

Now is the Time to Secure Commission Government for Roosevelt.

The intention of THE ROOSEVELT NEWS in asking for the return of signed coupons is to learn of a sufficient number of citizens who can form the nucleus of an organization to take up the real work of accomplishing the much needed change in form of municipal government. The way Mr. Nathan Weiss was treated, and the case of George Welicsko—the former after a release was given, could not get out; the latter (Welicsko) was refused bail because he voted a Republican ticket—the giving of the public dock to Canda, the continued foolish expenditure of the road appropriation, the Rahway avenue disgrace (from which Herman Bros. received over \$5000), and numerous other questionable doings, are conclusive proofs of the needed change. Send your name in as soon as possible so that action can be taken early.

I FAVOR AN ELECTION AS SOON AS POSSIBLE to determine whether this Borough shall adopt the

Commission Form of Government

as provided for under the recent act of the Legislature.

Signed.....

Street.....

FLATS TO LET—Apply S. A. D. Clifford, Third street. 2-27-t2

FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET—Apply, J. J. O'MEARA, 37 Rahway avenue, Carteret, N. J.

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

MONEY TO LOAN—On Bond and Mortgage. NICHOLAS RIZSAK, 110 Rahway avenue, Carteret, N. J. 7-13-tf

REAL ESTATE

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

DAILY STEAMER FOR Highland Beach
Leaves Commercial Wharf, Newark (Near Market St. Depot) AT 10 A. M. SHARP
Fare, Round Trip, 80c. Children, Half Fare

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

BASEBALL

Sunday, the home team, by strong batting, easily won from the Acme A. A., of Newark, the heroes in the 13 inning game of June 23.

John Groom's great hit in the fifth inning, with the bases filled, settled the issue for the day, and in the seventh inning the local boys batted in nine runs.

Each team played clever ball in the field and the locals showed up well on the bases. The score:

ROOSEVELT A. C.			
	R	H	E
E. Coughlin, cf.....	2	0	0
J. Scally, lf.....	2	3	0
F. Ardres, p., 1b.....	3	3	0
O. Elk, rf.....	2	2	0
J. Groom, 2b.....	1	1	1
J. Staubach, ss.....	2	3	0
J. Elk, 3b, p.....	2	1	1
A. Jakeway, 1b, p., 3b.....	1	0	0
G. Ensminger, c.....	1	1	0
	16	14	2

ACME A. A.			
	R	H	E
J. Lawler, 1b., p. 3b.....	0	0	0
Cribben, lf.....	0	1	0
McEvoy, ss.....	2	2	1
McDonnell, p., 1b.....	0	1	0
Boyle, c.....	2	1	0
Dorve, 3b, p.....	1	2	0
Henry, 2b.....	0	0	0
Baumach, cf.....	0	1	1
James Lawler, rf.....	0	1	0
	5	9	2

Score by innings:
Roosevelt A. C. 0 0 0 1 4 2 9 0 x—16
Acme A. A. 0 0 0 2 0 2 0 1 0—5

Next Sunday the West End A. C. of Plainfield, will appear here for the second time, and as they lost before by a score of only 8 to 6, they are sure to come over with a strong team and try to win this game, but they will have to play some to do so, as the boys are practicing hard and are confident they can beat the best of teams.

The Sewaren A. C. beat the Stoney Bridge A. C. of Rahway, Sunday, 5 to 4 at Sewaren. Sewaren has a fast team and are winning every game.

Mrs. F. H. Armour, Mrs. H. K. Armour, Mrs. J. J. Foote, Mrs. Charles Bennett, Mrs. Jos. Fauss, Mrs. Chas. Dalton, Mrs. Herman Nederburgh, and Mrs. Wm. Zettlemoyer and Mrs. Edw. Zimmerman, spent Wednesday in Coney Island.

EDITORIAL

The wild-goose chase Friday afternoon, of Fire Co. No. 2, in locating the fire at the home of Mr. Clarence Brower, is conclusive proof of the need of an adequate fire alarm system in the borough.

Like everything else that is brought up in council, that would directly benefit the public, the fire alarm system has become a thing of the past.

The Hudson and Middlesex Telephone Co., was to install fire alarms, but never did so.

It is evident, that in installing an alarm system, there would not be a position to fill by the mayor to a "pet follower," which no doubt accounts for the little interest taken in same. To what avail is that "high-priced auto-truck" if a fire cannot be located after the alarm is sent in? But, of course, the truck had to come first, for with it came a fat position for someone.

Ordinances for opening streets and other things have been passed by council, and then laid dead. Considerable money was expended in doing this, but the "favorites" received the money, and as was said before, there being no money or "graft" we might say, in installing the fire-alarm system, it is hardly probable that the borough will have the things most needed until a "real mayor" is elected in this town.

Get together, citizens, and put in the commission form of government, and elect men to office that are not in the CONTRACTING BUSINESS—men who will work for the town, and not pass ordinance for their own personal gain, and make "fat" positions for trusty followers.

The big printing press manufacturing concern of R. Hoe & Company, which is preparing to remove from New York city, has promised the local Board of Trade to investigate this city as a suitable place for their monster plant and give it full consideration. The plant of this concern, which has been located at Grand and Sheriff streets, New York, for more than a century, is to be removed to a location where more space may be procured. It has also been admitted that the concern is making the change because of labor troubles in the metropolis.

Announcement was made on Saturday that the Hoe concern intended to remove from New York. As soon as the that word was received here the Board of Trade set to work. The following telegram was sent to it: "Investigate Perth Amboy for factory site. We have what you want. Let us show you. Wire, 'phone or write." In reply Secretary Albert Leon, of the board, received the following:

"Dear Sir:
"Thanks for your telegram. We will investigate Perth Amboy and give it full consideration.
"Yours very truly,
"ROBERT HOE,
"President."

R. Hoe & Company at present employ about 2,500 men. It is promised to increased that number upon locating in another place and to enter into new branches of printing press manufacturing. The concern was incorporated in 1909 with a capital of \$5,875,000. Robert Hoe, thirty-six years old, and Arthur Hoe, thirty-two years old, are the practical men in the factory.—Amboy News.

ABOVE IS AN ARTICLE CUT FROM THE PERTH AMBOY EVENING NEWS, ABOUT THE BOARD OF TRADE OF PERTH AMBOY.

IT SEEMS THAT THE SAID BOARD OF TRADE HAD HEARD THAT THE HOE PRINTING PRESS CO., OF NEW YORK, EMPLOYING ABOUT 2500 MEN, INTENDED TO LOCATE ELSEWHERE, AND IMMEDIATELY TELEGRAPHED THE CONCERN, REQUESTING THEM TO INVESTIGATE PERTH AMBOY, WHICH THEY HAVE AGREED TO DO.

THE BOROUGH OF ROOSEVELT SHOULD HAVE A BOARD OF TRADE. THE ROOSEVELT NEWS HAS, TIME AND TIME AGAIN, AGITATED IT, BUT WITH NO RESULT. EVERY PROGRESSIVE TOWN IN THE COUNTRY HAS A BOARD OF TRADE, EXCEPT ROOSEVELT. WHY? BECAUSE THE WRONG PEOPLE ARE IN POWER IN THE TOWN, AND CAN SEE NOTHING BUT THAT WHICH WILL INCREASE THEIR ILL-GOTTEN GAINS.

TRULY, THIS BOROUGH IS A NICE "FAT COW" AND IS GRADUALLY BEING MILKED DRY.

IF THE COMMISSION FORM OF GOVERNMENT WAS ACTED UPON AT ONCE, THERE IS A CHANCE TO KEEP THE "COW" FAT AND FEED IT THE RIGHT KIND OF FOOD THAT WILL MAKE OUR NEIGHBOR "COWS" ENVIIOUS. DON'T WAIT UNTIL SHE IS MILKED DRY, FOR THEN IT WILL BE TOO LATE, AND WILL TAKE A GOOD MANY YEARS TO BRING IT BACK TO THE CONDITION IT ENJOYS AT THE PRESENT TIME.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Mr. E. Gutman, of the Red Front, on Rahway avenue, wishes to announce that he has moved his store to 305 Woodbridge avenue, Chrome, where he will carry a full line of clothing, hats, shoes and ladies' and men's furnishings; also ribbons, lace, needlework and all kinds of notions.

Oh, you turpentine!

The lightning did considerable damage in the borough Friday, Mr. Benj. Baldwin's and Mrs. Carlton's residences and the Whitening works were damaged.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund C. Howard of New York are spending a week at the home of their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Ebenezer Graeme.

Mr. Horace K. Armour returned home Saturday after spending two weeks with friends in Nyack, N. Y.

BOLASH GETS 30 YRS. FOR ASSAULT OF 6-YR.-OLD GIRL

Sandor Bolash, for assaulting Lizzie Meyers, six years old, of this place, was sentenced Tuesday morning to 30 years in state's prison by Judge Daly. The court made no comment on the case and Bolash appeared in his own behalf. When he learned of the sentence, he said he thought the court had dealt too severely with him. He received the limit of the law.

Bolash was quickly convicted last Friday. The jury retired at 4.15 o'clock and before five o'clock it had returned with a verdict of guilty as charged in the indictment. The jury never had any doubt about the case, it tarried a while in the jury room before taking a vote.

