Roosevelt 145-L.

THOMAS YORKE, LESSEE AND MANAGER.

Entered as second-class matter June 24th, 1906, at the post office at Carteret, N. J. under the act of March 3, 1879.

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JAPANESE TIDBITS.

Fillet of Raw Fish, Whales and Rice Loosets Among Them.

One of the great food delicacies of Japan is sashimi, a fillet of raw fish served with soy and condiments. This dish, though highly recommended by both Japanese and European medical authorities, is pronounced queer or uncivilized by those not born to the custom of eating it.

When these critics are reminded, however, of their eating live oysters with gusto it occurs to them, says the Oriental Review, that the one is at least more artistic in appearance than the other, though both may be equally palatable and nutritious.

It is likely that very few English people know that the fisher folk along the Devonshire coast are accustomed to eat laver, an edible seaweed, and so think it very odd that the Japanese should use certain seaweeds as an article of diet.

Ferns, burdock roots, lily buds, lotus roots and bamboo sprouts are among the Japanese vegetables not enjoyed by occidental peoples, while the chrysalis of the silkworm, rice locusts, the octopus, whales and sea slugs eaten in some parts of China and Japan are sure to shock their fine sensibilities.

And yet the most civilized epicures relish snails and frogs' legs, which are just as odd in their way as those varieties of animal food mentioned above. Shark's fin soup, edible birds' nest and lime cured eggs are famed Chinese luxuries, the last item of which is equal to the strongest animated cheese in its power over the olfactory nerves.

Chicken All Right.

A Camden lawyer walked into a restaurant the other day prepared to order himself a chicken dinner.

The waitress approached him. He looked at her and said:

"How's chicken?"
"I'm all right," she answered cheerfully. "How's yourself?"—Philadelphia Times.

Stumble Upon Them.

Not by appointment do we meet delight and joy. They heed not our expectancy, but round some corner of the street of life they on a sudden greet us with a smile.—Gerald Massey.

Know that "impossible" has no place in the brave man's dictionary.—Carteret.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN H. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

THE pie trust would retire from the field vanquished and binding up the wounds to its pocketbook were the women to fight it with the kind of pies that mother used to make.

After a few years the storage egg must begin to think that this is a cold world.

Watch Wizard Burbank make it possible for us to pick figs from thistles.

The politician doesn't appreciate persons with long memories.

If a snail could make up to look like a race horse it would find plenty of men ready to bet on it.

A bright man will know whether he is guilty or not before a jury tells him.

Many a man who tries to be a ray of sunshine only succeeds in becoming a pest.

The man who lives beyond his means pays for it, if not in cash.

A girl who knows she is pretty likes to have her suspicions corroborated.

Yuruk Rugs.

Yuruk rugs are so called from a band of nomads who dwell among the mountains of Anatolia. They have large flocks of fine sheep and weave rugs of firm, even texture. The colors are very good, the field often of dark brown, ornamented with large designs.

Second Choice.

"I hear that the Browns are going to lead the simple life this summer."
"That is news to me."
"That they are to live that way?"
"No; that Brown is so deeply involved."

CIRCULATE :- :- \$
THAT GOOD OLD \$
At Home. Don't Send
It Away to the Mail
Order Man.

WHAT IS THE SECRET?

John Howland's life, mysteriously threatened on every side by hidden enemies, hangs in the balance, among the icy trails of Upper Canada. Sturdy American engineer that he is, he presses on in spite of warnings. It is not his love for the beautiful, wistful Meleese, strangely held in the Arctic wilds, that bids fair to lure him to a violent end. No. It is a grim, sinister force that imperils him, the great railroad he is to build, and also the pure love of the fair Meleese, the silent heroine of the Barren Lands.

THE DANGER TRAIL

A STORY OF THE FROZEN NORTH

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.



To solve the secret of the unknown menace and to enjoy a story of adventure outstripping in vivid interest some of Jack London's best narratives of Alaskan romance, read

The Danger Trail
BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD
Author of "The Wolf Hunters," "The Courage of Captain Plover," "The Honor of the Snows," Etc.

The author has lived and suffered among the Arctic ice packs, fought their wolves and bears, and killed moose. He has learned to know the ways of the sometimes treacherous French Canadian guides and trappers of Upper Saskatchewan and the Hudson's Bay territory about which he writes.

Here is a story of the clashing of strong men, brave men, and wouldbe assassins, a story of a young girl's untarnished love, a story of the conflict between the elemental passions of determined conquerors of the wilderness.

This Great, Gripping Story of the Far, Frozen Northlands Will Be Run as a Serial

Beginning on Page 5 of This Issue of

The Roosevelt News

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Her Too Kind Friend

"What a beautiful sable scarf!" said one of Elsie Baker's friends. "Did you get it in Europe or did Santa Claus bring it to you?"

"I got it in quite a different way from either of those you suggest," said the owner of the scarf.

"It is a perfect beauty," declared the appreciative friend.

"I only wish," said Elsie, sadly, "that it wasn't so elegant. There is a story that goes with the scarf."

"You know I had been saving my money for ages for a European trip and the last of September the manager of our office gave me an eight-weeks' leave of absence. Well, I gaily left Chicago one chilly evening. You have no idea, Bess, how often I've regretted that evening wasn't warm. If it had been I should have been saved a world of worry and expense.

"My one wealthy friend, Mrs. Barclay, was among those who came to the station to see me off. She wore a beautiful fur scarf. It was so pretty and becoming that I admired it open-

ly. To my great surprise, she removed it from her own neck and threw it around mine.

"You must take it, Elsie," she said. "It will be just the thing on the ship."

"Of course, I protested, but she insisted that I would need it. She simply wouldn't allow me to decline it, and I could only accept her kindness gratefully.

"By the time I arrived in New York there was a decided change in the weather. The morning I went down to the steamer it was so warm that I couldn't even wear my serge traveling coat. In my excitement over the new scenes about me I went to the ship very early and had the fun of watching the other passengers come aboard. It wasn't until a delicate old woman, wrapped in furs, came up the gang-plank that I thought of the sable scarf. Then I realized with sickening clearness that I had left it in my room in the hotel!

"I rushed to the first man I saw who had brass buttons and asked how long it would be before we should sail. He said we'd go in about an hour. I flew down the gang-plank and called wildly to a taxi chauffeur who was just leaving after bringing a party to the boat. I told him that if he would take me to the hotel and back in three-quarters of an hour I'd give him two dollars in addition to the regular

fare. He whirled me away and, to my great relief, I recovered the scarf.

"We got back to the ship in less than 45 minutes—and then we didn't sail until night!

"Think of all the money I had wasted on that unnecessary cab! But that was just the beginning of a long series of mishaps with that ill-fated scarf.

"I wore it on top of a bus in London and a portly man, forcing his way by me to take his seat, brushed it off my shoulders and it fell to the pavement. I stopped the bus and, descending hastily to the street, caught my skirt and tore the braid off and tripped myself in it as I started to run back half a block to get the scarf. A big London bobby helped me to my feet and picked up the fur. Then he sternly told me to be more careful, meanwhile staring at me quite suspiciously.

"Things like that were always happening to me throughout the trip. Every recollection I have of my travels is fraught with some trying experience with that scarf. But the grand finale was on the voyage home.

"One frightfully windy day the scarf was blown off my steamer chair, where I had left it while taking my morning walk. The last I saw of it the horrid thing was sliding down the steep incline of the dock under the rail into the ocean!"

"Couldn't you catch it?"

"I tried to, frantically, but the sea was so rough that I couldn't run. There was no one near to rescue the fur, so it was lost at sea.

"The first thing I did after I got home was to borrow money to buy another scarf for Mrs. Barclay. I don't mind telling you that in consequence I shall be financially embarrassed for some time.

"I got a sable scarf as near like the other as possible, paying a slightly reduced price with the condition that the purchase was not to be returned or exchanged under any circumstances. Then I went to see Mrs. Barclay.

"As I started to give her the scarf she said: 'Why, Elsie, my dear child, that scarf is yours, not mine. Didn't you understand that I meant you to keep it as a gift from me?'

"Really, Bess, it was hard for me to look properly grateful. In fact, it was all I could do to keep from saying bitterly: 'Why didn't you tell me so in the first place?'

"I don't wonder that you were angry," said the sympathetic friend.

How Many!

How many men
To ruin each on,
Because their wives
Must be in fashion!

The

by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD



TRAIL

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PROLOGUE . . .

A face, beautiful and clear cut as a cameo, seen in the shimmering starlight—a face alluring and half pleading—is the magnet that draws Jack Howland, engineer, into a series of thrilling, absorbing and interest gripping adventure in actic wilds, where beneath the light of the aurora borealis a strange vengeance is planned, where mysterious plots encompass him, where assassins lie in wait along the danger trail.

CHAPTER I.

THE GIRL OF THE SNOWS.

FOR perhaps the first time in his life Howland felt the spirit of romance, of adventure, of sympathy for the picturesque and the unknown surging through his veins. A billion stars glowed like yellow, passionate eyes in the polar cold of the skies. Behind him, white in its sinuous twisting through the snow smothered wilderness, lay the icy Saskatchewan, with a few scattered lights visible where Prince Albert, the last outpost of civilization, came down to the river half a mile away.

But it was into the north that Howland looked. From the top of the great ridge which he had climbed he gazed steadily into the white gloom which reached for a thousand miles from where he stood to the Arctic sea. Faintly in the grim silence of the winter night there came to his ears the soft hissing sound of the aurora borealis as it played in its age old song over the dome of the earth, and as he watched the cold flashes shooting like pale arrows through the distant sky and listened to its whispering music of unending loneliness and mystery there came on him a strange feeling that it was beckoning to him and calling to him, telling him that up there very near to the end of the earth lay all that he had dreamed of and hoped for since he had grown old enough to begin the shaping of a destiny of his own.

He shivered as the cold nipped at his blood and lighted a fresh cigar, half turning to shield himself from a wind that was growing out of the east. As the match flared in the cup of his hands for an instant there came from the black gloom of the balsam and spruce at his feet a wailing, hungry cry that brought a startled breath from his lips. It was a cry such as Indian dogs make about the corpses of masters who are newly dead. He had never heard such a cry before, and yet he knew that it was a wolf's. It impressed him with an awe which was new to him, and he stood as motionless as the trees about him until from out the gray night gloom to the west there came an answering cry and then from far to the north another.

"Sounds as though I'd better go back to town," he said to himself, speaking aloud. "By George, but it's lonely!"

Jack Howland was a Chicago man. For fifteen of his thirty-one years he had been bustling. Since he could easily remember he had possessed to a large measure but one ambition and one hope. With a persistence which had left him peculiarly a stranger to more frivolous and human sides of life he had worked toward the achievement of this ambition, and tonight because that achievement was very near at hand he was happy. He had never been happier. There flashed across his mental vision a swiftly moving picture of the fight he had made for success. It had been a magnificent fight. Without vanity he was proud of it, for fate had handicapped him at the beginning, and still he had won out. He saw himself again the homeless little farmer boy setting out from his Illinois village to take up life in a great city. As though it had all happened but yesterday he remembered how for days and weeks he had nearly starved, how he had sold papers at first and then by lucky chance became errand boy in a big drafting establishment. It was there that the ambition was born in him. He saw great engineers come and go—men who were greater than presidents to him and who sought out the ends of the earth in the following of their vocation. He made a slave of himself in the nurturing and strengthening of his ambition to become one of them—to be a builder of railroads and bridges, a tumbler of mountains, a creator of new things in new lands. Voluntarily he had kept himself in bondage, fighting ceaselessly the obstacles in his way, triumphing over his handicaps as few other men had triumphed, rising slowly, steadily, ceaselessly, until now—He flung back his head and the pulse of his heart quickened as he heard again the words of Van Horn, president of the greatest engineering company on the continent.

"Howland, we've decided to put you in charge of the building of the Hudson Bay railroad. It's one of the wild jobs we've ever had, and Gregson and Thorne don't seem to catch on. They're bridge builders and not wilder men. We've got to lay a single line of steel through 300 miles of the wildest country in North America, and from this point your motto is 'Do it or don't.' You can report at Le Pas as soon as you get your traps together."

Those words had broken the slavery for Howland. He had been fighting for an opportunity, and now that the opportunity had come he was sure that he would succeed. Swiftly, with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, he walked down the one main street of Prince Albert, puffing out odorous clouds of smoke from his cigar, every fiber in him tingling with the new joy that had come into his life. Another night would see him in Le Pas, the little outpost sixty miles further east on the Saskatchewan. Then a hundred miles by dog sledge and he would be in the big wilderness camp where 300 men were already at work clearing a way to the great bay to the north. What a glorious achievement that road would be! It would remain for all times as a monument to his ability, his courage and indomitable persistence.

It was past 9 o'clock when Howland entered the little old Winsor hotel. The big room, through the windows of which he could look out on the street and across the frozen Saskatchewan, was almost empty. In one corner, partly shrouded in gloom, sat a half breed trapper who had come in that day from the Lac la Ronge country, and at his feet crouched one of his wolfish sledge dogs. Both were wide awake and stared curiously at Howland as he came in. In front of the two large windows sat half a dozen men as silent as the half breed, clad in moccasins and thick caribou skin coats.

Feeling in his pocket for a cigar, Howland scented himself before one of the windows and proffered it to one of the men.

"You smoke?" he asked companionably.

"I was born in a wigwam," said the man slowly, taking the cigar. "Thank you."

"The clerk tells me you are from Lac la Ronge. That's a good distance north, isn't it?"

"Four hundred miles," replied the man with quiet terseness. "We're on the edge of the Barren lands."

"Whew!" Howland shrugged his shoulders. Then he volunteered, "I'm going north myself tomorrow."

"Post man?"

"No; engineer. I'm putting through the Hudson Bay railroad."

He spoke the words quite clearly, and as they fell from his lips the half breed, partly concealed in the gloom behind him, straightened with the alert quickness of a cat. He leaned forward eagerly, his black eyes gleaming, and then rose softly from his seat. His moccasined feet made no sound as he came up behind Howland. For a moment the upturned eyes of the young engineer met those of the half breed.

Not until the half breed had turned and was walking swiftly away did Howland realize that he wanted to speak to him, to grip him by the hand, to know him by name. He watched the slender form of the northerner, as lithe and as graceful in its movement as a wild thing of the forests, until it passed from the door out into the night.

"Who was that?" he asked, turning to the man with whom he had spoken.

"His name is Croisset. He comes from the Wholdala country, beyond Lac la Ronge."

"French?"

"Half French, half Cree."

After a little his companion shored back his chair and bade him good

night. The others followed him, and a few minutes later the engineer was left alone before the windows.

"Mighty funny people," he said half aloud. "Wonder if they ever talk?"

He leaned forward, elbows on knees, his face resting in his hands, and stared to catch a sign of moving life outside. In him there was no desire

for sleep. Often he had called himself a night bird, but seldom had he been more wakeful than on this night. The elation of his triumph, of his success, had not yet worn itself down to a normal and reasoning satisfaction, and his chief longing was for the day, and the day after that, and the next day, when he would take the place of Gregson and Thorne. Every muscle in his body was vibrant in its desire for action. He looked at his watch. It was only 10 o'clock. Since supper he had smoked almost ceaselessly. Now he lighted another cigar and stood up close to one of the windows.

Faintly he caught the sound of a step on the board walk outside. It was a light, quick step, and for an instant it hesitated, just out of his vision. Then it approached, and suddenly the figure of a woman stopped in front of the window. How she was dressed Howland could not have told a moment later. All that he saw was the face, white in the white night—a face on which the shimmering starlight fell as it was lifted to his gaze, beautiful, as clear cut as a cameo, with eyes that looked up at him half pleadingly, half luringly, and lips parted, as if about to speak to him. He stared, motionless in his astonishment, and in another breath the face was gone.

"The deuce, but she was pretty!" Howland said to himself. "And those eyes!"

Suddenly he checked himself. There had been more than the eyes, more than the pretty face. Why had the girl passed in front of the window? Why had she looked at him so intently as though on the point of speech? The smile and the flush left his face as these questions came to him, and he wondered if he had failed to comprehend something which she had meant him to understand. After all, might it not have been a case of mistaken identity? For a moment she had believed that she recognized him; then, seeing her mistake, had passed swiftly down the street.

He walked casually to the door. At the end of the street, a quarter of a mile distant, a red light burned feebly over the front of a Chinese restaurant, and in a mechanical fashion his footsteps led him in that direction.

"I'll drop in and have a cup of tea," he assured himself.

He stopped and turned his eyes again into the north. He wondered as he still stood gazing into the infinity of that other world beyond the Saskatchewan if romance was really quite dead in him. Always he had laughed at romance. Work—the grim reality of action, of brain fighting brain, of cleverness pitted against other men's cleverness—had almost brought him to the point of regarding romance in life as a peculiar illusion of fools—and women. But he was fair in his concessions, and tonight he acknowledged that he had enjoyed the romance of what he had seen and heard. And, most of all, his blood had been stirred by the beautiful face that had looked at him from out of the night.

He passed through the low door of the restaurant and entered a large room filled with tables and chairs and pregnant with strange odors.

"A pot of tea," ordered Howland.

He sipped his tea leisurely, listening with all the eagerness of the new sense of freedom which had taken possession of him. The Chinaman had scarcely disappeared when he heard footsteps on the stair. In another instant a low word of surprise almost leaped from his lips. Hesitating for a moment in the doorway, her face staring straight into his own, was the girl whom he had seen through the hotel window.

For perhaps no more than five seconds their eyes met. Yet in that time there was painted on his memory a picture that Howland knew he would never forget. His was a nature because of the ambition imposed on it that had never taken more than a casual interest in the form and feature of women. He had looked on beautiful faces and had admired them in a cool, dispassionate way, judging them, when he judged at all, as he might have judged the more material workmanship of his own hands. But this face that was framed for a few brief moments in the door reached out to him and stirred an interest within him which was as new as it was pleasurable. It was a beautiful face. He knew that in a fraction of the first second.

The girl turned from his gaze and seated herself at a table so that he caught only her profile. The change delighted him. From the flush in her cheeks his eyes traveled critically to the rich glow of the light in her shining brown hair, which swept half over her ears in thick, soft waves, caught in a heavy coil low on her neck. Then for the first time he noticed her dress. It puzzled him. Her turban and muff were of deep gray lynx fur. Around her shoulders was a collar of the same material. Her hands were immaculately gloved. In every feature of her lovely face, in every point of her dress, she bore the indisputable mark of refinement. The quizzical smile left his lips. The thoughts which at first had filled his mind as he quickly disappeared. Who was she? Why was she here?

With catlike quietness the young Chinaman entered between the screens and stood beside her. On a small tablet which Howland had not before ob-

served she wrote her order. It was for tea.

He poured his last half cup of tea and when he lifted his eyes he was surprised to find that the girl was looking at him. For a brief interval her gaze was steady and clear, then the flush deepened in her cheeks, her long lashes drooped as the cold gray of Howland's eyes met hers in unflinching challenge, and she turned to her tea. Howland noted that the hand which lifted the little Japanese pot was trembling slightly. He leaned forward and, as if impelled by the movement, the girl turned her face to him again, the tea urn poised above her cup. In her dark eyes was an expression which half brought him to his feet, a wistful glow, a pathetic and yet half frightened appeal to him. He rose and she nodded to the opposite side of her table.

"I beg your pardon," he said, seating himself. "May I give you my card?"

The girl read his name, smiled across the table at him and, with a pretty gesture, motioned him to bring his cup and share her tea with her. He returned to his table, and when he came back with the cup in his hand she was writing on one of the pages of the tablet, which she passed across to him.

"You must pardon me for not talking," he read. "I can hear you very well, but I, unfortunately, am a mute."

"I saw you from the hotel window tonight," he began, "and something in your face led me to believe that you were in trouble. That is why I have ventured to be so bold. I am the engineer in charge of the new Hudson Bay railroad, just on my way to Le Pas from Chicago. I'm a stranger in town. I've never been in this—this place before. It's a very nice tearoom, an admirable blind for the opium stalls behind those walls."

The girl's eyes traveled swiftly about her.

"I didn't know," she wrote quickly and hesitated. "I am a stranger, too," she added. "I have never been in this place before. I came because—"

She stopped, and the catching breath in her throat was almost a sob as she looked at Howland.

"I came because you came."

"Why?" he asked. "Tell me—why?"

He read her words as she wrote them, leaning half across the table in his eagerness.

"I am a stranger," she repeated. "I want some one to help me. Accidentally I learned who you were and made

up my mind to see you at the hotel, but when I got there I was afraid to go in. Then I saw you in the window. After a little you came out and I saw you enter here. I didn't know what kind of place it was and I followed you. Won't you please go with me to where I am staying, and I will tell you—"

She left the sentence unfinished, her eyes pleading with him. Without a word he rose and seized his hat.

"I will go, Miss"—He laughed frankly into her face, inviting her to write her name. For a moment she smiled back at him, the color brightening her cheeks. Then she turned and hurried down the stair.

Outside Howland gave her his arm. "It's a glorious night!" he exclaimed.

The girl nodded, and smiled up at him. Her face was very near to his shoulder, ever more beautiful in the white light of the stars.

They did not look behind them. Neither heard the quiet fall of moccasined feet a dozen yards away. Neither saw the gleaming eyes and the thin, dark face of Jean Croisset, the half-breed, as they walked swiftly in the direction of the Saskatchewan.

NEITHER HEARD THE QUIET FALL OF MOCCASINED FEET.



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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Cheap Amusement.
I wish I had a million,
Though I would take a twenty.
But when you go to wishing
You may as well wish plenty.
I know that wishing's folly
And not at all productive,
But for a cheap amusement
What game is so seductive?
You sit around in slippers
That may be worn and seedy,
Your garments all proclaiming
Your lot among the needy.
But in your glowing fancy
You deck yourself in raiment
On which are fixed at present
You couldn't make first payment.
There is your gaudy castle
In Spain or some place nearer,
Perhaps in air above you.
So you may see it clearer,
All furnished in a lovely
And most expensive manner
And at the easement lying
Your own and private banner.
And seated in the castle,
A being most recalcitrant,
Your wife a lovely prisoner,
With her high born attendant,
And horses, grooms, flers—
But stay! A simple million
Would hardly be a starter.
Just make the wish a billion.

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ALL THAT HE SAW WAS THE FACE.

night. The others followed him, and a few minutes later the engineer was left alone before the windows.

"Mighty funny people," he said half aloud. "Wonder if they ever talk?"

He leaned forward, elbows on knees, his face resting in his hands, and stared to catch a sign of moving life outside. In him there was no desire

INTELLIGENT DOGS.

If one may judge by the size of the claims presented in the various counties for sheep killed by dogs, we are rapidly losing the best of our sheep in Kentucky, and the dogs are showing an almost human discrimination in mutton, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. Sheep killed by dogs are valued at anywhere from \$8 to \$12 apiece. From this it appears that the dogs must be given to killing Cotswolds and Southdowns in full fleece. In one western Kentucky county it has been discovered that sheep are very generally listed for taxation at \$4 a head. In the same county the claims allowed for bucks, ewes and lambs killed by dogs range from \$8 to \$12. If the assessor's report is to be believed, there must be a tremendous lot of scrub sheep in that county to pull down the average to \$4 a head, and the dogs must exercise mighty good judgment in avoiding the "scallowags" when they go forth on a slaughtering expedition. The dogs are showing a marked preference for high-class mutton that presently, it is to be apprehended, there will be no blooded sheep left in that particular county. Dead sheep seem to be more valuable than live ones, and it is difficult to account for such a situation unless it be that Kentucky dogs are progressing extraordinarily in acumen and in fastidiousness. Under such circumstances it might be well to raise the dog tax or to import a considerable number of canines that are not so all-fired smart.

