

TAFT DISCUSSES CAMPAIGN ISSUES

IN A NOTABLE INTERVIEW THE PRESIDENT TREATS OF THE TARIFF, TRUSTS, HIGH COST OF LIVING, WOMAN SUFFRAGE, RECALL OF JUDGES, IMMIGRATION AND GOV. WILSON.

PROTECTION RAISES WAGES

Thinks the Payne Law Has Enabled the American Worker to Meet the Cost of Living and Maintain His Family in Comfort—Every Able-bodied Man Willing to Work Has Work—City Hotels Thronged with Buyers and Farmers Never Better Off—Nothing Can Kill Prosperity But the Benumbing Glacier of Free Trade or a Wave of Anarchy.

President Taft, when in New York, September 24, gave a long interview to the newspapers in which he discussed fully the campaign issues.

This is the interview in part: "Mr. President, have you visited the 'Chamber of Horrors' in Union Square, where the burdens upon living under the high tariff are illustrated?"

"No, but a New York friend told me a little incident in regard to it worth remembering. According to the story told me, the exhibition includes a number of articles of clothing tagged with the prices, and an alleged statement of what the articles would cost with the tariff duties deducted. I understand that a number of establishments engaged in the manufacture of clothing are situated in the neighborhood, and a working man, evidently from one of those establishments, strolled at the noon hour into the exhibition. Looking about him he noticed a coat bearing a price tag, and indicating what the cost of the coat would be without a tariff duty. 'Why,' he remarked, 'that would bring the price of the coat lower than what I get for making one. At that rate where would I come in?' It is hardly necessary to say that he would not 'come in' at all, unless willing to work for one-half to one-fifth of his present pay for making a coat.

"The policy of the Republican party is not to shut out foreign manufactures, but to foster domestic manufactures and to keep the American workman employed.

"The tariff should be revised so far as may be necessary to keep prices from being exorbitant, so that, as I have explained in my speech of acceptance, the manufacturer shall secure only enough protection to pay the scale of high wages which obtains and ought to obtain in this country, and secure a reasonable profit from the business."

"What do you think, Mr. President, of the proposal of the third term party to incorporate the trusts through Federal incorporation and regulation?"

"It would create the most monstrous monopoly of power in the history of the world—a power as much greater, as much more autocratic, than that of a Caesar or a Napoleon, as the business interests of the twentieth century are greater, more dominant and far reaching than were those of two thousand or one hundred years ago.

"The Payne law has had no more to do with advancing the cost of living than the latest Atlantic cable tariff. On the contrary, it has enabled the American worker to meet the cost of living and maintain his family in comfort.

"Under the operation of that law prosperity has been gradually restored since the panic of 1907. Practically every able-bodied man who is willing to work has work, and in some of the large industrial centres, as well as in other parts of the country, the demand for labor far exceeds the supply. City hotels have been thronged with buyers from all sections of the Union, who report ready sales and empty shelves, and are eager purchasers of goods to replenish their stores. Farmers were never better off. Every legitimate industry is looking forward to still greater prosperity, provided the nation's progress shall not be halted by the benumbing glacier of free trade or the destructive lava stream of anarchy.

"I have not changed in the slightest my view as to the necessity of monetary reform, or of the great value and importance of the work done by the Monetary Commission, of which former Senator Aldrich was chairman.

"It is a reform necessary in the interest of all the people and must be carried through according to some practical and efficient plan that will remedy the gross inadequacy and marked imperfections of our banking and currency system.

"There has been no intervention in Nicaragua. Under conditions of anarchy, accompanied by acts of ruthless barbarity, American marines

were landed at the request and with the consent of the lawful Government of Nicaragua to assist in protecting the lives and property of Americans and other foreigners. There was no invasion, no levying war. Common humanity dictated the course that has been pursued."

"What is your attitude, Mr. President, on the woman suffrage question?"

"Suffrage for women is an issue to be decided by the States, and there can be no doubt whatever that whenever and wherever a majority of women impress upon their fathers, their husbands, sons, brothers and beaux that they want to vote they will get the right to vote."

"Do you regard the recall of judges, Mr. President, as an issue in this campaign?"

"I regard the maintenance of an independent judiciary as a supreme issue, and I thoroughly agree with the American Bar Association that the recall applied to judges would tend to deprive the public of judges of ability, character, high sense of duty and a due regard to enlightened public sentiment, and that such a judiciary is absolutely necessary to the existence of a constitutional democracy."

"What are your views, Mr. President, in regard to immigration?"

"There are both room and opportunity in the United States for immigrants of wholesome physique, industrious habits and good moral character. I hope that when the Panama Canal is opened the tide of immigration from Europe will flow through to the Pacific States, which are very sparsely settled in view of their vast extent and magnificent natural resources."

"It is reported, Mr. President, that Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, has sent out circulars to labor unions attacking your administration as hostile to organized labor."

"I have not seen the circulars you mention, but if the statement is correct Mr. Gompers is as much in error as he was four years ago, when he proposed to deliver the whole labor vote to Mr. Bryan.

"I appreciate," added Mr. Taft, "Gov. Wilson's courteous and respectful personal attitude toward my office and toward me. As to his statement about my being misled by 'bad advisers,' I wish him and every one to understand that I have been and will continue to the end of my term President of the United States in all that the title implies, that I am responsible for every act of my administration and have no burden to shift on others."

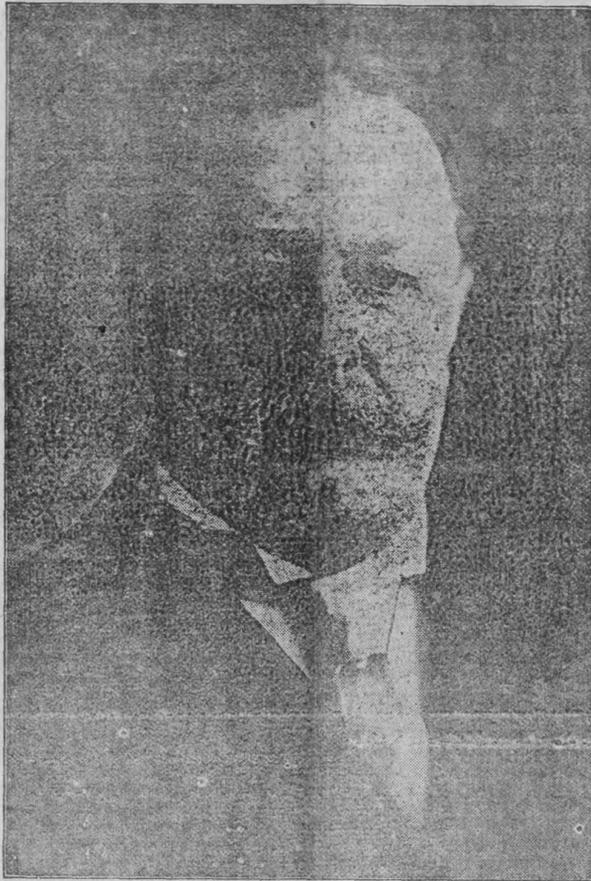
TAFT CONFIDENT OF RE-ELECTION

Convincing Indications That the Republican Party is Still Dominant

When President Taft was visiting his brother in New York a few days ago the newspaper reporters called upon him. After a pleasant chat the President made a formal statement of his views on the political situation:

"When I declared, a few weeks ago, that I felt reasonably sure of my own re-election in November, and the success of the Republican Party, I was regarded by some, as entirely over sanguine, and unaware of the situation. Today, however, after a number of indications that the Republican Party is still the dominant party, and that the expected growth of Democratic strength has failed to materialize, my early declaration is shown to be entitled to respect. The Republicans necessarily will have a reduced majority over 1908 because of the presence of three tickets in the field, but the Democratic party will suffer, also. The combined strength of the Third Term party will not be enough to change the ultimate result.

"Five or six weeks ago it was asserted generally that the Republican Party would secure the vote of the Solid East, including all of the New England States, with the exception of Maine and Vermont that the Democratic Party would maintain its hold on the Solid South, and that the Third Term party would secure the Solid West, leaving only the Middle West as debatable ground. Today, with the election still one month away, the Republican Party finds itself with a strengthened hold on the Solid East, having routed the Third Term party in Vermont, and the Democratic Party in Maine. The Third Term leaders recently conceded that we would pick the State of Utah out of the Solid West, and, after conferring with Chairman Hilles and others recently in the West, there is every reason to believe that the Republican Party will carry Michigan, Washington, Idaho and Wyoming. Moreover, if the proper kind of a campaign is waged, we will carry Oregon, Kansas and Minnesota, where the Third Term strength has rapidly waned since the recent tour through that section by the party's



HARRIS & EWING WASHINGTON, D. C. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

candidate.

"I am not familiar with the developments in other Western States, although many good reports have come to me at Beverly concerning them, but even with the States already mentioned it can be seen that there is no longer a Solid West back of the new party, but, more nearly, a Solid West reunited in support of the Republican ticket. This strength, added to the indisputable hold on the Eastern States, constitutes, in itself, a sufficient strength to give success to the party.

"It is scarcely necessary for me to point to the necessity of re-establishing a Republican majority in the House of Representatives. If this is done, I feel confident that I will be able to have placed on the statute books the workmen's compensation law which I urged upon the last session, but which was sent to oblivion by the Democratic House. If the country will give the Republican Party a complete victory in its congressional, as well as its Presidential, ticket, a proper tariff revision will be speedily effected, with knowledge of the facts ascertained by a tariff commission, which will harm no one and remove its present defects."

Strindberg Not at Home.

In an appreciative article upon the late August Strindberg, which appears in Harper's weekly, James Huneker describes his interview with the Swedish writer. He traveled from New York in the hope of meeting him. It was a chilly night in June when his friends threw gravel at Strindberg's window and bawled at him. Presently a tremendous head on a tremendous pair of shoulders came into view. A volley of words, a verbal broadside, and the window crashed down again. "After the laughter had died away I innocently asked what he had said as he retired," writes this author. "He told you to go to h— and never bother him again," he was informed.

AN EYE ON THE MAIN CHANCE.

"And what, my dear boy," asked the minister, "do you intend to do when you grow up?"

"A farmer, sir."

"Very good indeed—to supply the natural food—most good."

"And you?" turning to the second.

"Please, sir, a schoolmaster."

"Even better. Filling the mind of the rising generation with mental food—yes, even better."

"And you?" turning to the third.

"A preacher, sir."

"The best of all, my dear little boy; for filling the soul with spiritual food is far worthier than either filling the mind or body. And why do you wish to become a minister?"

"'Cos we always have duck for dinner when the parson comes," replied the boy.

A Pretext.

"Yes," said the determined looking woman; "I might manage to hand you a bite to eat if you'll saw and chop a good pile of stove wood and bring in a few buckets of water and chop the weeds out of the garden and fix up the fence."

"Lady," replied Meandering Mike, "I'm only a hungry wayfarer; I ain't yer husband."

THOUGHT TOO MUCH.



Tompkins—Your wife seems to be a very thoughtful woman.
Thompson—She is. She thinks all kinds of things if I happen to be out late.

Took Too Much.

A very doleful case, alas—
He hoped to 'scape from pain
And so he took some laughing gas,
But never smiled again.

How Is This?

"Didn't you get the place?"
"Seems the lady was a suffragist and wanted a maid to look after her children."
"You have had plenty of experience along those lines."
"Yes; I thought I'd cinch the job. Told her I was a suffragist, too."
"And then?"
"Then she wouldn't hire me."

Deduction.

"I wonder what the slender young woman works at?" says the man with the vibrant ears.
"She must be a school teacher," answered the man with the deep set eyes. "I overheard her say that she tans very quickly."—Judge's Library.

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Cruel Insinuation.
"Henry went to get a marriage license, but got a dog license by mistake."

"Oh, he'll find it wasn't such a bad mistake when he starts to lead the married man's life."

A New Industry.

"Now that so many automobiles are passing your house," said the visitor, "I should think you would keep your hens shut up."

"What!" said the farmer. "And cut off my greatest income?"—Judge's Library.

SUNBURNED.



She—Oh! Belle's a shirt waist girl.
He—But she wears a coat of tan.

Not He.

Who thinks the world all right
When fish begin to bite,
Will never vex his heart
About the money mart.

The First.

A little boy who was evidently attending Sunday school for the first time, listened with much interest to the questions that were asked by the teacher and answered by the pupils. Finally he was asked:

"Who were the first man and woman?"

"Punch and Judy," he confidently replied.

Bitterness in an Epitaph.