There has been no sympathy for Bolash about the court room since the start of the trial. His crime was one which sent the blood of men to fever heat. His counsel realized this and used their efforts to save their client by endeavoring to arouse a reasonable doubt in the minds of the jury as to whether the girl had really been carnally abused. But the medical testimony in the case left no doubt in the minds of the jury about this.

The little girl did not positively identify Bolash as the man who had assaulted her. She could not tell much about the assault, other than she had been struck over the head with a stick. She had gone out with Bolash at three o'clock the afternoon of June 13 last. At six o'clock that night she was still in the company of the man. Although he had asked her to direct him to the home of a neighbor about whom he was enquiring, he took the girl a distance from her home, to the vicinity of the U. S. M. R. Co. It was near this plant the next morning that the night watchman, John Craddock, found the unconscious girl, with one ear almost torn off, cuts on her face and the back of her head and other injuries which relieved the horrible assault.

Bolash explained this by saying that he had been to the copper works in the morning to get work and had been turned down. He then returned with the girl and meant to say that she was his daughter, thinking that he would stand more chance of getting work if it was known that he had a family and meant to live there.

He explained the cuts on the child by saying that as they were crossing a railroad track a car was backing down. He pushed the girl violently off of the track to save her from being struck and she among some bushes, receiving cuts and scratches. He said he fled fearing he would be blamed for the accident. He admitted that he told no one, did nothing to aid the girl, but left her to die alone.

The Knights of the Maccabees Review

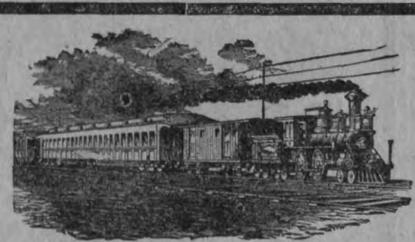
The Supreme Tent review of this great order, closed its sessions on Friday in Cleveland, Ohio. 15,000 Sir Knights were in the line of parade on Thursday afternoon, and 3,100 new members were initiated in the great class on Thursday night. The order is growing rapidly, and offers to its members safe protection at an adequate cost that is within the reach of the average workman.

Roosevelt Tent is working for a large class on Friday night, August 4th, when Supreme Deputy A. W. Frye will be present and with others give some of the special features of the degree work that will be of interest to the members and candidates.

Stove Explodes at C. Brower's House

Friday afternoon the fire department was called out to a fire caused by the explosion of a gasoline stove at the home of Mr. Clarence Brower, on Atlantic street. With the assistance of neighbors the fire was soon extinguished with very little damage done. Company No. 2, had considerable difficulty in locating the fire, and arrived about a half hour afterward, they having explored the lower end of Woodbridge avenue first.

ANNUAL EXCURSION



ANNUAL EXCURSION

To Asbury Park and Ocean Grove

OF THE

Presbyterian, Episcopal and Methodist S. S.

THURS., AUG. 10th

Adults, \$1.00; Children, 50c.

MUSHROOMS AS FOOD.

Professor F. E. Clements, the state botanist of Minnesota, has attracted attention by his estimate in a recent bulletin that the annual waste of mushrooms in the United States equals in value the entire agricultural product of the country, says the Manchester Union. It is easy for an enthusiast in any line of thought or endeavor to lose the sense of just proportion, and it may perhaps be taken for granted that Professor Clements has permitted himself to be carried away by the contemplation of the waste of a natural food product which is more or less abundant everywhere and which has an unquestioned food value. Beginning with early summer and continuing until late fall, the production of mushrooms in woods, pastures and waste places is something enormous, and a large proportion of them are not only edible, but nourishing. In so far as they are not made use of—and a small proportion of them is ever gathered—they of course, represent a loss of possible food supply, but some account must be taken of the cost of collecting and distributing them to consumers, as well as of the danger from some species which are harmful and of at least two which may be classed as deadly. These are easily distinguished, to be sure, by any one who has made a study of the mushroom tribe, but until Americans, as a rule, are much more familiar with the subject than at present, a great proportion of the edible varieties will continue to go to waste.

Basing calculations on the estimate that the number of American tourists in Europe in a season is 300,000 and that the average individual expenditure by these tourists is \$750, some one has easily figured that about \$225,000,000 of American money is spent abroad in the course of a season; and this does not include the cost of steamship tickets. Bankers who handle the letters of credit for wealthy American tourists are quoted to the effect that \$3,000 is a fair average for the value of these letters, says the Manchester Union. Among tourists of the wealthy class, says the report, it is common to place from \$25,000 to \$75,000 in the hands of the bankers, and, as a rule, fully two-thirds of the amount is drawn. Possibly the major premise of this main proposition has been overdrawn; possibly the minor premise; possibly both—and possibly neither. In any event, it must be admitted that \$225,000,000 is a tremendous sum of American money to be taken to Europe and left there in a single season.

An appeal for American-made rubber tires is made by the United States consuls in Germany, who say that a rich market is being overlooked by the people at home. These advance agents of trade point out that in some of the cities on the high road of tourist travel there are for sale but two makes of automobile tires, and those of French and German brands. The use of the bicycle as a means of transportation is reported on the increase, and, as if to add to the field for exploitation, many of the smaller cities are just beginning to awake to the advantage of rubber tires as a part of the fitting of general vehicles.

An ungallant New Jersey farmer dressed up his scarecrows in hobble skirts and basket hats, and declares that the crows are too panic-stricken by the fashionable frights to come near his fields. Many men will think more of the intelligence of birds after this display of the crows' antipathy to hobble skirts.

A Chicago teamster has been sentenced to one year in the penitentiary for stabbing a horse to death because the animal would not stand quietly beside a hitching post. No doubt he deserved what he got, but if he had merely killed a man he might be out on small bail.

Since the means of identification by finger and thumb marks, New Jersey burglars are wearing gloves. It is a pity more commendable ambitions are not equally quick to take up-to-date advantage of all the resources of the age.

A Connecticut woman has been cured by a surgical operation of her mania for playing the piano. Demands for similar operations will probably now come pouring in from all parts of the United States.

Blue paint, we are told, will drive away flies. If red paint would do the same a good many of our citizens would be willing to give up their sleep and make the town immune.

Fifteen Philadelphia bakers have been arrested for dyeing their pies. Yet anyone who has tried to eat a Philadelphia pie will realize the necessity for disguising them.

SERIAL STORY

When a Man Marries

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

Copyright 1909, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.
SYNOPSIS.

James Wilson or 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 suggests that Kit visit the hostess as one night, he Mrs. Wilson pro tem. Aunt Selma arrives 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? Belle 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 packing 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. After the lifting of the quarantine several letters are found in the mail box undelivered, one addressed to Henry Lewellyn, 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 la grippe. Betty acts as nurse. Harbison finds Kit sulking on the roof. She tells him that Jim has been treating her outrageously. Kit starts downstairs, when suddenly she is seized 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 canoe breastpin and other articles of jewelry have been stolen. She accuses Betty of the theft. Jimmy tells Aunt Selma all about the strange happenings, but she persists in suspecting Betty of the theft of her valuables. Harbison demands an explanation from Kit as to her conduct towards him, she tells him of the incident on the roof, but does not deny nor confirm her accusation. One of the guests devises a way to escape from the house. They set fire to the reception room and attempt to leave the house from the rear. The guards discover the ruse and prevent them from escaping. Max finds Anne's pearl clasp in Jimmy's studio in a discarded coat. Jimmy is suspected of the theft, but denies the accusation. Kit finds a watch hanging to a pillar in the basement and with initials "H. H." engraved upon it. She opens the case and finds a picture of herself that had been clipped from a newspaper. Kit shows Harbison the watch. He explains that he had been looking for it and believed it had been stolen.

CHAPTER XVII. (Continued.)

"It seems that the gentle Bella has been unusually beastly today to Jim, and—I believe she's jealous of you, Kit. Jim followed her up to the roof before dinner with a box of flowers, and she tossed them over the parapet. She said, I believe, that she didn't want his flowers; He could buy them for you, and be damned to him, or some lady-like equivalent."

"Jim is a jellyfish," I said contemptuously. "What did he say?"

"He said he only cared for one woman, and that was Bella: That he never had really cared for you and never would, and that divorce courts were not unmitigated evils if they showed people the way to real happiness. Which wouldn't amount to anything if Harbison had not been in the tent, trying to sleep!"

Dal did not know all the particulars, but it seems that relations between Jim and Mr. Harbison were rather strained. Bella had left the roof and Jim and the Harbison man came face to face in the door of the tent. According to Dal, little had been said, but Jim, bound by his promise to me, could not explain, and could only stammer something about being an old friend of Miss Knowles. And Tom had replied shortly that it was none of his business, but that there were some things friendship hardly justified, and tried to pass Jim. Jim was instantly enraged: He blocked the door to the roof and demanded to know what the other man meant. There were two or three versions of the answer he got. The general purport was that Mr. Harbison had no desire to explain further, and that the situation was forced on him. But if he insisted—when a man systematically ignored and neglected his wife for some one else, there were communities where he would be tarred and fattered.

"Meaning me?" Jim demanded, apologetic.

"The remark was a general one," Mr. Harbison retorted, "but if you wish to make a concrete application—!"

Dal had gone up just then, and found them glaring at each other, Jim with his hands clenched at his sides and Mr. Harbison with his arms folded and very erect. Dal took Jim by the elbow and led him downstairs, muttering, and the situation was saved for the time. But Dal was not optimistic.