To the long list of recipes for attaining old age must now be added a new one, highly recommended by a man not with a Teutonic, but with a Celtic, name. He is enthusiastic about sauerkraut, which he maintains will enable any man or woman to live a century or more. It will conduce not only to longevity, but to happiness. It is both nutritious and appetizing. It feeds the body and stimulates the mind. It is cheap. At least that is what its sponsor claims as the result of his personal daily experience with sauerkraut for about 50 years. He does not say how often one ought to eat sauerkraut in order to become a centenarian, but since he advocates two meals a day for the average persons, he would probably not recommend eating sauerkraut between meals.

A wise Connecticut hen rode on the pilot of an engine as far as a point known as Plymouth Rock—which was her own kind of a hen—and laid an egg on the pilot in payment of her fare. There is really no occasion to go fishing when stories like this can be picked up at one's back door.

One of the writers who sell stories to the magazines complains that he gets only \$35 for a story, 5,000 words long. Well, if he isn't a cripple he can surely find a job as ditch digger or a farm laborer somewhere, provided money is all he wants.

The harem skirt for women is not enough, it seems. The Scottish Highlanders in New York were recently incorporated with the avowed object of encouraging the wearing of kilts on the public streets.

A Chicago doctor thinks that everyone should have his vermiform appendix removed. Who will be the first legislator to introduce a bill making the removal of vermiform appendices compulsory?

The report is persistent that the queen of England doesn't like Americans. There are a whole lot of Americans toadying around royalty that we do not care much for either. The queen is probably justified.

We are advised that in eating grapefruit it is well to use a range-finder and then deploy the spoon so that the juice does not hit the eye. It is bound to hit the eye of somebody else at the table, however.

A manufacturing company in New Jersey has had a young man arrested for flirting with its girl employes. His case will perhaps come under the head of forming a combination in restraint of trade.

A St. Louis sword swallower tried the other day to swallow a cork, and it is going to be difficult for him to recover. The sword-swallower never should fool with pointed tools.

Ten thousand alarm clocks were recently shipped from this country to China, and a Philadelphia paper prints a joke about the waking up of the Hermit Kingdom.

A western railroad is going to put soda fountains on its summer trains. This will, without doubt, add to its fiscal valuation.

SERIAL STORY

When a Man Marries

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART Author of The Circular Staircase, The Man in Lower Ten, Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

James Wilson or Jimmy as he is called by his friends, Jimmy was round and looked shorter than he really was. His ambition in life was to be taken seriously, but people steadily refused to do so, his art is considered a huge joke, except to himself, if he asked people to dinner everyone expected a frolic. Jimmy marries Bella Knowles; they live together a year and are divorced. Jimmy's friends arrange to celebrate the first anniversary of his divorce. The party is in full swing when Jimmy receives a telegram from his Aunt Selma, who will arrive in four hours to visit him and his wife. He neglects to tell her of his divorce. Jimmy takes Kit into his confidence, he tries to devise some way so that his aunt will not learn that he has no longer a wife. He suggests that Kit play the hostess for one night, be Mrs. Wilson pro tem. Aunt Selma arrives and the deception works out as planned. Jim's Jap servant is taken ill. Bella, Jimmy's divorced wife, enters the house and asks Kit who is being taken away in the ambulance? Bella insists it is Jim. Kit tells her Jim is well and is in the house. Harbison steps out on the porch and discovers a man tacking a card on the door. He demands an explanation. The man points to the placard and Harbison sees the word "Smallpox" printed on it. He tells him the guests cannot leave the house until the quarantine is lifted. The guests suddenly realize their predicament, the women shed tears, the men consider it a good joke. The all important question arises as to who is to prepare the meals and perform the other household duties. Harbison finally solves the matter. After the lifting of the quarantine several letters are found in the mail box undelivered, one is addressed to Henry Lowell, Iquique, Chile, which was written by Harbison. He describes minutely of their incarceration, also of his infatuation for Mrs. Wilson. Aunt Selma is taken ill with a gripe. Betty acts as nurse. Harbison finds Kit sulking on the roof. She tells him that Jim has been treating her outrageously. Harbison fully believing that she is Mrs. Wilson tells her that she doesn't mean the things she is saying about her husband. Kit starts downstairs, when suddenly she is grasped in the arms of a man who kisses her several times. She believes that Harbison did it and is humiliated. Aunt Selma tells Jimmy that her cameo, breastpin and other articles of jewelry have been stolen. She accuses Betty of the theft.

CHAPTER XI. (Continued.)

"I saw you kiss her in the dining room, remember that!" Aunt Selma went on, giving the screw another turn.

It was Bella's turn to be excited. She gave me an awful stare, then she fixed her eyes on Jim.

"Besides," Aunt Selma went on, "you told me today that you loved her. Don't deny it, James."

Bella couldn't keep quiet another instant. She came over and stood at the foot of the bed.

"Please don't excite yourself," dear Miss Caruthers, she said, in a voice like ice. "Every one knows that he loves her; he simply overflows with it. It—it is quite a by-word among their friends. They have been sitting together in a corner all evening."

Yes, that was what she said; when I had not spoken to Jimmy the whole time in the den. Bella was cattish, and she was jealous, too. I turned on my heel and went to the door; then I turned to her, with my hand on the knob.

"You have been misinformed," I said coldly. "You can not possibly know, having spent three hours in a corner yourself—with Mr. Harbison." I abhor jealousy in a woman.

Well, Aunt Selma ate all the lobster salad, and drank the port after Bella had told her it was beef, iron and wine, and she slept all night, and was able to sit up in a chair the next day, and so infatuated with Bella that she would not let her out of her sight. But that is ahead of the story.

At midnight the house was fairly quiet, except for Jim, who kept walking around the halls because he couldn't sleep. I got up at last and ordered him to bed, and he had the audacity to have a grievance with me.

"Look at my situation now!" he said, sitting pensively on a steam radiator. "Aunt Selma is crazy. I only kissed your hand, anyhow, and I don't know why you sat in the den all evening; you might have known that Bella would notice it. Why couldn't you leave me alone to my misery?"

"Very well," I said, much offended. "After this I shall sit with Flannigan in the kitchen. He is the only gentleman in the house."

I left him babbling apologies and went to bed, but I had an uncomfortable feeling that Bella had been a witness to our conversation, for the door into Aunt Selma's room closed softly as I passed.

I knew beforehand that I was not going to sleep. The instant I turned out the light the nightmare events of the evening ranged themselves in a procession, or a series of tableaux, one after the other: Flannigan on the roof, with the bracelet on his palm, looking accusingly at me; Mr. Harbison and the scene on the roof, with my flippancy; and the result of that flippancy—the man on the stairs, the arms that held me, the terrible kisses that had scorched my lips—it was awful! And then the absurd situation

across Aunt Selma's bed, and Bella's face. Oh, it was all so ridiculous—my having thought that the Harbison man was a gentleman, and finding him a cad, and worse. It was excruciatingly funny. I quite got a headache from laughing; indeed I laughed until I found I was crying, and then I knew I was going to have an attack of strangulated emotion, called hysteria. So I got up and turned on all the lights, and bathed my face with cologne, and felt better.

But I did not go to sleep. When the half clock chimed two, I discovered I was hungry. I had had nothing since luncheon, and even the thirst following the South American goulash was gone. There was probably something to eat in the pantry, and if there was not, I was quite equal to going to the basement.

As it happened, however, I found a very orderly assortment of left-overs and a pitcher of milk, which had no business there, in the pantry, and with plenty of light I was not at all frightened.

I ate bread and butter and drank milk, and was fast becoming a rational person again; I had pulled out one of the drawers part way, and with a tray across the corner I had improvised a comfortable seat. And then I noticed that the drawer was full of soiled napkins, and I remembered the bracelet. I hardly know why I decided to go through the drawer again after Flannigan had already done it, but I did. I finished my milk and then, getting down on my knees, I proceeded systematically to empty the drawer. I took out perhaps a dozen napkins and as many dollies without finding anything. Then I took out a large tray cloth, and there was something on it that made me look farther. One corner of it had been scorched, the clear and well-defined imprint of a lighted cigarette or cigar, a blackened streak that trailed off into a brown and yellow. I had a queer, trembly feeling, as if I were on the brink of a discovery—perhaps Anne's pearls, or the cuff buttons with storks painted on china in the center. But the only thing I found, down in the corner of the drawer, was a half-burned cigarette.

To me, it seemed quite enough. It was one of the South American cigarettes, with a tobacco wrapper instead of paper, that Mr. Harbison smoked.

CHAPTER XII.

The Roof Garden.

I was quite ill the next morning—from excitement, I suppose. Anyhow, I did not get up, and there wasn't any breakfast. Jim said he roused Flannigan at eight o'clock, to go down and get the fire started, and then



I Was Quite Equal to Going to the Basement.

went back to bed. But Flannigan did not get up. He appeared, sheepishly, at half-past ten, and by that time Bella was down, in a towering rage, and had burned her hand and got the fire started, and had taken up a tray for Aunt Selma and herself.

As the others straggled down they boiled themselves eggs or ate fruit, and nobody put anything away. Lollie Mercer made me some tea and scorched toast, and brought it, about 11 o'clock.

"I never saw such a house," she declared. "A dozen housemaids couldn't put it in order. Why should every man that smokes drop ashes wherever he happens to be?"

"That's the question of the ages," I replied languidly. "What was Max talking so horribly about a little while ago?" Lollie looked up agrieved.

"About nothing at all," she declared. "Anne told me to clean the bathtubs with oil, and I did it, that's all. Now Max says he couldn't get it off, and his clothes stick to him, and if he should forget and strike a match in the—in the usual way, he would explode. He can clean his own tub tomorrow," she finished vindictively.

At noon Jim came in to see me, bringing Anne as a concession to Bella. He was in a rage, and he carried the morning paper like a club in his hand.

"What sort of a newspaper he wrote you call this?" he demanded irritably. "It makes me crazy; everybody with a mental image of me leaning over the parapet of the roof, waving a board, with the rest of you sitting on my legs to keep me from overbalancing."

"Maybe there's a picture!" Anne said hopefully.

Jim looked.

fellows is going to recognize her, and there'll be the deuce to pay." "When you are all through discussing this thing, perhaps you will tell me what is the matter," I remarked, from my couch. "Why did you lean over the parapet, Jim, and who sat on your legs?"

"I didn't; nobody did," he retorted, waving the newspaper. "It's a lie cut out of the whole cloth, that's what it is. I asked you girls to be decent to those reporters; it never pays to offend a newspaper man. Listen to this, Kit."

THE ROOF GARDEN.

Attempt at Escape Frustrated—Members of the Four Hundred Defy the Law.

"Special Officer McCloud, on duty at the quarantined house of James Wilson, artist and clubman, on Ninety-fifth street, reported this morning a daring attempt at escape, made at 3 a. m. It is in this house that some eight or nine members of the smart set were imprisoned during the course of a dinner party, when the Japanese butler developed smallpox. The party shut in the house includes Miss Katherine McNair, the daughter of Theodore McNair of the Inter-Ocean system; Mr. and Mrs. Dallas Brown, the Misses Mercer, Maxwell Reed, the well-known clubman and whip, and a Mr. Thomas Harbison, guest of the Dallas Browns and a South American. "Officer McCloud's story, told to a Chronicle reporter this morning, is as follows: The occupants of the house had been uneasy all day. From the air of subdued bustle, and from a careful inspection of the roof, made by the entire party during the afternoon, his suspicion had been aroused. Nothing unusual, however, occurred during the early part of the night. From eight o'clock to twelve McCloud was relieved from duty, his place being taken by Michael Shane of the Eighty-sixth street station.

"When McCloud came on duty at midnight, Shane reported that about 11 o'clock the searchlight of a steamer on the river, flashing over the house, had shown a man crouching on the parapet, evidently surveying the roof across, which at this point is only 12 feet distant, with a view of making his escape. On seeing Shane below, however, he had beat a retreat, but not before the officer had seen him distinctly. He was dressed in evening clothes and wore a light tan overcoat.

"Officer McCloud relieved Shane at midnight, and sent for a plain-clothes man from the station house. This man was stationed on the roof of the Bevington residence next door, with strict injunctions to prevent an escape from the quarantined mansion. Nothing suspicious having occurred, the man on the roof left about 3 a. m., reporting to McCloud below that everything was quiet. At that moment, glancing skyward, one of the officers was astounded to see a long narrow board project itself from the coping of the Wilson house, waver uncertainly for a moment, and then advance stealthily toward the parapet across. When it was within a foot or two of a resting place, McCloud called sharply to the invisible refugee above, at the same time firing his revolver in the ground.

"The result was surprising. The board stopped, trembled, swayed a little, and dropped, missing the vigilant officer by a hair's breadth, and crashing to the cement with a terrific force. An inspection of the roof from the Bevington house, later, revealed nothing unusual. It is evident, however, that the quarantine is proving irksome to the inhabitants of the sequestered society folk, without resources in themselves. Their condition, without valets and maids, is certainly pitiable. It has been rumored that the ladies are doing their own hair, and that the gentlemen have been reduced to putting their own buttons in their shirts. This deplorable situation, however, is unavoidable.

"The vigilance of the board of health has been most commendable in this case. Beginning with a wager over the telephone that they would break quarantine in 24 hours, and ending with the attempt to span a 12-foot gulf with a board, over which to cross to freedom, these shut-in society folk have shown characteristic disregard of the laws of the state. It is quite time to extend to the millionaire the same strictness that keeps the commuter at home for three weeks with the measles; that makes him get the milk bottles and groceries from the gate-post and smell like dogsoap for a month afterward, as a result of disinfection."

We sat in dead silence for a minute. Then:

"Perhaps it is true," I said. "Not of you, Jim—but some one may have tried to get out that way. In fact, I think it extremely likely."

"Who? Flannigan? You couldn't drive him out. He's having the time of his life. Do you suspect me?"

"Come away and don't fight," Anne broke in pacifically. "You will have to have luncheon sent in, Jimmy; nobody has ordered anything from the shops, and I feel like old Mother Hubbard."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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PLAY POLITICAL GAME

DEMOCRATIC POLICY IS EASY TO SEE THROUGH.

Loud Talk About Revision of the Tariff Intended Only to Mislead—Election of President is Object in View.

If there is fear in any quarter that the Democrats will revise all the protection out of the woolen or any other schedule of the Payne law it is groundless. Nothing could be more comical than the report that "Democrats from wool-growing states view with alarm the proposal that the woolen rates shall be cut to the bone in some instances and in others wiped out altogether." The Hon. Champ Clark and the Hon. Oscar Underwood have no such sinister designs upon the tariff. Revenue must be raised for the support of the government; the Democratic party is a good protectionist party, although sometimes called "free trade" by Republican orators; and sufficient duties must be spared to avoid a deficit.

It should be understood that the Democratic leaders will do nothing to spoil the chance of electing a president, and that they will leave nothing undone to promote the success of their party in the election next year. So far it has been smooth sailing. It is easy to introduce reform bills and speed them on their way by the majority vote in the house of representatives. The Canadian reciprocity bill and the farmers' free list bill are easily prepared and launched; even a bill amending schedule K might be steered through the house; but getting them passed by the senate, there's the rub! Already the Democrats in the house plume themselves upon their reform measures, and it is true they have shown unwonted activity and method as well as shrewd tactical skill. The truth is that thus far they have been playing their trumps, of which they hold a good hand, but the trouble will come when they try to take tricks with the other cards. As regards general tariff revision, aside from reciprocity with Canada, they will have to reckon with recalcitrants in their own household, as well as with the senate; and it is no part of their plan to cut deep into the protective principle, much less endanger revenue.

Their policy is transparent. They are going to put revision up to President Taft and the Republican senate, and in a way that makes co-operation impossible; and then they propose to go to the country and say: "We have done our best to revise the tariff, but we have failed because we do not control the government."

Situation As It Is.

The regular Republicans have no disposition to withhold the least degree of actual benefit from the farmers and they are prepared in the regular session to support any properly conceived plan for item-by-item reduction of the tariff, provided that the reductions are in line with the careful and scientific recommendations of the tariff board. But simply to throw up their hats for a purely partisan project conceived by the Democrats to gain partisan advantage is something not at all within the range of their intentions. The insurgent Republicans in the senate are getting light and they see the folly of harnessing themselves to the Democratic farmers' relief bill. As a matter of policy the Republicans should set themselves firmly against the Democratic measure in both houses. They should declare their purpose to carry out the Republican position and they should support the reciprocity measure devoid of any amendment and without relation to the farmers' relief measure. Only thus can the issue be made clear cut and only thus can the Democrats be brought to the position of unaffected support of reciprocity, a position they would do well to sustain because of the penalties they would have to bear as the price of killing the most popular trade proposal made in decades.

The one theme for congress is now as it was when the president sent in his measure--reciprocity. The one confusion to avoid is any measure for tariff tinkering. To attempt to link such with the reciprocity measure would be futile, for that measure stands upon its merits and it must be passed upon its merits. So that its enactment by the house conditioned upon the farmers' bill, would not by any manner of means commit it indismissibly to such association.

Plea for Return to Reason.

In the great days of the Farmers' alliance the agricultural subtreasury was to be the nation's hope. Did not work. So, after the crime of 1873 was invented, a progressive craze for free silver worked up, and it came to its height in 1896. Free silver was to be the one means of redeeming the producing classes from the tyranny of the money power. Now the sacred ratio inspires no emotion. Now "the interests," successors to the money power, are to be overthrown and the people blessed and saved by means of the initiative and referendum and recall. The toy "takes" in the west. Lovers of the people cry for it; but will it last? Is it not possible that in time the constitution, now so despised, may begin to appeal again to the people? After years of neglect it may have grace and merit of novelty.—New York Sun.

DRUNK WITH SUDDEN POWER

Indications That Democrats Have Bitten Off Considerably More Than They Can Chew.

The Democrats in congress seem to have gone daff on the subject of investigations. They appear to be obsessed by a notion that during the sixteen years which have elapsed since their party last had control of national affairs, the government has been in the hands of rascals and incompetents.

Arrangements have been made for the investigation of the executive departments. While these are primarily intended to find the means of reducing the annual appropriations, in order to offset the reduction in the government's receipts which will be caused by downward revision of the tariff, the Democrats are hopeful that they will come across evidences of graft and wastefulness which they can use to good advantage during the presidential campaign next year.

Only recently preliminaries were started for investigations of the United States Steel corporation, the American Sugar Refining company, the American Woolen company and the government diplomatic and consular service. And there are many more already contemplated and still to be suggested. The Democrats at home are prodding their representatives in congress to investigate a postmaster here, a collector there and a marshal in some other place. A sixteen-year accumulation of alleged wrongs is being hurled at congress with the demand that it act.

Already there are indications that the house has bitten off more than it can chew in seeking to revise immediately only one schedule of the tariff law. What will be its state when all these investigations get under way? It looks as if the Democratic majority is determined to take the course, not unnatural under the circumstances, of attempting to do too much, with the inevitable result of accomplishing little.

Having removed its coat, rolled up its sleeves and spat on its hands the Democracy finds that Schedule K weighs 250 pounds and is built like a coal heaver.

NO REAL NEED FOR ALARM

Circumstances Such That Important Tariff Changes Are Not Probable in the Immediate Future.

The house of representatives has been debating the so-called "farmers' free list" bill with many speeches but few to listen to them. Day after day there has been copious oratory and by day the attendance of members has been remarkably small.

This is not all indifference. It is not wholly a state of mind which makes appeals to reason useless. It has not happened because the house is weary of the tasks which it has undertaken. The trouble is largely that few men in congress believe the bill which the house is sure to pass will get through the senate and past the president's veto.

There may be some tariff legislation along similar lines, but the house bill as it stands will not become a law, if such progress is to be made in revision of the tariff. The Republican party still believes that there is need, first of all, of careful and scientific investigation of the conditions of production in this country and in Europe. It still believes in the wisdom of such work as the tariff commission has been doing. Sweeping and radical changes in duties will not be made without expert investigation and a fair trial of the commission plan, while the Republican party controls half or more than half of the government of the United States.

The country understands this fairly well. It will realize the truth better before long. Then there will be less hesitation in business and trade and industry will be more active.

Senator Bailey of Texas complains that the newspapers do not quote him correctly. In view of the things he says he ought to be thankful to the newspapers.

Warning to Both Parties.

Senator John D. Works of California, a new member of the senate but a long recognized leader of the progressive movement, said in the senate:

"I say to my Republican brethren that the party must get in closer touch with the people and respond to the awakened public sentiment of the land, or encounter defeat and disaster. I say to the Democrats on the other side of this chamber that their party needs redemption from the influence of special privilege and special interests. . . . I warn both that if neither party rises to the opportunity presented, then both will fall under public disapproval, and the people will create their own party to carry out their will."

One thing should appear plain to even hide-bound conservatism--there is a ferment of unrest in this country. The people are studying their situation. Prosperity will not stop their demands. "When Jeshurun waxed fat he kicked." Will vested interests stupidly seek to control both old parties to the ruin of the parties and themselves? Will the parties stupidly permit their own ruin?

If they do, will the progressive movement preserve its integrity and gather the people to itself and by proved service disprove the fatalistic creed of the social revolutionists?—Kansas City Star.

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THE PRINCE'S AMBASSADOR

By CORA HAWTHORNE SYKE

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"John," said Prince Frederick to his bosom friend, Count Ernest, "I wish your advice. My betrothed is going to make a visit to her aunt, the queen of Sweden. She travels from St. Petersburg to Stockholm. Since she has never seen me—nor I her, for that matter—I'm thinking that a fine opportunity is offered for me to observe her incognito. I shall go to St. Petersburg and join the royal party. Now, how shall I manage to remain unknown?"

"First, how are you to secure access to the royal party except as your royal self?"

"Right you are. That's the first point to be settled."

"I will give you a plan. Send me as your representative with gifts to her royal highness and you go with me as my secretary."

"Capital!" exclaimed the prince. "You've hit the nail on the head. Be ready to start tomorrow."

The next court circular announced that his royal highness Prince Frederick had gone to hunt wild game in South Africa. Another item spoke of an ambassador the prince had sent to Russia to accompany the Princess Alexia on her forthcoming journey to Sweden.

When the prince and Count Ernest arrived in St. Petersburg the count sent a messenger to the princess in the person of his secretary, who had changed his whiskers from a mustache to full beard and his hair from long to short. He was admitted to the princess and announced that Count Ernest von Hammerstein, special envoy of the crown prince, her betrothed, begged permission to wait upon her. A day was set, and the count, after presenting credentials and gifts, asked permission as the prince's representative to accompany her on her journey. Permission was accorded, and the next day the royal party started on a special train.