Mason and Dixon's line is fast becoming a memory, but here and there are to be found evidences of the once bitter hatred which prevailed in the days of the Civil war.

George W. Kerdoiff, who before entering the insurance business spent much time in the south, tells this story of an epitaph rudely carved on a block of sandstone yet to be seen in a Louisiana parish:

When the slogan of the south was "On to Washington," and the youth of the Confederacy had shouldered their muskets for the front, leaving only the older folks and women and children at home, a band of Union soldiers came into Louisiana. Sighting the enemy, the aged men, assisted by the women, gathered together their scant supply of firearms and planned resistance. As the Federal forces came up a narrow lane, the southerners opened fire with such deadly effect that the invaders retreated, leaving one of their number dead upon the field of battle.

The victors buried the fallen foe, and over his grave, to this day, one may read the roughly chiseled epitaph: "The Yankee bands with bloody hands came southward to divide our lands. This lonely and deserted spot is all this—old Yankee got."—Kansas City Journal.

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ROOSEVELT N.

How fashion doth make fools of us all.

There is no proper season for planting dynamite.

Pumpkin pie begins to draw upon the culinary horizon.

What effect would synthetic rubber have on the chewing gum industry?

If the women reformed their clothes the modistes would lose a lot of money.

Boys were playing Indians and bandits long before the advent of the movies.

Nicaragua is no longer than an American state, but it is fuller of bananas.

New Jersey holds the chivalry championship. There women are girls until they are forty.

No man can tell how a marriage will turn out, but any woman can—and usually does.

If the Astor baby had his way he probably would trade his \$3,000,000 for an all-day sucker.

There are four dozen wild buffalo in Yellowstone park. We suppose the tourists make them wild.

Every woman hates to see her little son go to school or her daughter married for the first time.

Red apples may produce red cheeks, as a fruit grower says, but green apples make a little boy blue.

There is a shortage in the cranberry crop, but thus far no shortage in the turkey crop has been reported.

Explorers in New Mexico recently have found a prehistoric flat, but even the janitor had become extinct.

That electricity can cure hunger has been demonstrated by many a man who has mingled with a live wire.

Once upon a time a man thought he knew a mushroom from a toadstool. A large family survived him.

Eating lunch every day in ten minutes is another form of speed mania that is responsible for many deaths.

That St. Paul woman who wrote a novel with her toes certainly handled the subject with a good understanding.

Some men are born liars, some have to lie for a living, and some lie because their wives are too inquisitive.

When there are so many great men and women in the country it makes us few common people feel awfully lonely.

Some women pay more attention to their dogs than they do to their husbands, but then maybe the dogs growl less.

A woman in Washington was married eleven years and never told it. This shatters another long-cherished tradition.

Another defective golf ball has broken into print by exploding, but as a rule it is the defective golfer who is explosive.

Food supplies are to go through the mails, and the cancellation of stamps on packages of eggs should be conducted gently.

The trouble will not be over until we find out whether the American or the National League champions are the better ball players.

Scientists claim they have discovered the germ of measles by experiments on apes. But measles is not a thing to monkey with.

A Pennsylvania man died at a ball game while rooting for the winning team. From a "fan's" view he died at the summit of earthly bliss.

The New York commissioner of police had his pocket picked. Under present conditions in that city this seems like adding insult to injury.

The picture of a juggernaut on a joy ride is indeed one to cause a temporary suspension of pedestrianism on the highways and byways of the land.

A New York man recently died of old age at 26. He was probably one of those who sang: "Better twenty years of Broadway than a cycle of New Jersey."

The new \$100 bill is said to bear Alexander Hamilton's portrait, but we fear we shall have to take somebody's word for it.

Kaiser Wilhelm is afflicted with rheumatism, which hurts quite as badly in German, we are informed, as it does in English.

A Pennsylvania woman suing for divorce charged that she has had but two new dresses in twelve years. No stronger case of extreme cruelty was ever made out.

PARALLEL STORIES of FAMOUS CRIMES

By HENRY C. TERRY

THE CRIME WITH THE NEEDLE STILETTO.

THE man who follows thievery for a living," said Jack Pendergast, "often gets pretty hard shocks, but it does not do for him to take any notice of them. I read in some newspaper the argument of an old preacher, who ought to have lived in the days when they used to break a thief's body on the rack, that the thieves are the natural enemies of mankind and ought to be exterminated.

"Well, if thieves are the natural enemies of all the world, the other side of the argument must stand also, that the rest of mankind are the proper prey of thieves. With this notion in view, I say that it is a wonder that in every house which is visited by thieves there is not left a trail of blood. But actual experience and statistics will show that fewer murders are committed by thieves when engaged in their work, in proportion to their number, than are committed in the ranks of persons who go around with a label of honesty on their foreheads.

"Speaking of shocks that a fellow is liable to get in any business, recalls a remark made by old Jimmy Hope when he first started out as a crook in Philadelphia, to the effect that the bravest people on earth are the thieves who work in the night. Perhaps you never thought of it in that way, but just think for a moment. The common notion of a crook is that he goes about his work armed to the teeth and ready to shoot or stab at a moment's notice. To disprove this belief let us look for a moment into the mind of a thief who is about to enter a dwelling house in the night?

"First he must satisfy himself that no one is awake in the house. The first evidence of this is the absence of lights. Well, then, all the lights being out, the thief goes about his work as quietly as possible, but taking into consideration the fact that thievery, or, rather, burglary, is essentially a breaking into a place, it cannot be done without more or less noise.

"A thief knows that in nine houses out of ten there is some ready means of defense, usually a revolver or a gun, and if any one is disturbed, his entrance will be met with a shower of lead. He is liable to be killed, and thieves appreciate this better than any one else. He must face a secret and silent enemy. I have been in houses where the first intimation that we were discovered was the report of a firearm and the singing of the lead around our ears.

"It is only the foolish men who jump out of bed and strike a light when they hear an unusual sound in their houses. That puts them at a disadvantage, and the crook is apt to get in the first shot as a caution to his prey to keep out of sight. Not one thief in a hundred will shoot to kill, and, on the other hand, not one person in a hundred, in dealing with thieves, but what will shoot to kill every time. A crook has no right to complain of the vigorous defense set up by any man in his castle, but a shot in the air or fired out of the window will start a gang of crooks on the move just as quickly as if a thief's heart were taken as a target.

"Perhaps a thief's bravery is wasted in an unholy cause, but that does not alter the fact that only the bravest of men can be good thieves. The ordinary housebreaker takes his life in his hands every time he enters a house, and he is cautious about taking the lives of others, because he knows that murder done in the commission of a felony has no defense in a court of law.

"It's quite a bit ago since I was known as Black Jack, and was the leader of as tough a gang of rangers as ever flashed a bull's-eye. Every mother's son of them came out of the old Fourth ward, and from the time we were kids we were out for the dust and were the sworn enemies of the old Market Gang, which turned out such a desperate lot of crooks as Abe Coakley, Paddy Reynolds, Billy Porter and Long John Garvey. But our fights were our own fights, and not a man in either of the gangs was ever known to lay down information to the police. There were plenty of opportunities to do each other when it meant money and perhaps the saving of a term of five or ten years in Sing Sing.

"The Black Jacks made the best tour on Long Island ever known among thieves. We went from Fort Hamilton to Riverhead, up one side and down the other side of the island, with only the loss of two men, both of whom—Paddy Gillan and Shorty Farrell—were shot by a woman in Oyster Bay. During this trip we used a black sloop part of the time, but most of the traveling was done by horse and wagon, and it was usually the horses and wagons of farmers.

THE CRIMINAL Tells How He Planned the Deed and Sought to Close Every Avenue of Knowledge Leading to His Guilt. The Detective Shows How Futile These Efforts Were and How the Old Adage, Murder Will Out, "Always Holds Good."

(Copyright by F. L. Nelson)

It was a trip of pleasure, for the local police did not bother us at all. This was easily explained. It was on account of the lack of money. In no small place can you find the men who have control of the public money willing to spend anything to chase thieves, and, even when murder is committed, there is never a willingness to put up money to hunt for the assassin.

"When we got back from this trip we were in high spirits, and the Bowery was painted red from one end to the other with the deepest red, and every gambling house in the town got a bit of our coin. When we reached the end of our rope, Teddy McCormick came to me with a story that he got from a butler in Banker Rochot's home. They met in Bill Murray's gambling house on Broadway, and Teddy staked the butler who had lost his money in the game. The information that Teddy got was that Rochot carried a big bank roll in a safe in his house, which was in 65th street, near Madison avenue.

"I thought maybe it was a ghost story put up by the butler to give Teddy an idea that he was secure in his loon. But it was worth investigation, and I went to look the ground over with Reddy Ward and Bill Hendrick. "The house was a dead easy one to beat, and I saw from the outside that the safe was there. I learned that Rochot was a very heavy dealer in foreign securities. There was also a bit of a scandal connected with his methods of doing business, which gave a color to the story told by the butler. I decided to work the game, and fixed upon a Saturday night for the trick, which is the night that all honest folk sleep the soundest.

"We entered the house through the bathroom and reached the office, which was in the rear of the parlor, on the first floor. In the gang was Teddy McCormick, Reddy Mack, Bill Hendrick, Abe Moses and Billy Reilly. Mack and Reilly were to do the safe work, Moses was left outside and McCormick, Hendrick and myself were down to make a tour through the house to pick up anything that was lying around loose. It would not do to blow the safe, so the drag was used to force out the back of the strong box. This took about two hours.

"We got the stuff together, and started to leave the house. "Suddenly, without the slightest warning we were met by a shower of lead. Everybody jumped for himself. When we lined up on the outside Reilly was missing. I concluded that he had been shot. We hauled a big boodle, but a million would not pay for the loss of Reilly."

DETECTIVE REYNOLDS' TALE.

"It was rather strange," said Detective Reynolds, "that I should be given the robbery in the house of Banker Rochot to work up, inasmuch as I had something of an inkling into his method of doing business, through working up a case of alleged forgery against his son, Emil—which, by the way, was proved easily enough, but was ended by the old man putting up considerable money to square the business.

I imagined when the report of the robbery came in that it would prove to be an ordinary house-breaking job, but I soon found a condition of affairs which started my wits humming for all they were worth.

"I was aroused from my bed to turn out on the case shortly before daylight on a Sunday morning, and went uptown, not feeling any too well pleased. I found all of the Rochot family up and laboring under great excitement. They were not so much worried over the robbery as they were over the fact that there was a dead man in the house. He was found in the hallway of the basement.

"Rochot told me he had been working quite late, following a set of complicated books belonging to a mining company in which he was largely interested. When he retired for the night he was in a very restless state and could not sleep. He occupied a room on the top floor. While he was tossing in his bed he heard a peculiar noise. It sounded to him as if some one were scraping a piece of metal against a pipe. His idea was that the noise was in the street, and was made by some workmen who had been at work repairing a leak in the water main in 65th street, near his home. The sound annoyed him, but did not make him suspicious. It continued steadily, and he would, perhaps, not have known that the sound came from the turning of a ratchet drill into his safe by thieves for several hours if he had not heard the stairs leading to the second or third floor creak.

"He was startled, but did not make any outcry. He was a plucky old fellow at that. Instead of shouting to see if any member of his family, all of whom were sleeping on the two floors below him, was up, he got quietly out of bed to see who it was. In the dim light which came from a candle he could barely see the forms of two men, moving slowly in the hall toward the front room door. Their step was noiseless, and he saw them

disappear into the room occupied by his wife. He reasoned, from their movements, that they were thieves, bent upon stealing without awakening any one, and knew that his wife would not be aroused, for she was slightly deaf.

"Rochot came down from the top floor to his own room, where he had several revolvers. He took the largest one and then quietly aroused his son, who was a bit of a hunter and had two shotguns. It so happened that the son had a friend with him, which made it a shotgun for each of them. They crept down the stairs to the second floor, and in the hall they could hear the thieves talking in a whisper.

"The three men took a position where they could shoot without endangering their own lives. They had only a few minutes to wait when the crooks came through the hall, evidently with the intention of going out through the front door. One of them carried a candle. When they got in range the three men fired. The thieves replied with a couple of shots and made a dash for the basement. The Rochot party rushed to the windows to fire on the men when they left the house, but were a moment too late, as the men had turned the corner.

"My first business was to take a look at the dead crook. I knew many of them, but I had never seen him before. He was a sturdily built fellow above the average height, wore good clothes, and had a black mustache and dark, curly hair. Rochot claimed the credit of killing him, and said he was the man who carried the candle. I looked instinctively at the fellow's clothing, to see where he had been hit. I could not find any blood marks on his head or shirt near any vital part. I did not think this was strange at the time, and I went upstairs to look through the house for clues.