"You can do a bit yourself, Kit," he finished. "Look more cheerful first a little. You can do that without trying. Take Max on for a day or so: It would be charity anyhow. But

don't let Tom Harbison take it into his head that you are grieving over Jim's neglect, or he's likely to toss him off the roof."

"I have no reason to think that Mr. Harbison cares one way or the other about me," I said primly. "You don't think he's—he's in love with me, do you, Dal?" I watched him out of the corner of my eye, but he only looked amused.

"In love with you!" he repeated. "Why, bless your wicked little heart, no! He thinks you're a married woman! It's the principle of the thing he's fighting for. If I had as much principle as he has I'd—put it out at interest."

Max interrupted us just then, and asked if we knew where Mr. Harbison was.

"Can't find him," he said. "I've got the telephone together and have enough left over to make another. Where do you suppose Harbison hides the tools? I'm working with a corkscrew and two palette knives."

I heard nothing more of the trouble that night. Max went to Jim about it, and Jim said angrily that only a fool would interfere between a man and his wife—wives. Whereupon Max retorted that a fool and his wives were soon parted, and left him. The two principals were coldly civil to each other, and smaller issues were lost as the famine grew more and more insistent. For famine it was.

They worked the rest of the evening, but the telephone refused to revive and every one was starving. Individually our pride was at low ebb, but collectively it was still formidable. So we sat around and Jim played Grieg with the soft stops on, and Aunt Selma went to bed. The weather had changed, and it was sleeting, but anything was better than the drawing room. I was in a mood to battle with the elements or to cry—or both—so I slipped out, while Dal was reciting "Give me three grains of corn, mother," threw somebody's overcoat over my shoulders, put on a man's soft hat—Jim's I think—and went up to the roof.

It was dark in the third floor hall, and I had to feel my way to the foot of the stairs. I went up quietly and turned the knob of the door to the roof. At first it would not open, and I could hear the wind howling outside. Finally, however, I got the door open a little and wormed my way

through. It was not entirely dark out there, in spite of the storm. A faint reflection of the street lights made it possible to distinguish the outlines of the boxwood plants, swaying in the wind, and the chimneys and the tent. And then—a dark figure disentangled itself from the nearest chimney and seemed to hurl itself at me. I remember putting out my hands and trying to say something, but the figure caught me roughly by the shoulders and knocked me back against the door-frame. From miles away a heavy voice was saying, "So I've got you!" and then the roof gave from under me, and I was floating out on the storm, and sleet was beating in my face, and the wind was whispering over and over, "Open your eyes, for God's sake!"

I did open them after a while, and finally I made out that I was lying on the floor in the tent. The lights were on, and I had a cold and damp feeling, and something wet was trickling down my neck.

I seemed to be alone, but in a second somebody came into the tent, and I saw it was Mr. Harbison, and that he had a double handful of half melted snow. He looked frantic and determined, and only my sitting up quickly prevented my getting another snow bath. My neck felt queer and stiff, and I was very dizzy. When he saw that I was conscious he dropped the snow and stood looking down at me.

"Do you know," he said grimly, "that I very nearly choked you to death a little while ago?"

"It wouldn't surprise me to be told so," I said. "Do I know too much, or what is it, Mr. Harbison?" I felt terribly ill, but I would not let him see it. "It is queer, isn't it—how we always select the roof for our little-differences?" He seemed to relax somewhat at my gibe.

"I didn't know it was you," he explained shortly. "I was waiting for—some one, and in the hat you wore, and the coat, I mistook you. That's all. Can you stand?"

"No," I retorted. I could, but his summary manner displeased me. The sequel, however, was rather amazing, for he stooped suddenly and picked me up, and the next instant we were out in the storm together. At the door he stooped and felt for the knob.

"Turn it," he commanded. "I can't reach it."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," I said shrewdly. "Let me down; I can walk perfectly well."

He hesitated. Then he slid me slowly to my feet, but he did not open the door at once. "Are you afraid to let me carry you down those stairs, after—Tuesday night?" he asked, very low. "You still think I did that?"

I had never been less sure of it than at that moment, but an imp of perversity made me retort, "Yes."

He hardly seemed to hear me. He stood looking down at me as I leaned against the door-frame.

"Good Lord!" he groaned. "To think that I might have killed you!" And then—he stooped and suddenly kissed me.

The next moment the door was open, and he was leading me down into the house. At the foot of the staircase he paused, still holding my hand, and faced me in the darkness.

"I'm not sorry," he said steadily. "I suppose I ought to be, but I'm not. Only—I wanted you to know that I was not guilty—before. I didn't intend to now. I am—almost as much surprised as you are."

I was quite unable to speak, but I wrenched my hand loose. He stepped back to let me pass, and I went down the hall alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It's All My Fault.

I didn't go to the drawing room again. I went into my own room and sat in the dark, and tried to be furiously angry, and only succeeded in feeling queer and tingly. One thing was absolutely certain: Not the same man, but two different men had kissed me on the stairs to the roof. It sounds rather horrid and discriminating, but there was all the difference in the world.

But then—who had? And for whom had Mr. Harbison been waiting on the roof? "Did you know that I nearly choked you to death a few minutes ago?" Then he rather expected to finish somebody in that way! Who? Jim, probably. It was strange, too, but suddenly I realized that no matter how many suspicious things I mustered up against him—and there were plenty—down in my heart I didn't believe him guilty of anything, except this last and unforgivable offense. Whoever was trying to leave the house had taken the necklace, that seemed clear, unless Max was still foolishly trying to break quarantine and create one of the sensations he so dearly loves. This was a new idea, and some things upheld it, but Max had been playing bridge when I was kissed on the stairs, and there was still left that ridiculous incident of the comfort.

Bella came up after I had gone to bed, and turned on the light to brush her hair.

"If I don't leave this mausoleum soon, I'll be carried out," she declared. "You in bed, Lollie Mercer and Dal flirting, Anne hysterical, and Jim making his will in the den! You will have to take Aunt Selma tonight, Kit; I'm all in."

"If you'll put her to bed, I'll keep her there," I conceded, after some parley.

"You're a dear." Bella came back from the door. "Look here, Kit, you know Jim pretty well. Don't you think he looks ill? Thinner?"

"He's a wreck," I said soberly. "You have a lot to answer for, Bella."

Bella went over to the cheval glass and looked in it. "I avoid him all I can," she said, posing. "He's awfully funny; he's so afraid I'll think he's serious about you. He can't realize that for me he simply doesn't exist."

Well, I took Aunt Selma, and about two o'clock, while I was in my first sleep, I woke to find her standing beside me, tugging at my arm.

"There's somebody in the house," she whispered. "Thieves!"

"If they're in they'll not get out tonight," I said.

"I tell you, I saw a man skulking on the stairs," she insisted.

I got up ungraciously enough, and put on my dressing-gown. Aunt Selma, who had her hair in crimps, tied a veil over her head, and together we went to the head of the stairs. Aunt Selma leaned far over and peered down.

"He's in the library," she whispered. "I can see a light."

The lust of battle was in Aunt Selma's eye. She girded her robe about her and began to descend the stairs cautiously. We went through the hall was empty, but from the den beyond came a hum of voices and the cheerful glow of firelight. I realized the situation then, but it was too late.

"Then why did you kiss her in the dining room?" Bella was saying in her clear, high tones. "You did, didn't you?"

"It was only her hand," Jim, desperately explaining. "I've got to pay her some attention, under the circumstances. And I give you my word, I was thinking of you when I did it."

The wretch!

Aunt Selma drew her breath in suddenly.

"I am thinking of marrying Reggie Wolfe." This was Bella, of course. "He wants me to. He's a dear boy."

"If you do, I will kill him."

"I am so very lonely," Bella sighed. We could hear the creak of Jim's shirt bosom that showed that he had sighed also. Aunt Selma had gripped me by the arm, and I could hear her breathing hard beside me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"Bella Has Been Unusually Beastly Today to Jim."

A PLACE FOR MEN AND BOYS TO SPEND THEIR SPARE TIME

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Are you a member? Come, investigate and join.

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Harold Knows the Signs. Five-year-old Harold's older sister was in the habit of making a good many demands on him. Generally her requests for favors, usually the running of errands around the house, were preface by what she considered subtle flattery.

"Now, Harold," she began one day, "you're a dear, sweet little boy, and you know I love you—" but Harold cut her short.

"Well, Ethel," he said, earnestly, "if it's upstairs, I won't go."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Might Help. Mrs. Willis (at the Ladies' Aid society)—Now, what can you do for the poor boys at the front?

Mrs. Gillis—I was reading today where the soldiers are always making sorties. Now, why can't we get the recipes for those things and make them ourselves and send them to the boys?—Puck.

Work is not a man's punishment; it is his reward and his strength, his glory and his pleasure.—George Sand.

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God of FASHION. By Rev. George R. Lockwood, Pastor of Glenolden Congregational Church, Philadelphia.

It is a strange thing that humanity can't seem to get along without idols. There has never been a period in the world's history that humanity has not worshiped some sort of idols. You can't read the Old Testament without having your heart pained; when you see how Israel was continually turning away from God, and placing something in their hearts that ought to have been occupied by God himself. Well, now exactly the same thing has been done in every age and amongst every people. There is a strong tendency in the mind and heart of humanity to reach out and lay hold upon something and put it in the place that belongs only to God.