What did Count Ernest do but claim precedence as his royal master's representative over all others, settle himself down in the princess' company and monopolize her completely. He was a very entertaining man, and the princess was delighted with him. Meanwhile the prince himself was impatiently waiting at the other end of the car an opportunity to come in closer relation with his betrothed. Having waited for an hour for a summons to join his supposed master and received none, he took the matter in his own hands, went to the royal compartment and called to the count:

"May I speak to you a moment, count?"

"Speak to me? No. I am representing his royal highness the crown prince, betrothed to the princess, and am to be respected and treated as if I were the prince himself. Therefore I am not to be interrupted in delivering the prince's messages by my secretary or any one else."

He waved his secretary away. The prince colored at such treatment, but could do nothing to change the situation without making it known that he was making a sort of eavesdropper of himself to his betrothed. He went away very much angered with his friend the count. But in an hour he returned with a paper in his hands.

"Count," he said, "here is a dispatch from his royal highness the prince. He desires me to deliver a private message to his betrothed, the Princess Alexia."

"Not much," replied the count. "The prince has entrusted me with all messages to his betrothed in order that no spurious one may reach her. To give way to you would be to betray his royal highness' confidence."

"But the paper bears the prince's signature."

"The prince's signature by telegraph! You go away from here and don't try to impose any spurious telegrams on me or I'll have you put off the train."

The princess was much amused at the efforts of the count's secretary to interrupt his master's tete-a-tete with her and naturally flattered that the envoy should resist the interruptions. She was now looking forward to the next interruption, anticipating enjoyment in the master's method of getting rid of his inferior. The latter was getting very angry, and it was not long before he reappeared.

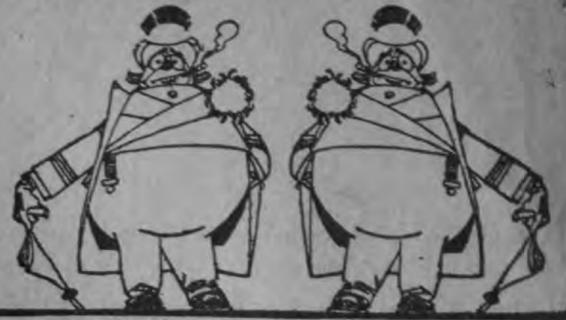
"A letter, count, for you from his royal highness Prince Frederick, which he charged me to deliver to you when we should be well under way."

"I decline to receive any such communication. I know his royal highness well. He has perfect confidence in me; would not send me on an errand of supreme importance and at the same time show his distrust of me by charging my secretary with instructions to me. If you come back here again with any more of this nonsense I shall telegraph to the emperor of Germany, in whose dominions we now are, that I desire the services of the police to remove an impudent underling."

The secretary, with hot cheeks and blazing eyes, withdrew for the last time, and that was all he saw of his betrothed on the journey.

Count Ernest was banished from the crown prince's presence till after Frederick's marriage, when the lady, hearing of the incident, was so delighted with the joke that had been played upon her husband that she interceded for the count, and he was restored to favor, but on condition that he would never allude to the trick he had played.

BESIDE HIMSELF



Any man must be beside himself who tries to get on in the world without knowing what the world is doing.

This newspaper is published for people who want to know. HOW ABOUT YOU? ARE YOU A SUBSCRIBER?

William Clark Tonsorial Artist

Four Chairs---No Waiting. Everything Sanitary and Up-to-date

WOODBIDGE AVE., Opposite Chrome P. O.

We Are Here to Do Your Printing

We Have a Large Assortment of Type Ready to Serve You

WE PRINT

What You Want, The Way You Want It And When You Want It



The Painter Telephones

"THAT job ought to have two coats, Mr. Blank. I'll get the stock ready and start the first thing in the morning."

In dealing with old customers, the telephone saves the painter valuable time.

If he hasn't the stock on hand, the telephone enables him to order it from the stockhouse without loss of time.

This is one advantage of having at his command not only the Local but the Long Distance Bell Telephone Service.



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John J. Engel Undertaker and Embalmer

DeLamar Avenue, near Woodbridge Avenue

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G R E A T

YOU NOTES TRADE MARKS WILL BE REDEEMED FROM THESE PRODUCTS BY THIS NEWSPAPER AS YOU DESIRE

COMING TO YOU

NOTE

TRADE MARKS FROM THESE PRODUCTS. MORE COMING THROUGH OPEN WINDOW.

THEN THIS ARROW WITH CASH VALUES

SAVE TRADE-MARKS FROM THESE PRODUCTS. MORE COMING THROUGH OPEN WINDOW.

THEN THIS ARROW WITH CASH VALUES

SIX-YEAR-OLD GIRL FOUND IN BUSHES ON THE MEADOWS

Lizzie Meyers, six years old, lies at the home of her mother in C street, Chrome, today in a serious condition, the result of a brutal assault committed sometime Tuesday night, probably early in the evening. The police are looking for a man whom they believe committed the deed and they expect to have him arrested before night.

John Craddock, who is employed as night watchman at the new Armory plant being erected here, heard a child crying at 4:30 o'clock Wednesday morning. It was a little girl's voice and she seemed to be calling for her father. The sound seemed to come from a clump of bushes and upon investigating Mr. Craddock found the child lying half unconscious on the ground. He picked her up and carried her to the gate house of the Copper Works, where he locked up the premises he was watching and then hurried with the little one to her home. The mother at once summoned Dr. Jacoby, who upon making an investigation found that the child had been greatly abused her right eye was closed, her left ear was nearly torn off and her face was horribly scratched. The girl's clothing was soaking wet and there is reason to believe that she lay on the meadows all through the storm that occurred Tuesday evening. When asked how she came to be in the bushes she said a man took her there.

Mrs. Meyers says the last she saw of her daughter was about 5:30 o'clock when she was playing near the house. After she was missed a search was made of the neighborhood but the child could not be found. Mr. Meyers, the girl's father, does not live with his wife, making his home in New Brunswick. When the child could not be found the mother thought perhaps she had decided to visit her father alone. Acting on this supposition a neighbor was sent to New Brunswick Tuesday night to investigate.

Nothing is more necessary to the community, whatever the religious opinion of its members may be, than the steady and constant supply of men of high education, of consecration, of careful training, of inspiration and of lives devoted to act and word to the service of the divine and of humanity. Unless such men are in the community, the moral forces will cease to be their expression, their direction, their inspiration and their representation.

It is, therefore, to be regretted that, in spite of the many movements, particularly through our Young Men's Christian association which has been active during the last decade as never before, the supply of clergymen is not keeping up with the growth of the country, but it is gratifying that this supply is increasing. It is notable, however, that the charge of those who become clergymen with a college education is decreasing. Down to 1893 the schools which require college training furnished about two-thirds of the total number of men fitting for the ministry. In 1910 they furnished one-half, or 3,816 out of the total number, which, including 312 women, was 7,687.—Philadelphia Press.

A NEW CREATION WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY
THE MERRIAM WEBSTER
The Only New unabridged dictionary in many years.
Contains the pith and essence of an authoritative library.
Covers every field of knowledge. An Encyclopedia in a single book.
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Name this paper and we will send free a set of Pocket Maps
G. & C. Merriam Co.
Springfield, Mass.

FATHER ULRICH HAS CHURCH MEMBERS PUT UNDER BONDS

Justice of the Peace C. W. Sedam, of New Brunswick, issued warrants Monday for the arrest of four Roosevelt men and sent Officer Edward Finnigan to execute them on Tuesday. The warrants were issued at the instance of the Reverend Father Stephen Ulrich, rector in charge of the Sacred Heart Slavish Hungarian church, and charged John Mudrak, Ambrose Mudrak, George Chamma and Joseph Hasek, members of the congregation, with having on June 4 openly stated at a meeting held in the borough, that unless Father Ulrich was removed from his charge, they would drive him away and kill him if necessary.

Officer Finnigan showed the warrants to each of the defendants and warned them to appear before Recorder Levenson at 7 o'clock Tuesday night. He then handed the warrants to the recorder and left. The defendants later appeared before the recorder, who put each of them under bonds of \$200 to keep the peace for six months. The Sacred Heart church which has not been built yet, has a congregation of about 100 families. Pending the erection of a church mass is said in St. Joseph's church at 9 o'clock each Sunday. The congregation has already acquired a plot of ground and about \$1,600 in cash and representatives of the congregation have appealed personally on several occasions to Bishop McFaul of Trenton to permit them to erect a church.

Some members blame Father Ulrich because the church is not erected while he extremely regrets that some of his flock fail to accord him the respect due his high office.

A prominent Roosevelt man reviewed conditions and suggested that unless the congregation can raise sufficient funds to completely erect the church, construction is not probable on the suggested site, as no real estate operator would furnish funds for the purpose owing to a clause in the title to the land, granting the land "for use for church purposes only."

Some of the friction is caused by the trustees holding meetings not called by the priest. This, Father Ulrich says is strictly against the rules of the church. The meeting at which the alleged threats are said to have been used was held in the absence of Father Ulrich.

BERRY FEAST AT Y. M. C. A.

Tastefully decorated with American flags and bunting the Y. M. C. A. rooms presented a gala-day appearance Wednesday evening, of last week when, filled to overflowing, the members with their wives and sweethearts attended a strawberry festival for which the Ladies Auxiliary of the association had been making preparations for the month past.

There was no speechmaking, just fun and a royal good time. Two long tables the length of the hall, contained an abundance of tasteful refreshments which were served by the ladies as required. Music on the piano was a feature, interspersed with selections on the piano player. The proceedings opened with the sending off, from the balcony of the club house, of a large fire balloon.

Then followed a bowl off, by members for the handsome silver cup presented by Jacob Steinberg. This was finally decided in favor of C. R. F. Palm, who being the winner of two previous legs carried off the trophy. The scores were as follows:

Shipnoski	137	142	131
Platt	151	159	159
Drenberg	118	139	115
Donnelly	159	159	155
Struthers	173	183	183
Palm	172	185	163
Draper	191	146	159
Sussick	182	134	146
Armour	179	147	127

Then followed a flashlight photograph of the company with Mr. Palm the centre figure. The affair, which was a great social and financial success, terminated about midnight. This is the third year of the association's work in the borough.

Mr. William C. Ruff has installed an up-to-date electrical message instrument at his consular parlor, on Woodbridge avenue, opposite Chrome Postoffice.

ROOSEVELT A. C. DEFEATED BY THE DANISH SOCIAL A. C.

The local boys lost their game Sunday afternoon to the Danish Social A. C., of Perth Amboy, 4 to 3. The game was lost by poor base running on the part of several of the home boys.

Jakeway pitched a steady game and with perfect support might have gained a shut out victory. Ensminger caught a fine game and is a good batter and all around player, the Danes being unable to steal a base, Sunday.

The score:

ROOSEVELT A. C.			
	R	H	E
A. Jakeway, p.	0	0	0
J. Scally, lf.	0	1	0
O. Elk, 1b.	1	1	1
E. Andres, 2b.	1	2	0
J. Elk, 3b.	0	1	1
E. Coughlin, ss.	0	1	1
G. Ensminger, c.	1	1	0
J. Hrivnack, cf.	0	1	3
A. Brewer, rf.	0	0	0
J. Staubach, rf.	0	0	0
	3	8	6

DANISH SOCIAL A. C.

	R	H	E
P. Peterson, cf.	1	0	0
J. Jandrup, rf.	1	2	0
L. Peterson, c.	0	1	0
Koehler, p.	0	1	1
Linderberg, 2b.	1	1	0
E. Polsen, 1b.	0	0	0
W. Christansen, ss.	0	1	0
S. Christansen, lf.	0	0	0
M. Peterson, 3b.	1	0	2
	4	6	3

Score by innings:
Roosevelt A. C. 0 0 0 2 0 1 0 0—3
Danish Social 0 0 3 0 0 0 1 0—4

The Acme A. A., of Newark, will appear on Liebig field Sunday and as the Marions, of Perth Amboy, could only win from them by a score of 9 to 7 the local boys should have another close and exciting game.

Licenses Handled in Court Friday

Judge Daly Friday morning disposed of the following license cases in court: The application of Sandor Kish, for a renewal of his wholesale license, at Rahway avenue and Lafayette street was granted.

The application of Philip Slobodian to have his license at 103 Rahway avenue, transferred to Samuel B. Brown, was granted.

The application of John Hatter, of Rahway avenue, for a wholesale license, a new man for an old place, was laid over for one week, under the rules, when it will be granted if there is no reasonable objection.

To Boynton Beach Via Dalton's Stage

Mr. Wm. Dalton will run his stage to Boynton Beach every Thursday and Saturday nights, leaving Carteret postoffice at 7:30 and Chrome postoffice at 7:45 o'clock.

REAL ESTATE

Lots and Houses for sale. Enquire at Koses' Pharmacy, next to Carteret postoffice. M. KOSES, agent. July 6-1f

LOST—Thursday night, June 8, Bunch of Keys, between Carteret and Port Reading. Finder please leave with Hans Hansen, and receive liberal reward. A. J. MILLER. 6-22-3t

YOUNG MEN WANTED

GOVERNMENT PAYS RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS \$800 TO \$1,400 A YEAR
Free Scholarships Are Offered

Uncle Sam holds examinations for railway mail clerk, postoffice clerk or carrier, custom house and departmental clerks. Prepare at once for the coming examinations.

Thousands of appointments are to be made. Common school education is all you need; city and country people have equal chance. Start to prepare now—free information. Free scholarships this month. Write immediately to Central Schools, Dept. B-559, Rochester, N. Y. j19-20t

THREATS MADE TO DYNAMITE RAHWAY NEWS-HERALD

Threats to blow up the plant of the News-Herald at Irving street and Elizabeth avenue were received on a post card by James B. Furber, publisher, Thursday, and is considered a result of the account of the fire at the Royal Manufacturing Company's plant in which the paper criticised the firemen. The card received by Mr. Furber was mailed late Wednesday night and reads as follows:

"The elimination committee of the fire department are about to apply the process to you. Your advertisements and circulation will be a thing of the and you will fall with a thud. If necessary a little dynamite will raze your plant and tar and feathers for yours. Yours Committee." To the foregoing a postscript is added as follows: "Montclair made it too warm for you—so will Rahway." The penmanship on the card is good and would indicate that the writer is a person of intelligence.

Mr. Furber says that this is the first written threat he has received, although he has previously heard verbal threats. The publisher does not appear alarmed by the disquieting communication, yet his friends are anxious for his welfare. All firemen claim no knowledge of the threatening communication.

It is generally known that representatives of all the fire companies in the city held a meeting on Wednesday evening, when, it is understood, committees were appointed to investigate the nasty rumors concerning the actions of the firemen at the recent blaze and report at a subsequent meeting. That the communication is an outcome of this meeting is not generally believed.

MISSING BOY SOON FOUND

The police for miles around Roosevelt were asked by the local police Thursday afternoon to keep a lookout for Louis Lehrer, seven years of age, who resides in Houston street, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Lehrer, and several other brothers and sisters.

He left home about 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning and he was not missed until late that evening, when his parents, becoming alarmed, organized a general search. This continued until Thursday, when it was discovered that a boy named O'Grady, of Port Reading, had been seen in his company.

The O'Grady boy, fifteen years old questioned by the police, said that he with a younger brother and the missing boy, had gone to Newark by train from Chrome. They lost the Lehrer boy in Newark and returned home without him. Shortly after 8 o'clock Friday morning the parents of the missing boy were relieved to get a message informing them that he had been picked up trying to board a freight train at Greenville, Jersey City.

WEBSTER AND THE MAGICIAN

Secretary of State's Clever Retort to the Joking Remark of Signor Blitz.

During the presidency of Mr. Tyler I had occasion to call on Daniel Webster, then secretary of state. Glancing at my card, he turned and readily extended his hand with, "Welcome, signor! No hocus pocus among my papers," covering them with his arms.

After explaining to him my object I received the required information. We laughed and chatted a few minutes, and I was about to retire when I mentioned that I was an applicant for office and hoped I could rely upon his influence in the matter.

"You a magician, an office seeker, signor?"

"There is only one, sir, I assure to; all others I should refuse without regard to their emoluments."

"Well, what one is that?" questioned the great statesman, in his deep and powerful voice.

"Counting the treasury notes, Mr. Webster."

"The treasury notes, signor?"

"Yes, sir. You might give me 100,000 to count and watch me closely, but you would find only 75,000 when I returned them."

"Signor," he exclaimed, with lively animation, "there is no chance for you; there are better magicians here than you. For there would not be 75,000 left after their counting!"—"Life and Adventures of Signor Blitz."

FAREWELL PARTY TO MRS. SMITH WAS LARGELY ATTENDED

A farewell reception and dance was given Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Duff, of Houston street, in honor of Mrs. Helen Smith, of Youngstown, Ohio. The home of the host was prettily decorated with bunting and Chinese lanterns, a very charming effect being produced. Prof. Dempsey's orchestra supplied the music.

Those present were: Miss A. Hilsdorf, of Rahway, the Misses M. and T. Schalks, of Brooklyn, the Misses M. Casey and N. Smith, of Passaic; Mr. and Mrs. Morecraft, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Nevill, Mr. and Mrs. E. Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Seidler, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Mulvihill, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Zettlemoyer, Mr. and Mrs. G. Bracher, Mr. and Mrs. A. Rooney, Mr. and Mrs. L. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. T. Brennan, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Foote, Mrs. J. Duffy, A. Sprague, M. Sexton, W. Sharpe, John Groom, R. Nelson, W. Dey, R. Draper, C. Walz, and F. Miller.

Man Who Fell From Porch is Dead

Martin Denko, of Lorch street, who fell off the roof of a stoop where it is supposed he intended to sleep, died in the General Hospital, Elizabeth, Friday morning without regaining consciousness.

As stated in the News the man was found early Sunday morning by Marshal Bradley, lying outside his boarding house and subsequently Dr. Jacoby examined the man and found that his spine was fractured.

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

"Insure your property with Nicholas Rizzak the well known banker. He will insure you in eleven of the strongest companies in the world, at the lowest rates with PIERCE & SON of Perth Amboy, 40 years corner of Smith and High streets, he will also provide a mortgage on your property at reasonable costs." adv.

BOROUGH VIEWS

Just received a new supply of Borough Views. Over forty selections. On sale at CASALEGGI'S, Chrome, and KOSES' PHARMACY, next to Carteret postoffice. jul5-1f

Bank Statement

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF NICHOLAS RIZSAK OF CARTERET, N. J. At the close of business, June 7, 1911.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	325.00
Stacks, Securities, Etc.	\$1,500.00
Banking-house furniture and fixtures	14,500.00
Other Real Estate	57,630.00
Due from Other Banks, Etc.	14,600.41
Cash on hand	1,086.84
Other Assets	1,087.75
	\$90,730.00

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in	\$44,022.57
Individual deposits, payable on demand	25,443.33
Other Liabilities	21,264.10
	\$90,730.00

State of New Jersey, County of Middlesex, ss.
NICHOLAS RIZSAK, being severally duly sworn deposes and says that the foregoing statement is true, to the best of his knowledge and belief.
NICHOLAS RIZSAK.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of June, 1911.
SAMUEL C. C. HARRIS
Notary Public of N. J.

HYER & ARMSTRONG—Attorneys at-law, Rahway National Bank Building Rahway, N. J. Money loaned on Bond and Mortgage. ju-15-y

BILL PROHIBITING CONTRACT LABOR AT PRISON SIGNED

Governor Wilson Thursday signed Senator Osborne's bill, abolishing contract labor in the state prison and other state penal institutions and the rail-roads' bill, compelling the roads to pay their employes bimonthly, which was introduced by Senator Silzer.

The prison bill provides that the employment of inmates shall be under control of a board composed of the Commissioner of Charities and Correction, the Head Keeper of the State Prison, the Superintendent of the Rahway Reformatory and two persons to be appointed by the Governor, to serve without compensation. The bill has met with the bitterest opposition on the part of the state prison officials.

Ariston Entertained by Mrs. J. Murphy

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Murphy was the scene of a very merry party Friday evening, when the Ariston Euchre Club and guests were entertained by Mrs. Joseph Murphy.

Mrs. Joseph Murphy won ladies' prize; Mr. Thomas Mulvihill, gentlemen's; Miss Hazel Winchell won guest prize; Mrs. Mulvihill, consolation prize.

At 12:30 refreshments were served. Vocal selections were given by Mrs. Bracher, Mrs. Murphy, Miss Anna O'Brien, Miss Lillian D'Arcy, Messrs. J. Finegan, Henry Seidler, George Bracher, E. Coughlin, W. Coughlin, T. Mulvihill, J. Healy; piano solos by Mrs. Bracher, Miss Hazel Winchell, Miss Josephine D'Arcy. Dancing and games were indulged in until the wee morning hours. The following were present: Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. Lawler, Dr. and Mrs. Reason, Mr. and Mrs. Mulvihill, Mr. and Mrs. Bracher, Mr. and Mrs. Seidler, the Misses Hazel Winchell, N. Sexton, M. Ryan, J. Connelly, Helen D'Arcy, Anna O'Brien, Lillian D'Arcy, Josephine D'Arcy, Messrs. John McGoldrick, E. Coughlin, W. Coughlin, J. Healy, W. Day, A. Bollschweiler, R. Draper, J. Finegan, N. O'Brien, W. Byrne.

DO YOU THINK

ALL oil stoves are alike? Do you think they ALL smoke and smell? The New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Stove in perfection, as its name signifies. Do not take our word for it, but come and see for yourself. It will cost you nothing to be convinced at the PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION at our store on June 19 to 20 inclusive. B. KAHN, 299 Woodbridge ave. Chrome, New Jersey.

LARKINS HALL FOR SALE—At reasonable terms.

A ten per cent investment. For further particulars enquire at this office.

THE ROOSEVELT NEWS makes a specialty on Hungarian printing.

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PRINTING—Neat and prompt, in all languages at THE ROOSEVELT NEWS office.

INVEST AT—Boynton Heights CARTERET, N. J.

LOTS \$200 and Upwards. \$5 Down—\$5 Monthly

THESE Lots are situated on the Blazing Star Road and are five minutes walk from the school and close to all the large factories. Many improvements have been made on this property, which will increase the value of the lots. Now is the time to buy and share the increase. Write or call for maps and full particulars at once.

Hansons Realty Corporation
168 Smith St., Perth Amboy
Office open every evening, 7 to 9 o'clock.

HUMOR IN THE AUCTION ROOM

Stout Lady More Than Met Her Match When She Stirred Up Tired-Looking Man.

I witnessed the following funny incident in one of the largest Edinburg auction rooms. A big, stout lady, apparently of the broker class, had ensconced herself comfortably in an armchair, and in due course began bidding for a table, on which a tired-looking man, for want of something to sit upon, affectionately leaned. Competition was brisk, but in the end the table was knocked down to the stout lady, who no sooner recognized that it was now her property, than, stretching out her arm, she sharply rapped her knuckles on it, exclaiming: "Hey, man!" But the tired-looking man paid no attention, so she next poked him with her umbrella and said with greater asperity than ever: "Lean off the table, will you? It's my property, and you'll scratch it."

The leaner regarded her fixedly for a moment or two, but did as requested. He did more, however, for pulling a scrap of paper from his pocket he put it under the lady's nose, with the quiet remark: "Dye see that?" and he next indicated a corresponding number on the armchair she was seated on. "Well, then," he continued, when she had acquiesced with a wondering nod of the head, "git off; it's my chair, and I want to sit down." And off she had to get.—London Telegraph.