"A rope ladder had been left hanging from the roof of the back stoop. Some scratches on the paint showed that the thieves had forced the bathroom window after reaching the roof. This was only the sort of work that tip-top crooks deal in. The method of bursting the safe also indicated that there were some genuine bank operators in the gang. The drag, which is the most powerful tool used by burglars, had forced the back out of the safe as if it had been made by paper. The crooks were rewarded by getting \$90,000 in money, securities and jewelry. They had left nothing but the dead crook as a clue to their identity.

"His body was taken to the Morgue. Every detective in the city took a peep at him, but no one remembered having seen him before. This was explained later by the fact that he had just finished serving a twenty years' sentence, which meant, with "good time" twelve years and six months—in a Connecticut prison. The usual form of inquest was held upon the body.

"Then came a startling piece of information. Deputy Coroner Boldte, who made the examination of the body was unable to certify the cause of death. The police had reported that the thief had been shot, but there was no sign of a bullet or any other wound in any part of his body.

"No autopsy had been held, and one was immediately ordered. The organs were found to be in a perfectly healthy state. The only abnormal condition was a small clot of blood near the heart. The surgeons, after a long hunt to find where this came from, found a puncture in the heart so minute, that it could hardly be detected by the naked eye. Corresponding to this was an opening through the chest over the heart, so small that not a drop of blood had escaped from it. The hole that closed when the instrument which made it was withdrawn, and all the external evidence was a little red spot not much bigger than a pin point.

"Dr. Boldte's opinion was that the wound had been made by what is known as the needle stiletto, a weapon much used by the Camorra of Sicily. He had never seen one or heard of one being used in this country.

"Who killed the thief? "The mystery aroused public interest. A large crowd attended the inquest. Among the spectators was a woman. She sat in a secluded place and paid deep attention to the testimony. No one had claimed the dead man's body. I studied all the faces carefully. I saw this woman wipe a tear from her cheek when the jury brought in a verdict that the thief had been killed by an unknown person. I followed her from the coroner's office, and spoke to her when we got out of the crowd.

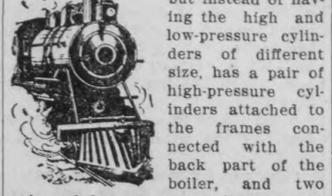
"I asked her what interest she had in the dead man. She parried my questions for a while and wept. I worked upon her sympathies so well that she finally admitted that the man was Billy Reilly, her husband.

"The ice was broken. She said that when Reilly was in jail she had taken up with Bill Hendricks, an English crook. When Reilly's term was ended she deserted Hendricks and returned to her husband. This made Hendricks insanely jealous.

GIVES HIGHER POWER SEE END OF BIG TERMINALS

TRIPLEX COMPOUND LOCOMOTIVE IS SOMETHING NEW.

Difference in Arrangement of Cylinders the Secret of the Improvement—Details That Engineers Thoroughly Understand.



The design of a locomotive, which is practically an ordinary Mallet with working tender, but instead of having the high and low-pressure cylinders of different size, has a pair of high-pressure cylinders attached to the frames connected with the back part of the boiler, and two pairs of low-pressure cylinders, one in front and one at the rear of the tender, all the cylinders being the same size, is new. With this arrangement a compounding ratio of two to one is obtained, and it is found that, with but a slight increase in the weight and cost, and without any increase in length, about fifty per cent. more tractive effort is obtained, the working tender being so arranged that, with only 25 per cent. of fuel and water remaining, there will be sufficient weight to give full adhesion. The weight of such a tender with a 25-per-cent. load would be over 100,000 pounds.

The horizontal pipe with a ball joint in the cylinder saddle, which takes the exhaust from the high-pressure cylinders, has, according to the Railway Gazette, given practically no trouble in Mallets now in service, and this is simply duplicated in the rear of the new design by making a pocket with a ball joint in the footplate and taking the exhaust steam from the high-pressure cylinders back to this footplate, as well as forward to the front cylinders. The object of placing the cylinders on the tender at the rear, is to make the swivel pipe, which has the ball joint in the footplate and which corresponds to the receiver pipe, connecting the high and low-pressure cylinders at the front of the engine, of suitable length.—Popular Mechanics.

Character of Dickens.

A fine estimate of the character of literary achievements of Charles Dickens is given by Vladimir Nabokoff, a Russian admirer, in the London Dickensian. He notes that beyond his own work, Dickens took little interest in general literature. In his letters one meets with the same sparkling humor, the same joy of living, the same variety as in his novels, but one almost never feels that he is a professional literary man. One finds no trace of criticism. He seems to ignore everything done in literature outside and apart from himself. He was no bookish man. Life for him was more interesting than books. It was not the reading of books that influenced his work. No artistic theories are to be gained from a study of Dickens. He had no fixed literary dogmas. He established no school. He had no successors. "He was not didactic," says Nabokoff, "but moral lessons flow naturally from his writings as they flow from life itself."

Railophone Test Is Successful.

The "railophone," an invention for communicating with moving trains, has been given a practical demonstration in England. Several tests were made, and among the feats accomplished were the stopping of a train that had been allowed to run past a danger signal and the transmission of a message and its reply between a station and a train. Briefly, the system comprises an insulated wire laid alongside the track and connecting to apparatus at signal cabins and stations, and of a pair of coils wound on frames around the railroad cars, one for sending and the other for receiving. The system operates by induction, and an essential feature is a relay which can only be operated by the periodic impulses which convey the signals and is not affected by the nonperiodic vibrations caused by the movement of the train.

Three Miles a Minute.

Foremost among the countries constantly engaged in railroad improvement which has high speed for its object is Germany. Connecting Zossen and Marienfeld is a military railroad fourteen and one-half miles in length and as straight as a rule, and on this line the world's highest speed records have been made. The cars are about seventy-two feet long and weigh ninety tons each. Each car is fitted with four electric motors, two at each end, developing 1,000 horsepower in all. Day by day the speed was increased until the velocity of 130 miles per hour was reached. It was the opinion of conservative engineers that 150 miles per hour could be had. Less conservative engineers placed the limit at 200 miles per hour.

Didn't Include All Classes.

An evangelist at Emporia last Sunday contended that it is entirely possible for a railroad man to be a Christian. He was addressing the men who operate trains, engineers, conductors, brakemen, etc. He did not commit himself to the question as it applies to the station agents who tell you that the train is on time or to the officials who are compelled to insure the loss involved in operating allroads for the benefit of legislative committees. And, of course, he was non-committal as to railroad lawyers. —Kansas City Star.

New Arrangement Seems Likely to Do Away With Present Costly Buildings.

It has been predicted that the two great railway passenger terminals in New York city will be the last of their kind to be built in the United States and it is entirely possible that this is true.

The plan of gathering large numbers of people from many points and delivering them in a confused mass all together at a point varying from a quarter of a mile to five miles from places where they desire to be is a crude survival from the time when cities were smaller and travelers much fewer in number.

In the modern city the railways bringing passengers from all parts of the country will necessarily be operated as portions of the local transport systems, so that the entire city will form the terminal and the train, passing around the underground railway, will permit individuals to descend at stations reasonably near to their personal destinations.

Such a service will so far outweigh any idea of the desire for imposing architectural terminal structures that it is already evident that the railway first providing such distribution of its passengers will materially outdistance its rivals.

Already in New York the co-operation of the Hudson tunnel system with the railroad is making the new terminal station obsolete, and is showing the way to provide for the real convenience of the traveling public. What the result would be if the entire subway system of the city formed the true terminal of all railways permitted to enter may well be considered before any more great stations are built.—Cassier's Magazine.

New Block Signal Idea.

Many of the suburban railway companies are installing a system of block signaling which makes use of electric lights exclusively and dispenses entirely with the semaphore. The system is economical and very effective by day or night. Metallic filament lamps are used, placed behind large red and green lenses, and the entire outfit is mounted in a sunbonnet-shaped hood to enable the lights to be seen by day. With only the light indications, no motor-driven mechanism is required. Experiments on the arrestiveness of these signals show that they can be seen plainly 1,500 feet on a bright day from a car moving at about 40 miles per hour. It is necessary to guard against phatom signals given by reflection from the headlight of the approaching car.

Fly Caused Much Trouble on Line.

One fly delayed a Houston & Texas Central passenger train the other day, caused the arrest of a Pullman porter, and the avowed intention of at least six passengers to sue the railroad company for damages. A southbound train found the Pullman car which it nightly picks up at Waco, Tex., locked up, the porter missing, and angry passengers "cussing" the company and everything in general. Investigation showed that the porter an hour before asked for a cup of coffee at a nearby restaurant, found a fly in it, started a row with the proprietor, and was locked up for disturbing the peace, leaving his car neglected.

Railroad Man in Hard Luck.

Extraordinary scenes marked the wedding of a local railway man at Hull, England, recently. The ceremony took place at King's hall, and about 500 persons, friends of the bridegroom, gathered outside the building, carrying bags of peas, confetti and rice. After the ceremony the bride and bridegroom became separated, and while the bride succeeded in reaching her home safely, the bridegroom was forced to retreat into the hall, getting considerably hustled on the way. When the couple became separated in the rush, the crowd thinking that the bridegroom was seeking to escape from the ceremony, mobbed him.

Railway Deaths Increase.

Railroad accidents and the resulting casualties were on the increase in the three months which ended March 31 last. The quarterly accident bulletin issued by the interstate commerce commission shows 2,383 persons were killed and 20,499 were injured. In train accidents 267 persons were killed and 4,785 were injured, an increase of 121 killed and 1,555 injured, as compared with the corresponding quarter of 1911. Of the 2,383 fatalities, 1,116 were suffered by trespassers, persons using railroad tracks as thoroughfares or those stealing rides on trains.

Hero Discoverer Retires.

George M. Campsey, reported about to retire after seven years as special agent of the Carnegie hero fund commission, has traveled nearly a million miles in that period, unearthing 115 genuine heroes out of over a thousand cases brought to his attention. Medals have been awarded accordingly. Campsey was the first man to be employed as a hero student.

New Method.

"You mean to tell me that you add insult to injury by fining people \$10 for getting mired in your rotten old roads?" demanded Winkletop, as the constable called for payment. "We sure do!" said the constable. "The chances air ye'll never come this way ag'in, and we gotta get what we kin out o' ye when ye do come"—Judge



SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algernon Jones, vice-president of the Metropolitan Oriental Rug company of New York, thirsting for romance, is in Cairo on a business trip.

CHAPTER II.

An Affable Rogue.

The carriage containing the gentleman with the reversible cuffs drew up at the side entrance. Instantly the Arab guides surged and eddied round him; but their clamor broke against a composure as effective as granite. The roar was almost directly succeeded by a low gurgle, as of little waves receding. The proposed victim had not spoken a word; to the Arabs it was not necessary; in some manner, subtle and indescribable, they recognized a brother. He carried a long, cylindrical bundle wrapped in heavy paper variously secured by windings of thick twine. His regard for this bundle was one of tender solicitude, for he tucked it under his arm, cumbersome though it was, and waved aside the carriage-porter, who was, however, permitted to carry in the kit-bag.

The manager appeared. When comes he not upon the scene? His quick, calculating eye was not wholly assured. The stranger's homespun was travel-worn and time-worn, and of a cut popular to the season gone the year before. No fat letter of credit here, was the not unreasonable conclusion reached by the manager. Still, with that caution acquired by years of experience, which had culminated in what is known as Swiss diplomacy, he brought into being the accustomed salutatory smile and inquired if the gentleman had written ahead for reservation, otherwise it would not be possible to accommodate him.

"I telegraphed," crisply. "The name, if you please?" "Ryenne; spelled R-y-a double-n e. Have you ever been in County Clare?" "No, sir." The manager added a question with the uplift of his eyebrows. "Well," was the enlightening answer, "you pronounce it as they do there."

The manager scanned the little slip of paper in his hand. "Ah, yes; we have reserved a room for you, sir. The French style rather confused me." This was not offered in irony, or sarcasm, or satire; mining in a Swiss brain for the saving grace of humor is about as remunerative as the extraction of gold from sea-water. Nevertheless, the Swiss has the talent of swiftly subtracting from a confusion of ideas one point of illumination: there was a quality to the stranger's tone that decided him favorably. It was the voice of a man in the habit of being obeyed; and in these days it was the power of money alone that obtained obedience to any man. Beyond this, the same nebulous cogitation that had subdued the Arabs outside acted likewise upon him. Here was a brother.