The first strange god that is amongst us is the "Fashion." This whole subject of dress is a very interesting one. I always claim that it takes more brains to build a dress than it takes to build a house—and it takes brains to build a house. What I mean by that is, it takes brains to build a dress that, in a certain sense, befits the individual that is being clothed. It doesn't take any brains to reach your arm across to Paris and lug over here some fashion across the water—anybody can do that. But there are comparatively few people who seem to have the happy faculty of building a dress that just meets their own individuality. Such a dress as just fits you in every sense of the word—a dress that is the expression of your own mind and your own soul—that is an exceedingly hard thing.

What is the result of this thralldom that is in our midst this present day? There is a demoralization and a demoralization that is going on in our American life; it is enough to pain anybody deeply. I can't quite understand why America should reach across the ocean and bring her fashion from Paris.

If there is one city on the face of God's earth that is any lower down in perdition than another, it is Paris. And why should we be enslaved to Paris for our fashion? In every other respect we claim to stand on our own feet; why can't America stand on her own feet when it comes to the subject of dress? It seems to me there are brains enough in this country to create a fashion for ourselves and to break loose from the slavery of a foreign country.

But that is not the sad part of it all. I wonder if you realize the terrible extravagance that is associated with this one phase of our American life? I wonder if you can bring before your minds the untold number of homes that are simply wrecked; or, picture the hearts that are broken because of this terrible slavery, namely—the slavery of America to this god of fashion?

Let me illustrate. Here is a girl—she is brought up in a comparatively poor home; she has not had any experience in holding money in her own hands; she marries a comparatively poor young man, and they go and start a home for themselves. When he comes back from his first week, he puts his wages in her hands. She has had no experience in the use of money; and what does she do? Almost the first thing she does is to rush out into a great city, lose herself in one of these big stores and, instead of bringing home something that is going to make the whole atmosphere of that house rich and beautiful she brings home something that is absolutely worthless to herself.

She spent her money foolishly, and because the money is simply thrown away the home is wrecked and hearts are broken.

The second strange god to which I desire to call your attention is the "Idol of education." What is the ideal education? Some people say it is knowledge; some say it is success; others say character and personality. In the eyes of a great many people education is that which fits one to make success in terms of money; but that is not my own ideal of education. It is that which fits us to serve our God and to serve our humanity, and anything that unfits us for the service of God and humanity—call it by any name you will, but don't call it education.

One of the perils of the east today is that education is being translated in terms of dollars and cents, instead of in terms of character and personality. What is one of the secrets of the great success of the west? It is education, and education of the right sort, too.

The third strange god that I want to speak about is the god of "amusement." Amusement is a good thing; it is a safety valve. I don't know what we would do with our nervous temperament, here in America, if it were not for amusements. I love to see people enjoy themselves, especially after a strenuous week of hard work. But amusements ought never to be an end; it ought always to be a means to an end, and that end must fit into the purpose of God and the welfare of mankind.

The real test as to whether an amusement is right or wrong is this: If it creates in our hearts a distaste for the things of the spirit it is wrong; if it unfits us for Christian service it is wrong. And if it doesn't do any of these things, but prepares us for the real and deeper enjoyment of life, then it is right, and the more amusement the better it will be for us.

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Danger.

"Don't you think there is danger in allowing automobiles to be run by women?"
"Well," replied the man who is careful about expressing an opinion, "they're all right in cities where they meet only horses and street cars, but on a country road I should think there would be great danger of their shying at a cow."

Helping Dad.

Johnny—Papa, would you be glad if I saved a dollar for you?
Papa—Certainly, my son.
Johnny—Well, I saved it for you, all right. You said if I brought a first class report from my teacher this week you would give me a dollar, and I didn't bring it.—Red Hen.

His Part.

"Do you have to buy many dresses for your wife?"
"Haven't bought a dres for her since we have been married."
"Great Scott! Tell me how you do it!"
"She insists on buying 'em herself. I've paid for a carload, though."

Youth and Happiness.

Make youth the most attractive period possible—crowd every pleasure and bit of sunshine imaginable into that day for the sorrows will enter all too soon—but in doing so watch the recipient of your favors and sacrifices that he or she does not develop into a selfish boy or girl.

If She Winked.

"Set down! Set down!" said a cross crabbed old man as two saucy little urchins stood up in front of him at an entertainment, "I can't see er wink."
"Aw, go on!" cried one of them. "If she winks we'll tell you," and remained where they stood the rest of the evening.

Extremes.

"Your trouble comes from ill regulated credulity," said the warning friend.
"I don't quite understand."
"Before you and this man were married you believed everything he told you. Afterward you didn't believe anything."

Treasured Trees.

Two trees to be seen in the main street of Thorshavn, the capital of the Farce Islands, have an interesting history. Trees resolutely refuse to grow in these islands, except in some few sheltered spots, and the inhabitants therefore prize them greatly. When the road was made it was decided to leave the trees in the middle of the carriage way rather than be guilty of the crime of felling them.

Balance.

Gaddie—Yes, he's very vindictive. That's one of his worst faults.
Markley—I didn't know he had that fault, too.
Gaddie—Oh, yes; I tell you I'd hate to have a man like that owe me a grudge.
Markley—Yes, but there's his other fault. He never pays what he owes.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

Sarcasm This.

"Excuse me, madam, but would you mind walking the other way, and not pissing the horse?" said an English cabman with exaggerated politeness, to the lady who had just paid a minimum fare with no fees.
"Why?" she inquired.
"Because if 'e sees wot 'e's been carrying for a shilling 'e'll have a fit," was the freezing answer.—National Monthly.

Between a Hop and a Straddle.

"He has about the strangest walk I have ever seen."
"Yes. You see, he was engaged to a girl who wore a hobble gown, and just when he had got to he could keep step with her she threw him down, and now he is engaged to a girl who wears a harem skirt, and he is trying to learn to keep step with her."

His Instinct.

"I see the family dog slinking out of the room. What's the matter with him?"
"Prescience. Presently there will be a tremendous family row on."
"But how did the dog know that?"
"Well, so to speak, his nose is something of a storm scenter."

Overshadowed. Luminosity.

"Has that statesman ever hid his light under a bushel?"
"No. But he has to be content with printing his best speeches in the record."

Intrude, the Book Agent.

"Opportunity knocks at every man's door." "Impunity, however, knocks oftener. Here comes another book agent."

Truth of Life.

The more a woman deserves to have a man love her the more she can love him.

NO CHANCE FOR HIM.

Donald (who is seeing his more prosperous cousin off by the train)—Ye might like tae leave me a bob or twa tae drink ye a safe journey, Wullie.
Wullie (feigning regret)—Man, canna. A'my spare shullin's I gie tae me auld mither.
Donald—That's strange. Because yer mither told me ye never gae her onything.
Wullie—Wheel, if I dinna gie my auld mither onything, what sort o' chance dae ye think ye've got?—Punch.

Had Done Enough.

"I wish some time, Mr. Speeder," said the doctor, "that you bear our hospital in mind, and, if it appeals to you, do something for it."
"Great Scott! Squills," retorted Speeder, "why can't you be satisfied? That new chauffeur of mine has contributed at least two patients a day to your old charity. What more do you want?"—Harper's Weekly.

India's Cultivation of Sugar Cane.
India has a larger area under cane than any other country, and yet is one of the heaviest importers of sugar. There was a time when India manufactured practically all the sugar it required, which was used in the form of molasses, but a taste for refined sugar sprang up, since which time it was found more convenient to import than to manufacture.

Mixed Metaphor.

The famous commingling of metaphors beginning, "I smell a rat; I shall nip him in the bud," has been surpassed. According to London Punch a Yorkshire paper writes: "We hope Mr. Atkinson will keep his word and, with the ability he has always shown, tear to shreds and tatters the subterranean methods of the alique which at present rides the high horse."

To Get the Best Light.

When using oil lamps the housewife is always very careful that every part of the lamp is scrupulously clean and the burner is boiled to remove any accumulation of dirt. She forgets, though, that her gas jet is just as likely to accumulate soil. Often there is quite a little collection of dust and if this is cleared away the improvement in the light is noticeable.

No Blasphemy in Japan.

Blasphemy in Japan is another rude disillusionment for the credulous traveler. Prof. B. H. Chamberlain, in his "Things Japanese," remarks: "The Japanese vocabulary, though extraordinarily rich and constantly growing is honorably deficient in terms of abuse. It affords absolutely no means of cursing and swearing."

He Lost Out.

"Yes, sir, he wuz afraid o' the banks bustin' on him, an' so he buried his money."
"Has he got it yet?"
"No; he forgot to blaze the tree whar it wuz an' the man w' wned the land put up a sign, "spassing on these grounds!"

Shy.

"Gustave's letters to me are exceedingly dull and commonplace," said one fair girl.
"Don't you know why?" responded the other.
"No."
"Gustave once served on the jury in a breach of promise case."

A Sacred Confidence.

Down at Southtown, Long Island, there's a hotel that welcomes the trout fisherman. It sends out a neatly typewritten announcement that the season begins on March 31, adds the necessary details as to sunrise and the state of the moon, and winds up with this remark: "Orders for worms from those who fish only with the fly will be held in sacred confidence."