WELCOMED BY MEN WHO SMOKE

Particular men who smoke realize how offensive to people of refinement is a strong tobacco breath, and how objectionable to themselves is that "dark brown taste" in the mouth after smoking.

Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic is worth its weight in gold for this purpose alone. Just a little in a glass of water—rinse the mouth and brush the teeth. The mouth is thoroughly deodorized, the breath becomes pure and sweet and a delightful sense of mouth cleanliness replaces that dark brown tobacco taste.

Paxtine is far superior to liquid antiseptics and Peroxide for all toilet and hygienic uses and may be obtained at any drug store 25 and 50¢ a box or sent postpaid upon receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass. Send for a free sample.

HADN'T MUCH BRAIN.



He—That fellow has got more money than brains.
She—That so?
He—Yes; I lent him a ten spot this morning.

CRIMINAL NEGLECT OF SKIN AND HAIR

Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for poor complexions, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, and cost so little that it is almost criminal not to use them. Think of the suffering entailed by neglected skin troubles—mental because of disfigurement—physical because of pain. Think of the pleasure of a clear skin, soft white hands and good hair. These blessings are often only a matter of a little thoughtful, timely care, viz.:—warm baths with Cuticura Soap, assisted when necessary by gentle anointments with Cuticura Ointment. The latest Cuticura book, an invaluable guide to skin and hair health, will be mailed free, on application to the Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, Mass.

Street Sayings Are Short Lived.

In some London slang has a short life, the street sayings current for a time pass away even more quickly. Most of these, such as "Has your mother sold her mangle?" "Who shot the dog?" and "How are you off for soap?" survive only in the pages of contemporary novelists.

Sometimes, however, have a long life. "Does your mother know you're out?" has been traced back to 1840 and may possibly have been current before then. Others are revived, with slight alterations. Ten years ago rude little boys would shout, "Where did you get that hat?" when their grandfathers would exclaim, "What! the same old hat!" And the expression of dissent emphasized nowadays by "Not in these trousers!" used to be conveyed thirty years ago by the tag, "Not in these boots!"—London Chronicle.

It sometimes happens that a woman marries a man because she is sorry for him. But is not that a poor way to show her sympathy?

Garfield Tea overcomes constipation.

Anyway, there is nothing monotonous about the weather.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS



IN TIMELY PROTEST

DEMOCRATIC FREE TRADE POLICY IS DENOUNCED.

Head of Brooklyn Church Sees Ruin for His and Many Other Parishes if Contemplated Plans Are Carried Out.

The headstrong and headlong tariff "busters" of the Democratic house have struck a snag. They will strike others in due time, but this one is a particularly bad snag; bad for a political party which in the northern states gets a big percentage of its votes in a great religious denomination. Now there is no politics in the Roman Catholic church. Its priesthood does not soil its finger in any such way. But there is a world of practical charity, of broad humanity and of sterling common sense in that vast aggregation. The Catholic church looks after its own as perhaps no other church does. It is looking after its own in Brooklyn. It scents hardship, poverty and wrong in the "Farmers Free List" bill which the house Democrats have now passed. That bill takes the tariff from cotton and jute bagging used in baling raw cotton. In Brooklyn there is a big factory whose doors would be shut and its army of work people turned out to starve if that bill becomes a law. There are several hundred other factories in different parts of the country of which precisely the same thing would be true. But this Brooklyn factory claims special attention because of an indignant letter of protest addressed by Rev. Patrick F. O'Hare, said to be the most eloquent preacher of the Catholic church in Brooklyn, to Representative Fitzgerald, Democratic chairman of the house committee on Appropriations. This big bagging factory is in Father O'Hare's parish, and its work people are very largely his parishioners. So the good priest takes his pen in hand and writes Congressman Fitzgerald as follows:

"It has been brought to my attention that a bill just introduced into the house places bagging for cotton bales on the free list. It happens that the largest establishment manufacturing this product in the United States is in my parish, just three blocks from the church. This establishment has for more than ten years employed more people than any other single manufacturing enterprise in New York. The pay roll right here is more than \$1,000,000 a year. The wages paid are now per individual twice what they were when the Wilson bill was in effect. The present wages per yard of cloth are about six times as much as the wages current in India in similar mills there, and are 12 times as much per individual here as in India. In addition to this establishment there is another belonging to the same people (American Manufacturing company) in South Brooklyn. Of the Greenpoint people employed in this mill very many belong to my congregation and they are well treated and satisfied.

"I particularly urge that you do what you can to see that the present very small duty is retained on this bagging. It is worthy of notice that the duty now existing only amounts to about 10 per cent. ad valorem on bagging, while the average duty on textiles of other kinds exceeds 40 per cent. Why should an industry in which I and my people are particularly interested be singled out for destruction?"

Same Old Business Wrecking Party.

The debate on the bill in the house showed that it is the same old Democratic party with the same old free trade or tariff for revenue notions. There was no interest shown in American industry. If foreign farm products and manufactured articles are to come into this country free of duty, then the American mechanic must be idle and the farmers' market destroyed, or else our wage scale must be lowered to the foreign level. There is no other alternative.

Why, indeed, unless it be to put more money in the pockets of southern cotton growers? But, as we have said, the Brooklyn factory is only one of several thousands which would be put out of business and their thousands of employees put out of their jobs. If Democratic free trade plans shall be carried out. We honor Father O'Hare for his prompt and vigorous protest. He has "dropped into politics" to some purpose when he advises a free trade congressman not to vote with his own party. It is a very worthy achievement. An army of Father O'Hares is needed to emulate his example. All over the United States there are parishes, thousands of them, outside as well as inside the Catholic fold, whose people are in danger of being pauperized by free trade tariff legislation. Here is an opportunity of the clergymen of the whole country to help the human race. Let them follow the lead of Father O'Hare, and write letters to representatives and Senators in congress protesting against the pauperizing policy of the Democratic party. Their power in this behalf is boundless and irresistible. They can put a stop to the pauperizing process if they will.—Exchange.

BUSINESS ON STRONG BASIS

Exportation Figures for March Are Gratifying—Year's Trading Will Be Enormous.

Exportations of manufactures in March were at the rate of more than one billion dollars a year. The actual figures of the month are: Manufactures ready for consumption, \$67,499,206; manufactures for further use in manufacturing, \$27,345,645; total, \$94,844,851, this figure being at the rate of more than one billion dollars for a 12-month period. The share which manufactures formed of the total exports of domestic merchandise during the month was: Manufactures ready for consumption, 36.24 per cent.; manufactures for further use in manufacturing, 17.23 per cent., the two groups of manufactures thus forming 53 1/2 per cent. of the total exports of the month. One year ago the March exports of manufactures ready for consumption were 47 1/2 million dollars in value; and those of manufactures for further use in manufacturing 22 1/2 million, the two groups forming a fraction less than 50 per cent. of the total exports of domestic merchandise. Thus the exports of manufactures as a whole in March, 1911, exceeded by more than 15 million dollars those of March, 1910. For the nine months ending with March, 1911, the exports of manufactures amount to 430 1/2 million dollars, exceeding by 69 1/2 million the figures for the corresponding period of last year; while manufactures for further use in manufacturing exported during the nine months of the present fiscal year aggregated 225 1-3 million dollars and exceeded by more than 25 million the figures for the corresponding month of the preceding year. Should the exports of the remaining three months of the fiscal year be approximately the same rate as those of March, the total exports of manufactures, including those ready for consumption and those for further use in manufacturing, would exceed 900 million dollars in the fiscal year.

To be remembered by free trade Democrats: The effect of buying goods abroad is like the blighting effect upon a city of buying elsewhere goods that can be made as well at home.—Norwalk (O.) Reflector.

Up to the Voters.

Complete Democratic control of the government means four years of adversity. On the other hand, the election of a Republican president and both houses of congress would mean an immediate resumption of business and a restoration of prosperity in every city and town and on every farm in the country. The campaign of 1912 is already begun. The result is in the hands of 15,000,000 voters who must decide between adequate protection or free trade.

Jesus, the Kingly Friend

By REV. F. E. HOPKINS, D. D.
Pastor of First Congregational Church, Gary, Ind.

TEXT—Behold thy king cometh.—John 12:13

Consider the friendship of Jesus as one of the kingly characteristics of his royal nature. The imperfection of our love is in its disquietude. With a few rare exceptions we are never quite satisfied that we have not given our love too easily, too quickly or too freely. But it was not so with Jesus.

Having loved, he loved unto the end. And we believe that means not only unto the end of life and throughout eternity, but also unto the full capacity of his infinite heart to love. Some one has said, "Jesus was a sower and not a reaper," that "He had very few followers as compared with other great leaders or teachers."

The soundness of that statement is not at all clear. It seems to us that Jesus made friends quickly and that he had far more of them than most men who live only thirty-three years, and whose work was revolutionary. It is certain no man's friends ever clung or cling more closely than the friends of Jesus. What man of thirty-three can name twelve friends to whom he has given a whole heart's devotion and received the same in return? This Jesus did and had. Even poor, misguided Judas was his friend. And down to the moment when he left the upper room the master looked across the table, and in loving warning said: "The hand of him that betrayed Me is with Me on the table." And after his great sin such remorse came in Judas' heart on account of the way he had abused the friendship of the Lord that he went out and hung himself.

Now men do not kill themselves for abusing those they hate. And, of course, all that the New Testament tells us about the kingly friend is a mere outline. Only a few names are given. What is the name of the friend who had the colt ready and waiting for Jesus at Bethpage when Jesus wanted to ride? Nobody knows. Who was the friend, "bearing the pitcher of water" through the streets of Jerusalem, who opened his house for the last supper? Nobody knows. But they were among the friends of Jesus.

In the New Testament we see the beginning of the great principle and that is about all. And the essential principle of Christianity is friendship, based on perfect love. Let us not forget the eleventh commandment. That is Christianity. We know that the Jewish religion made but a slight impression even upon those who professed it. The Greeks undertook to meet the longing of the human heart by culture, and marvelous were the achievements of that gifted empire; all the same, "the world by wisdom knew not God."

Then Rome incarnated a dream of power and colonized as far as the Ganges. But with power came selfishness and it crushed liberty to death. But Jesus came and said, "Ye are my friends." He said it to Greek and Roman. To Judah and to Israel. To Samaritan and Publican, Scribe and Pharisee, and "To as many as believed on Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God."

And what did that mean? It meant if even an unscrupulous tax collector like Zaccheus truly repents and restores his ill-gotten gains where they belong he shall be treated as a friend of the Lord. If a woman has been a sinner and she is sorry and she will promise to sin no more, she is to be forgiven. She is not to be stoned. Her sisters shall not say "Poor thing. We are awfully sorry for her, you know," while all the time in their hearts they are not feeling kind at all. They are to help her go in peace. And men are to be kind and help her. That is the idea. She is not to be tortured by regrets, and alarmed by fears, and torn by conscience, but the evil spirits are to be driven out of her, and into the door of her heart is to enter the angel of peace.

When Samaritans are full of prejudice, and bigotry, and hatred, "Shall we not call down fire from heaven and destroy them?" ask the apostles. But Jesus answered "No! No! The son of man came not to kill but to save. To make alive."

"The good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep." Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. But God commendeth His love to us in that while we were yet sinners, enemies, His son died for us.

Oh, what is love? Who can fathom it? Who can define it? There is only one who can do it, and that one is Jesus. For Jesus is the love of God spell friend. And today wherever we see the rich helping the poor, and the wise instructing the ignorant, and the strong bearing the burdens of the weak, and the saved seeking the lost, wherever doors of opportunity are being opened by helping hands with smiles of encouragement, wherever hope carries its lantern to guide our steps along the unfamiliar and slippery paths of life, wherever we can get on the track of men and women that have crossed the road to lift up a wounded traveler and take care of him until he can take care of himself, there, and everywhere, behind these ministries, and rising above all as the inspirer of all, we catch sight of the world's only king, the ruler of the human heart. The world's everlasting and omnipotent friend, and he is Jesus.

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"Come here, Sydney," said her mother. "Let me tack that feather back, out of your eyes."
"Oh, no, mother! I want it that way, so I can see it myself. 'Most always only other people can see the feathers on my hats."—Judge.

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The

by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER II.

THE MYSTERIOUS ATTACK.

HOWLAND was glad for a time there was an excuse for his silence. It began to dawn on him that this was an extraordinary adventure for a man on whose shoulders rested the responsibilities of one of the greatest engineering tasks on the continent and who was due to take a train for the seat of his operations at 8 o'clock in the morning.

He looked down at his companion, saw the sheen of her hair as it rippled out from under her fur turban, studied the soft contour of her cheek and chin without himself being observed and noticed incidentally that the top of the bewitching head beside him came just about to a level with the cigar which he was smoking. He wondered if he were making a fool of himself.

Where the river ferry was half drawn up on the shore, its stern fasten to the ice, he paused and looked down at the girl in quiet surprise. She nodded, smiling, and motioned across the river.

"I was over there once tonight," said Howland aloud. "Didn't see any houses and heard nothing but wolves. Is that where we're going?"

Her white teeth gleamed at him, and he was conscious of a warm pressure against his arm as the girl signified that they were to cross. His perplexity increased. On the farther shore the forest came down to the river's edge in a black wall of spruce and balsam. Beyond that edge of the wilderness he knew that no part of Prince Albert intruded. It was possible that across from them was a squatter's cabin, and yet if this were so and the girl was going to it why had she told him that she was a stranger in the town? And why had she come to him for the assistance she promised to request of him instead of seeking it of those whom she knew?

"You told me you were a stranger," he said. "You seem pretty well acquainted over here. Where are we going?"

This time she responded with an emphatic negative shake of her head, at the same time pointing with her free hand to the well defined trail that wound up from the ferry landing into the forest. Earlier in the day Howland had been told that this was the Great North trail that led into the vast wilderness beyond the Saskatchewan. Two days before the factor from Lac Bafo, the Chippewyan and the Crees had come in over it. Its hard crust bore the marks of the sledges of Jean Croisset and the men from the Lac la Ronge country. Since the big snow, which had fallen four feet deep ten days before, a forest man had now and then used this trail on his way down to the edge of civilization, but none from Prince Albert had traveled it in the other direction.

Howland had been told this at the hotel, and he shrugged his shoulders in candid bewilderment as he stared down into the girl's face. She seemed to understand his thoughts, and again her mouth rounded itself into that bewitching red O, which gave to her face an expression of tender entreaty, of pathetic grief that the soft lips were powerless to voice the words which she wished to speak. Then suddenly she darted a few steps from Howland and with the toe of her shoe formed a single word in the surface of the snow. She rested her hand lightly on Howland's shoulder as he bent over to make it out in the dusky starlight.

"Camp!" he cried, straightening himself. "Do you mean to say you're camping out here?"

She nodded again and again, delighted that he understood her. There was something so childishly sweet in her face, in the gladness of her eyes, that Howland stretched out both his hands to her, laughing aloud. "You!" he exclaimed. "You, camping out here!"

With a quick little movement she came to him, still laughing with her eyes and lips, and for an instant he held both her hands tight in his own. Her lovely face was dangerously near to him. He felt the touch of her breath on his face; for an instant caught the sweet scent of her hair. Never had he seen eyes like those that glowed up at him softly, filled with the gentle starlight; never in his life had he dreamed of a face like this, so near to him that it sent the blood leaping through his veins in strange excitement. He held the hands tighter, and the movement drew the girl closer to him until for no more than a breath he felt her against his breast. In that moment he forgot all sense of time and place; forgot his old self—Jack Howland—practical, unromantic, master-builder of railroads; forgot everything but this presence of the girl, the warm pressure against his breast, the lure of the great brown eyes that had come so unexpectedly into his life. In another moment he had recovered himself. He drew a step back, freeing the girl's hands.

"I beg your pardon," he said softly. His cheeks burned hotly at what he had done, and, turning squarely about, he strode up the trail. He had not taken a dozen paces when far ahead of him he saw the red glow of a fire. Then a hand caught his arm, clenching it almost fiercely, and he turned to



meet the girl's face, white now with a strange terror.

"What is it?" he cried. "Tell me!"

He caught her hands again, startled by the look in her eyes. Quickly she pulled herself away. A dozen feet behind her in the thick shadows of the forest trees something took shape and movement. In a flash Howland saw a huge form leap from the gloom and caught the gleam of an uplifted knife. There was no time for him to leap aside, no time for him to reach for the revolver which he carried in his pocket. In such a crisis one's actions are involuntary, machine-like, as if life, hovering by a thread, preserves itself in its own manner and without thought or reasoning on the part of the creature it animates.

For an instant Howland neither thought nor reasoned. Had he done so he would probably have met his mysterious assailant, pitting his naked fists against the knife. But the very maturing of his existence, which is self preservation, called on him to do otherwise. Before the startled cry on his lips found utterance he flung himself face downward in the snow. The move saved him, and as the other stumbled over his body, pitching headlong into the trail, he snatched forth his revolver. Before he could fire there came a roar like that of a beast from behind and a terrific blow fell on his head. Under the weight of a second assailant he was crushed to the snow, his pistol slipped from his grasp and two great hands choked a despairing cry from his throat. He saw a face over him, distorted with passion, a huge neck, eyes that flamed like angry garnets. He struggled to free his plumed arms, to wrench off the death grip at his throat, but his efforts were like those of a child against a giant. In a last terrible attempt he drew up his knees inch by inch under the

weight of his enemy. It was his only chance, his only hope. Even as he felt the fingers about his throat sinking like hot iron into his flesh and the breath slipping from his body, he remembered this murderous knee punch taught to him by the rough fighters of the inland seas, and with all the life that remained in him he sent it crashing into the other's abdomen.

It was a moment before he knew that it had been successful, before the dim cleared from his eyes and he saw his assailant groveling in the snow. He rose to his feet, dazed and staggering from the effect of the blow on his head and the murderous grip at his throat. Half a pistol shot down the trail he saw indistinctly the twist-

ing of black objects in the snow, and as he stared one of the objects came toward him.

"Do not fire, M'sieur Howland," he heard a voice call. "It is I—Jean Croisset, a friend! Blessed saints, that was—what you call beam—close call?"

The half breed's thin dark face came up smiling out of the white gloom. For a moment Howland did not see him—scarcely heard his word. Wildly he looked about him for the girl. She was gone.

"I happened here—just in time—with a stab," continued Croisset. "Come, we must go."

The smile had gone from his face and there was a commanding firmness in the grip that fell on the young engineer's arm. Howland was conscious that things were twisting about him and that there was a strange weakness in his limbs. Dumbly he raised his hands to his head, which hurt him until he felt as if he must cry out in his pain.

"The girl!" he gasped weakly. Croisset's arm tightened about his

waist.

"She's gone!" Howland heard him say, and there was something in the half breed's low voice that caused him to turn unquestioningly and stagger along beside him in the direction of Prince Albert.

And yet as he went, only half conscious of what he was doing and leaning more and more heavily on his companion, he knew that it was more than the girl's disappearance that he wanted to understand, for as the blow had fallen on his head he was sure that he had heard a woman's scream, and as he lay in the snow, dazed and choking, spending his last effort in his struggle for life, there had come to him as if from an infinite distance a woman's voice, and the words that it had uttered pounded in his tortured brain now as his head dropped weakly against Croisset's shoulder.

"Mon Dieu, you are killing him—killing him!"

"I must carry you, M'sieur Howland," Jean said. And as he staggered out on the ice with his inanimate burden he spoke softly to himself, "The saints preserve me, but what would the sweet Meleese say if she knew that Jean Croisset had come so near to losing the life of this m'sieur engineer?"

In only a subconscious sort of way was Howland cognizant of anything more that happened that night. When he came back into a full sense of his existence he found himself in his bed at the hotel. There was a dull, aching pain in his head and neck, and when he raised an inquiring hand it came in contact with a thick bandage.

Soon there came a sound at the door, and he twisted his head, grimacing with the pain it caused him. Jean was looking in at him.

"Ah, m'sieur awakes!" he said.

"Is it bad, Croisset?"

"So bad that you will be in bed for a day or so, m'sieur. That is all."

"Impossible!" cried the young engineer. "I must take the 8 o'clock train in the morning. I must be in Le Pas!"

"It is 5 o'clock now," interrupted Jean softly. "Do you feel like going?"

Howland straightened himself and fell back suddenly with a sharp cry.

"The devil!" he exclaimed. After a moment he added, "There will be no other train for two days." As he raised a hand to his aching head his other closed tightly about Jean's lithe brown fingers. "I want to thank you for what you did, Croisset. I don't know what happened. I don't know who they were or why they tried to kill me. There was a girl. I was going with her."

He dropped his hand in time to see the strange fire that had leaped into the half breed's eyes. In astonishment he half lifted himself again, his white face questioning Croisset.

"Do you know?" he whispered eagerly. "Who was she? Why did she lead me into that ambush? Why did they attempt to kill me?"

With a quick movement the half breed drew away his hand and moved toward the door. Halfway he paused and turned.

"M'sieur, I have come to you with a warning. Do not go to Le Pas. Do not go to the big railroad camp on the Wekusko. Return into the south. Perhaps you will understand when I tell you this warning is sent to you by the little Meleese."

Before Howland could recover from his surprise Croisset had passed swiftly through the door. For a long time he lay with his eyes closed trying to clear for himself the mystery of the preceding night. The one thought which obsessed him was that he had been duped. His lovely acquaintance of the preceding evening had ensnared him completely with her gentle smile and her winsome mouth, and he gritted his teeth grimly as he reflected how easy he had been. Deliberately she had lured him into the ambush which would have proved fatal for him had it not been for Jean Croisset. And she was not a mute! He had heard her voice. When that death grip was tightened about his throat there had come to him that terrified cry, "Mon Dieu, you are killing him—killing him!"

His breath came a little faster as he whispered the words to himself. They appealed to him now with a significance which he had not understood at first. He was sure that in that cry there had been real terror; almost, he fancied, as he lay with his eyes shut tight that he could still hear the shrill note of despair in the voice. If the girl had calmly led him into the ambush why in the last moment when success seemed about to crown her duplicity had she cried out in that agony of terror?

Was it possible that face and eyes like those could have led him into a death trap? Despite the evidence of what had happened he found himself filled with doubt. And yet, after all, she had lied to him, for she was not a mute.

Vainly as he watched and waited he racked his mind to find some reason for the murderous attack on himself. Who was "the little Meleese," whom Croisset declared had sent the warning? So far as he could remember he had never known a person by that name. And yet the half breed had uttered it as though it would carry a vital meaning to him. "Perhaps you will understand," he had said.

The first light of the day was falling faintly through the window when foot-



steps sounded outside the door again. It was not Croisset who appeared this time, but the proprietor himself, bearing with him a tray on which there was toast and a steaming pot of coffee.

"Bad fall you had," he greeted, drawing a small table close beside the bed. "Good thing Croisset was with you!"

"Yes—it was—a bad fall," he replied at last, looking sharply at the other. "Where is Croisset?"

"Gone. He left an hour ago with his dogs. Funny fellow, that Croisset! Came in yesterday from the Lac la Ronge country a hundred miles north; goes back today. No apparent reason for his coming, none for his going that I can see."

"Do you know anything about him?" asked Howland a little eagerly.

"No. He comes in about once or twice a year."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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VALUE OF IMAGINATION.