"Mail?" "I will see, sir." The manager summoned a porter. "Room 208."

The porter caught up the somewhat collapsed kit-bag, which had in all evidence received some rough usage in its time, and reached toward the roll. Mr. Ryenne interposed.

"I will see to that, my man," tersely.

"Yes, sir." "Where is your guest-list?" demanded Mr. Ryenne of the manager. "The head-porter's bureau, sir. I will see if you have any mail." The manager passed into his own bureau. It was rather difficult to tell whether this man was an American or an Englishman. His accent was western, but his manner was decidedly British. At any rate, that tone and carriage must be bastioned by good English sovereigns, or for once his judgment was at fault.

The porter dashed up-stairs. Mr. Ryenne, his bundle still snug under his arm, sauntered over to the head-porter's bureau and ran his glance up and down the columns of visiting-cards. Once he nodded with approval, and again he smiled, having discovered that which sent a ripple across his sleeping sense of amusement. Major Callahan, room 206; Fortune Chedsoye, 205; George P. A. Jones, 210.

"Hm! the Major smells of County Antrim and the finest whisky in all the isle. Fortune Chedsoye; that is a pleasing name; tinkling brooks, the waving green grasses in the meadows, the kine in the water, the fleeting shadows under the oaks; a pastoral, a bucolic name. To claim Fortune for mine own; a happy thought."

As he uttered these pious expressions aloud, in a voice low and not unpleasing, for all that it was bantering, the head-porter stared at him with mingling doubt and alarm; and as if to pronounce these emotious mutely for the benefit of the other, he permitted his eyes to open their widest.

"Tut, tut; that's all right, porter. I am cursed with the habit of speaking my inmost thoughts. Some persons are afflicted with insomnia; some fall asleep in church; I think orally. Beautiful habit, eh?"

The porter then understood that he was dealing not with a species of mild lunacy, but with that kind of light-hearted cynicism upon which the world (as porters know it) had set its approving seal. In brief, he smiled faintly; and if he had any pleasantness to pass in turn, the approach of the manager, now clothed metaphorically in deferentialism, relegated it to the limbo of things thought but left unsaid.

"Here is a letter for you, Mr. Ryenne. Have you any more luggage?" "No," Mr. Ryenne smiled. "Shall I pay for my room in advance?"

"Oh, no, sir!" Ten years ago the manager would have blushed at having been so misunderstood. "Your room is 208."

"Will you have a boy show me the way?" "I shall myself attend to that. If the room is not what you wish it may be exchanged."

"The room is the one I telegraphed for. I am superstitious to a degree. On three boats I have had fine state-rooms numbered 208. Twice the number of my hotel room has been the same. On the last voyage there were 208 passengers, and the captain had made 208 voyages on the Mediterranean."

"Quite a coincident." "Ah, if roulette could be played with such a certainty."

Mr. Ryenne sighed, hitched up his bundle, which, being heavy, was beginning to wear upon his arm, and signified to the manager to lead the way.

As they vanished round the corner to the lift, the head-porter studied the guest-list. He had looked over it a dozen times that day, but this was the first instance of his being really interested in it. As his chin was freshly shaven he had no stubble to stroke to excite his mental processes; so he fell back, as we say, upon the consulting ends of his abundant mustache. Curious; but all these persons were occupying or about to occupy adjacent rooms. There was truly nothing mysterious about it, save that the stranger had picked out these very names as a target for his banter. Fortune Chedsoye; it was rather an unusual name; but as she had arrived only an hour or so before, he could not distinctly recall her features. And then, there was that word bucolic. He mentally turned it over and over as physically he was wont to do with post-cards left in his care to mail. He could make nothing of the word, except that it smacked of the East Indian plague.

Here he was saved from further cerebral agony by a timely interruption. A man, who was not of bucolic persuasion either in dress or speech, urban from the tips of his bleached fingers to the bulb of his bibulous nose, leaned across the counter and asked if Mr. Horace Ryenne had yet arrived. Yes, he had just arrived; he



Ran His Glance Up and Down the Columns of Visiting Cards.

was even now on his way to his room. The urban gentleman nodded. Then, with a finger slim and well-trimmed, he trailed up and down the guest-list. "Ha! I see that you have the Duke of What-d'-ye-call from Germany here. I'll give you my card. Send it up to Mr. Ryenne. No hurry. I shall be in again after dinner."

He hustled off toward the door. He was puffy, well-fed, and decently dressed, the sort of a man who, when he moved in any direction, created the impression that he had an important engagement somewhere else or was

The Pet from Carpet Bagdad

by HAROLD MAC GRATH
Author of HEARTS AND MASKS,
The MAN ON THE BOX etc.
Illustrations by M. G. KETTNER
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paring minutes from time-tables. For a man in his business it was a clever expedient, deceiving all but those who knew him. He hesitated at the door, however, as if he had changed his mind in the twenty-odd paces it took to reach it. He stared for a long period at the elderly gentleman who was watching the feluccas on the river through the window. The white mustache and imperial stood out in crisp relief against the ruddy sunburn on his face. If he was aware of this scrutiny on the part of the puffy gentleman, he gave not the least sign. The revolving door spun round, sending a puff of outdoor air into the lounging-room. The elderly gentleman then smiled, and applied his thumb and forefinger to the waxen point of his imperial.

In the intervening time Mr. Ryenne entered his room, threw the bundle on the bed, sat down beside it, and read his letter. Shadows and lights moved across his face; frowns that hardened it, smiles that mellowed it. Women hold the trick of writing letters. Do they hate, their thoughts flash and burn from line to line. Do they love, 'tis lettered music. Do they conspire, the breadth of their imagination is without horizon. At best, man can indite only a polite business letter, his love-letters were adjudged long since a maudlin collection of loose sentences. In this letter Mr. Ryenne found the three parts of life.

"She's a good general; but hang these brimstone efforts of hers. She talks too much of heart. For my part, I prefer to regard it as a mere physical function, a pump, a motor, a power that gives action to the legs, either in coming or in going, more especially in going." He laughed. "Well, hers is the inspiration and hers is the law. And to think that she could plan all this on the spur of the moment, down to the minutest detail! It's a science!" He put the letter away, slid out his legs and glared at the dusty tips of his shoes. "The United Romance and Adventure Company, Ltd., of New York, London, and Paris. She has the greatest gift of all, the sense of humor."

He rose and opened his kit-bag doubtfully. He rummaged about in the depths and at last straightened up with a mild oath.

"Not a pair of cuffs in the whole outfit, not a shirt, not a collar. Oh, well, when a man has to leave Bagdad the way I did, over the back fence, so to speak, linen doesn't count."

He drew down his cuffs, detached and reversed them, he turned his folding collar wrong-side out, and used the under side of the foot-rug as a

shoe-polisher. It was the ingenious procedure of a man who was used to being out late nights, who made all things answer all purposes. This rapid and singularly careless toilet completed, he centered his concern upon the more vital matter of finances. He was close to the nadir: four sovereigns, a florin, and a collection of battered coppers that would have tickled the pulse of an amateur numismatist.

"No vintage to-night, my boy; no long, fat Havana, either. A bottle of stout and a few rags of plug-cut; that's the pace we'll travel this evening. The United Romance and Adventure Company is not listed at present. If it was, I'd sell a few shares on my own hook. The kind Lord knows that I've stock enough and to spare." He laughed again, but without the leaven of humor. "When the fool-killer snatches up the last fool, let rogues look to themselves; and fools are getting scarcer every day."

"Percival Algernon! O age of poets! I wonder, does he wear high collars and spats, or has she plumed him accurately? She is generally right. But a man changes some in seven years. I'm an authority when it comes to that. Look what's happened to me in seven years! First, Horace, we shall dine, then we'll smoke our pipe in the billiard-room, then we'll softly approach Percival Algernon and introduce him to Sinbad. This independent excursion to Bagdad was a stroke on my part; it will work into the general plan as smoothly as if it had been grooved for the part. Sinbad. I might just as well have assumed that name: Horace Sinbad, sounds well and looks well." He mused in silence, his hand gently rubbing his chin; for he did possess the trick of talking aloud, in a low monotone, a habit acquired during periods of loneliness, when the sound of his own voice had succeeded in steadying his tottering mind.

"What a woman, what a wife, she would have been to the right man! Odd thing, a man can do almost anything but direct his affections; they must be drawn. She was not for him; nay, not even on a desert isle. Doubtless he was a fool. In time she would have made him a rich man. Alack! It was always the one we pursued that we loved and never the one that pursued us."

"I'm afraid of her; and there you

Fortune Chedsoye." His blue eyes became less hard and his mouth less defiant. "I repeat, the heart should be nothing but a pump. Otherwise it gets in the way, becomes an obstruction, a bottomless pit. Will-power, that's the ticket. I can face a lion without an extra beat, I can face the various countenances of death without an additional flutter; and yet, here's a girl who, when I see her or think of her, sends the pulse soaring from seventy-seven up to eighty-four. Bad business; besides, it's so infernally unfashionable. It's hard work for a man to keep his balance 'twixt the devil and the deep, blue sea; Gioconda on one side and Fortune on the other. Gioconda throws open windows and doors at my approach; but Fortune locks and bars hers, nor knocks at mine. That's the way it always goes."

"If a man could only go back ten years and take a new start. Ass!" balled his fist at the reflection in the mirror. "Snivel and whine over the bed of your own making. You had your opportunity, but you listened to the popping of champagne-corks, the mutter of cards, the inane drivel of chorus-ladies. You had a decent college record, too. Bah! What a guileless fool you were! You ran on, didn't you, till you found your neck in the loop at the end of the rope? And perhaps that soft-footed, estimable brother of yours didn't yank it taut as a hangman's? You heard the codicil; into one ear and out the other. Even then you had your chance; patience for two short years, and a million. No, a thousand times no. You knew what you were about, empty-headed fool! And today, two pennies for a dead man's eyes."

He dropped his fist dejectedly. Where had the first step begun? And where would be the last? In some drab corner, possibly; drink, morphine, or starvation; he'd never have the courage to finish it with a bullet. He was terribly bitter. Everything worth while seemed to have slipped

from the glint of a polished shoulder; his was the essence of life he coveted. He smiled at the thought and the sure knowledge that he was not the only wolf in the fold. Ay, and who among these dainty Red Riding Hoods might be fooled by a vulpine grandmother? Truth, when a fellow winnowed it all down to a handful, there were only fools and rogues. If one was a fool, the rogue got you, and he in turn devoured himself.

He held his glass toward the table-lamp, moved it slowly to and fro under his nose, epicureanly; then he sipped the wine. Something like! It ran across his tongue and down his throat in tingling fire, nectarious; and he went half way to Olympus, to the feet of the gods. For weeks he had lived in the vilest haunts, in desperate straits, his life in his open hands; and now once more he had crawled from the depths to the outer crust of the world. It did not matter that he was destined to go down into the depths again; so long as the spark burned he was going to crawl back each time. Damnable luck! He could have lived like a prince. Twenty-four hundred, and all in two nights, a steady stream of gold into the pockets of men whom he could have cheated with consummate ease, and didn't. A fine wolf, whose predatory instincts were still riveted to that obsolete thing called conscience!

"Conscience? Rot! Let us for once be frank and write it down as caution, as fear of publicity, anything but the white guardian-angel of the immortality of the soul. Heap up the gold, Apollyon; heap it up, higher and higher, till not a squeak of that still small voice that once awoke the chap in the Old Testament can ever again be heard. Now, no more retrospection, Horace; no more analysis; the vital question simmers down to this: If Percival Algernon balks, how far will four sovereigns go?"

CHAPTER III.

The Holy Yhlordes.

George drank his burgundy perfur torily. Had it been astringent as the native wine of Corsica, he would not have noticed it. The little nerve that ran from his tongue to his brain had temporarily lost the power of communication. And all because of the girl across the way. He couldn't keep his eyes from wandering in her direction. She faced him diagonally. She ate but little, and when the elderly gentleman poured out for her a glass of sauterne, she motioned it aside, rested her chin upon her folded hands, and stared not at but through her vis-a-vis.

It was a lovely head, topped with coils of lustrous, light brown hair; an oval face, of white and rose and ivory tones; scarlet lips, a small, regular nose, and a chin the soft roundness of which hid the resolute lift to it. To these attributes of loveliness was added a perfect form, the long, flowing curves of youth, not the abrupt contours of maturity. George couldn't recollect when he had been so impressed by a face. From the moment she had stepped down from the carriage, his interest had been drawn, and had grown to such dimensions that when he entered the dining-room his glance immediately searched for her table. What luck in finding her across the way! He questioned if he had ever seen her before. There was something familiar; the delicate profile stirred some sleeping memory but did not wake it.