Light in Ocean's Depths.
Distinct traces of light have been detected at the great depth of 500 fathoms below the ocean surface by Sir John Murray's oceanographical expedition of 1910. More recently, brightly colored organisms have been dredged up from an even greater depth, in the form of rose foraminifers with rose pink shells.

Rich Man, Poor Man.

You can easily tell a poor man from a rich one by examining his mail. The poor man's mail consists of requests for money that he owes; the rich man's for money that he doesn't owe.—Lippincott's.

A Good Imitation.

Maggie Lady Bug—"I hear you were on a regular foot last night!" Willie Lov. Bug—"Yes, I was. I slept in a garage on a motor horn."

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX. A RACE INTO THE NORTH.

HE went to the dogs, stirring them up with the cracking of his whip, and when Howland turned to look back he saw a bright flare of light where the other sledge had stopped. A man's voice came from the farther gloom, calling to Croisset in French.

"He tells me I am to take you on alone," said Croisset after he had replied to the words spoken in a patois which Howland could not understand.

"They will join us again very soon." "They!" exclaimed Howland. "How many will it take to kill me, my dear Croisset?"

"The half breed smiled down into his face again. "You may thank the blessed Virgin that they are with us," he replied softly. "If you have any hope outside of Heaven, m'seur, it is on that sledge behind."

As he went again to the dogs, straightening the leader in his traces, Howland stared back at the fire lit up in the forest gloom. He could see a man adding fuel to the blaze and beyond him, shrouded in the deep shadows of the trees, an indistinct tangle of dogs and sledges. As he strained his eyes to discover more there was a movement beyond the figure over the fire, and the young engineer's heart leaped with a sudden thrill. Croisset's voice sounded in a shrill shout behind him, and at that warning cry in French the second figure sprang back into the gloom. But Howland had recognized it, and the chilled blood in his veins leaped into warm life again at the knowledge that it was Meleese who was trailing behind them on the second sledge.

"When you yell like that give me a little warning if you please, Jean," he said, speaking as coolly as though he had not recognized the figure that had come for an instant into the firelight. "It is enough to startle the life out of one."

"It is our way of saying goodby, m'seur," replied Croisset, with a fierce snap of his whip. "Hoo-la, get along there!" he cried to the dogs, and in half a dozen breaths the fire was lost to view.

Dawn comes at about 8 o'clock in the northern midwinter. Beyond the fiftieth degree the first ruddy haze of the sun begins to warm the southeastern skies at 9, and its glow had already risen above the forests before Croisset stopped his team again. For two hours he had not spoken a word to his prisoner, and after several unavailing efforts to break the other's taciturnity Howland lapsed into a silence of his own. When he had brought his tired dogs to a halt Croisset spoke for the first time.

"We are going to camp here for a few hours," he explained. "If you will pledge me your word of honor that you will make no attempt to escape I will give you the use of your legs until after breakfast, m'seur. What do you say?"

"Have you a Bible, Croisset?" "No, m'seur, but I have the cross of our Virgin, given to me by the missionary at York factory."

"Then I will swear by it. I will swear by all the crosses and all the Bibles in the world that I will make no effort to escape. I am paralyzed, Croisset. I couldn't run for a week."

Croisset was searching in his pockets. "Mon Dieu," he cried excitedly, "I have lost it! Ah, come to think, m'seur, I gave the cross to my Mariane before I went into the south. But I will take your word."

"And who is Mariane, Jean? Will she also be in at the 'kill'?"

"Mariane is my wife, m'seur. Ah, ma belle Mariane, ma cheri, the daughter of an Indian princess and the granddaughter of a chef de bataillon, m'seur! Could there be better than that? And she is be-e-autiful, m'seur, with hair like the top side of a raven's wing with the sun shining on it, and—"

"You love her a great deal, Jean." "Next to the Virgin—and it may be a little better."

Croisset had severed the rope about the engineer's legs, and as he raised his glowing eyes Howland reached out and put both hands on his shoulders.

"And in just that way I love Meleese," he said softly. "Jean, won't you be my friend? I don't want to escape. I'm not a coward. Won't you think of what your Mariane might do and be a friend to me? You would die for Mariane if it were necessary. And I would die for the girl back on that sledge."

He had staggered to his feet and leaned into the forests through which they had come.

"I saw her in the firelight, Jean. Why is she following us? Why do they want to kill me? If you would only give me a chance to prove that it is all a mistake—that I—"

Croisset reached out and took his hand.

"M'seur, I would like to help you," he interrupted. "I liked you that night we came in together from the fight on trail. I have liked you since. And if I was in their place, I would love you even though I like you. It is



a great duty to kill you. They did not do wrong when they tied you to the coyote. They did not do wrong when they tried to kill you on the trail. But I have taken a solemn oath to tell you nothing, nothing beyond this—that so long as you are with me and that sledge is behind us your life is not in danger. I will tell you nothing more. Are you hungry, m'seur?"

"Starved!" said Howland. He stumbled a few steps out into the snow, the numbness in his limbs forcing him to catch at trees and saplings to save himself from falling. He was astonished at Croisset's words and more confused than ever at the half breed's assurance that his life was no longer in immediate peril. To him this meant that Meleese had not only warned him, but was now playing an active part in preserving his life, and this conclusion added to his perplexity.

Who was this girl who a few hours before had deliberately lured him among his enemies and who was now fighting to save him? The question held a deeper significance for him than when he had asked himself this same thing at Prince Albert, and when Croisset called for him to return to the campfire and breakfast he touched once more the forbidden subject.

"Jean, I don't want to hurt your feelings," he said, seating himself on the sledge, "but I've got to get a few things out of my system. I believe this Meleese of yours is a bad woman."

Like a flash Croisset struck at the bait which Howland threw out to him. He leaned a little forward, a hand quivering on his knife, his eyes flashing fire. Involuntarily the engineer recoiled from that animal-like crouch, from the black rage which was growing each instant in the half breed's face. Yet Croisset spoke softly and without excitement, even while his shoulders and arms were twitching like a forest cat about to spring.

"M'seur, no one in the world must say that about my Mariane, and next to her they must not say it about Meleese. Up there," and he pointed still farther into the north, "I know of a hundred men between the Athabasca and the bay who would kill you for what you have said. And it is not for Jean Croisset to listen to it here. I will kill you unless you take it back!"

"God!" breathed Howland. He looked straight into Croisset's face. "I'm glad—it's so—Jean," he added slowly. "Don't you understand, man? I love her. I didn't mean what I said. I would kill for her, too, Jean. I said that to find out—what you would do."

Slowly Croisset relaxed, a faint smile curling his thin lips.

"If it was a joke, m'seur, it was a bad one."

"It wasn't a joke," cried Howland. "It was a serious effort to make you tell me something about Meleese. Listen, Jean. She told me back there that it was not wrong for me to love her, and when I lay bound and gagged in the snow she came to me and—"

and kissed me. I don't understand—"

Croisset interrupted him.

"Did she do that, m'seur?"

"I swear it."

"Then you are fortunate," smiled Jean softly, "for I will stake my hope in the blessed hereafter that she has

never done that to another man, m'seur. But it will never happen again."

"I believe that it will—unless you kill me."

"And I shall not hesitate to kill you if I think that it is likely to happen again. There are others who would kill you knowing that it has happened but once. But you must stop this talk, m'seur. If you persist I shall put the

rawhide over your mouth again."

"And if I object—fight?"

"You have given me your word of honor. Up here in the big snows the keeping of that word is our first law. If you break it I will kill you."

"Good Lord, but you're a cheerful companion," exclaimed Howland, laughing in spite of himself. "Do you know, Croisset, this whole situation has a good deal of humor as well as tragedy about it. I must be a most important cuss, whoever I am. Ask me who I am, Croisset."

"And who are you, m'seur?"

"I don't know, Jean. Fact, I don't. I used to think that I was a most ambitious young cub in a big engineering establishment down in Chicago. But I guess I was dreaming. Funny dream, wasn't it? Thought I came up here to build a road somewhere through these infernal—no, I mean these beautiful snows—but my mind must have been wandering again. Hello! Are you going to start so soon?"

"Right away, m'seur," said Croisset, who was stirring up the dogs. "Will you walk and run or ride?"

"Walk and run, with your permission."

"You have it, m'seur, but if you attempt to escape I must shoot you. Run on the right of the dogs, even with me. I will take this side."

Until Croisset stopped again in the middle of the afternoon Howland watched the backward trail for the appearance of the second sledge, but there was no sign of it. After their second meal the journey was resumed, and by referring occasionally to his compass Howland observed that the trail was swinging gradually to the eastward. Long before dusk exhaustion compelled him to ride once more on the sledge. Croisset seemed tireless, and under the early glow of the stars and the red moon he still led on the worn pack until at last it stopped on the summit of a mountainous ridge, with a vast plain stretching into the north as far as the eye could see through the white gloom. The half breed came back to where Howland was seated on the sledge.

"We are going but a little farther, m'seur," he said. "I must replace the rawhide over your mouth and the things about your wrists. I am sorry, but I will leave your legs free."

"Thanks," said Howland. "But really it is unnecessary, Croisset. I am properly subdued to the fact that fate is determined to play out this interesting game of ball with me, and, no longer knowing where I am, I promise you to do nothing more exciting than smoke my pipe if you will allow me to go along peacefully at your side."

Croisset hesitated.

"You will not attempt to escape and you will hold your tongue?" he asked.

"Yes."