Life naturally must be more interesting to the person of vivid imagination than to one who lives only for the tangible things about him and who fears to dream as his fancy wills because reality bears heavily upon him. We do not think that even the man of affairs would find the indulgence of a few day dreams detrimental to his interests, while to those who look only upon the serious side of life and share only its darker aspects, a few dreams of what perhaps may come to pass would act as a tonic upon tired nerves, says the Charleston News and Courier. Our dreams are often companions to us, and sometimes we find ourselves moving unconsciously with them in a world far removed from our real habitation, but one whose promises seem easy of fulfillment and whose delights compensate for some of the hardships we may, perhaps, be called upon to bear during our waking hours. The world which is our idea of happiness, with all its wonder of accomplishment and all its measure of appreciation—the world in which we naturally play an important part—who has not seen its shining sands, and lofty summits, and flowering paths, beckoning, telling us how good it is to live and defying us to resist its appealing call? We cannot all gain its shores and discover long-hidden secrets, but, at least, we can turn its promises to our advantage and make our day dreams oases, as it were, in the desert spots of life.

James H. Collins, writing of "the orderly German mind," notes that a generation ago the chief exports of Germany were philosophy, poetry, music and emigrants, while today she ships machinery, chemicals, textiles and other manufactured products, and the mere thought of her competition scares America and has brought England to the verge of hysteria. How has this come about? You could put all Germany, and Pennsylvania to boot, in the state of Texas. Yet there are upward of 70,000,000 Germans. With scant natural resources, the Teuton had to think hard and make the best of it. Just as in scholarly and scientific research, his agricultural and industrial labors have been intense, methodical, plodding, thorough. He has taught the world how to farm. He is supreme in the economic use of chemicals.

It is rather comfortable to hear that the opinion of experts in the Lake Superior region is decidedly adverse to the view that the supplies of iron ore at the present rate of increased use will last only a short time. Those familiar with the region point out billions of tons in the Cascade range, besides millions proved up in the Negaunee, Ishpeming and other ranges to the west ward of the latter. Possibly a strict analysis of the prophecy of short life for our ore supply would disclose that it refers only to the exhaustion of the Mesaba deposits. Even then they are predicated on the maintenance of a rate of increase in mining equal to the exceptional one of the past two decades. Apart from the correctness of that calculation the fact is well known that there are vast deposits of ore yet practically untouched.

Look into the eyes of the oriental and you look into orbs that are opaque to Occidental discernment. A mystic and alien light hints an appalling gulf of sentiment. But somewhere behind the screen with which the patient Chinaman holds his dignity of solitude there beats a heart as ready to bleed at the story of suffering of his own people as that of the stranger all too prone to call him devil. The "heavenly Chinese" is perhaps not so peculiar as his reputation.

A zoo expert says that snakes must be protected. For obvious reasons, those who disagree with him will be afraid to do anything but give an apparent acquiescence, if they do not wish to subject themselves to serious suspicion.

The oldest woman in New York died the other day at the age of one hundred and seventeen. She did not advise the world to follow her mode of living. Blessings on her soul!

"Women always are and constitutionally ought to be tougher than men," says Prof. Tyler of Amherst college. Still, no man ought to leave it to his wife to bring up the kitchen coal.

"Woman is stronger than man," writes Professor Tyler. At any rate, a good many of us are led to believe that she is stronger in the vicinity of the jawbone.

Finally a good word has been said for the English sparrow. Somebody claims to have found that it eats the cotton maple scale. Go it, birds.

SERIAL STORY

When a Man Marries

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART Author of The Circular Staircase, The Man in Lower Ten, Etc.

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James Wilson of Jimmy as he is called by his friends. Jimmy was rotund and looked shorter than he really was. His ambition in life was to be taken seriously, but people steadily refused to do so, his art is considered a huge joke, except to himself. If he asked people to dinner everyone expected a frolic. Jimmy marries Bella Knowles; they live together a year and are divorced. Jimmy's friends arrange to celebrate the first anniversary of his divorce. The party is in full swing when Jimmy receives a telegram from his Aunt Selma, who will arrive in four hours to visit him and his wife. He neglects to tell her of his divorce. Jimmy takes Kit into his confidence, he tries to devise some way so that his aunt will not learn that he has no longer a wife. He suggests that Kit play the hostess for one night. Mrs. Wilson proposes that Aunt Selma arrive and the deception works out as planned. Jimmy's Jap servant is taken ill. Bella, Jimmy's divorced wife, enters the house and asks Kit who is being taken away in the ambulance. Bella insists it is Jim. Kit tells her Jim is well and is in the house. Harbison steps out on the porch and discovers a man tucking a card on the door. He demands an explanation. The man points to the placard and Harbison sees the word "Smallpox" printed on it. He tells him "Smallpox" cannot leave the house until the quarantine is lifted. The guests suddenly realize their predicament, the women shed tears, the men consider it a good joke. The all important question arises as to who is to prepare the meals and perform the other household duties. Harbison finally solves the matter. After the lifting of the quarantine several letters are found in the mail box undelivered, one is addressed to Henry Lewellyn, Iolique, Chile, which was written by Harbison. He describes minutely their incarceration, also of his infatuation for Mrs. Wilson. Aunt Selma is taken ill with a gripe. Betty acts as nurse. Harbison finds Kit sulking on the roof. He tells him that Jim has been treating her outrageously. Harbison fully believing that she is Mrs. Wilson, tells her that she doesn't mean the thing she is saying about her husband. Kit starts downstairs, when suddenly she is grasped in the arms of a man who kisses her several times. She believes that Harbison did it and is humiliated. Aunt Selma tells Jimmy that her cameo brooch and other articles of jewelry have been stolen. She accuses Betty of the theft. The following morning Jimmy was in a rage. The papers printed a story about the incarceration of the party, and that one of the guests had attempted to escape by means of laying a board across the roof to the adjoining house, but was frustrated by a detective who fired a revolver at him.

CHAPTER XII. (Continued.)

"I wish you would all go out," I said wearily. "If every man in the house says he didn't try to get over to the next roof last night, well and good. But you might look and see if the board is still lying where it fell." There was an instantaneous rush for the window, and a second's pause. Then Jimmy's voice, incredulous, awoke:

"Well, I'll be—blessed! There's the board!" I stayed in my room all that day. My head really ached and then, too, I did not care to meet Mr. Harbison. It would have to come; I realized that a meeting was inevitable, but I wanted time to think how I would meet him. It would be impossible to cut him, without rousing the curiosity of the others to fever pitch; and it was equally impossible to ignore the disgraceful episode on the stairs. As it happened, however, I need not have worried. I went down to dinner, languidly, when every one was seated, and found Max at my right, and Mr. Harbison moved over beside Bella. Every one was talking at once, for Flannigan, ambling around the table as he walked his beat, had presented Bella with her bracelet on a salad plate, garnished with romaine. He had found it in the furnace room, he said, where she must have dropped it. And he looked at me stealthily, to approve his mendacity!

Every one was famished, and as they ate they discussed the hoard in the area-way, and pretended to deride it as a clever bit of press work, to revive a dying sensation. No one was deceived: Anne's pearls and the attempt at escape, coming just after, pointed only to one thing. I looked around the table, dazed. Flannigan, almost the only unknown quantity, might have tried to escape the night before, but he would not have been in dress clothes. Besides, he must be eliminated as far as the pearls were concerned, having been locked in the furnace room the night they were stolen. There was no one among the girls to suspect. The Mercer girls had stunning pearls, and could secure all they wanted legitimately; and Bella disliked them. Oh, there was no question about it, I decided: Dallas and Anne had taken a wolf to their bosom—or is it a viper?—and the Harbison man was the creature. Although I must say that, looking over the table, at Jimmy's breadth and not very imposing personality, at Max's lean length, sallow skin and bold dark eyes, at Dallas, blond, growing bald and florid, and then at the Harbison boy, tall, muscular, clear-eyed and suburban, one would have taken Max at first choice as the villain, with Dal-

next, Jim third, and the Harbison boy, not in the running.

It was just after dinner that the surprise was sprung on me. Mr. Harbison came around to me gravely, and asked me if I felt able to go up on the roof. On the roof, after last night! I had to gather myself together; luckily, the others were pushing back their chairs, showing Flannigan the liqueur glasses to take up, and lighting cigars.

"I do not care to go," I said lolly. "The others are coming," he persisted, "and I—I could give you an arm up the stairs." "I believe you are good at that," I said, looking at him steadily. "Max, will you help me to the roof?" Mr. Harbison really turned rather white. Then he bowed ceremoniously and left me.

Max got me a wrap, and every one except Mr. Harbison and Bella, who was taking a mass of indigestibles to Aunt Selma, went to the roof.

"Where is Tom?" Anne asked, as we reached the foot of the stairs. "Gone ahead to fix things," was the answer. But he was not there. At the top of the last flight I stopped, dumb with amazement; the roof had been transformed, enchanted. It was a fairy-land of lights and foliage and colors. I had to stop and rub my eyes. From the bleakness of a tin roof in February to the brightness and greenery of a July roof garden!

"You were the immediate inspiration," Dallas said. "Harbison thought your headache might come from lack of exercise and fresh air, and he has worked us like milters all day. I've a blister on my right palm, and Harbison got shocked while he was wiring the place, and nearly fell over the parapet. We bought out two full-sized florists by telephone."

It was the most amazing transformation. At each corner a pole had been erected, and wire crossed the roof diagonally, hung with red and amber bulbs. Around the chimneys had been massed evergreen trees in tubs, hiding their brick-and-mortar ugliness, and among the trees tiny lights were strung. Along the parapet were rows of geometrical boxwood plants in bright red crocks, and the flaps of a crimson and white tent had been thrown open, showing lights within, and rugs, wicker chairs, and cushions.

Max raised a glass of benedictine and posed for a moment, melodramatically.

"To the Wilson roof garden!" he said. "To Kit, who inspired; to the creators, who perspired; and to Takahiro—may he not have expired."

Every one was very gay; I think the knowledge that tomorrow Aunt Selma might be with them urged them to make the most of this last night of freedom. I tried to be jolly, and succeeded in being feverish. Mr. Harbison did not come up to enjoy what he had wrought. Jim brought up his



"Lord! the cook next door—"

guitar and sang love songs in a beautiful tenor, looking at Bella all the time. And Bella sat in a steamer chair, with a rug over her and a spangled veil on her head, looking at the boats on the river—about as soft and as chastened as an acetylene head light.

And after Max had told the most improbable tale, which Leila advised him to sprinkle salt on, and Dallas had done a clog dance, Bella said it was time for her complexion sleep and went downstairs, and broke up the party.

"If she only gave half as much care to her immortal soul," Anne said when she had gone, "as she does to her skin, she would let that nice Harbison boy alone. She must have been brutal to him tonight, for he went to bed at nine o'clock. At least, I suppose he went to bed, for he shut himself in the studio, and when I knocked he advised me not to come in."

I had pleaded my headache as an excuse for avoiding Aunt Selma all day, and she had not sent for me. Bella was really quite extraordinary. She was never in the habit of putting herself out for any one, and she always declared that the very odor of a sick-room drove her to Scotch and soda. But here she was, rubbing Aunt Selma's back with chloroform liniment—and you know how that smells—getting her up in a chair, dressed in one of Bella's wadded silk robes, with pillows under her feet, and then doing her hair in elaborate puffs—braiding her gray switch and bringing it, coronet-fashion, around the top of her head. She even put rice powder on Aunt Selma's nose and dabbed violet water behind her ears, and said she couldn't understand why she (Aunt Selma) had never married, but, of course, she probably would some day! The result was, naturally, that the old lady wouldn't let Bella out of her

sight, except to go to the kitchen for something to eat for her. That very day Bella got the doctor to order aie for Aunt Selma, oh, yes; the doctor could come in; Dal said "it was all a-coming in, and nothing going out") and she had three pints of Bass, and learned to eat anchovies and caviare—all in one day.

Bella's conduct to Jim was disgraceful. She snubbed him, ignored him, tramped on him, and Jim was growing positively flabby. He spent most of his time writing letters to the board of health and playing solitaire. He was a pathetic figure.

Well, we went to bed fairly early. Bella had massaged Aunt Selma's face and rubbed in cold cream, Anne and Dallas had compromised on which window should be open in their bedroom, and the men had matched to see who should look at the furnace. I did not expect to sleep, but the cold night air had done its work, and I was asleep almost immediately.

Some time during the early part of the night I awakened, and, after turning and twisting uneasily, I realized that I was cold. The couch in Bella's dressing room was comfortable enough, but narrow and low. I remember distinctly (that was what was so maddening: Everybody thought I dreamed it)—I remember setting an elderdown comfort that was folded at my feet, and pulling it up around me. In the luxury of its warmth I snuggled down and went to sleep almost instantly. It seemed to me I had slept for hours, but it was probably an hour or less, when something roused me. The room was perfectly dark, and there was not a sound save the faint ticking of the clock, but I was wide awake.

And then came the incident that in its ghastly, horrible absurdity made the rest of the people shout with laughter the next day. It was not funny then. For suddenly the elderdown comfort began to slip. I heard no footstep, not the slightest sound approaching me, but the comfort moved; from my chin, inch by inch, it slipped to my shoulders; awfully, inevitably, hair-raisingly it moved. I could feel my blood gather around my heart, leaving me cold and nerveless. As it passed my hands I gave an involuntary clutch for it, to feel it slip away from my fingers. Then the full horror of the situation took hold of me; as the comfort slid past my feet I sat up and screamed at the top of my voice.

Of course, people came running in in all sorts of things. I was still sitting up, declaring I had seen a ghost and that the house was haunted. Dallas was struggling for the second armhole of his dressing gown, and Bella had already turned on the lights. They said I had had a nightmare, and not to sleep on my back, and perhaps I was taking gripe.

And just then we heard Jimmy run down the stairs, and fall over something, almost breaking his wrist. It was the elderdown comfort, half-way up the studio staircase!

CHAPTER XIII.

He Does Not Deny It.

Aunt Selma got up the next morning and Jim told her all the strange things that had been happening. She fixed on Flannigan, of course, although she still suspected Betty of her watch and other valuables. The incident of the comfort she called nervous indigestion and bad hours.

She spent the entire day going through the storeroom and linen closets, and running her fingers over things for dust. Whenever she found any she looked at me, drew a long breath, and said, "Poor James!" It was maddening. And when she went through his clothes and found some buttons off (Jim didn't keep a man, and Takahiro had stopped at his boots) she looked at me quite awfully. "His mother was a perfect housekeeper," she said. "James was brought up in clothes with the buttons on, put on clean shelves."

"Didn't they put them on him?" I asked, almost hysterically. It had been a bad morning, after a worse night. Every one had found fault with the breakfast, and they straggled down one at a time until I was frantic. Then Flannigan had talked at me about the pearls, and, Mr. Harbison had said, "Good morning," very stiffly, and nearly rattled the inside of the furnace out.

Early in the morning, too, I overheard a scrap of conversation between the policeman and our gentleman adventurer from South America. Something had gone wrong with the telephone and Mr. Harbison was fussing over it with a screw driver and a pair of scissors—all the tools he could find. Flannigan was lifting rugs to shake them on the roof—Bella's order.

"Wash the table linen!" he was grumbling. "I'll do what I can that's necessary. Grub has to be cooked, and dishes has to be washed—I'll admit that. If you're particular, make up your bed every day; I don't object. But don't tell me we have to use 33 table napkins a day. What did folks do before napkins was invented? Tell me that!"—triumphantly.

"What's the answer?" Mr. Harbison inquired absently, evidently with the screw-driver in his mouth.

"Used their pocket handkerchiefs! Wash clothes I will not."

"Well, don't worry Mrs. Wilson about it," the other voice said. Flannigan straightened himself with a grunt. "Mrs. Wilson!" he said. "A lot she would worry. She's been a disappointment to me, Mr. Harbison, me thinking that now she'd come back to him, after leavin' him the way she did, they'd be like two turtle doves. Lord! the cook next door—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Young America

Exceed European in Spirits and Nerve Power

By C. W. ERNST



ARE American children worse than others? I think not. They are all born with the same general endowment as to morality and conduct. Physically, American children seem slightly larger and stockier than the corresponding grades of children in Europe. American children seem to exceed English and French children in animal spirits and nerve power. So it may take more skill to manage them; and we shall have some exuberances not found elsewhere. But it is not a determining element.

As to bringing up, it is not for me to speak confidently. I have neither experience nor the educational talent, still less the wisdom, to pass upon whole nations and continents. I have noticed, however, or think I have noticed, that no two children are brought up alike. The first son is usually brought up less wisely than the third, and no two families or schools pursue the same course.

American parents, perhaps, expect a little too much of schools and not quite enough of themselves. It may be that schools, unintentionally and indirectly, promise too much.

Forcibly I think a poor resort in education. It is needed, but as an educational means it is not. The chief qualification of an educator, it seems to me, is character—a consecrated personality, a parent or friend ready and anxious to save, to forgive much, to overlook many things, to help, to hope, to gladden, to inspire, to bless by their mere presence—a refuge in the catastrophes of youth.

Do we Americans ever underrate the importance of religious training? Of course no one cares much for religious formulae and ceremonies. And one is not sure that the Sunday school can perform the religious duty which the public school cannot and must not. There lies the problem as I see it, there and in the parents. Meanwhile, I do not think our young people worse than others or very much better. Conduct and morals in our colleges compare favorably with like sets in Paris and Berlin; so as to our secondary schools and the lower grades. Our girls in particular learn readily how to take care of themselves; and so do our boys, if only they were taught just what to do, how to carry themselves—taught by those ever ready to lead and comfort and serve bravely to the end.



Where Pretty Hat Plumes Come From

By K. T. PETERSEN
Chicago.

Cannot something be done to suppress the sale and demand for the beautiful "aigrette" plumes? I am sure that if the women knew of the awful suffering caused by their thoughtless wearing of the feathers they would gladly give them up.

These airy plumes come from the back of the white egret, a bird of the heron family, and grow only during the breeding season, which lasts from February to May. Both sexes have the plumes, which, on the living bird, form a beautiful bridal veil.

After a rookery or roost is discovered the plume hunters visit it in numbers and remain there until every bird is shot and every plume torn from their backs.

The young birds in the nest finally die of starvation, so each bunch of plumes means the death of from five to seven birds.

It is aptly called "the white badge of cruelty."

Florida, where these beautiful birds were formerly so abundant as to form snowy banks on the rivers and lakes, is now practically deserted and the plume hunters seek their quarry in Mexico and South America.

There are still a few colonies in southwestern Florida, but they doubtless will soon be ravaged.

"From Under the Flying Chaff"

By A. W. MACY
Author of
"Shortcut Philosophy"

There is no saving grace in epitaphs. When troubles come in swarms they are more easily hived.

Some investigating committees are appointed to hide things.

Hypocrisy is an accomplishment that comes only with maturity.

It is bad form to put your hands into other people's pockets.

Always listen to advice, but ride your own war horse to battle.

It requires a finer training to fit one for solitude than for society.

Some rich men's sons succeed in spite of their unfortunate surroundings.

Every guilty man wants the benefit of the doubt whether there is one or not.

Women may not be expert with airships, but some of them can make money fly.

Cultivate new friends; you may be able to borrow enough of them to pay up the old ones.

A good part of education consists in forgetting the things we should never have learned.

(Copyright, 1911, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Market Price of Black Cat Fur Raising

By THOMAS A. EASON

The market value of black cats is rising rapidly, owing to the fact that their fur is greatly in demand for the making of ladies' cloaks, hats, muffs, capes and other articles of dress.

In the London fur market attractive prices are being paid for black cat skins; in fact, the price is so very attractive that organized gangs of cat thieves are going from town to town on the south coast of England in search of dusky felines.

Recently the "Lost" columns of newspapers in New York and elsewhere have recorded the disappearance of some fine black cats, family pets, for the return of which large rewards and "no questions asked" were offered.

Of course there may be no connection between the increasing value of black cats and the disappearance of family pets, but the owners of black cats may be acting wisely in keeping an eye on "Topsy" or "Smut" until the market price for black cat fur touches rock bottom.

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Pancakes and Pumpkin Pies

By M. QUAD

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Aunt Sally Warner had had many things happen her in a few years, and none of them had been good. She lost her husband, who was a hard working farmer; then the roof rot got among the sheep; then the barn and contents burned; then she broke a leg and was laid up for months and had to sell part of her land to pay off the bills.

One summer's day, when Aunt Sally was resting in the shade of a cherry tree after hoeing in the garden, a tin peddler came along.

"Nothing today," said Aunt Sally. "Then I'll get out of the hot sun for a few minutes," he replied as he took a seat under the same tree. "Haven't you got a husband or son to do this work?"

Then the widow told him that she was alone and a victim of ill luck. She wasn't whining and complaining, but putting on a brave front. She got the man's sympathy and admiration.

"Say, b'gosh, it's hard lines!" he said as he thumped the ground with his fist. "I've been jumped on myself, and I know how it is. I'm just working out of the worst streak of luck a man ever had, and I'm going to win out."

"Is there a heap of money in peddling?" she asked.

"No. I'm looking around for something better. I'm getting my dollars together to go to New York. Aunt Sally, can you cook?"

"I've had to do it for about forty years," she answered, with a rueful smile.

"Yes, you've had to cook meat and taters, but have you got a specialty? Have you cooked something that everybody has praised?"

"I ain't no brag, stranger, but I've had fifty people praise my pumpkin pies."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, my pancakes. When they used to have a summer hotel down by the lake I used to sell 'em pumpkin pies, and dozens of people used to come here to eat my pancakes. Oh, I got lots of praise."

"Anything peculiar about your pies and pancakes?" asked the peddler.

"I can't say as there was, but they got the praise, Mebbe it was a peculiar twist of the wrist. Some folks said so."

"Peculiar twist, eh? Well, that's what New York is always looking for—peculiar twists. Um! Um! A peculiar twist in New York means a barrel of money for the twister. Look here, now. Got the stuff in the house to make pies and pancakes?"

With trembling lips and tears ready to start, Aunt Sally replied she was very poor.

"Then tell me what is wanted and I'll drive over to Bristol and get it. It'll be canned pumpkin this time of year, but we'll make that do. Go ahead."

"But I don't understand."

"Then listen to me. I'm looking to go to New York and open a lunch place. There's got to be something to advertise it. I have got to have a peculiar twist to some dish. If you've got a twist on pumpkin pies and pancakes our fortunes are made. I'll divide with you."

The astonished and frustrated Aunt Sally told the peddler what she must have to make a trial on, and he drove away and returned with them. Then he took the ax and cut up a lot of wood and then put in two hours' work in the garden. By that time the pies and pancakes were ready for him.

He looked with a pleased eye at the deep rich brown, and he mingled and chewed with the palate of an epicure. Then he devoured. He "hogged down" two pumpkin pies and more than half a dozen pancakes and then shored back and said:

"Widow, you've got it!"

"The peculiar twist?"

"That's it. Never ate such pies and pancakes in my life. We'll have all New York running after 'em. Now, you just keep quiet for a month or so. I want to sell my horse and wagon and stock. I want to borrow every dollar I can, and I want to go to the city and look up a place. When I'm ready I'll come for you."

"But I'm old, and I'm homely, and I ain't got no good clothes," she protested.