How to meet her, and when he did meet her, how to interest her? If she would only drop her handkerchief, her purse, something to give him an excuse, an opening. Ah, he was certain that this time the hydra-headed one should not overcome him. To gain her attention and to hold it, he would have faced a lion, a tiger, a wild elephant. To diagnose these symptoms might not be fair to George. "Love at first sight" reads well and sounds well, but we hoary-headed philosophers know that the phrase is only poetical license.

Once, and only once, she looked in his direction. It swept over him with the chill of a winter wind that he meant as much to her as a tree, a fence, a meadow, as seen from the window of a speeding railway train. But this observation, transient as it was, left with him the indelible impression that her eyes were the saddest he had ever seen. Why? Why should a young and beautiful girl have eyes like that? It could not mean physical weariness, else the face would in some way have expressed it. The elderly man appeared to do his best to animate her; he was kindly and courteous and by the gentle way he laughed at intervals was trying to bolster up the situation with a jest or two. The girl never so much as smiled, or shrugged her shoulders; she was as responsive to these overtures as marble would have been.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Uncle Pennywise Says:

Some of us can laugh when the joke is on us; but none of us believe in carrying that kind of a joke too far.



Everything Worth While Seemed to Have Slipped Through His Fingers.

are. There isn't a man living who has gone back of that Mona Lisa smile of hers. If she was the last woman and I was the last man, I don't say." He hunted for a cigarette, but failed to find one. "Almost at the bottom, boy; the winter of our discontent, and no sun of York to make it glorious. Twenty-four hundred at cards, and to lose it like a tyro! Wallace has taught me all he knows, but I'm a booby. Twenty-four hundred, firm's money. It's a failing of mine, the firm's money. But, damn it all, I can't cheat a man at cards; I'd rather cut his throat."

He found his pipe, and a careful search of the corners of his coat-pockets revealed a meager pipeful of tobacco. He picked out the little balls of wool, the ground-coffee, the cloves, and pushed the charge home into the crusted bowl of his briar.

"To the devil with economy! A pint of burgundy and a perfect if they hale us to jail for it. I'm dead tired. I've seen three corners in hell in the past two months. I'm going as far as four sovereigns will take me.

through his fingers, his pleasure-loving fingers.

"Come, come, Horace; buck up. Still the ruby kindles in the vine. No turning back now. We'll go on till we come bang! against the wall. There may be some good bouts between here and there. I wonder what Gioconda would say if she knew why I was so eager for this game?"

He went down to dinner, and they gave him a table in an obscure corner, as a subtle reminder that his style was passe. He didn't care; he was hungry and thirsty. He could see nearly every one, ever if only a few could see him. This was somewhat to his vantage. He endeavored to pick out Percival Algernon; but there were too many high collars, too many monocles. So he contented himself with a mild philosophical observance of the scene. The murmur of voices, rising as the wall of the violins sank, sinking as the wall rose; the tinkle of glass and china, the silver and linen, the pretty women in their rustling gowns, the delicate perfumes, the flash of an

WING ORNAMENTS



Wings, large and small (but mostly small), have been made for late summer and early fall millinery and the manufacturer has considered their mounting in nearly every case. The base of the wing is set in a little dish of feathers or a raised band or some other device that will adjust itself to the brim or crown of shapes. This is sewed to the hat and the wings spring from it at all sorts of odd angles and in many novel positions.

Among the prettiest wings are those that show two colors, one on the upper and a contrasting color on the under side. That is, the wing is lined with small feathers in a contrasting color. Most of these two-toned wings are large and used on long velvet turbans of white they form the only decoration and all that is needed.

Wide-brimmed shapes with small wings poised on the brim edge or crown suggest to the mind butterfly bedecked hats. Some of the wings are very like huge butterflies. The man-

ner of poisoning the wings in nearly every case suggests a bird or butterfly just ready for flight, a matter of personal arrangement.

Wings have come to stay for some time. As they are made now, they are for more durable than in past seasons. The feathers are sewed to a foundation, and considering the time and experience necessary to make them, it is a wonder they can be sold so cheaply.

Next to the wing for street hats, standing brushes promise to make the best impression. These are manufactured, also, with ornamental stem mountings of feathers. They may be sewed to the hat without the use of an ornament of any kind. Nevertheless small flat bows and other bows are often used with them. As the season advances other ornaments may increase in favor, for they are new and already well launched upon a revival.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

HANDSOME BLOUSE.



The drawing pictures a handsome blouse of sand-colored chiffon over taffeta in a slightly deeper shade. A cluster of small tucks on the shoulder contributes a slight fullness to the front and a vest of brown taffeta give an effective depth of tone to the color scheme. There are tiny revers of colored shadow lace. Turning back from either side of the vest opening is a length of brown lace edging. Worn with a handsome brown tailor-made, this waist would be most effective.

Length of Skirts.

Hems out! Several inches longer. Away with chopped ones. Two inches and two and a half is the proper height from the ground.

The shoe top will now go into retirement.

Skirts may be any wider. But they are longer—which helps some.

Some folks may drop their hammers now. Usually there is another up their sleeve for the next change of fashion.

Heigh-ho! but busybodies cannot be expected to neglect their jobs.

New Hats Artistic.

The grotesque, and in reality "bad" style of shape of hats worn in recent years seems to have given place to artistic developments. Most of them are modifications of a past period, we see the "Watteau" shape in different sizes, with wreaths of flowers and ribbons, or ribbon velvet streamers, which is such a sweet fashion for the girls. Large hats of the Gainsborough order are trimmed with one long feather. These feathers are quite as beautiful as the celebrated one worn by the duchess of Devonshire at the coronation of George IV.

ODD MATERIAL AND DESIGN

Gown of Moonlight Blue Satin Something of a Novelty in Sartorial Affairs.

A beautiful gown for a recent occasion was made in a shade of moonlight blue satin of the softest consistency, known as peau de suede. The gown opened over a petticoat of the mousseline de soie, while one side of the corsage was likewise of the filmy fabric relieved with trimmings of dull gold.

Another gown for the same occasion was in a supple and beautiful gold tissue shot with flageolet green. The front of the gown was draped with a spoon-shaped panel of flower patterned Brussels lace, veiled with a shadowy drapery of flageolet green tulle illusion, while the tissue was left uncovered at the back. The corsage itself was hidden under a soft fichu drapery of Brussels lace, showing a little gathered tucker of pure white chiffon, while over it was the same soft shadow veiling of green tulle illusion, the drapery entirely hiding the sleeves.

Lounge Pillow Cover.

New in lounge pillow covers is a square of huckaback toweling in natural linen shade. Its entire surface is decorated with a bold design in purple clematis done with coarse silk floss, the background being afterward filled in with pale green linen thread run in darning stitch. The back of the cover is of silk in a shade matching the clematis floss and the heavy cordage which finishes the seams of the four sides. Equally charming is a cover of white Irish linen. This is embroidered in a conventional lotus design with an Oriental mixture of colors in washable flosses and done in a long, heavy stitch. The back is of the plain Irish linen and its only trimming is the scalloped button-hole edging worked with dull red floss and matching the finish of the embroidered side of the cover.

Good Form in Dress.

Few women know how to put on their clothes. This sounds like a very startling statement, but let us stop and think over the matter quietly.

How frequently we see women with dainty, well-made and even well-cut clothes, and yet how few appreciate the beauty of the garment, and why? Because the blouse is not pulled down tightly at the waist line and fastened in place either by hooks and loops or safety pins. Then, too, the collar is probably not carefully boned so that it will fit the neck snugly. Each woman should study the shape of her own neck (not some one else's) and find just where the bones must be placed in order to make the collar fit well.

The KITCHEN CABINET



WE SOW the globe, we reap the corn, We build the house where we may rest; And then, at moments, suddenly, We look up to the great wide sky, Inquiring wherefore we were born— For earnest or for jest?

—E. B. Browning.

DAINTY DISH FROM LITTLE BITS.

When a large amount of bread has been sliced, do not allow it to dry out, but pack in a jar and cover with a cloth wrung quite dry out of hot water, then place a plate over them and the bread will keep fresh. Sandwiches may be made and served at luncheon or supper and are always a welcome addition to the meal.

If you have a bit of boiled frosting left, add a few nuts and chopped raisins and drop on wafers. Bake in a hot oven until brown. These are nice with a salad.

Fondant left from French candies will keep indefinitely if kept in a covered dish, and may be melted over water and used for cake icings.

A few tablespoonfuls of preserves may be used as a garnish for fruit salad, like pear or apple. Or it may be used as a filling for tarts, having more than one kind to use up odd bits.

A custard or chocolate ice cream may be used as a sauce for pudding if used within a short time.

Dainty pies may be made from left-over pie crust in the form of turnovers, of which children are very fond, or baked in gem pans and made like a grown-up upie.

Take your convalescing friend a baked apple prepared thus: Wash and wipe the apple but do not peel, scoop out the core with an apple corer, beginning at the blossom end but do not make a hole way through for the small well is to hold a bit of butter, a tablespoonful of sugar and a grating of nutmeg or a bit of lemon peel. Surround with water if the apples are not juicy, and bake until thoroughly tender. Apples that do not keep their shape during baking are not so attractive baked in this manner.

Left-over icing or fondant, when making candy, the scrapings of the bowls, can be used to stuff dates.



HERE is abundant evidence that all classes of vegetables and fruit may be held in a sound condition without the use of preservatives.

—Jordan.

SAVORY FISH.

Any fresh or salt codfish may be served in a chowder, making a very acceptable dish. If salt fish is used, soak and shred it, then add to the chowder the last few moments of its cooking. Fry a piece of salt pork cut in dice; a slice or two will be sufficient for a family of four or five. Fry a golden brown, add a sliced onion or two and a half dozen of sliced potatoes; just cover with water and cook until the vegetables are tender, then add the shredded fish (a half pound is sufficient), a quart of milk and half a dozen milk crackers which have been scalded in boiling water. Serve a cracker in each dish of soup.

Flaked Crab Meat Fricassee.—Cook one small green pepper, finely chopped, two small onions, four tablespoonfuls of butter slightly browned, one and a half cupfuls of crab meat, and cook five minutes. Add five tablespoonfuls of flour and when well mixed pour on a cup and a half of chicken stock. Season with two tablespoonfuls of orange juice, two of lemon juice, a half teaspoonful of paprika, salt and pepper to taste. Just before serving add a third of a cup of heavy cream and the yolks of two eggs diluted with two tablespoonfuls of cream.

Savory Fish.—Cut a two-inch cube of fat salt pork into dice and try out. To three tablespoonfuls of salt pork fat add the same amount of flour and stir until well blended; then add a cup and a half of milk; boil and add a cup of flaked halibut or haddock, three-fourths of a cup of potato cubes which have been cooked, then the pork cubes and the yolks of two eggs. Season to taste.

Oyster Fricassee.—To a cup of oysters, reserve the liquor, and heat boiling hot; add the oysters, and when plump remove, add enough cream to make a cupful, thicken with butter and flour blended, add an egg well beaten and pour all over well buttered toast. Sprinkle with finely chopped celery.

Nellie Maxwell

Siberian Land Threatened.

Extensive tracts of land in Siberia are threatened by the encroachment of the great Gobi desert, and a plan has now been drawn up for a series of forest ramparts to hold back the salt and drift. The only effective defense, according to the report of agronomists sent to survey the region is in tree belts at least two miles broad. It is proposed to plant one of these from Samara to the Caspian sea, while others are recommended extending in intervals of about 40 miles right up to the Chinese frontier.

AFFINITY PAIR ARE PLACED IN CHAINS

Wife of Another and Soul-Mate Led Through Jeering Lane in an Illinois Town.

Carrolton, Ill.—Handcuffed together, William Burley, a merchant, and Mrs. Walter Evans, another man's wife, with whom he eloped, were paraded through the main street here the other night, while crowds jeered them.

The line of march of the strange parade led from the railroad station to the Green county jail. Burley is 53 years old, the woman 27.

The captured elopers were chained to Sheriff Morrow, who had run them down after a chase through two states.

Like captives chained to a Roman chariot, the pair marched through a double file of men and women, their humiliation the greater because they were acquainted personally with all of the onlookers. The chase had been on ten days. Burley, a bachelor, had been a close friend of Evans, whose home he frequently visited. Evans did not suspect his friend.

Several weeks ago Evans sold a house in Carrolton. He received



Were Paraded Through the Main Street.

nearly \$500 and kept the money. Four days later Mrs. Evans and Burley disappeared. When Evans looked for his money he found it also was gone.