Jean drew forth his revolver and deliberately cocked it.

"Bear in mind, m'seur, that I will kill you if you break your word. You may go ahead."

And he pointed down the side of the mountain.

THE RIDE

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CHAPTER X. THE HOUSE OF THE RED DEATH.

HALFWAY down the ridge a low word from Croisset stopped the engineer. Jean had toggled his team with a stout length of babesh on the mountain top, and he was looking back when Howland turned toward him. The sharp-edge of the part of the mountain from which they were descending stood out in a clear cut line against the sky, and on this edge the six dogs of the team sat squat on their haunches, silent and motionless, like strangely carved gargoyles placed there to guard the limitless plains below. Howland took his pipe from his mouth as he watched the staring interest of Croisset. From the man he looked up again at the dogs. There was something in their sphinxlike attitude, in the moveless reaching of their muzzles out into the wonderful starlit mystery of the still night, that filled him with an indefinable sense of awe. Then there came to his ears the sound that had stopped Croisset—a low, moaning whine which seemed to have neither beginning nor end, but which was borne in on his senses as though it were a part of the soft movement of the air he breathed—a note of infinite sadness, which held him startled and without movement, as it held Jean Croisset. And just as he thought that the thing had died away the wailing came again, rising higher and higher, until at last there rose over him a single long howl that chilled the blood to his very marrow. It was like the wolf howl of that first night he had looked on the wilderness, and yet unlike it. In the first it had been the cry of the savage, of hunger, of the unending desolation of life that had thrilled him. In this it was death. He stood shivering as Croisset came down to him, his thin face shining white in the starlight. There was no other sound save the excited beating of life in their own bodies when Jean spoke.

"M'seur, our dogs howl like that only when some one is dead or about to die," he whispered. "It was Woonga who gave the cry. He has lived for eleven years, and I have never known him to fall."

There was an uneasy gleam in his eyes.

"I must tie your hands, m'seur."

"But I have given you my word, Jean."

"Your hands, m'seur. There is already death below us in the plain, or it is to come very soon. I must tie your hands."

Howland thrust his wrists behind him, and about them Jean twisted a thong of babesh.

"I believe I understand," he spoke softly, listening again for the chilling wail from the mountain top. "You are afraid that I will kill you."

"It is a warning, m'seur. You might try. But I should probably kill you. As it is"—he shrugged his shoulders as he led the way down the ridge—"as it is, there is small chance of Jean Croisset answering the call."

"May those saints of yours preserve me, Jean, but this is all very cheerful!" granted Howland, half laughing in spite of himself. "Now that I'm tied up again, who the devil is there to die—but me?"

"That is a hard question, m'seur," replied the half breed, with grim seriousness. "Perhaps it is your turn. I half believe that it is."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when there came again the moaning howl from the top of the ridge.

"You're getting on my nerves, Jean—you and that accursed dog!"

"Silence, m'seur!"

Out of the grim loneliness at the foot of the mountain there loomed a shadow, which at first Howland took to be a huge mass of rock. A few steps farther and he saw that it was a building. Croisset gripped him firmly by the arm.

"Stay here," he commanded. "I will return soon."

For a quarter of an hour Howland waited. Twice in that interval the dog howled above him. He was glad when Croisset appeared out of the gloom.

"It is as I thought, m'seur. There is death down here. Come with me."

The shadow of the big building shrouded them as they approached. Howland could make out that it was built of massive logs and that there seemed to be neither door nor window on their side. And yet when Jean hesitated for an instant before a blotch of gloom that was deeper than the others he knew that they had come to an entrance.

Howland could feel the half breed's hand clutch him nervously by the arm as they went step by step into the black and silent mystery of the place. Soon there came a fumbling of Croisset's hand at a latch, and they passed through a second door. Then Jean struck a match.

Half a dozen steps away was a table and on the table a lamp. Croisset lighted it and with a quiet laugh faced the engineer. They were in a low, dungeon-like chamber without a window and with but the one door through which they had entered. The table, two chairs, a stove and a bunk built against one of the log walls were all that Howland could see. But it was not the barrenness of what he imagined was to be his new prison that held his eyes in staring inquiry on Croisset. It was the look in his companion's face, the yellow pallor of fear—a horror—that had taken possession of it. The half breed closed and bolted the door and then sat down beside the table, his thin face peering up through the sickly lamp glow at the engineer.

"M'seur, it would be hard for you to guess where you are."

Howland waited.

"If you had lived in this country long, m'seur, you would have heard of la Maison de Mort Rouge—the house of the Red Death, as you would call it. That is where we are—in the dungeon room. It is a Hudson Bay post, abandoned almost since I can remember. When I was a child the smallpox plague came this way and killed all the people. Nineteen years ago the red plague came again, and not one lived through it in this Poste de Mort Rouge. Since then it has been left to the weasels and the owls. It is shunned by every living soul between the Athabasca and the bay. That is why you are safe here."

"Ye gods!" breathed Howland. "Is there anything more, Croisset? Safe from what, man? Safe from what?"

"From those who wish to kill you, m'seur. You would not go into the south, so la belle Meleese has compelled you to go into the north. Comprenez vous? You would have died last night, m'seur, had it not been for Meleese. You escaped from the coyote, but you would not have escaped from the other. That is all I can tell you. But you will be safe here. Those who seek your life will soon believe that you are dead, and then we will let you go back. Is that not a kind fate for one who deserves to be cut into bits and fed to the ravens?"

"You will tell me nothing more, Jean?" the engineer asked.

"Nothing, except that while I would like to kill you I have sympathy for you. That perhaps is because I once lived in the south. For six years I was with the company in Montreal, where I went to school."

Then he unbolted and opened the door. Faintly there came to them, as if from a great distance, the wailing grief of Woonga, the dog.

"You said there was death here," whispered Howland, leaning close to his shoulder.

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50,000 NEEDED TO HARVEST WESTERN CANADA'S CROP
Will Take 160,000 Altogether to Take Care of Yield of Prairie Provinces.

One hundred and sixty-two thousand farm hands will be required this year to harvest the grain crops of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Of this number the local help will provide about 112,000, which will leave about 50,000 extra farm hands. There is, therefore, a great demand for this class of laborers in all parts of Western Canada. In order to meet the requirements it has been arranged to grant very low railway rates from all boundary points reached by Canadian railways. In order to secure these rates it will be necessary for you to call on one of the following authorized agents of the Canadian government: M. V. McInnes, 176 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan; C. A. Laurier, Marquette, Michigan; J. S. Crawford, Syracuse, N. Y.; Thos. Hetherington, Room 202, 73 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.; H. M. Williams, 413 Gardner Bldg., Toledo, Ohio; Geo. Aird, 216 Traction-Terminal Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana; C. J. Broughton, Room 412 Merchants' Loan & Trust Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Geo. A. Hall, 2nd Floor, 125 Second Street, Milwaukee, Wis.; E. T. Holmes, 315 Jackson Street, St. Paul, Minn.; Chas. Pilling, Clifford Block, Grand Forks, N. D.; J. M. MacLachlan, Box 197, Watertown, S. D.; W. V. Bennett, Room 4, Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.; W. H. Rogers, 125 West 9th Street, Kansas City, Mo.; Benj. Davies, Room 6, Dunn Block, Great Falls, Montana; J. B. Carboneau, Jr., 217 Main Street, Blufford, Me.; J. N. Grieve, Auditorium Building, Spokane, Wash.

This will give to intending harvest laborers a splendid opportunity to look over the magnificent wheat fields of Western Canada and will give them the best evidence that can be secured of the splendid character of that country from the farmer's standpoint. There will be at least 200,000,000 bushels of wheat harvested within the area of the three provinces above named this year and it is expected that the yield will run from 15 to 25 bushels per acre. Many farmers, this year, will net, as a result of their labors, as much as \$8 to \$10 per acre and many of them will deposit as profits as much as \$8,000 to \$10,000.

The wide publicity that has been given to the excellent crop that is being raised in central Alberta and southern Alberta, central Saskatchewan and southern Saskatchewan, and also in Manitoba, will increase the price of lands in these three provinces from \$3 to \$5 per acre and the man who was fortunate enough to secure lands at from \$12 to \$20 per acre will have reason for gratification that he exercised sufficient forethought to invest, while the man who was fortunate enough to secure a homestead of 160 acres free will also have a greater reason to feel pleased.

Notwithstanding the great addition to the acreage this year over last and the large crop that will be ready for harvest there is no reason to become alarmed that the harvest will not be reaped successfully. There will be a great demand for these low rates during the next couple of months; be sure to make your application to any of the agents above mentioned that may be in your territory at as early a date as possible. Harvesting will commence about the 25th of July and continue for five or six weeks, when threshing will begin and there will be plenty of work until November.

If a young man hasn't the cheek to kiss a pretty widow she may be willing to furnish it.

Libby's
Sliced Dried Beef
 Old Hickory Smoked
 Highest Quality
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 In sealed glass jars at your grocers
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FLY KILLER
 It was he who brought to a melodramatic close a controversy between Mr. Hepburn of Iowa and Mr. Cooper of Wisconsin which apparently was tending toward a tragic finale. Mr. Williams had left his seat on the Democratic side to mingle with the Republicans who had gathered about the traitor and the wrathful Wisconsinite.
 Mr. Hepburn was resenting the imputations that

WILLIAMS,
The Picturesque
 by EDWARD B. CLARK

WITHIN the last few years progression has been the text of presidential sermons and to a large degree the text of congressional speeches, for most of the members of both great political parties have declared fealty to the cause of advanced legislation, although it is perfectly true that a few of them have preferred reaction to progression as a text, and that some of these who have spoken on behalf of

one cause have been suspected of holding in their hearts a feeling of antagonism to the policies for which their lips were asking support.