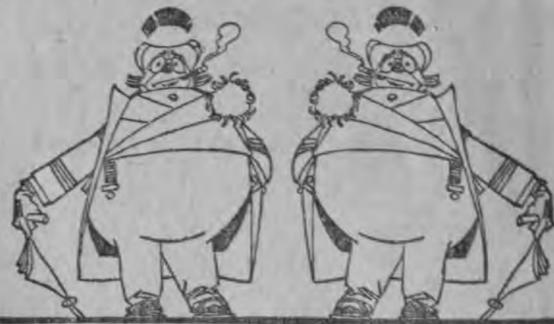
"Don't you worry about that. You just practice away on that twist of the wrist and expect me back here in four weeks."

Whether stranger or New Yorker, you've seen the place—you've lunched there. The sight of Aunt Sally in the window with her calico dress and white collar frying those nut brown pancakes at a gas stove has made you hungry at once. Yes, there's a sign to tell you that it's Aunt Sally and another telling of her pumpkin pies, and inside the place you'll find everything as clean as a new gold dollar and the ex-tin peddler keeping an eye on waiters and patrons.

The "twist" caught on from the first day, and it is staying right by the place. Hundreds of thousands of people have come to know Aunt Sally by sight, and there are many that smile and not at her as they halt for a moment. Sometimes between the rushes she and the ex-peddler have a few minutes for talk, but their conversations always end up with her exclamation:

"And to think that I've got money in the bank and won't have to die in the poorhouse!"

BESIDE HIMSELF



Any man must be beside himself who tries to get on in the world without knowing what the world is doing.

This newspaper is published for people who want to know. HOW ABOUT YOU? ARE YOU A SUBSCRIBER?

William Clark Tonsorial Artist

Four Chairs---No Waiting. Everything Sanitary and Up-to-date

WOODBIDGE AVE., Opposite Chrome P. O.

We Are Here to Do Your Printing

We Have a Large Assortment of Type Ready to Serve You

WE PRINT

What You Want, The Way You Want It And When You Want It



The Carpenter Telephones

"I'll send a man right up to take the measurements. It will take a week or ten days to get the sash from the mill. I'll order them by telephone just as soon as I get the dimensions."

The carpenter frequently gets an order over the telephone—maybe it's for storm windows; the roof leaks, or other repairs are needed at the family residence.

It's the man with the telephone who gets the order.

The Local and Long Distance Bell Telephone Service enables the business man to fill rush orders.



NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY

Every Bell Telephone is the Centre of the System

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE, 139-R

John J. Engel

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DeLamar Avenue, near Woodbridge Avenue

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G R E A T

THESE PRODUCTS BY THIS NEWSPAPER

COMING TO YOU

NOTE BEARER

J.H.R. WOODBRIDGE CHROME, N.J.

SAVE TRADE-MARKS FROM THESE PRODUCTS.

MORE COMING THROUGH OPEN WINDOW.

THEN THIS ARROW WITH CASH VALUES

ROOSEVELT A. C. DEFEATED IN 13 INNING GAME

The local boys lost the longest game ever played on Liebig field, Sunday, 6 to 5. It was also the most interesting and exciting, especially after the eighth inning when the score was tie 5 to 5 as every time a home boy got a hit or moved along a base, bats were in the air and the excitement was great.

It is to be hoped that the home team will receive better support than has of late been given them, surely no one can find fault with such games as has already been played and then with a stronger team from Sunday on and they all are our home boys they deserve encouragement and loyal support which can only be shown by attendance and financial support.

The game was marred only by the sad accident to Frank Eleder the Acme's third baseman's who received a painful blow in the left eye by a foul ball from his bat and it is the hope of every local player and fan that he may speedily recover and not lose his sight.

Table with columns R, H, E for Roosevelt A. C. and Acme A. A. listing players like J. Scally, F. Ardres, E. Andres, J. Groom, J. H. 3b, J. Staubach, G. Ensminger, J. Hrivnack, Cribbins, Eleder, Larkin, Suabie, McDonnell, Droyon, Henry, Baumach, Meehan, Alban.

Score by innings: Roosevelt 0 0 1 0 0 2 1 0 0 0 0 0-5, Acme 0 3 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 1-6

Base on balls, off Meehan, 7. (Scally (3), Staubach (3), Ensminger; off Jake-way, 2. (Baumach and Alban). Hit by pitcher, J. Elk. Struck out by Meehan 8, Jake-way 6.

The Stoney Bridge team of Rahway, will make their second appearance here next Sunday and the local boys expect to reverse the 12-10 defeat of May 21.

The home team will be strengthened as Eddie Coughlin who has been playing great ball for Port Reading will play with the home team from now on. Otto Elk will be at first base and Frank Andres will also play and may pitch.

The Washington F. C. of East Rahway defeated the All Americans of Elizabeth Sunday, June 18, on the All American's grounds by 5 runs, score being 6 to 1. The feature of the game was the batting for the Washingtons.

On Saturday, June 24th, the Washington F. C. will cross bats with the Princeton A. C., of Elizabeth, at East Rahway. Game called at 3:30 o'clock.

TELEPHONE NO. 138-L FOR COAL AND WOOD

If you want prompt deliveries on coal and wood, Telephone 138-L, J. J. Mullan, Woodbridge avenue, Chrome, New Jersey

VALUE OF THE IMAGINATION

A Reasonable Amount of Day Dreaming Does Not Prove Detrimental to One's Interests.

Life naturally must be more interesting to the person of vivid imagination than to one who lives only for the tangible things about him and who fears to dream as his fancy wills because reality bears heavily upon him. We do not think that even the man of affairs would find the indulgence of a few day dreams detrimental to his interests, while to those who look only upon the serious side of life and share only its darker aspects, a few dreams of what perhaps may come to pass would act as a tonic upon tired nerves.

AUTOMATIC SAVINGS BANK

Outgrowth of the Postal Savings System in Italy Has Proved of Great Value.

The automatic savings bank was the outgrowth of the postal savings bank system in Italy, and has proved of great value and convenience. In a cast iron pillar there are three slits. In the top of one a ten centime piece may be inserted - if false it is rejected through the second slit, but if good a slip of paper, a printed receipt, drops from the lower slit. When the depositor has five of these receipts he can present them at any postal savings agency and receive a regular pass book in which his 50 centimes are credited, and on which interest is paid at the rate of four per cent.

The advantages of this plan are obvious. The laborer is encouraged to save a tiny fraction of his wages each day without the trouble and loss of time incident to going to a possibly remote postoffice to make his deposit. There is, of course, a large saving of clerical work to the postal savings employees.

Queer Hotel Custom.

Hotel customs throughout the world are varied. A hotel in France is on wheels and turns so that any room can be given sunlight. Regulations governing the length of bed sheets have been made in certain states. Probably the most unique custom prevails in Tempe, a town in the Salt River valley, Arizona. Here the proprietor refunds the hotel charges to all his patrons on any day the sun does not shine. At first this seems benevolent, but looking into the matter we find that he has been called upon to remit to his guests only once in the last five years. Guaranteeing sunshine is an original feature.

WHY OWN WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY THE MERRIAM WEBSTER?

Because it is a NEW CREATION, covering every field of the world's thought, action and culture. The only new unabridged dictionary in many years. Because it defines over 400,000 words; more than ever before appeared between two covers. 2700 Pages, 6000 Illustrations. Because it is the only dictionary with the new divided page. A "Stroke of Genius." Because it is an encyclopedia in a single volume. Because it is accepted by the Courts, Schools and Press as the one supreme authority. Because he who knows Wins Success. Let us tell you about this new work.

WRITE for specimen of new divided page. G. & C. MERRIAM CO., 128 N. Broadway, Springfield, Mass. Mention this paper, receive FREE a set of pocket maps.

People You Know Who Come and Go

Mrs. C. V. Conners spent Saturday in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Dischen wer in New York Saturday.

John A. Connelly spent Saturday in Plainfield.

Benj. Baldwin of Brooklyn, spent Sunday with his brother on Washington avenue.

Edgar Davis of New York, spent Sunday at the home of John H. Connelly of A street.

Mrs. Jacobowitz of Lefferts street, spent Saturday in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wolf of Boonton, N. J., are spending a few days at the home of John E. Burke of Lefferts st.

F. F. Simons spent Saturday in New Brunswick.

Mr. and Mrs. James Donnelly spent Saturday in New York.

Mrs. George Bently spent Saturday in Elizabeth.

On Saturday night both Dalton and Sinnott had their stages loaded for Boynton Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Donnelly, Sr. spent Saturday in Perth Amboy.

Edward McCann, of Plainfield spent Saturday and Sunday in town.

Wm. O'Brien, of Atlantic street spent Saturday in Elizabeth.

James Mullan and J. S. Olbricht spent Friday afternoon in Rahway.

James Murphy, of Linoleumville, spent Sunday in town.

The fishing party were disappointed on Sunday morning for the trip to Sandy Hook, the party were at the dock at 4 a. m. but the boat failed to appear.

Why He Couldn't Remember.

A kindergarten teacher tells a good joke on herself. She has been very strict in requiring written excuses from the mothers in case of absence. The morning of the big snowstorm only a few of the babies made their appearance. The next day they all came with written excuses except one, named Willie. When asked for his, he said: "I did ferdit it."

He was cautioned to bring it the next day.

Willie's mother was quite disgusted. It seemed to her that any one with the slightest pretensions to gray matter ought to know the reason for his absence.

The next morning he arrived all rosy with the cold, and handed the teacher his excuse. It read:

"Dear Miss C---: Little Willie's legs are fourteen inches long. The snow was two feet deep. Very truly yours, Mrs. J---"

To Boynton Beach Via Dalton's Stage

Mr. Wm. Dalton will run his stage to Boynton Beach every Thursday and Saturday nights, leaving Carteret postoffice at 7:30 and Chrome postoffice at 7:45 o'clock.

REAL ESTATE

Lots and Houses for sale. Enquire at Koses' Pharmacy, next to Carteret postoffice. M. KOSES, agent. ju16-tf

LOST-Thursday night, June 8, Bunch of Keys, between Carteret and Port Reading. Finder please leave with Hans Hansen, and receive liberal reward. A. J. MILLER. 6-22-3t

YOUNG MEN WANTED

GOVERNMENT PAYS RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS \$500 TO \$1,400 A YEAR Free Scholarships Are Offered

Uncle Sam holds examinations for railway mail clerk, postoffice clerk or carrier, custom house and departmental clerks. Prepare at once for the coming examinations.

Thousands of appointments are to be made. Common school education is all you need; city and country people have equal chance. Start to prepare now-free information. Free scholarships this month. Write immediately to Central Schools, Dept. B-659, Rochester, N. Y. j19-20t

The Misses Hazel and Ethel Winchel were in Newark Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Thomas Quin of Atlantic street, was in Elizabeth Saturday.

Mrs. Angus and son, of Railroad avenue, spent Saturday in New York.

James Mullan spent Saturday and Sunday with Joseph Mullan, of Philadelphia, Pa.

John Woodhull, of Elizabeth, spent Saturday in town.

A. B. Hampton, of Elizabeth, spent Saturday in town visiting friends.

J. A. Walsh spent Saturday in New York.

Miss Nellie Sexton spent Saturday visiting friends in Elizabeth.

Mrs. R. Shotwell spent Saturday in town.

Mrs. James Mullan returned home after a week's vacation with her sister Mrs. J. Gabrielle, in Rahway.

Mrs. B. Kahn spent Saturday in Elizabeth.

Wm. Sharp spent Saturday in New York.

The Carteret Band have reorganized and want new members. They have for their instructor Prof. O. Swartz, of Rahway. Anyone wishing to join may make application to any member.

Fire Co. No. 2 expects to have a picture of the active firemen enlarged and hung in their meeting room.

Mrs. John E. Burke spent Friday in New York.

Miss Elizabeth Born spent Saturday and Sunday in Brooklyn.

Miss Anna O'Brein, of Perth Amboy, spent the week end in Chrome with Mrs. R. J. Murphy.

Joe Jones, of Chrome avenue, moved from Chrome avenue to his new home on Atlantic street.

NEATLY FURNISHED ROOM TO LET-Suitable for 2 men. Inquire MRS. SHANLEY, Emerson street.

A FATHER'S TIMELY WARNING

The Winsome Charms of the Right Girl Exceed All Possible Horror of Heredity.

"Well, sir," said the old gentleman. "I presume you have come to ask me for my daughter's hand?"

"Yes, sir, that would be my ideal birthday present."

"And do you realize the responsibilities of married life; what you will have to--"

"Indeed, sir," interrupted the youth, "you need have no fears with regard to Janet's future. I have a good position in my father's bank, and my prospects are excellent--in fact, I am to be made a director of the institution in a very short time."

"Very good. But that was not exactly the matter I intended to refer to. Have you--have you ever looked over Janet's mother carefully?"

The young man was puzzled, and he showed it.

"How do you like my wife?"

"I hold Mrs. Peck in the highest respect."

"Oh, that's all right, then. Well, sir, though you may not believe me, when Mrs. Peck was twenty-two she was just as sweet and pretty and charming as Janet is now; was just like her, in fact."

"Yes, really?"

"And you still want Janet?"

"Life would be a nightmare to me without her."

"I suppose, then, I must yield. But," he added, as the young man rushed away, "my conscience is clear, anyway."

Article Not Wanted. Little Jimmy Patterson, visiting with his mother's family in the Alhambra apartment, was taken to call on some friends on the South side. On the way home his auntie discovered stuck into his shoe top a beer opener.

"Why, James!" she exclaimed, "what will the people do without this article?"

"Oh," replied James, "they all wear laced shoes. Not one of them wears button shoes."

They have no use for beer openers in his family.-Cleveland Leader.

HENRY JAMES ASKS A DRINK

How the Noted Novelist Might Have Given Expression to Desire to Quench Thirst.

I would like--like with a degree of longing so entirely out of all proportion to the length of time, expressed in hours, by the clock, since I last refreshed myself, or at least my palate, with at least temporarily satisfying viands which you, here in this place, by grace of the king's favor, are permitted to dispense--and dispensing, grow fat upon the just and unchallenged profits of your ancient and honorable occupation--that I may lay myself open to the light-tongued and unjust charge of inebriety--that is habitual inebriety, which knows not the true values of time and place, and inappropriate circumstance (and which brainless accusation I can, I assure you, disprove); like, rather, with the natural thirst--unaided by the strong persuasion of long-harbored habits--of physical exercise in the open air, on this sun-kissed morning (albeit a trifle overburdened in the matter of temperature), a glass--and not necessarily a glass commensurate with my physical bulk (for which I am not wholly responsible, although I do not wish to be misunderstood in the matter of filial devotion), but a glass which is neither too large nor too small economically to satisfy the modest clamor of a palate parched with the unavoidable heat and dust of a summer-besieged roadside--no rain having fallen for several stifling days in succession, as near as I can remember (and I do not pretend to keep unerring account of these trifling things--nor offer any excuses for my failure to do so)--a small glass of sherry.--New York Mail.

BONAPARTE AND HIS RED MAN

Story of the Familiar of Napoleon, Disregard of Whose Advice Caused His Downfall.

The story of the Red Man was evidently current in Paris at the time of Napoleon's downfall. In a section headed "Bonaparte and His Familiar," contained in "News From the Invisible World," pp. 353-6 (one of Milner & Sowerby's publications, reissued in London, 1854), an anonymous correspondent, writing from Paris, names January 1, 1814, as the date when the mysterious visitant appeared. The account is given with much circumstantiality of detail, but differs materially from Cyrus Redding's version. Instead of being a person of small stature, the familiar was a tall man of imposing appearance, dressed all in red. Count Mole, in attendance on Napoleon, with orders to admit no person to his presence, was quite overawed by the mysterious stranger. He listened trembling at the door, and heard all that passed.

The familiar, it seems, was not an embodiment of the enemy of mankind, but rather the "genius" who presided over Napoleon's destiny. He ordered a certain course of action to be taken, and allowed three months for it to be carried into effect. Napoleon apparently refused to comply. They parted in anger, and in three months the emperor was a captive in Elba. "Even the French papers, when Bonaparte was deposed, resorted to this fact, and remarked that his mysterious visitant's prophetic threat had been accomplished." On three different occasions the Red Man appeared to the Emperor; in Egypt, after the battle of Wagram, and in January, 1814.

In the process of transmission through the crucible of fervent loyalist imagination the story seems to have been altered or mutilated.--Notes and Queries.

Mr. William Clark has installed an up-to-date electrical massage instrument at his titorial parlor, on Woodbridge avenue, opposite Chrome Postoffice.

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

"Insure your property with Nicholas Rizsak the well known banker. He will insure you in eleven of the strongest companies in the world, at the lowest rates with PIERCE & SON of Perth Amboy, 40 years corner of Smith and High streets, he will also provide a mortgage on your property at reasonable costs." ady.

BOROUGH VIEWS

Just received a new supply of Borough Views. Over forty selections. On sale at CASALEGGI'S, Chrome, and KOSES' PHARMACY, next to Carteret postoffice. ju15-tf

HYER & ARMSTRONG--Attorneys at-law, Rahway National Bank Building Rahway, N. J. Money loaned on Bond and Mortgage. ju-15-y

COMMISSION FOR TRENTON, N. J. BY 1,902 MAJORITY

At a special election Tuesday, the voters of Trenton adopted the provisions of the Walsh act of last winter providing for a commission form of government with most of the radical features that are being tried out in a number of the cities of the west and south. The majority in favor of the proposition was 1,902, the vote being 6,792 for and 4,890 against.

The total vote cast was about sixty per cent. of the gubernatorial vote last fall.

NOT ADVICE, JUST BACKING

Repenting Heiress Did Not Want Friend's Practical Views, but Wanted Silk Stockings.

The heiress had married a struggling young artist, and mamma and papa were not any too well pleased. In consequence the parental supply had been cut off. The heiress was perfectly loyal, however, to the man of her choice, had full faith in his future and tried hard to help him, but she found his present rather difficult, as she was not accustomed to economy. Also she found that while he was temperamentally liberal with himself in some directions, his anxiety to make good with a bank account often became most intense when she needed some articles of wearing apparel. In other words, he was willing to spend money for almost anything else except her clothes.

"Of course I love Arthur," said the heiress loyally, "and he really isn't close--just anxious to make good with mamma and papa, but he has no idea how hard it is for me to buy cheap goods. Just think of my having to wear stockings that cost only 50 cents a pair!"

"Never mind," said her friend consolingly. "It is just as easy to keep hse stockings clean as it is silk."

"That's exactly the trouble," moaned the heiress ruefully. "I wish it were not. If I could make the plea to Arthur that hse hose could not be kept clean it might have some weight with him. Besides, I should have more nerve, in that case, to insist on having silk ones. The next time I tell my troubles to anybody I shall pick out some one who will tell me that only the most expensive stockings can be kept perfectly clean."

"Oh," said the adviser in dismay, "is that what you want? I thought you wanted the truth."

"Oh, did you? Does anybody who seeks advice ever want the truth? What I want is silk stockings--and somebody to back me up in getting them."

LARKINS HALL FOR SALE--At reasonable terms. A ten per cent investment. For further particulars enquire at this office.

THE ROOSEVELT NEWS makes a specialty on Hungarian printing.

SIGNS FOR SALE--House to Let, Boarding, House For Sale, Store to Let, Rooms to Let, etc., at this office.

PRINTING--Neat and prompt, in all languages at THE ROOSEVELT NEWS office.

INVEST -AT- Boynton Heights CARTERET, N. J.

LOTS \$200 and Upwards. \$5 Down-\$5 Monthly

THESE Lots are situated on the Blazing Star Road and are five minutes walk from the school and close to all the large factories. Many improvements have been made on this property, which will increase the value of the lots. Now is the time to buy and share the increase. Write or call for maps and full particulars at once.

Hansons Realty Corporation 168 Smith St., Perth Amboy Office open every evening, 7 to 9 o'clock.

FREE



MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS

A trial package of Munyon's Paw Paw Pills will be sent free to anyone on request. Address Professor Munyon, 533 & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. If you are in need of medical advice, do not fail to write Professor Munyon. Your communication will be treated in strict confidence, and your case will be diagnosed as carefully as though you had a personal interview.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, they do not grip, they do not weaken, but they do stir up the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. In my opinion constipation is responsible for most ailments. There are 26 feet of human bowels, which is really a sewer pipe. When this pipe becomes clogged the whole system becomes poisoned, causing biliousness, indigestion and impure blood, which often produces rheumatism and kidney ailments. No woman who suffers with constipation or any liver ailment can expect to have a clear complexion or enjoy good health. If I had my way I would prohibit the sale of nine-tenths of the cathartics that are now being sold for the reason that they soon destroy the lining of the stomach, setting up serious forms of indigestion, and to paralyze the bowels that they refuse to act unless forced by strong purgatives.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverish it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it.

These pills contain no opium, no mercury, they are soothing, healing and stimulating. They school the bowels to act without physic.

Regular size bottle, containing 45 pills, 25 cents. Munyon's Laboratory, 533 & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia.

Publicity Law Badly Needed. Connecticut, District of Columbia, Kansas, Maine, Maryland, Michigan, Mississippi, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island and Vermont, have laws which provide specifically for the reporting of tuberculosis and which make provision for the proper registration of living cases of this disease. In fourteen other states, laws or regulations of the state boards of health require that tuberculosis be reported simply as one of a list of infectious diseases. The following 28 states and territories have no provision whatever for the reporting or registration of tuberculosis cases:—Arizona, Alaska, Arkansas, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Hawaii, Idaho, Illinois, Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Philippine Islands, Porto Rico, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia and Wyoming.

Hadn't the Material. "I really never saw such an impudent man as that Mr. De Borrows," said Miss Wratby. "He actually had the nerve to ask me the other night how I managed to get that lovely tinge of auburn in my hair!" "Really? Well, why didn't you box his ears?" asked Miss Sittim. "Why, I only had my Easter hat-box handy, and that wasn't big enough," said Miss Wratby.—Harper's Weekly.

COMES A TIME When Coffee Shows What It Has Been Doing.

"Of late years coffee has disagreed with me," writes a matron from Rome, N. Y.

"Its lightest punishment being to make me 'loxy' and dizzy, and it seemed to thicken up my blood.

"The heaviest was when it upset my stomach completely, destroying my appetite and making me nervous and irritable, and sent me to my bed. After one of these attacks, in which I nearly lost my life, I concluded to quit the coffee and try Postum.

"It went right to the spot! I found it not only a most palatable and refreshing beverage, but a food as well.

"All my ailments, the 'logness' and dizziness, the unsatisfactory condition of my blood, my nervousness and irritability disappeared in short order and my sorely afflicted stomach began quickly to recover. I began to rebuild and have steadily continued until now. Have a good appetite and am rejoicing in sound health which I owe to the use of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book "The Road to Well-being," in page. "There's a reason."

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

Vanity Dangers

Specialist Finds Many Obstacles in Her Way

By THURDE RAYLE BRUCE

E



VERY good specialist finds his level by and by, but many who are vain of their specialty get a start with difficulty.

The friendless, trust-to-luck one who comes to the city with just one little talent to depend on doesn't succeed as does the girl who can boast of doing one thing well, another thing better, and one particular thing best, and who isn't too proud to do either to get a start.