Sheriff Morrow learned that Mrs. Evans and Burley had been seen together at Grafton, Ill., and had crossed the river there in a skiff and landed on the Missouri shore. He learned also that Mrs. Evans' trunk had been sent to Jerseyville and went from there to Lynn, Mo., opposite Grafton. He took with him a warrant charging Burley with grand larceny. Evans had said that he was most anxious to recover his missing money.

Morrow found the couple in Lynn. He obtained requisition papers, then arrested the pair as they were returning to the hotel for a picnic.

After Mrs. Evans and Burley were placed in jail Evans visited his wife in her cell. After a short conference they hugged and kissed each other. Mrs. Evans was then released. Burley waived a preliminary hearing and was held under \$500 bond for the September grand jury.

HAS \$22,100; WALKS STREETS

Thought to Be Aged Miner From California—Too Helpless to Answer Questions.

Chicago.—After wandering helplessly around for hours, mystified and dazed by his surroundings, William H. Herndon, 73 years old, of Alameda, Cal., a human bank with \$22,000 in checks in his pockets, was taken in custody by the police the other day.

"Where am I?" he asked at the Park row railway station. "What is the name of this place?" He walked from one to another, weak and faltering.

Finally Policeman O'Connell, whose attention was called to him, asked the man where he was going. Herndon was too feeble to answer and looked ahead of him as if unmindful of any one's presence.

He was taken to the detention hospital, where his identity was learned through letters found in his pockets.

Besides the \$22,000 in checks, the miner had five bank books with him, which showed deposits of more than \$5,000. There also was more than \$100 in cash in his pockets.

Herndon seemed little concerned about the amount of money he was carrying with him, and when questioned by the police was unable either to understand what was said to him or too helpless to make an answer.

Dog Is Sentenced.

Chicago.—A tearful protest from neighborhood children whose affection he had won, saved "Jack" a fox terrier and his sentence of death for biting a small boy was commuted by Judge Williams to life behind a wire muzzle.

Gored to Death.

Ellettsville, N. Y.—The mangled body of Thomas Wheeler, fifty, farmer and veterinary was found in a pasture. He had been gored to death by a bull.

THOUGHT HE KNEW THE SIGNS

Aged Dorky Could See Nothing to His Passenger Except a Man Instituting Lodges.

Bob Hull, the champion story teller of Savannah, had occasion lately to take a business trip into interior Georgia. He took his golf clubs with him, intending to stop on his way for a match on the famous links at Augusta.

He dropped off the train at his business destination—a small town on a branch road—and carrying his luggage climbed into an ancient hack and bade the driver, who was an old negro man, take him to the local hotel.

The negro eyed the queer-looking yellow leather bag that his passenger carried with the peculiar looking sticks in it. His curiosity got the best of him finally.

"Boss," he began, "please, suh, 'scuse me—but mout' I ax you a question?"

"Go ahead and ask," said Mr. Hull. "What kind of a lodge is you institutin'?"—Saturday Evening Post.

WISE BOY.



Farmer—See here, boy, what yer doin' up that tree?

Boy—One of your years fell off the tree an' I'm tryin' to put it back.

Thoroughly Up-to-Date.

"Halloa!" Jellison cried, as he encountered his acquaintance, Barwood, in the street. "Thought you were getting married today. Postponed?"

"Altogether," said Barwood, firmly. "Not even engaged now, then?" pursued Jellison.

"No. The lady I was to have married was too modern—too up-to-date for me."

"Up-to-date!" The excuse astonished Jellison. "How on earth—"

"Wrote her last Monday, saying I was coming to see her on Wednesday. You see, although we'd been engaged for some time, I never formally proposed, and she seemed to want it. So I went on Wednesday—just to satisfy her whim, as I thought. Got there and found she had sold the rights of photographing me at the moment of proposing to a cinematograph company.

"That settled it!"—Tit-Bits.

Thoughtful Wife.

"Think I'll go to the ball game today."

"All right. Is there a telephone at the grounds?"

"There's one there. Why?"

"If the home team loses, I want you to telephone me, so that I can take the children and go over to mother's until you get your temper back."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The Anxious Seat.

Father—Johnny, go fetch me my slippers.

Johnny (nervously)—Do you want both of them or only one, dad?—Exchange.

Literal.

"My good woman, do you scrub with avidity?"

"No'm; with soap."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children cething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle. Adv.

Not every fortune hunter is a good shot.

ITCH Relieved in 30 Minutes. Woolford's Sanitary Lotion for all kinds of contagious itch. At Druggists. Adv.

It is easier to go broke in a hurry than it is to get rich quick.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

\$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 AND \$5.00

FOR MEN AND WOMEN Boys wear W. L. Douglas \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00 School Shoes, because one pair will positively outwear two pairs of ordinary shoes, same as the men's shoes.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more \$3.00, \$3.50 & \$4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS.

The workmanship which has made W. L. Douglas shoes famous the world over is maintained in every pair.

Ask your dealer to show you W. L. Douglas latest fashions for fall and winter wear, notice the short ramps which make the foot look smaller, points in a shoe particularly desired by young men. Also the conservative styles which have made W. L. Douglas shoes a household word everywhere.

If you could visit W. L. Douglas large factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are warranted to fit better, look better, hold their shape and wear longer than any other make for the price.

CAUTION.—To protect you against inferior shoes, W. L. Douglas stamps his name on the bottom. Look for the stamp. Beware of substitutes. W. L. Douglas shoes are sold in 750 stores and shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, they are within your reach. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to factory for catalog showing how to order by mail. Shoes sent everywhere, delivery charges prepaid. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

FREE ADVICE TO SICK WOMEN

Thousands Have Been Helped By Common Sense Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

Milk-crust all over tiny baby's face

Mothers, if your little ones are suffering from tormenting, unsightly skin or scalp eruptions, how can you fall to profit by the experience of this mother, who writes: "I do not know what caused the milk-crust on my baby's face, all over it except the eye-balls. It started as a rash, of an itching nature; though only three weeks old it tried to scratch it. Then in about a week or ten days it had formed into crust that was very sore, whitish, and came off in scabs. For about five weeks I used different washes, but it did no good. From the first application of the Resinol Soap and Ointment, in a few hours, surprisingly, we could see the change. I soon safely say I cured the baby with Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. Anyone who will try them will assure you results that are lasting." (Signed) Mrs. Luvena E. Ruffin, Cauthornville, Va., May 19, 1912.

Your druggist sells Resinol Soap (25c) and Ointment (50c), or mailed on receipt of price, Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md. They are invaluable household remedies for skin troubles, boils, sores, wounds, burns and piles.



Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

FINEST QUALITY LARGEST VARIETY They meet every requirement for cleaning and polishing shoes of all kinds and colors.



GILT EDGE, the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively cleans, brightens and polishes ladies' and children's boots and shoes, shines without rubbing, 25c. "French Gloss," the STAIN REMOVER for cleaning and brightening all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 10c. "Hardy" size 25c. BABY SHOE POLISH, for gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look A1. Restores color and lustre to all black shoes. Polish with a brush or cloth, 10 cents. "Gilt" size 25c. If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamps for a full size package, charges paid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO., 20-28 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass., The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.

OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Ulcerine cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, skin sores. By mail, 50c. Booklet free. J. P. ALLEN, Dept. A2, St. Paul, Minn.

WALTON E. COLEMAN, Washington, D.C. Books free. High class references. Best results.

DEFIANCE STARCH

never sticks to the iron.



USHERS IN NEW POLITICAL ERA

New Party to Rid State and Nation of Bosses.

SPIRIT OF 1776 REBORN.

Former Governor Tells Why Progressive Party Will Win and Why Old Style Politicians Can't Understand the Present Campaign.

By JOHN FRANKLIN FORT, Former Governor of New Jersey and Chairman of Progressive State Committee.

The Progressive movement is a people's movement, and for this reason the old politicians are unable to gauge it. Their methods of judgment are not applicable. They cannot understand it. This accounts for their inability to accurately forecast its strength. That it is growing every day is undoubted, and yet they stand off and pretend it is not gaining. Take New Jersey. I am in touch with conditions throughout the state, and the increase of the Roosevelt sentiment over what it was in the primaries last May is everywhere evident. Men are writing me daily saying they were not with us in the primary fight, but are now. The spirit is intense. The zeal of the Progressives seems to have no bounds. It is a crusade. The spirit of 1776 is here again. Men and women make it a personal matter. Everybody wants something to do. You can start a club in any town in the state in an hour. The strength of the movement is not in organization and it is of little concern whether there be any organization in a locality or not. The people feel that Roosevelt and Johnson stand for them and their well being, and they are for them, and no amount of talk can strengthen their faith or quench their zeal. The political conditions existing today have no counterpart in the history of political parties in this country. The people are fired with a patriotic purpose to win. They believe they see a chance to gain better political conditions and to improve their own condition by securing equal opportunity for all. No one can tell what the vote will be. It cannot be bought; it cannot be controlled. Thousands believe in the Progressive party who are saying nothing. They see in it a chance to rid the state and nation of machine politics and boss rule. They mean to do it if they can. It looks as if the election would be a landslide. New Jersey will surprise the leaders of both of the old parties. A new and better era is about to be ushered in. All hail its coming!

WHAT T. R. WILL DO.

Progressives Would Make Uncle Sam Model Employer.

The government itself should be the model employer. I favor laws and will urge them upon congress in its special session, if I am elected, to at once establish workmen's compensation among the federal employees, the minimum wage for whom these methods safeguard. All these reforms I would place in the government service, in the army, navy, postoffice, Panama canal service, everywhere.

In the next place, so far as the government's power extends over into the interstate commerce, I would put into rigid practice every principle the Progressives have enunciated.

In the city of Washington I would put a stop to what has been done under the commission—merely developing the boulevard system for the wealthy residents of the suburbs and the real estate speculators.

I would take care of those people who make up the bulk of the people of Washington. I would have playgrounds, parks and do away with every tenement house. Everything advocated by the Progressive platform for improving the condition of the people of the city I would urge in legislation before the special session of congress.

Instead of going to Germany for ideas of how to run a city, we could then turn to the District of Columbia. It would be our experimental laboratory in the social and industrial science through which we hope to build up this nation as a whole.—From Colonel Roosevelt's Speech at Tucson, Ariz.

Progressive Electors Named.

The Roosevelt and Johnson electors on the Progressive ticket in New Jersey will be as follows: Edward J. Brooks, East Orange. A. Crozier Reeves, Lawrenceville. Harvey F. Carr, Camden. Charles P. Farmer, Burlington. William Dinwiddie, Metuchen. Charles C. Kenyon, Somerville. Mahlon Morey, Elizabeth. William W. Taylor, Phillipsburg. Samuel V. S. Muzzy, Paterson. R. Arthur Heller, Newark. Edward T. Ward, Newark. Frederick E. Kip, Montclair. Dietrich Bahrenburg, Hoboken. George E. Cannon, Jersey City.

Brisbane a Bull Moose.

Arthur Brisbane, who writes the leading editorials in the Hearst newspapers and is known as one of the most independent, progressive and forceful writers in the journalistic world, is an enrolled member of the bull moose party.

WOMAN'S PART IN NEW PARTY FIGHT.

Representation Given Fair Sex in Bull Moose Organization.

New Jersey women are taking an active part in the bull moose campaign. The Progressive party's action in declaring for equal suffrage rights for all persons places it in the position of being the first important political party in the United States to make votes for women a national issue, and the suffrage movement has become practically united with the hopes of the new party.

A demand for a constitutional convention in which the state constitution should be amended to give women a vote, among other things, would be one of the first things done by the Progressives if they were in control of the New Jersey legislature.

With the organization of a state league in Newark recently hundreds of women from all parts of New Jersey are enrolling as volunteer workers in the bull moose ranks.

Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, whose speech in seconding the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt in the Progressive convention at Chicago, is regarded as one of the most stirring utterances of the campaign, is to speak in Newark at a monster mass meeting on Friday night, Oct. 11. Miss Addams, whose life has been devoted to bettering social conditions among the poor people of Chicago, is recognized as one of the ablest woman thinkers and writers on economic questions that have been known in the present generation.

A feature of the Progressive campaign in the state will be singing at the large meetings by Jane Addams' choruses of women, which are being organized.

Dr. Mary G. Cummings, a practicing physician of Paterson, is president of the Passaic County Progressive Woman's league, which has been in existence for less than two weeks and already has several hundred members.