It has been held that the proceedings of congress during the last eight years have been more interesting from a purely popular point of view than the proceedings of any other congress since the time prior to the great Civil war. During the Roosevelt and Taft administrations there has been an opportunity to watch from the press gallery the actions and the manners of men supposed to be representatives of the American type as it is known to the world.

Congressmen are intensely human creatures. At the outset of their congressional careers there is apt to be a sort of constraint about them, but this wears off and the proceedings in either hall of the capitol, although they have to do ordinarily with matters of great moment to the people, run along very much as do the proceedings in a town meeting into which partisanship, jealousies, human interests, selfishness and generosity and in fact the whole collection of human excellencies and human failings enter. The proceedings in congress and even the personal interchanges between the members have perhaps an interest which is above that pertaining to all other American deliberative bodies because congress in a way is the court of last legislative resort and there the laws are made and unmade and there is at stake the good of the masses.

A few of the men who have figured in the debates of the last few years have died, some of them have been promoted from one house to another and some of them have been demoted to private life, but their names are known to the people.

John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, who has just entered the senate of the United States, was during a part of the Roosevelt administration a house leader of the Democrats and, as some one has called him, the reprobator and adviser of the Republicans. Mr. Williams is a picturesque man.

It is perhaps needless to say that the Republicans never followed the gratuitous and gravely given advice of the Yazoo statesman, but they paid passing heed to it because, from their viewpoint, of the very sublimity of the impertinence of the thing. It was a good-natured impertinence, however, ironical in substance and in manner, and it added to the general gladness of the house debates.

Mr. Williams' position as adviser in chief for the party across the aisle reminded one of nothing so much as of the course of a certain great newspaper which for years excoriated Grover Cleveland editorially on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, while on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays it gave the same amount of space to the telling of Mr. Cleveland what he must do to save the country. Sunday was the one day of peace.

If Mr. Williams' name were not written in the record and if it did not appear in the directory and on the framework of his congressional desk, one-third of it speedily would be lost to sight and memory, for Democrats and Republicans and the Washington populace without the walls of the capitol hall him to his face and speak of him behind his back as John Sharp.

Had it not been for Mr. Williams one year congress would have adjourned before June was treading upon the heels of July. Some of the Republican chieftains in the house muttered things that savored suspiciously of imprecations at the course of the Mississippian, but each Republican chieftain knew in his heart that with the party majority reversed and with legislation circumstances similar, he would have acted as did the Democrat of the Yazoo district.

The statehood bill was in conference and there appeared to be no earthly chance that the conferees would make a report for weeks. The Republican members representing the house on the committee were holding out against the senate members in the hope of getting a concession on the matter of the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as one state. The Democrats of the house desired that the bill should stand as the senate passed it, and they did not approve of what they called "the tripping-out process," which they said was in working progress in the conference committee room.

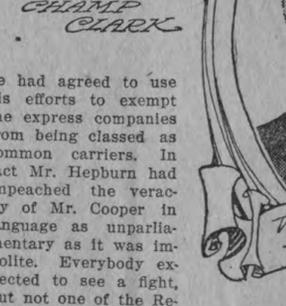
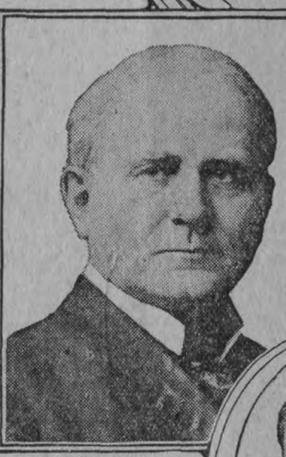
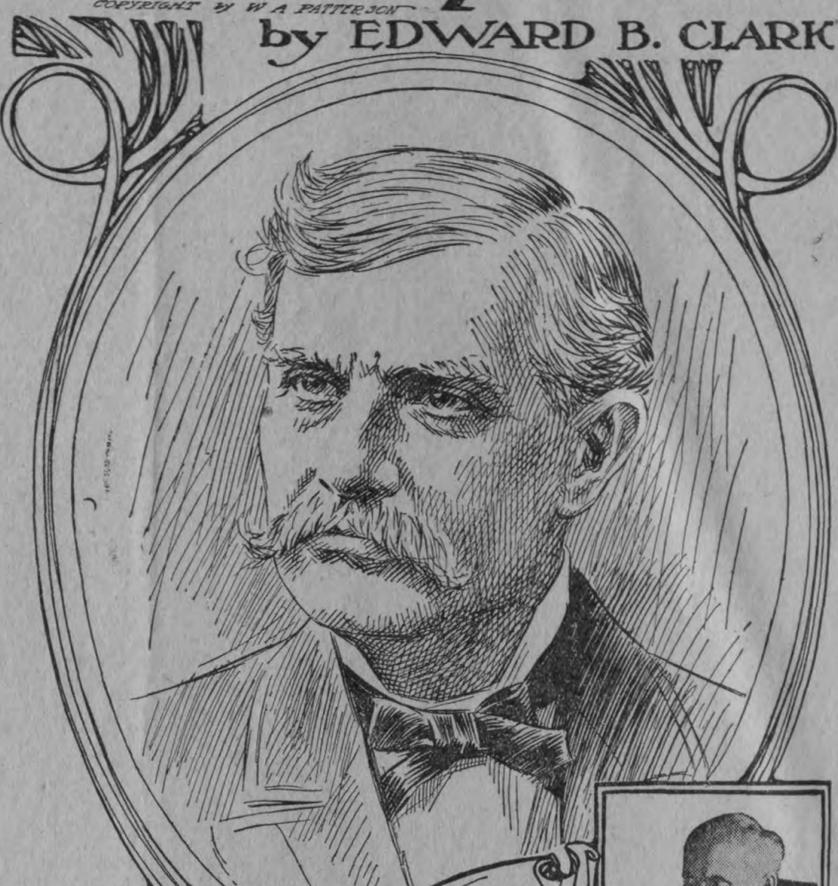
Democratic Leader Williams therefore, largely upon his own initiative, decided that he would try to force a report. As a result he raised the point of no quorum in the house upon every possible occasion, and this led to tedious and time-consuming roll calls. It was given out flatly that Mr. Williams would cease his obstructive tactics the instant the statehood report was made, but Speaker Cannon and those whose hearts and souls were in the statehood fight as a party matter preferred to lose the time and to listen to the dropping tones of the roll call clerk rather than to surrender.

Day after day Mr. Cannon would mount to his seat, would look over the chamber and noting the absence of a quorum would look anxiously in the direction of the Democratic leader. The relentless Williams would raise his point, and legislation would be blocked. One day when there was a pitifully small attendance the speaker counted a quorum.

"How did you make out?" queried Mr. Williams. "I counted in blocks of ten," said Mr. Cannon, and business went on, but the counting game, which was an improvement on the Indiana blocks of five system, was checked the next day by the alert Mississippian.

Leader Williams had an eye to the proprieties. It was he who brought to a melodramatic close a controversy between Mr. Hepburn of Iowa and Mr. Cooper of Wisconsin which apparently was tending toward a tragic finale. Mr. Williams had left his seat on the Democratic side to mingle with the Republicans who had gathered about the traitor and the wrathful Wisconsinite.

Mr. Hepburn was resenting the imputations that



he had agreed to use his efforts to exempt the express companies from being classed as common carriers. In fact Mr. Hepburn had impeached the veracity of Mr. Cooper in language as unparliamentary as it was impolitic. Everybody expected to see a fight, but not one of the Republicans in the surging party crowd said a word. The instant that the offensive words were spoken, John Sharp Williams turned like a flash to the speaker's desk and demanded attention. "The house has its privileges," he thundered; "its dignity has been outraged."

Mr. Hepburn sat down; likewise Mr. Cooper. The Republicans stole back to their seats. Mr. Williams crossed the aisle to the Democratic domain. A Republican family quarrel had been settled by an emissary of the enemy.

Speaker Cannon and Leader Williams, party enemies, had been personal friends for years. They called each other Joe and John and not infrequently they are seen walking through the corridor, each with an arm about the other's shoulder. Mr. Williams did not hesitate while upon the floor and holding the thought that the minority's rights had been invaded, to make a target of the speaker for such shafts as he could form and sharpen out of the material of words.

Mr. Williams has told Mr. Cannon many a time that as a speaker he was an abuser of power. Mr. Williams smiled approval when Mr. De Ar-

mond of Missouri in denouncing what he called "the miserably inadequate committee representation of the minority," shook his fist at the speaker and let loose from his tongue such expressions as "gross injustice" and "malicious unfairness." But this is all a part of the fire of politics and it doesn't seem even to scorch the bonds of friendship.

John Sharp Williams of Yazoo, Miss., now senator, makes his education tell in his speeches, and yet he manages it without committing the offense of pedantry. He is probably the "most-graduated" man in either house of congress. After going through several primary schools, the Mississippian completed a full course at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.; the University of Virginia, and the University of Heidelberg, Germany.