That sanguine specialist who comes to the big city with grand dreams ought to be prepared to make some sacrifices before she can get the big positions.

There was a music teacher once—the kind who sneered at every other occupation but that of running delicate white fingers over piano keys. Her home town showered her with compliments until it became too narrow for her, and pastures new in Chicago was the natural alternative. She would have a choice studio in a choice locality and get choice pupils from choice families—in fact, her whole dream was so choice that Providence chose to bestow some choice disillusionments. She came and saw but didn't conquer much—not even fifteen pupils wherewith to pay her studio rent.

Her funds gave out and she was too vain of her specialty to fall back temporarily on something less pretentious, also not wise enough to realize in the first place that Rome isn't built in a day where there is fierce competition.

During this period of stress a friend offered her the position of cashier in a jewelry store and suggested that she take the place for a month or so until she could get more pupils, and was also advised to get a position as piano player in one of the stores. She only sniffed haughtily that all these positions were beneath her, and passed the matter up because "sliding along that way" was awfully distasteful to her and "not her style at all," and that "her art was too dear after all." Perhaps so, but if she had really loved her art she would have been brave and strong enough to make some sacrifices for it.

The versatile girl in the city who is willing to utilize her lesser talent in behalf of her beloved specialty can float along quite a while without danger of sinking.



One girl with artistic ambitions kept accounts and did the correspondence in a crossroads cheese factory. She went to the city to take a course in art with \$50. Her fifty had melted at the end of two months, when there wasn't the slightest prospect of getting returns from her drawings, and it was up to her to secure night work of some kind or go back to the cheese factory.

The upshot was that she diligently followed up half a dozen ads one Saturday when the future looked particularly murky. Her versatility and willingness to make use of her lesser gifts while perfecting her specialty has been her main boost to victory. It verifies the truth of the idea that all great people are not afraid to appear small when a good object demands it.

Hard Problem of High School for Boys

By WALTER LEUTZ Chicago

If all went smoothly I could afford that, but my son says that the teachers in the grammar grades are now preaching that when people enter high school they must be prompt in their studies all around and if they are slow or drop behind the class they are suspended and can't enter any other high school, and that there are many who enter high school who in a short time are expelled.

All this is rather discouraging. I might send him a year or two and then he might be expelled. He then would be no more the wiser, as an ordinary business man, than if he never entered high school.

At this point he might feel too big for common work and yet would not be educated enough to make a better man, and at length, after lingering around he would become a young man of no account.

I find that people who give their boys a trade are about the most satisfied, but as I would like my boy to be superior to his father I am willing to try him, at least to give him a chance, so he can't say that he had no show.

Good Thing to Keep Up Little Diary

By W. F. ALEXANDER Clarksburg, W. Va.

For many years past I have been in the habit of keeping a diary and have found it of the greatest use in my business. By quick reference to this record I can tell where I was and what I was doing on any particular day during the last ten years. Time and again my diary has saved me money.

Not long ago I was about to bring suit against a man who owed me \$500, but who refused payment because he did not believe in the existence of a contract. He was honest in it, but mistaken, as the contract had been negotiated by his business manager. This manager, for reasons of his own, repudiated the agreement. Before starting on the litigation I called on the principal and asked him to inspect my diary, which contained a complete account of the transaction in dispute.

I showed him that it contained accurate briefs of that and similar agreements for many past years. He looked over many pages of the leaflets, both those anterior and subsequent to the statement in which he was especially interested, and saw that my evidence was too authentic to be overturned.

Then he drew me a check to extinguish the debt, remarking that there was no doubt of the justice of my claim.

A Right Judgment

By REV. A. E. ANDRE

Pastor of Elm Covenant Church, Minneapolis, Minn.

TEXT—And we know that we are of God, and that the whole world lieth in wickedness.—John 5, 12.

Christ himself appeals to us, as he did to the Jews of old when he says: "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge the righteous judgment."

And well we need to heed the appeal. To judge by appearance is a most common weakness. Of all historical characters who have been subjected to the misjudgment of his fellow men does not Christ stand emphatically marked as the Misjudged One? Misjudged by his townsmen, misjudged by the spiritual leaders of his time, whose duty it was to have watched the signs of his times predicted by the prophets and so clearly fulfilled before their own eyes that he that runneth might read, and yet the majority failed to recognize the Anointed One.

Misjudged by scribes, Pharisees, the Sanhedrim with two notable exceptions, he did not even escape the total misjudgment of his own disciples and his own kin. Not only did Christ's contemporaries fail to judge the righteous judgment. Others of other times, yea, even of our own, have shown the same lack of judgment. With the Jews as a nation and within the church, among the gentiles, though on different lines, misjudgment of Christ, that somber specter of unbelief, has tacitly adhered throughout the ages as a doleful heirloom.

Mary, in her lack of appreciation of the divinity of her child, fails to judge a righteous judgment when she found him in the temple questioning and hearing, and receives as a rebuke: "Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?"

The scribes saw in him only the carpenter's son and, arrogant in their classical pride, asked with supercilious contempt, "Whence hath he then this learning?"

The Pharisees, blinded by their self-righteousness which amounted to self-worship and created around themselves an air of exclusive sanctity in nothing second to the caste feeling of the Brahman, seeing Jesus "receiving sinners and eating with them," and judging by appearances, saw in him only one of the puebel aspiring to a thing beyond his reach and ken and said: "Praise God, we know that this man is a sinner!"—John 10:24.

The priesthood, who, with the Pharisees only added burden to burden upon the people, without aiding them with their smallest finger, as well as the Sanhedrim as a whole, looked upon this Jesus who did well, helping all, as one playing to the galleries for ulterior purposes; a usurper and an interloper within.

The Jew of today judges most harshly of him who has done most to exalt the nation whose only excuse for existence is that he, the despised one, should come through it, for the despising of whom they are today despised, but through whom they shall see him whom they have pierced and acknowledged him the Messiah.

The Mohammedan judges of him as the prophet whose term has expired only to be supplanted by another.

The Unitarian, the Theosophist, the Brahma Sumaj, Reformed Buddhist and others of a similar stamp, agree in assigning to Christ a place in their systems as a good man, the best man, a teacher, a model, a prophet, yea, even a God, lacking in judgment and failing to judge the righteous judgment.

And why? For, says Jesus, "Ye judge after the flesh."—John 8:15. Spiritual things must be spiritually discerned. God is a spirit and those that worship him must worship him in spirit and truth. Only those who have been spiritually regenerated, thus having received the spirit of God, can judge a righteous judgment of the person and divinity of Jesus Christ. No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Spirit.—1 Cor. 12:3. "Who is a liar but he that deneth that Jesus is the Christ? He is anti-Christ who deneth the Father and the Son."—1 John, 2:22.

Is then Christ misjudged by all? No, blessed be God, he has yet a remnant preserved unto himself, "7,000 knees who have not bowed unto Baal."

Then asked Jesus of them, "Whom say ye that I am?" And Simon Peter answered and said, "Thou art the Messiah, the Son of the Living God." And Jesus answered and said unto him, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it into thee but my father which is in Heaven."

The man who was born blind, healed by Jesus, driven out of the synagogue by the blinded priests and Pharisees, judged a righteous judgment and acknowledged and worshipped Jesus as the Son of God.—John 9.

Jesus himself said (John 10), "I am the Son of God, and furthermore the Father and I are one, he who seeth me seeth the Father."

At his baptism and at the transfiguration God himself by a voice out of Heaven bore him witness. This is a sure saying worthy of all acceptance. Let us ask of him and he will give you the spirit who will lead us into all the truth so it is in Christ Jesus.

CREATING ENVY.



Woodson—Getting in town and telling people about the cool breezes, whether there are any or not.

DOCTOR PRESCRIBES CUTICURA REMEDIES

"I wish to let you know of a couple of recent cures which I have made by the use of the Cuticura Remedies. Last August, Mr. — of this city came to my office, troubled with a severe skin eruption. It was dermatitis in its worst form. It started with a slight eruption and would affect most parts of his body, thighs, elbows, chest, back and abdomen—and would terminate in little pustules. The itching and burning was dreadful and he would almost tear his skin apart, trying to get relief. I recommended all the various treatments I could think of and he spent about fifteen dollars on prescriptions, but nothing seemed to help him.

"In the meantime my wife, who was continually suffering with a slight skin trouble and who had been trying different prescriptions and methods with my assistance, told me she was going to get some of the Cuticura Remedies and give them a fair trial. But as I did not know much about Cuticura at that time I was doubtful whether it would help her. Her skin would thicken, break and bleed, especially on the fingers, wrists and arms. I could do nothing to relieve her permanently. When she first applied the warm baths of Cuticura Soap and applications of Cuticura Ointment she saw a decided improvement and in a few days she was completely cured.

"I lost no time in recommending the Cuticura Remedies to Mr. —, and this was two months ago. I told him to wash with warm baths of the Cuticura Soap and to apply the Cuticura Ointment generously. Believe me, from the very first day's use of the Cuticura Remedies he was greatly relieved and today he is completely cured through their use. I have great faith in the Cuticura Remedies and shall always have a good word for them now that I am convinced of their wonderful merits." (Signed) B. L. Whitehead, M. D., 108 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass., July 22, 1910.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper. But he is happier who can suit his temper to any circumstance.—Hume.

Garfield Tea keeps the bodily machinery in order; it regulates the digestive organs and overcomes constipation.

It's easier to put up a bluff than it is to put up the stuff.

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

It's difficult for people to generate advice that is foolproof.

When a laxative is needed, take the always potent Garfield Tea. Composed of Herbs.

Many self-made men forget to make themselves agreeable.

WOMEN MAY AVOID OPERATIONS

By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will prove how unwise it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when it may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was four weeks in the hospital and came home suffering worse than before.

Here is her own statement:

Paw Paw, Mich.—"Two years ago I suffered very severely with a displacement. I could not be on my feet for a long time. My physician treated me for seven months without much relief and at last sent me to Ann Arbor for an operation. I was there four weeks and came home suffering worse than before. My mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I did. Today I am well and strong and do all my own housework. I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and advise my friends who are afflicted with any female complaint to try it."—Mrs. ORVILLE ROCK, R. R. No. 5, Paw Paw, Michigan.

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for women's ills, and has positively restored the health of thousands of women. Why don't you try it?

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Instead of Liquid Antiseptics or Peroxide

100,000 people last year used Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic

The new toilet germicide powder to be dissolved in water as needed. For all toilet and hygienic uses it is better and more economical.

To save and beautify the teeth, remove tartar and prevent decay. To disinfect the mouth, destroy disease germs, and purify the breath. To keep artificial teeth and bridgework clean, odorless and bright. To remove nicotine from the teeth and purify the breath after smoking. To eradicate perspiration and body odors by sponge bathing. The best antiseptic wash known. Relieves and strengthens tired, weak, inflamed eyes. Heals sore throat, wounds and cuts. 25 and 50 cts. a box, druggists or by mail postpaid. Sample Free. THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DOES YOUR MONEY NET YOU 65 OR MORE? Choose your loans, interest and principal calculated when due and mortgaged without charge. Bargains in farm lands, for sale. Address E. J. YUPPER, Sec'y., The National Investment Co., Clark, S. D.

W. N. U., NEW YORK, NO. 24-1915.

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Gentle and Effective,

NOTE THE NAME CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. in the Circle, on every Package of the Genuine.

DO NOT LET ANY DEALER DECEIVE YOU,

SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA HAS GIVEN UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS PAST, AND ITS WONDERFUL SUCCESS HAS LED UNSCRUPULOUS MANUFACTURERS OF IMITATIONS TO OFFER INFERIOR PREPARATIONS UNDER SIMILAR NAMES AND COSTING THE DEALER LESS, THEREFORE, WHEN BUYING, Note the Full Name of the Company

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. PRINTED STRAIGHT ACROSS, NEAR THE BOTTOM, AND IN THE CIRCLE, NEAR THE TOP OF EVERY PACKAGE, OF THE GENUINE. REGULAR PRICE 50c PER BOTTLE, ONE SIZE ONLY, FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA IS THE MOST PLEASANT, WHOLESOME AND EFFECTIVE REMEDY FOR STOMACH TROUBLES, HEADACHES AND BILIOUSNESS DUE TO CONSTIPATION, AND TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS IT IS NECESSARY TO BUY THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE WHICH IS MANUFACTURED BY THE

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.



The Roosevelt News

Published every Thursday THE NEWS PUBLISHING CO., (INC.) OWNERS.
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THOMAS YORKE, LESSEE AND MANAGER.

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

INSTRUMENTAL SINGING.

"Do you think your daughter's singing will ever amount to anything?"
"Will it? Say, she does the finest instrumental singing you ever heard."
"What is instrumental singing? I don't believe I ever before heard of that kind of singing."
"Why, I buy a home in a high class neighborhood and move in and start my daughter to singing, and in a month's time I can buy the adjacent homes at less than half their real value. My daughter's singing is instrumental in getting the prices lowered."

Bad Enough, Anyhow.

Robert, aged ten, was playing with the other boys on the corner of Nineteenth and Tjoga streets, when his mother, who had been listening to the conversation, called him.
"Robert," she began, in arieved tone, "I never thought I'd hear you swearing."
"Why, I wasn't swearing, mother," the boy defended himself. "I only said 'the devil.' That isn't swearing."
"Well," replied the mother quickly, "maybe it isn't exactly swearing, but it is making light of sacred things."

His Disguise.

"Hello, Blinky," said Jorrocks, "I hear you turned up at Willoughby's fancy dress ball."
"Yes," said little Blinks, "what did you go as?" asked Jorrocks.
"Why," said little Blinks, "I gathered up my New Year's mail and went as a bill file."—Harper's Weekly.

Willing to Learn.

"Did you know that man was trying to sell you a gold brick?" said the agitated friend.
"Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "Then why did you listen to him?"
"Jes" wanted to see how the thing was done in case I want to go into the business."

They Never Are.

He—Mine is a model wife.
She—And I call mine a model husband.
He (with a sigh)—What a pity they are not married to each other instead of to us.

Bank Statement

No. 8437
Report of the Condition of the First National Bank at Roosevelt in the State of N. J., at the close of business, June 7, 1911.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	113 468 35
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	49 54
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	25 000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	400 00
Bonds, Securities, etc.	89 516 75
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	1 000 00
Due from State and Private Banks and Bankers, Trust Companies, and Savings Banks	1 115 10
Due from approved Reserve Agents	76 236 07
Checks and other Cash Items	360 00
Notes of other National Banks	2 600 00
Fractional Paper Currency, Nickels and Cents	205 99
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz: Specie	7 728 95
Legal Tender Notes	3 250 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5% of Circulation)	1 250 00
Total	272 221 26

LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock paid in	25 000 00
Surplus fund	10 000 00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid	5 642 61
National Bank Notes outstanding	24 300 00
Due to other National Banks	19 250 25
Individual Deposits, subject to check	187 471 30
Certified checks	127 10
Liabilities other than those above stated	400 00
Total	272 221 26

State of New Jersey, County of Middlesex, ss:
I, EUGENE M. CLARK, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
EUGENE M. CLARK, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn before me this 13th day of June, 1911.
SAMUEL C. C. HARRIS, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest:
HERMAN SHAPIRO,
ROBERT CARSON,
HARRY CONARD, Directors.

THE WORM TURNED.

The little girl had had a very severe case of la grippe and had taken barrels of nauseous medicines and her dumber frequently broken by paroxysms of coughing. Three times her little body had been so racked, and three times her mother had said: "Dear, if you would keep your mouth shut you would not cough so much."
"Mamma—cough—if—cough—you—would—cough—keep your mouth shut—cough—you—wouldn't talk so much."

The Installment Plan.

An American wag and an Irishman were talking of their vocal powers. Said the American: "The first time I sang they showered me with bouquets."
"Faith!" said the Irishman, "the first time I sang 'twas in an open-air concert, and they presented me with a house. Ipt, begorra, it was a brick at a time!"—Tit-Bits.

Very Fine.

Isaac's house was for sale and he told his friend Abram about an offer he had had.
"Samuel Levinski said he would give me five thousand dollars for it!"
"Hoh!" Abram granted scornfully. "He ain't got five thousand dollars to his name—he can't buy it."
"Well, I know he can't. But it was a mighty fine offer."—Lippincott's.

Imminent Danger.

The great reformer sat about to abolish all figures. Then he paused and looked worried.
"What's the trouble?" asked the faithful friend.
"I'm up against a paradox," he answered. "When I get through reforming things and abolish all these sinecures, I'll have one myself."

Quite Fitting.

"Hat!" said the tailor when his assistant brought back the badly made suit from his customer. "This, indeed, is my appropriate fate!"
"How so?" asked the assistant.
"It is," answered the tailor, solemnly, "a fitting rebuke."

AND THEY MUST LIVE.



"I wish I were good looking."
"Tut, tut. If wishes were good looks, the photographers would never have to learn that lucrative art of flattering people in their pictures."

A Prize.

How dear to his heart is that ancient umbrella. Quite shabby enough to make anyone scoff. So sadly discolored by all kinds of weather. No one will be tempted to carry it off.

The Difference in Profit.

"The commercial aspect of marriage has undergone a great change."
"How so?"
"In former times, fathers sold their daughters. Now they have to give them away."

The Best Man.

"Is that the best man walking down the aisle with the groom?"
"Nope. The best man is the fellow sitting in the third row laughing behind his glove. He's the fellow she refused to marry!"

Loses No Time at It.

"I make it a rule to always try to earn a little more than I am paid for."
"Do you? I notice, however, that you are always putting on your coat before the whistle quits blowing."

Giving the Sitstill a Tip.

"Times flies."
"Do you believe that?"
"Certainly I do."
"Well, then go get yourself an aeroplane, and don't sit around here where I'm busy trying to kill it."

Its Plenty.

Artist (indignantly)—You talk as if painting an ugly woman's portrait for money was a crime.
Friend—I believe it is generally a hanging matter.

The Status.

"That fellow who talks so much and says so little, is something of a fixture here, isn't he?"
"I should say so! A regular gas fixture."

A Seamy Side.

"How is that stitch in your side?"
"I may say it is sew-sew."

Let Us Stay
You House
keeping
We Can
Do It Best
and Cheapest

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BED ROOM SUIT
Regular \$60.00 at
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3 Piece Parlor Suit
(Our Great Bargain)



Polish mahogany finish, fitted with spring bases, loose plush cushions, silk cordings and tassels, special, at
29.98

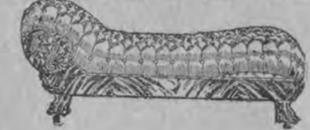
WASH BOILER
Regular 75c at.....
39c

WASH TUB
Regular 90c at.....
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BLUE FLAME OIL STOVE
Regular \$10.00 at.....
7.49

OVEN
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THIS ELEGANT COUCH

Upholstered in velour, imperial leather or verona. Highly tempered coil springs; durable, large and comfortable.

ONLY **12.98** REGULAR \$20.00



SIDEBOARD

Golden oak, large cupboard for dishes, spacious drawers, massive standards, regular 25.00 at

14.98



BRASS BED

Massive two-inch continuous posts. Finely lacquered. Very substantially built. Regular \$20.00 at

9.98

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TO THE PUBLIC.

On June 17, 1911, the Elizabeth Commercial Department will remove to
1206 East Grand Street
directly opposite present location. After that date subscribers in Elizabeth, Elizabethport, Elmore, Townley, Connecticut Farms, Cranford, Linden, Rahway, Roosevelt, Roselle and Woodbridge should take up all business with the Company at the new address.

NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY.

William Dalton
Trucking of All Kinds
Furniture Moved
Freight called for and Delivered. Stage to Hire.
BRYANT STREET
Stage will run to Boyton Beach every Thursday and Saturday. From Carteret Postoffice, 7.30; Chrome Postoffice 7.45 p. m. 35 cents return.

Looked Suspicious.

"What leads you to believe that she is always trying to find an excuse to break off your engagement?"
"She is eternally trying to find out what my salary is."

Asking the Impossible.

Editor—Here, how's this? I told you to make a single-column cut of this society woman.
Staff Artist—Yes, sir, but she's got on a three-column hat.

Good Scheme.

"I see the sheriff is advertising your stock for sale."
"Yes; and he's getting quite a run for business. I wish I had tried advertising myself."

Appropriate Times.

"I believe firmly there is a time for all things."
"Yes. I've noticed that you have vigorously opposed the treating habit when it comes your turn to treat?"

Heading It Off.

"Got any butter like that you sold me yesterday?"
"Plenty."
"Then take care to give me a pound of something different."

USELESS.



Piper—I haven't seen one of them are trying to accomplish with their aeroplanes.
Peep—How's that?
Piper—I haven't seen one of them catch a butterfly or a bug with one jet.

AN EARLY BIRD.

Hark, oh, hark!
What's this we hear?
The first spring song
Comes, sweet and clear.

A poet trifles
His roundelay
About the buds
And blooms of May,
Extolling fair,
Bucolic scenes—
Rush copy for
The magazines.

His notes, methinks,
Are liquid gold,
Although he has
A dreadful cold.

Thanks, happy bard,
But don't forget
The spring you sing
Is 'way off yet!

HYPERCRITICAL.



"Why didn't you ring—can't you see the sign?"
"Yes, but if I'm standing in the hall, I'm not a passenger, am I?"

Full Many.

Full many a man,
By carce opposed,
Would gladly join
The Sons of Beas.

More Than He Meant.

The parishoner was explaining matters to the pastor.
"I don't go out much," he said, "either to church or anywhere else. I am a sufferer from insomnia."
"I am going to preach a sermon on that subject next Sunday morning," said the Rev. K. Mowatt Laightly.
"Come and hear it; I am sure it will bring you some relief."

NOT PROBABLE.



Bill Bull—I understand you've been telling around that you could beat me running.
Tike Terrier—Do you suppose if I thought I could beat you running that I would be sitting here?

Tombstone Lies.

Off the sorriest cuss
And a son-of-a-gun
Gets a fine epitaph
When his life-race is run.

A Dubious Saying.
He—They say that the face is an index of the mind.
She—I don't know. It doesn't follow because a woman's face is made up that her mind is.

In the Fray.

"Why do women who are acquainted always kiss when they meet?"
"They don't when they meet at the bargain counter in search of the same article."

A Family Tale.

"I lost control of my automobile when it caused the accident."
"How did you come to lose control of it?"
"My wife was steering it."

Yes! Again!

The Wife—I am 28 today, dear; what are you going to give me?
The Husband—Let me see! What did I give you the last time you were 28?—Yonkers Statesman.

The

by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

SYNOPSIS

Jack Howland, engineer, sent to build the Hudson Bay railroad, is appealed to for help by a beautiful girl who writes that she is a mute and invites him to accompany her. They are followed by Jean Croisset, half breed.

They go to her camp. He is attacked and nearly killed by a huge stranger. The girl disappears. Howland hears her speak. Croisset gives him the little Moleese's warning not to go north. He goes.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER III THAT FACE AGAIN.

SEVERAL hours later Howland crawled from his bed and bathed his head in cold water. After that he felt better, dressed himself and went below.