Women of the Oranges have organized a Progressive Woman's league, with Miss Marion C. Smith of 434 William street, East Orange, the authoress and poet, as president and Miss Elinor Swasey as secretary. Miss Smith has written a stirring Progressive campaign song, copies of which will be sent free to all who write for them and send stamps for postage.

Mrs. Frank A. Pattison of Colonia was permanent chairman of the Middlesex county Progressive convention in New Brunswick and performed her duties so ably as to evoke surprised and favorable comment from the newspapers. Mrs. Patterson goes on record as the first woman to preside at a political party convention in New Jersey.

Women members sat with the Progressive state committee and took part in its proceedings at Newark Friday. The women members of the state body are Mrs. Everett Colby of West Orange, Mrs. J. Franklin Fort of East Orange, Miss Marion C. Smith of East Orange, Mrs. Joseph Marvell of Atlantic City, Mrs. Charles Feickert of Newark and Mrs. Frank A. Pattison of Colonia. Representation is being given to women on the working subcommittees of the Progressive county committees throughout the state.

The Progressive Platform.

It is pretty generally realized nowadays that it is better for the citizens to have monopoly control of such city utilities as telephone, gas, electric light, water and street cars rather than competition.

Two telephones on one desk are a great nuisance, two gas or electric companies tearing up one set of streets ditto. As a matter of fact, the competing public utility companies almost invariably merge before many years go by, which is pretty good proof that there is an economic law at work beneath the surface which compels them to consolidate.

The Democratic trust plank of 1912 is but a regurgitation of the Populist planks of 1892 and 1896, written in the flush of Mr. Bryan's boy orator days. He advocates now, as he did then, the "busting" of the trusts—the restoration of competition by force of law, which is impossible. In all the years the peerless leader has apparently learned nothing and forgotten nothing concerning the underlying causes of our industrial development. Mr. Bryan's heart was ever stronger than his head.

The trusts were not made by the genius of Rockefeller, Morgan or Carnegie, nor can they be unmade by the efforts of Wickersham, Bryan or Wilson. The trusts arose because in this great nation it is more economical to do certain kinds of business on a nation wide scale than in any other way. As long as this remains true the trusts will remain here.

The trusts cannot and should not be "busted," but they can and should be regulated by the nation as a whole for the nation as a whole.

The Republican plank on trusts is purposely vague, meaningless and futile.—Chicago Tribune.

Whiting on National Committee.

In order to be free to give his whole time for the remainder of the campaign to the duties of his position as chairman of the Progressive state committee former Governor John Franklin Fort has resigned as the New Jersey member of the Progressive national committee, and asked that Borden D. Whiting be chosen to act in his place until a new national committeeman is chosen by the voters of the party.

WILSON INDORSES PROGRESSIVE PARTY.

What the Democratic Nominee Has Said of the Bull Moose.

I used to meet men who shrugged their shoulders and said: "What difference does it make how we vote? Nothing ever results from our votes." I suppose you know the force that is behind the new party that has recently been formed, the so called Progressive party. It is a force of discontent with the regular parties of the United States. It is the feeling that men have gone into blind alleys and came out often enough and that they propose to find an open road for themselves.—Speech at Sea Girt Aug. 17, 1912.

It's an admirable ticket and an admirable platform. It will put us on our mettle.—Governor Wilson's Comment on the Nomination of Oscar S. Strauss For Governor by the New York Progressives Sept. 5, 1912.

A great many men and women of noble character, of most elevated purpose, have joined themselves to the new party because the platform adopted by the new party promises reforms that should have been carried out years ago. These high spirited men and women believed that the new party would eventually bring them out on a plane where they might eventually accomplish what they have long desired. I take off my hat to these people. I sympathize with their impulse. I have not a word of criticism for them for allying themselves with any honorable force which they think can accomplish the ends they desire.—Speech Before New York Press Club Sept. 9, 1912.

NEW PARTY—NOT FACTION.

Progressive Leaders Laugh at Stokes' Harmony Talk.

Leaders of the Progressive party in New Jersey declared with emphasis at the state committee meeting Sept. 27 that former Governor Stokes' hope of reuniting the old wings of the Republican party was hopeless.

Before the end of the present week, it was asserted, the Progressives would have nominated candidates for congress in every district and would have a complete assembly ticket in every county of the state.

"It is foolish to talk of our ever going back into the Republican party," said George L. Record of Hudson county. "As Progressives we have no relations with either the Republican or Democratic parties. We seek the defeat of them both in order that we may carry into effect the principles and policies of the Progressive party."

The New Alignment.

The nomination by the Progressive conventions in New Hampshire and Connecticut of Winston Churchill and Herbert Knox Smith for governor adds two strong leaders to the remarkable list of men put forward by the new party as their leading candidates.

Headed by Oscar Straus in New York, Charles S. Bird in Massachusetts and Fraser Metzger in Vermont, they form a compelling demonstration of the type of men who are leading the fight for Progressive principles the country over. Both Churchill and Smith have proved their aggressiveness in the fight against bossism and against the invisible government. Both have proved their character, capacity and force. They have fought before this to break the alliance of the machine with the interests in their separate states. The Progressive party, founded by the people as their own, finds these men leaders fitted by nature, principle and experience for their cause.

The definite organization, state by state, of the Progressives and the enunciation of principles find the new alignment of the voters proceeding swiftly. What is going on in New Hampshire is in large degree typical of the other states.

The picture was drawn strikingly in the speech of Governor Bass before the Concord convention. Said he:

"The reactionary machine is trying to regain control in order to advance personal ambitions and to further the interests of employers and masters. But an awakened public is demanding that it be allowed to make its own laws for the benefit of the people as a whole.

"We have the same old opposition with which we have always been confronted. But at last we have filed our declaration of independence.

"We no longer vote for a man at the polls just because he bears a party label. His claim for support must be based on his belief in and devotion to the Progressive cause. We are out in the open, working and battling shoulder to shoulder with those men who at heart believe as we believe."

New Hampshire and Connecticut alike should know from bitter experience that they can never have real popular government under the old machine system. They know what it means to break the vicious combination of corporation and practical politician. They know that this combination has always formed an obstacle to every motive for equal opportunity and social justice.

The Progressives in both states enter the contest with the more determined spirit, as it is so close a parallel of the national contest.—Boston Journal.

Straw Votes.

In a Newark insurance office: Roosevelt, 28; Wilson, 23; Taft, 14; Debs, 2; Chapin, 2. Among the office force of a Perth Amboy factory: Roosevelt, 21; Wilson, 4; Debs, 1; Taft, 1.

SOUVENIRS FOR CONTRIBUTORS.

Certificates For Those Who Give \$1 or More to Progressive Campaign.

State Treasurer Irving K. Taylor of the Progressive state committee inaugurated a campaign this week to raise funds for paying the expenses of the bull moose campaign in New Jersey.

The Progressive campaign plans propose holding meetings in every section of the state, with speakers of prominence to explain the principles of the new party and the distribution to every voter, if possible, of literature setting forth the hopes and aims of the bull moosers. The cost of such work is large, and the first few weeks of the campaign have developed the fact that there are to be no large contributions from millionaires to the Roosevelt and Johnson fight. So an appeal is to be made to men and women of all walks of life who are in sympathy with the principles of the new party to furnish the money for carrying on the fight.

Certificates engraved with pictures of Roosevelt and Johnson and announcing on their face the amount the donor has given to the campaign will be presented to all persons who contribute \$1 or more to the bull moose campaign. These certificates will be offered by canvassers who will make a house to house appeal for funds in the larger towns and cities and will be offered by speakers at Roosevelt meetings.

"This campaign," said Mr. Taylor in explaining the idea, "will go down in history as the beginning of a new epoch in American history. It is the rebirth of a people who propose to re-establish the freedom they once possessed and which has been pilfered from them by the bosses and the beneficiaries of special privilege. It is a fight for the rights of the plain people against the wrong of predatory wealth. It stands to reason that the men who have supported the boss ridden old parties and their campaigns will not contribute to a party which proposes to destroy the bosses and put a stop to special privilege. The people whose welfare and happiness are at stake—the plain people—must support this party themselves. The Progressives must win through the sacrifice of those who cannot afford to contribute, but who even more cannot afford not to do so. We believe the people will support this cause and will make the sacrifices necessary to furnish the money necessary for the work that must be done to get the message of the Progressives to the voters.

"The birth of the Republican party and the election of Abraham Lincoln freed a race from bondage. The birth of the Progressive party and the election of Theodore Roosevelt will free a whole people from the bondage of industrial and political slavery.

"If I had in my possession a certificate to show that my father or grandfather had contributed to the Lincoln campaign fund I know I would treasure it as a precious inheritance. In the years to come a certificate showing that we have aided, even in a small way, toward the election of Roosevelt and the launching of the Progressive party will be as priceless in the eyes of our children."

Men and women who will aid in collecting funds for the campaign are invited to communicate with Mr. Osborne at the state Progressive headquarters, Essex building, Newark, N. J. Contributions of any size may also be sent direct to the state treasurer, and certificates will be sent to all those who donate a dollar or more.

REVOLT IN CAMDEN.

Voters of Jersey's Most Boss Ridden County For Roosevelt.

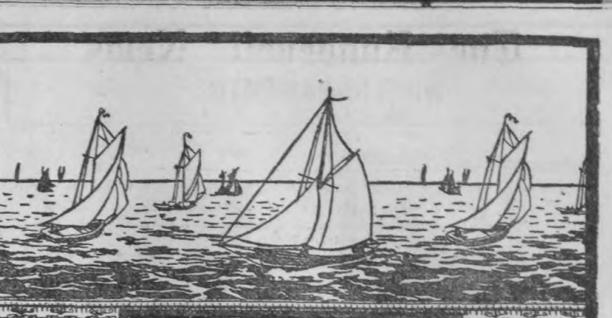
No county in New Jersey has been more thoroughly boss ridden for years than Camden. Davy Baird, nominally a Republican, was for years the virtual dictator of both the Democratic and Republican parties. Baird's politics, like that of most bosses, has always been thoroughly nonpartisan. In Newark a few weeks ago he gave an interview to the local newspapers predicting that Wilson would carry the state and eulogizing James Smith, Jr., the former Democratic state boss, as an ideal candidate for United States senator.

Either Baird or his close political allies and puppets own the Camden newspapers. These newspapers have refused to print any news of the Progressive campaign—to even admit in print that there is a Progressive party in Camden. When United States Senator Moses E. Clapp of Minnesota was advertised to address a Progressive meeting in Camden the Baird newspapers refused to print notices of any kind concerning the event.

The Progressives hired a small hall for the Clapp meeting, but on the night of the speech found such a crowd gathering that they were forced to quickly get a bigger place and hired the biggest theater in the city, which was jammed to the doors with enthusiastic bull moosers.

Our Printing Will HELP YOUR TRADE

Every Kind of Commercial, Law and Social Printing In Up to Date Styles. When In Need of Jobwork, Call at This Office



Wall-papers

ALFRED PEATS WALL PAPERS

No room can be really inviting if the wall-paper is faded, soiled, or inharmonious. The new and artistic Alfred Peats "Prize" Wall-papers will add greatly to the attractiveness of your home and cost but little. Nowhere else will you find so large a variety. The styles, designs, and colorings are the latest. Samples shown and estimates given without obligation to buy.

HEMSEL & KATHE, CHROME, NEW JERSEY

TEL. 139-J ROOSEVELT

B E D S !

WE HAVE A FULL LINE OF THE BEST ON THE MARKET. CALL IN AND SEE US--IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING TO INVESTIGATE.

KAHN'S FURNITURE STORE

299 Woodbridge Ave. Roosevelt, N. J.

Will Meet Trains at East Railway or Port Reading, by request, 'ay or night

L. D. TELEPHONE 449

M. W. Dalrymple

General Trucking

Freight called for and Delivered.

CARTERET, N. J.

Alfred S. March

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW

National Bank of New Jersey Building
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

NOTARY PUBLIC

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE, 139-R

John J. Engel

Undertaker and Embalmer

DeLamar Avenue, near Woodbridge Avenue

Rizsak Bldg. **First Class Coaches**

BACKACHE A SIGNAL OF DISTRESS



Pain in the back is the kidney's signal of distress. If this timely warning is ignored, there is grave danger of dropsy, gravel, uric poisoning, or Bright's disease.

When you have reason to suspect your kidneys, use a special kidney medicine.

Doan's Kidney Pills relieve weak, congested kidneys—cure backache—regulate the urine. Good proof in the following statement.