Leaving out of consideration the Republican leader, Senator Sereno E. Payne, and the Democratic leader, John Sharp Williams, there were probably more verbal duels between Champ Clark of Missouri and General Charles H. Grosvenor of Ohio, and between John Dalzell of Pennsylvania and any Democrat on the other side of the aisle who was willing to try issues with the somewhat waspish Pennsylvanian. Grosvenor and Clark were as good as retort as any other members of the house. They had encounter after encounter and it would be a difficult thing to decide which of the two came out of the frays the better. Grosvenor in his retorts was apt to be cutting, while Clark was more likely to be broadly humorous.

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 "I want to get insured."
 "Yes—fire or life?"
 "Both—I've got a wooden leg."

Heroes in a Lighthouse

The Paris Figaro prints a letter from a correspondent in Belle Ile, a little island south of the coast of Brittany, which relates the following story:

On April 18 last at 10:00 a. m. the lighthouse keeper of Kerdonis, on the southeast point of Belle Ile, a mile and a quarter from any habitation, became suddenly ill as he was cleaning the lamp. Thinking that it was only a passing ailment, he continued to work till midday, when he became so ill that he had to take to his bed. The only other persons in the lighthouse were his wife and four young children. Unable to leave her husband and four little children alone, the wife could not seek assistance.

The keeper grew worse. At 7:00 p. m. his death agony began. It was then time to light the lamp. The wife, leaving her children beside her dying husband, mounted into the tower to light the lamp of the lighthouse. When she came down her husband was breathing his last.

While she was weeping one of the children cried, "Mother, the lamp is not turning." The

newly made widow saw that the light did not revolve as it should and so was liable to be mistaken by passing ships for another light.

Once more she mounted into the tower to make the machinery work, but her efforts were useless. The machinery was out of order and she did not know how to fix it. Then she descended and sent the two oldest children up into the tower—one was ten and the other seven—and all that night, alone in the little lamp room, up at the top of the lighthouse, from 9:00 p. m. until seven the next morning, the two children kept the machinery in motion, while the mother below with the two smaller children, prepared the body of the father for burial.

The Figaro's correspondent, who is the tax collector of the district, adds: "I have still to pay the \$10.83 of the keeper's wages due from April 1 to April 18, the day of his death. The government has been asked for a grant for this courageous family, but when will it come? For the present they are without food and almost without a home to sleep in."

OTTUMWA WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Ottumwa, Iowa.—"For years I was almost a constant sufferer from female trouble in all its dreadful forms; shooting pains all over my body, sick headache, spinal weakness, dizziness, depression, and everything that was horrid. I tried many doctors in different parts of the United States, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than all the doctors. I feel it my duty to tell you these facts. My heart is full of gratitude to you for my cure."—Mrs. HARRIET E. WAMPLER, 524 S. Ransom Street, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Consider This Advice.
 No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous medicine, made only from roots and herbs, has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, confidential, and always helpful.

ABSORBINE
 will reduce inflamed, swollen joints, Bruises, Soft Hunches, Cure Hoarseness, Pull Ears, Quilted, Fistula or any unhealthy sore quickly; pleasant to use; does not blister under bandage or remove the hair, and you can work the horse, 25¢ per bottle delivered, Book 7, 25¢ Free. ABSORBINE is a liniment for mankind. Reduces Painful, Swollen Veins, Gout, Wens, Strains, Bruises, Stops Pain and Inflammation. Price \$1.00 per bottle at dealers or delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Manufactured only by W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

THE MARTYR.



Polly—So Mrs. Highmere's husband has developed bad habits. How did you hear about it?
 Dolly—Oh, Mrs. Highmere invited us all to an afternoon tea so she could tell us how she suffered in silence!

The Summer Toast.
 In all her business life the bit of work she is now completing has been most pleasant, says the free lance stenographer.

"I have been typewriting toasts on paper napkins," she said. "A society of club women who have planned to do a lot of outdoor entertaining this summer expect to use thousands of paper napkins, and I have had the job of typewriting a toast on each napkin. It is a pretty idea, and I tried to meet the charming sentiment of the ladies halfway by using a good non-copying ink, but in spite of that precaution I am afraid that many a guest will leave the lunch table with a purple ink smudge on her face."

A SPOON SHAKER.
 Straight From Coffeedom.

Coffee can marshal a good squadron of enemies and some very hard ones to overcome. A lady in Florida writes:

"I have always been very fond of good coffee, and for years drank it at least three times a day. At last, however, I found that it was injuring me. I became bilious, subject to frequent and violent headaches, and so very nervous, that I could not lift a spoon to my mouth without spilling a part of its contents.

"My heart got 'rickety' and beat so fast and so hard that I could scarcely breathe, while my skin got thick and dingy, with yellow blotches on my face, caused by the condition of my liver and blood.

"I made up my mind that all these afflictions came from the coffee, and I determined to experiment and see.

"So I quit coffee and got a package of Postum which furnished my hot morning beverage. After a little time I was rewarded by a complete restoration of my health in every respect.

"I do not suffer from biliousness any more, my headaches have disappeared, my nerves are as steady as could be desired, my heart beats regularly and my complexion has cleared up beautifully—the blotches have been wiped out and it is such a pleasure to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



The News' Comic Corner

BY THE OFFICE BOY

A GOOD BET



Mrs. Newpop—Mrs. Jones says that only one woman in a thousand is capable of bringing up children.
Mr. Newpop—I'll bet she thinks she is one of the ones.

GETTING READY



Colored Barber—Is yo' gwine to do cakewalk tonight?
Other Ducky—Suah. What do yo' think I got yo' to sharpen mah razor fo'?

Worth Cultivating.

The man who cultivates a cheerful disposition is likely to be rewarded with a pleasing crop.

HIS IDEA—"TIED"



She (who has just returned from the seaside hotel)—It was so very quiet. The only thing one could hear was the moaning of the tide.
He—How many dogs did the landlord have?

THE WAY OUT THERE



"She must be from Reno."
"What makes you think so?"
"I heard him ask her how long she had ever been single at one time."

OF COURSE



The Magistrate—You say you didn't know the pistol was loaded, yet the dealer who sold it to you says you did not pay for it.
Prisoner—What's that got to do with it?
The Magistrate—Well, if you didn't pay for it, then the dealer must have charged it for you.

THE DEALER WAS WISE



Purchaser—When you sold me this horse you said he was without faults. Now I find he's lame.
Horse Dealer—Well, lameness ain't a fault—it's an affliction.

A Gas Hint.
Sometimes the gas will burn unevenly—very low at one side and with a long, thin stream at the other. If the burner is examined when the gas is turned off particles of dust or other foreign matter will be found in it. Run a bit of carboard through the tip and the gas will burn more evenly.

Where They Disagreed.
Meyerbeer and Rossini, in spite of all their rivalries, were the warmest of friends. Rossini once said: "Meyerbeer and I can never agree." When some one in surprise asked why, he replied: "Meyerbeer likes sauerkraut better than he does macaroni."

The Dog and the Flea.
Dog fanciers realize the difficulty of separating the animals from the fleas which often inhabit them. Few of the older methods are entirely satisfactory, but a Chicago electrical man is authority for the statement that the use of the vacuum cleaner is most efficacious.

Dream of an Artist.
I mean by a picture, a beautiful, romantic dream of something that never was, never will be—in a light better than ever shone—in a land no one can define or remember, only desire—and the forms divinely beautiful—then I wake up with the waking of Byrnhild.
—Burne-Jones.

Similar.

The world is wide,
But what of that?
The same thing's true
Of Mabel's hat.

A NEW IDEA.

Actor—I can't imagine how D'Art manages to get such favorable notices from the dramatic critics.
Journalist—Perhaps he acts well.
Actor—I never thought of that.

The Young Batrachian.

Behold the little tadpole.
Who is always in the swim.
Ere long he'll be a bullfrog,
With exceeding length of limb.

Able Assistant.

"That's a fearfully profane parrot you have."
"Yes," replied the canalboat man, "but I've got to have some help in driving these mules."

Magic of Money.

"That fellow is a perfect boor."
"Go slow. He's worth a million or more."
"Is that so? Well, as I was saying, he's a man of marked individuality."

Crowded Paris.

Paris has 115 inhabitants to the acre, while London has only 51.

His Experience.

"Is it sharp to advertise?"
"I think so. I know it's dull if you don't."

True Artistic Work.

The artist worthy the name must express the total truth of nature; not merely the truth of its exterior, but also, and particularly that of its inner self. When a good sculptor models a human torso, it is not only the muscles that he represents, it is the life animating them—better than the life, the power that fashioned them and endowed them with grace or vigor or amorous charm or untamed fury.—Rodin.

No Chance About It.

"I'm awfully sorry it happened!" apologized the abject young man, after the stolen kiss. "Happened!" she exclaimed. "Happened! That is worse than the kiss! If you mean to say to me that you didn't have it in mind when you asked me to stroll away back here in this quiet corner of the conservatory, I shall be offended, after all."—Judge.

Decision Reversed.

The cook, who had held sway long enough to be established as family autocrat, was sent out to buy the Christmas turkey. She returned with two fine, plump chickens. "Why, Mary," her mistress remonstrated, "I told you to get a turkey, not chickens." "I know, mum," she answered, "but I don't like turkey."—Success Magazine.

Something Coming In



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