It was rather with a sense of disappointment than pleasure that he learned the work train was to leave for Le Pas late that night instead of the next day. After a quiet hour's rest in his room, however, his old enthusiasm returned to him. He found himself feverishly anxious to reach Le Pas and the big camp on the Wekusko. Croisset's warning for him to turn back late the night instead of deterring him urged him on. He was born a fighter. It was by fighting that he had forced his way round by round up the ladder of success. And now the fact that his life was in danger, that some mysterious peril awaited him in the depths of the wilderness, but added a new and thrilling fascination to the tremendous task which was ahead of him. He wondered if this same peril had beset Gregson and Thorne and if it was the cause of their failure, of their anxiety to return to civilization. He assured himself that he would know when he met them at Le Pas. He would discover more when he became a part of the camp on the Wekusko—that is, if the half breed's warning held any significance at all, and he believed that it did. Anyway, he would prepare for developments. So he went to a gunshop, bought a long barreled six shooter and a holster and added to it a hunting knife like that he had seen carried by Croisset.

It was near midnight when he boarded the work train, and dawn was just beginning to break over the wilderness when it stopped at Etomami, from which point he was to travel by hand-car over the sixty miles of new road that had been constructed as far north as Le Pas. For three days the car had been waiting for the new chief of the road, but neither Gregson nor Thorne was with it.

"Mr. Gregson is waiting for you at Le Pas," said one of the men who had come with it. "Thorne is at Wekusko."

For the first time in his life Howland now plunged into the heart of the wilderness. Everywhere lay white winter. The rocks, the trees and the great ridges, which in this north country are called mountains, were covered with four feet of snow, and on it the sun shone with dazzling brilliancy. The short northern day was nearing an end when once more they saw the broad Saskatchewan twisting through a plain below them, and on its southern shore the few log buildings of Le Pas hemmed in on three sides by the black forests of balsam and spruce. Lights were burning in the cabins and in the Hudson Bay post's store when the car was brought to a halt half a hundred paces from a squat, log built structure, which was more brilliantly illuminated than any of the others.

"That's the hotel," said one of the men. "Gregson's there."

A tall, fur clad figure hurried forth to meet Howland as he walked briskly across the open. It was Gregson. As the two men gripped hands the young engineer stared at the other in astonishment. This was not the Gregson he had known in the Chicago office—round faced, full of life, as active as a cricket.

"Never so glad to see any one in my life, Howland!" he cried, shaking the other's hand again and again. "Another mouth and I'd be dead. Isn't this a h— of a country?"

"I'm falling more in love with it at every breath, Gregson. What's the matter? Have you been sick?"

"Sick? Yes, sick of the job! If the old man hadn't sent us relief Thorne and I would have thrown up the whole thing in another four weeks. I'll warrant you'll get your everlasting fill of log shanties and half breeds and moose meat and this infernal snow and ice before spring comes. But I don't want to discourage you."

"Can't discourage me," laughed Howland cheerfully. "You know I never cared much for theaters and girls," he added slyly, giving Gregson a good natured nudge. "How about 'em up here?"

"Nothing—not a cursed thing." Suddenly his eyes lighted up. "By George, Howland, but I did see the prettiest girl I ever laid my eyes on today! I'd give a box of pure Havanas—and we haven't had one for a month—if I could know who she is!"

"A tall girl, with a fur hat and muff?" queried Howland eagerly.

"Nothing of the sort. She was a typical northerner if there ever was one—straight as a birch, dressed in fur cap and coat, short carbon skin skirt and moccasins, and with a braid hanging down her back as long as my arm. Lord, but she was pretty!"

"Isn't there a girl somewhere up around our camp named Moleese?"



Asked Howland casually.

"Never heard of her," said Gregson. "Or a man named Croisset?"

"Never heard of him."

"The deuce, but you're interesting," laughed the young engineer, sniffing at the odors of cooking supper. "I'm as hungry as a bear!"

From outside there came the sharp cracking of a sledge driver's whip and Gregson went to one of the small windows looking out upon the clearing. In another instant he sprang toward the door, crying out to Howland.

"By the god of love, there she is, old man! Quick! If you want to get a glimpse of her!"

He flung the door open, and Howland hurried to his side. There came another crack of the whip, a loud shout, and a sledge drawn by six dogs sped past them into the gathering gloom of the early night.

From Howland's lips, too, there fell a sudden cry, for one of the two faces that were turned toward him for an instant was that of Croisset, and the other—white and staring as he had seen it that first night in Prince Albert—was the face of the beautiful girl who had lured him into the ambush on the Great North trail!

For a moment after the swift passing of the sledge it was on Howland's lips to shout Croisset's name. As he thrust Gregson aside and leaped out into the night he was impelled with a desire to give chase. It was Gregson who recalled him to his senses.

"I thought you didn't care for theaters—and girls, Howland!" he exclaimed banteringly. "A pretty face affects you a little differently up here, eh?"

Howland interrupted him sharply.

"Did you ever see either of them before, Gregson?"

"Never until today. But there's hope, old man. Surely we can find some one in the place who knows them. Would not it be jolly good fun if Jack Howland, Esq., who has never been interested in theaters and girls, should come up into these God forsaken regions and develop a case of love at first sight? If I had only seen her sooner!"

"Shut up!" growled Howland. "Let's go in to supper."

"Good. And I move that we investigate these people while we are smoking our after supper cigars. It will pass our time away at least."

"Your taste is good, Gregson," said Howland, recovering his good humor as they seated themselves at one of the rough board tables in the dining room. Inwardly he was convinced it would be best to keep to himself the incidents of the past two days and nights. "It was a beautiful face."

"And the eyes!" added Gregson, his own glowing with enthusiasm. "She looked at me squarely this afternoon when she and that dark fellow passed and I swear they're the most beautiful eyes I ever saw. And her hair!"

"Do you think that she knew you?" asked Howland quietly.

Gregson hunched his shoulders.

"How the deuce could she know me?"

"Then why did she look at you so 'squarely'? Trying to flirt, do you suppose?"

Surprise shot into Gregson's face.

"By thunder, no, she wasn't flirting!" he exclaimed. "I'd stake my life on that. A man never got a clearer, more sinless look than she gave me, and yet—why, deuce take it, she stared at me! I didn't see her again after that, but the dark fellow was in here half of the afternoon, and now that I come to think of it he did show some interest in me. Why do you ask?"

"Just curiosity," replied Howland.

"I don't like flirts."

"Neither do I," said Gregson musingly.

It was not until they were about to leave the table that Howland's eyes accidentally fell on Gregson's right hand. He gave an exclamation of astonishment when he saw that the little finger was missing. Gregson jerked the hand to his side.

"A little accident," he explained. "You'll meet 'em up here, Howland."

Before he could move the young engineer had caught his arm and was looking closely at the hand.

"A curious wound," he remarked without looking up. "Funny I didn't notice it before. Your finger was cut off lengthwise, and here's the scar running halfway to your wrist. How did you do it?"

He dropped the hand in time to see a nervous flush in the other's face.

"Why—er—fact is, Howland, it was shot off several months ago—in an accident, of course." He hurried through the door.

As they passed from the dining room into that part of the inn which was

THE TRAIL

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half bar and half lounging room, already filled with smoke and a dozen or so picturesque citizens of Le Pas, the rough jowled proprietor of the place motioned to Howland and held out a letter.

"This came while you was at supper, Mr. Howland," he explained.

There was no name at the bottom of what he read. It was not necessary, for a glance had told him that the writing was that of the girl whose face he had seen again that night:

"Forgive me for what I have done," the note ran. "Believe me now, your life is in danger, and you must go back to Etomami tomorrow. If you go to the Wekusko camp you will not live to come back."

"The devil!" he exclaimed.

"What's that?" asked Gregson, edging around him curiously.

Howland crushed the note in his hand and thrust it into one of his pockets.

"A little private affair," he laughed.

"Come, Gregson, let's see what we can discover."

In the gloom outside one of his hands slipped under his coat and rested on the butt of his revolver. Until 10 o'clock they mixed casually among the populace of Le Pas. Half a hundred people had seen Croisset and his beautiful companion, but no one knew anything about them. They had come that



H. MEYER

"A CURIOUS WOUND, HOW DID YOU DO IT?"

forenoon on a sledge, had eaten their dinner and supper at the cabin of a Scotch tie cutter and had left on a sledge.

"She was the sweetest thing I ever saw," exclaimed the tie cutter's wife rapturously. "Only she couldn't talk. Two or three times she wrote things to me on a slip of paper."

"Couldn't talk!" repeated Gregson as the two men walked leisurely back to the boarding house. "What the deuce do you suppose that means, Jack?"

"I'm not supposing," replied Howland indifferently. "We've had enough of this pretty face, Gregson. I'm going to bed. What time do we start in the morning?"

"As soon as we've had breakfast, if you're anxious."

"I am. Good night."

Howland went to his room, but it was not to sleep. He was satisfied that a mysterious peril of some kind awaited him at the camp on the Wekusko, but he gave up trying to fathom the reason for this peril, accepting in his businesslike way the fact that it did exist and that in a short time it would probably explain itself. The one puzzling factor which he could not drive out of his thoughts was the girl. Her sweet face haunted him.

He went to bed, but it was a long time before he fell asleep. It seemed to him that he had scarcely closed his eyes when a pounding on the door aroused him, and he awoke to find the early light of dawn creeping through the narrow window of his room. A few minutes later he joined Gregson, who was ready for breakfast.

"The sledge and dogs are waiting," he greeted. As they seated themselves at the table he added: "I've changed my mind since last night, Howland. I'm not going back with you. It's absolutely unnecessary, for Thorne can put you on to everything at the camp, and I'd rather lose six months' salary than take that sledge ride again. You won't mind, will you?"

"To be honest, Gregson, I don't believe you'd be particularly cheerful company. What sort of fellow is the driver?"

"We call him Jackpine, a Cree Indian, and he's the one faithful slave of Thorne and myself at Wekusko. Hunts for us, cooks for us and watches after things generally. You'll like him all right."

"I thought," she said after a long silence one never to be forgotten evening, "that you were never going to ask me to marry you."

"I was afraid to," said the little doctor. "You know as well as I that my prospects didn't warrant my making love to the loveliest girl in town. Did you know, dear, that I fell in love with you the first time I ever passed your house, and, chancing to glance sideways, saw you in the window laughing at me?"

"I fell in love with you," admitted Justina sweetly, "the day the car broke down and you came to my rescue. I thought then that since you seemed so good in an emergency you would be a very convenient person to have."

"I see. For better or worse," finished the doctor.

HE LAUGHS LAST

Justina would smile to herself whenever she saw him going by. She knew her own town well enough to be sure that he was having a hard time in winning its favor and in persuading his brother physicians that he was worthy of his profession. But even if she had not known what she did his very appearance would have betrayed the situation to her, for his coat was too thin for that weather and his hat only endured because obviously when bought it had been the best of its kind to be had.

Justina did not know how she got her cold; it must have come to her, she said. At any rate she was wholly unprepared for the very worst attack of influenza she had ever had in her life.

Her father telephoned for Doctor Kip, but he was out of town.

He was just deciding that he would call Doctor Bates, when he glanced from a window and saw Doctor Dreer—Justina's little doctor—going by with his new medicine case in his hand. Not waiting for Justina's approval or objection, he rushed out after him.

"Doc! Hello, doc!"

So it was Doctor Dreer after all! He came in quietly without the least embarrassment or hesitation. He sat down beside Justina and took her hand. His manner was calmly professional. And his hand was not cold. Indeed, it was a very nice hand, not too white, but well kept. Neither was his voice nasal. Justina could have jumped when she heard it, for she really had one of the lowest, pleasantest voices she had ever heard.

Take it all in all, the little doctor looked and behaved very well at close range and Justina, who was not too ill to be observing, was favorably impressed with him. She smiled when he gave Ellen explicit orders for making a poultice and saw for once how that authority of the household condescended to obey.

Of course, Doctor Dreer cured Justina. After Justina was well she did not, of course, see him, save as she met him unexpectedly on the street. It amused her always to see how he would flush at the sight of her. He seemed suddenly to get more business.

Winter went slowly, but there came a radiant April, ushered in by the new motor, a magnificent thing of red and gold, equipped after the manner of the most expensive horseless vehicle.

It chanced one fine afternoon in June, when Justina was alone, that the car balked suddenly two miles from town. It would not budge an inch. Justina waited and scanned the deserted road in the hope that somebody would come and rescue her. And then she saw him jogging toward her behind the old gray horse—Doctor Dreer, of all people in the world. He leaned out to look at her as he approached. Then suddenly he stopped the horse, sprang out, and came toward her on foot.

"Dear Doctor Dreer; good kind Doctor Dreer, does a sick automobile come within the scope of your abilities?"

"I'm afraid not. What's the matter here?" He casually inspected the car.

"I see." The doctor nodded thoughtfully. "You'll let me take you home, won't you? I was going up here to make a call, but it can wait. I'm afraid," he said as he led up the horse and helped her to step from the car into his buggy, "that you'll find this a very slow way to travel. The car will have to stand where it is until you can send someone back after it. It won't be disturbed. This road isn't traveled much, you know."

"You have come very opportunely," Justina said, feeling deeply grateful. She thought he seemed pleased to have her there beside him. She herself was not displeased. And she liked his eyes.

It seemed a short distance back into town, even though the gray horse did move so slowly. There they found a man who undertook to go and bring home the car.

"You used to laugh at me when I went by," he said, apropos of nothing. "I didn't know you then." Justina hastened to vindicate herself.

After that people had a way of drawing aside so that Doctor Dreer and Justina might always be together. It was so obviously their wish. For Doctor Dreer suddenly had begun to receive a great deal of flattering attention. His practice, too, was growing enormously. Yet he found time to spend many evenings with Justina on the big veranda where no one was likely to intrude.

"I thought," she said after a long silence one never to be forgotten evening, "that you were never going to ask me to marry you."

"I was afraid to," said the little doctor. "You know as well as I that my prospects didn't warrant my making love to the loveliest girl in town. Did you know, dear, that I fell in love with you the first time I ever passed your house, and, chancing to glance sideways, saw you in the window laughing at me?"

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FROCKS FOR THE GIRLS

AGREEABLE VARIETY FOUND IN
WREATH OF THIN MATERIALS.

Prettiest of Fragile Weaves Can Be
Had Cheaply—Beautiful Design
for Costume for Dancing or
Other Party Use.

The month of roses is heralded by more thin dress materials than one has seen this many a year, and, with laces appropriately delicate, these make the most attractive of dressy frocks for a young girl. The wash material, so called, among these filmy textiles is not necessarily a thing for the tub, for thin silks may be used upon them in some way or other and all the style of a costume suggest the careful touch of the dry cleaner rather than the rude one of the laundress. But the prettiest of the fragile weaves can be had cheaply, and suitable trimmings are correspondingly inexpensive; so if the gown is made at home there seems no great extravagance in discarding it after it is too soiled for use. In fact, with an occasional pressing, and scrupulous care, one of these airy gowns can be made to do for a whole season without washing, and persons who understand the art of dress prefer to manage in this way, for there is no doubt that even dry cleaning is hard on the prettiness of a dainty material.

Embroidered batiste is a texture with most rewarding possibilities for summery elegance, such textures showing a firmness equal to marquisette, and a delicate striping in the weave and worked dots on the white portion between. Lengths of six yards are sold for misses' gowns, the pattern costing six dollars, but as only the least bit of ribbon is needed for the belt and other little touches, and the gumpes and undersleeve edges can be made of a cheap brussels net, the frock is still cheap.

Our illustration displays a little frock designed for dancing or other party use, and the youthfulness of the style suggests the girlish wearer more than the matron, however youthful and slim she may be. Nevertheless, the latter would find the design appropriate for house gowns, for in one's own home one can wear garments that might seem foolish elsewhere.

The dress, as pictured, is an empire slip made of fine white handkerchief linen, with a trimming of lace, tucks and embroidery. The bodice shows a liberal use of the narrow insertion, this outlining the novel yoke,

forming the belt and a good portion of the sleeves. The bottom of the skirt is elaborate with alternate rows of tucking and lace, two bands of insertion above this forming a deep scalloping that may head a wide flounce or only simulate one.

For a thin white muslin, swiss, or gandy or marquisette this model is ideal and there are many ways of varying the trimming. For instance, the whole upper portion of the bodice



may be made of an all over lace and the scalloping of the belt and the insertion on the skirt might be replaced with straight bands.

With any thin material an underslip is required, and if good use and an elegant effect are wished it had better be of silk. Silklike will also give a pretty and graceful effect for the underslip.

Mary Dean

SERGE STREET SUIT



Paquin suit of dark blue serge. The overskirt opens on one side, disclosing dark blue and white striped linen band, edging skirt all around. The lapels are also of the linen as is the band edging the sleeves. The brass ball buttons fasten the outway jacket on one side and are finished with a design embroidered on the serge.

Frocks for Evening Wear.
Not the least important of the models on display are the evening dresses and dancing frocks for informal wear at seashore and mountains, says the Dry Goods Economist. Voile, marquisette, charmeuse, chiffon, net and lace are used over satin or messaline linings. Effective lace Charlotte Corday shus and collars are used to a surprising extent. In many instances different widths of the same lace being used for the wide lace bands at the bottom edge of the tunic or skirt.

DOLL WORKBAGS THE LATEST

Quaint Affairs Topped With Head of Doll Dressed in Same Material as Bag.

Quaint doll workbags are now popular. These have the ordinary round bottom of pasteboard, to which the bag is sewed in the usual way.

Fastened to one side of the top, so as not to interfere with the drawing string, is the head of a doll, dressed in a big bonnet and neckpiece made of the material of the bag.

When finished the bag looks like a maiden of Civil war times; sometimes narrow pinked ruffles are added to the outside of the bag to increase the resemblance.

Choose a dark old-fashioned silk or India print and make the bonnet in poke shape, with long, pointed lappets around the neck and falling half way down the bag.

A similar bag could be made from a gay handanna handkerchief with turbaned head of the black doll. Put a kerchief around the neck; at one side of the bag might be a checked apron.

Shirtwaists Still Here.

Separate blouses are essential to comfort this year, and while the never-ending cry continues to be heard that white shirtwaists are out of fashion, still one realizes that it is necessary to include at least one smart white waist in the wardrobe. Waists to match the skirt in color, even if not in material, are much more generally becoming, but the elaborate white waist is always smart and attractive. —Harper's Bazar.

Do You Know

That walking skirts are a trifle longer than they were last season?
That the queen of England has forbidden the wearing of the hobble or harem skirt in her court?
That the satin scarf is one of the most graceful and the most useful of the spring fashions?
That the empire waist line in tailored suits is extremely modish?

Sanitary Slippers.

There are new bath slippers which are sanitary if not artistic. They are made of raffia, lined with blue or pink crash, and when soiled can be scrubbed inside and out and put in the sun to dry.

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DOMESTIC DIPLOMACY

Joyce swung jauntily into the dining room, took from his wife's lips the usual peck and, seating himself at the table, was soon doing justice to the faint meal she had prepared for him. He kept up a stream of conversation and was busy with a detailed description of how he had secured an order for his house in spite of the best efforts of a rival concern to land it, when it suddenly dawned upon him that he was not getting the attention that his story merited. Then it crept into his mind that all his remarks had been answered in monosyllables.

"Are you sick, dear?" he asked his wife.

"No." The answer was brief enough.

"Worried about Johnnie again?"

"No."

Joyce began to think in earnest. In all the ten years of their married life he had never known his wife to be so economical of words unless she had reached the stage where she was too angry to talk.

"Did things go wrong today, little woman?" he asked in his tenderest tone.

"Nothing went wrong today, thank you," freezingly.

Joyce knew now that the partner of his sorrows was really angry. Freezing politeness was a sure sign of anger with his wife.

"Are you having trouble with the girl?"

"The girl is a jewel, Mr. Joyce."

"Then, if nothing is wrong, for the love of Mike, grin and show your teeth."

Joyce was getting nettled.

"I might grin and show my teeth till doomsday and you would not notice them."

"So," thought Joyce, "that's it, is it?"

Now he had the key to the situation! Mrs. Joyce had bought a new gown, or some other fixing, and he had not noticed it. Joyce's absent-mindedness was only equalled by his lack of observation. He had been badgered by his friends so much about his failings that he tried to keep all knowledge of them from his wife.

"So you thought I didn't notice it, did you, little girl?" he said, with an air of raffishness. "Well, when you catch Louie T. Joyce overlooking any bet like that, just put it down in your diary that he's asleep."

"But you never mentioned it," Mrs. Joyce, though visibly mollified, was still a little vexed.

"Of course I didn't mention it. Would you have me come in and shout about it like a schoolboy?"

"N-o-o, but you might have said something about it. You might have let me know whether you liked it or not."

All this time Joyce had been looking his wife over to see if he could discover the new thing she had on, but her attire looked as usual to him.

He came out of his abstraction to hear his wife say: "Do you think it suits my complexion?"

Ah! Now he had it! It was her dress!

"That dress is just too corking for anything, dear. You know I always liked you in yellow; it sets off your brown eyes so well, and—"

"Always is a good word," his wife cut in, "seeing that I have worn this dress for two years. But what has that got to do with it?"

"In bad again!" thought Joyce, mentally kicking himself.

"Well, it has really nothing to do with it, I suppose," he said, "but I'd like to know since when a fellow has been barred from complimenting his wife if she looks particularly sweet, just because she isn't wearing a new gown?"

The indignation in Joyce's voice was as strong as if he meant it.

"Oh, of course, dear," said his wife. "I did not mean to offend you, but I was wondering if you'd like it with my light hair."

Joyce grabbed at the hint like the proverbial drowning man at a straw. What an idiot he was not to have noticed that ribbon thing and buckle arrangement on her hair!

"Your hair, my dear, looks lovely, as I have often remarked, whether it is adorned or worn plain, but I think you ought to have another one for the—"

—other side.

Joyce patted himself on the back for that clever speech.

"Louie Joyce!" His wife was surprised. He could see that. "What in the world could I do with another one, and how in the name of common sense could I adorn my hair with it?"

Plainly Joyce was out of his depth.

"Of course, you dear little goose," he said, "I don't mean for you to wear it on your head, but I want you to have another one—or anything else you want. So I'm going to write you out a check and you can go downtown tomorrow and spend the money."

"But, dear—" Mrs. Joyce began.

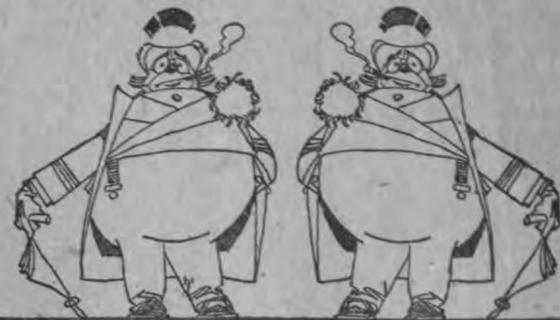
"Not another word about it! I am running this show. If I want my wife to spend a little money I guess she can do it."

Then his wife put her arms around his neck and nestled her face against his as she said: "You wise old owl, I was trying to surprise you, but it seems I never can."

"No, you can't fool papa," Joyce said. This very airily, while to himself he said: "Now, what in the world did she get?"

Meanwhile his wife, with her cheek pressed against his, was thinking: "I'm so glad he likes this new green rug in the dining room."

BESIDE HIMSELF



Any man must be beside himself who tries to get on in the world without knowing what the world is doing.

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