CONVINCING TESTIMONY

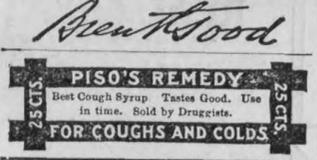
Louis Johnson, Main St., Carrollton, Ky., says: "My whole body was bloated from kidney trouble and I was in bed four months, hardly able to move. The kidney secretions were scanty and painful. Four doctors failed to help me and I was in despair. Finally I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they made me well. My trouble has never returned."

Get Doan's at Any Drug Store, 50c a Box.
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



His Modest Request. "You handle large sums of money in this play—millions or more in every act." "I see," said Yorick Hamm. "And you must handle it like you were used to it." "I see. Could you let me have a \$2 bill to rehearse with?"

Nothing More to Live For. Without question, the Scots curler of whom Lord Lyveden tells in Fry's Magazine, placed the proper value on his sport.

During a recent curling-match in Switzerland, the skip of one of the teams, who happened to be a Scotsman, was so delighted with the accurate shot of one of his team, that he was heard to address him in the following manner: "Lie down and dee, mon; lie down and dee. Ye'll never lay a finer stone nor that if ye live to be a hundred."

SMILING MARTYRDOM.



Although the ice man brings to you a lump exceedingly small, You don't complain, for if you do He may not come at all.

HARD TO SEE.

Even When the Facts About Coffee are Plain. It is curious how people will refuse to believe what one can clearly see. Tell the average man or woman that the slow but cumulative poisonous effect of caffeine—the alkaloid in tea and coffee—tends to weaken the heart, upset the nervous system and cause indigestion, and they may laugh at you if they don't know the facts.

Prove it by science or by practical demonstration in the recovery of coffee drinkers from the above conditions, and a large per cent of the human family will shrug their shoulders, take some drugs and—keep on drinking coffee or tea.

"Coffee never agreed with me nor with several members of our household," writes a lady. "It enervates, depresses and creates a feeling of languor and heaviness. It was only by leaving off coffee and using Postum that we discovered the cause and way out of these ills."

"The only reason, I am sure, why Postum is not used altogether to the exclusion of ordinary coffee is, many persons do not know and do not seem willing to learn the facts and how to prepare this nutritious beverage. There's only one way—according to directions—boil it fully 15 minutes. Then it is delicious." 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 comes from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.



SMILES

A DEAL IN SAND.

A dapper little man entered the office of a building supplies concern and asked for the manager. "I am he," said the head of the concern who happened to be present. "How are you selling your sand?" "In five car lots we—" The little man held up his hand. "I wouldn't require that much," he exclaimed. "In single cars, it—" But again the customer raised his hand. "I wish only enough—" "If you only wish a wagon load, of course, that's different." The little man shifted from one foot to the other, then explained: "I am making a sandpile for my baby to play in, and I only want about a peck. I'll take it with me in this basket."

Not Superstitious, But—

"Yes, we are going to start on our European trip the first week in September, instead of the second." "What's the reason?" "Well, my husband's birthday comes on the 13th. He found by looking at a calendar that it would fall on Friday, and he'd rather not be on the ocean that day. He says he's not superstitious, but he'll be dod-quizzled if he is going to tempt fate by plunging into a triple expansion hoodoo like that! Don't some men make you tired?"

HAS ITS DRAWBACKS.



She—So you did not enjoy your automobile trip abroad? He—No; they made such a fuss over there whenever we killed anybody.

Fading Away.

Patience—All of our fondest traditions and beliefs are being swept away. Patrice—What's wrong now? "Why, this paper says that whalebone is not bone, strictly speaking, but bristles found in the mouth of the whale by which the animals are enabled to entrap small fish for food."

Does Seem Cold.

"Gosh, this New York society is cold blooded," declared the man who had broken in from the west. "How now?" "An overnight visitor at my house fell over a chair and barked his shin. I hear now he has consulted a lawyer as to the liability of a host for accident to a guest."

Retort Courteous.

Club Member (who has overheard no good of himself)—I'm a — outsider who ought to be kicked, am I? So that's what you think of me, is it? Culprit—My dear fellow, that's only what I say. I think a lot more of you.—Punch.

Syndicated.

He called her darling years ago, Ere care had marked her brow; But others share her love, and so He calls her mother now.

Oh, Joy.

"Hurray, hurray!" "Why so happy, girl?" "This summer resort is deadly dull, but I am amply repaid for my trip." "As to how?" "My powder has gained an ounce and a half."

Defined.

"Pa, what is a pessimist?" "A pessimist, my son, is a man who firmly believes that a telephone operator takes delight in saying, 'The line's busy,' when, as a matter of fact, it would be less trouble for her to make the connection."

Very Likely.

His Honor (gazing at intoxicated prisoner)—What is he charged with, officer? Officer (newly appointed)—Oi don't know, yer honor, but Oi think it's shtraight whisky.—Judge.

Shingles in School.

"I see they are now manufacturing asbestos shingles which will not burn," said the teacher. "Well, I don't know about their not burning," said the boy, reflectively. "I guess it will depend how they are used."

Repartee.

Mrs. Benham—Do you remember that I gave you no decided answer the first time you proposed? Benham—I remember that you suspended sentence.—Judge.

ONE OF THE REQUISITES.



He—Would you propose to a man during leap year. She—No; I wouldn't get on my knees to any man.

Well, He Became So.

"Children," asked the visitor who was addressing the school, "how many of you can tell me what it was that Napoleon's soldiers used to call him?" Nobody answered. "Think a moment. 'Little—'" Still nobody spoke up. "Little Corp—" "A little corpulent!" shouted the children.

Making Matters Worse.

The man who has a corn on 's toe is apt to wear a look of woe. But he'll appear more troubled yet, if you by chance step on his "pet."

Explained.

"I hear Miss Strongmind has chucked poor Thompson," said Dabney. "Sad, but true," said Wilkins. "Why, I thought Thompy was a brick!" said Dabney. "He is," said Wilkins. "That's why she threw him, I guess.—Judge."

Points of View.

First Cabman—Paper says there's 'ole districts of London where you couldn't find a 'ansom if you wanted one. Second Cabman—Bloomin' lot more difficult to find the bloke as wants one.—Punch.

Too Much of a Strain.

"It is tragic to be an exile from one's native land." "No doubt that is true in most cases, but I find it hard to shed any tears over kings who are exiles in Paris."

AT THE POLITICAL MEETING.



Political Orator (who has spoken for an hour and a half)—And now, fellow citizens, what shall I say more? Tired Man (at back of hall)—Good-night.

On His Guard.

Two richly upholstered dames sat on the hotel veranda and watched the wild waves dancing the turkey trot. "That young man yonder is reputed to be very rich," said one. "He is hopeless, however," declared the other. "No girl will catch him." "Why do you say that?" "I told him yesterday that your daughter looked sweet enough to eat and he responded hastily that he was a strict vegetarian."

Evasive.

"Pop, why don't they send pussies after the rats on the ships?" "My son, that requires a categorical answer."

A Good One.

"Do you enjoy riding in your new automobile, Mrs. Comeup?" "Oh, immensely. We've got such a fine cheffanyear."

After Vacation.

Folks tell us we're "brown as a berry" when we finally get back to town. Will some one please rise and inform us just what kind of berries are brown?

Empty Visions.

"Some people seem to be able to get through the world with very little trouble." "I know it. There are lots of people who never have anything more important than love and marriage and births and deaths to think of."

Reckless Extravagance.

"These masquerades are too expensive," said Mrs. Lapsling. "A neighbor of mine went to one of them once, garbled as Queen Elizabeth, and the dress cost her \$20."

ARRESTED FLIGHT OF TIME

German Scientists Advise the Eating of Egg Shells by Those Who Approach Old Age.

Two Germans, deep thinkers—Professors Emmerlich and Loewe—state that egg shells eaten increase the power of resistance against "the withering blight of time," add weight to the body, activity to the brain and strength to the heart; that they destroy injurious bacilli, prevent inflammation and disease and lend courage and energy. This reminds me, Philip Hale writes in the Boston Herald, of the preparation advertised in London thirty or more years ago as removing superfluous hair, being an excellent substitute for table butter, none genuine unless stamped on the blade. Eustace Miles, the English court tennis player and vegetarian, says he had an old nurse who used to eat egg shells and crunch them joyfully between the teeth that happened to meet, and she said she ate the shells because they "shaved the hair off inside of the throat." The discovery of the German scientist is peculiarly welcome to dwellers by the ocean, for it is a well known fact that if you do not break egg shells the witches will put out to sea in them to wreck vessels, and if you burn the shells the hens will cease to lay. Furthermore, as eggs are now absurdly high—even case eggs—in the neighborhood it seems a pity to waste any part of them.

RED, ROUGH HANDS MADE SOFT AND WHITE

For red, rough, chapped and bleeding hands, dry, fissured, itching, burning palms, and painful finger-ends, with shapeless nails, a one-night Cuticura treatment works wonders. Directions: Soak the hands, on retiring, in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old, loose gloves during the night. These pure, sweet and gentle emollients preserve the hands, prevent redness, roughness and chapping, and impart in a single night that velvety softness and whiteness so much desired by women. For those whose occupations tend to injure the hands, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are wonderful. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

WISE YOUTH.



The White Boy—Humph!

"Why don't you fight?" "The Moke—'Cause I draws de white line, dat's why."

The First Toast.

Wilson Mizner, the well-known viveur, explained, on a New York roof garden, the origin of the word "toast"—toasting a lady. "You will remember," he began, "that in olden times it was the custom to serve punch with toasted—that is to say, roasted—apples floating in it. These apples were called the toast. The toast—remember that."

Appointed Day of Judgment.

A horse dealer in an English town had lent a horse to a solicitor, who killed the animal through bad usage. The dealer insisted on payment, and the lawyer, refusing cash, said he would give a bill for the amount, but it must be at a long date. The lawyer drew a promissory note, making it payable on the day of judgment. An action was raised, and the lawyer asked the sheriff to look at the bill. Having done so, the sheriff replied: "This is the day of judgment. I decree you pay tomorrow."

Uplifting.

"Wait till I hobble my horse." "Well, please don't do it on the skirt of the lawn."

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

For Headache Nervousness and Backache due to disorders of Kidneys and Bladder

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c 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.



"I Got This Fine Pipe With Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture"

All kinds of men smoke Duke's Mixture in all kinds of pipes—as well as in cigarettes—and they all tell the same story. They like the genuine, natural tobacco taste of



Choice bright leaf aged to mellow mildness, carefully stemmed and then granulated—every grain pure, high-grade tobacco—that's what you get in the Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture sack. You get one and a half ounces of this pure, mild, delightful tobacco, unsurpassed in quality, for 6c—and with each sack you get a book of papers free.

Now About the Free Pipe

In every sack of Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture we now pack a coupon. You can exchange these coupons for a pipe or for many other valuable and useful articles. These presents cost not one penny. There is something for every member of the family—skates, catcher's gloves, tennis rackets, cameras, toilet articles, suit cases, canes, umbrellas, and dozens of other things. Just send us your name and address on a postal and as a special offer during September and October only we will send you our new illustrated catalogue of presents FREE of any charge. Open up a sack of Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture today.



Coupons from Duke's Mixture may be assorted with tags from HORSE SHOE, J. T. TINSLEY'S NATURAL LEAF, GRANGER TWIST, and Coupons from FOUR ROSES (Use in double coupon), PICK PLUG CUT, PIEDMONT CIGARETTES, CLIX CIGARETTES, and other tags or coupons issued by us.

Premium Dept. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. St. Louis, Mo.

We Lead You To Fortune and Happy Life in California

Messrs. J. S. & W. S. Kuhn, the Pittsburgh bankers, are doing in the Sacramento Valley what the U.S. Government is doing elsewhere for the people.

There is ten times more net profit per acre in California irrigated land than in the East and with less labor.

Let us take you where there is comfort and happiness besides profit, climate equal to that of Southern Italy, no frosts nor snow, no thunderstorms nor sunstrokes.

Let us take you where big money is now being made, markets are near, demand for products great and income is sure.

Let us take you where railroad and river transportation is near, where there are denominational churches and graded schools.

Now is the time to buy this land—get in with the winners, the great Panama Canal will soon be ready and you can share in its triumphs; farms are selling rapidly, and we strongly urge you to purchase as soon as possible.

You can buy this land on very easy terms—\$15.00 an acre now and the balance in ten yearly payments.

Give us an opportunity to take up all details with you—write us now.

Let us send you our fine illustrated printed matter telling all about it. Write for it at once—it gives you absolute proofs.

KUHN IRRIGATED LAND CO.
Dept. 134
501 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

for Coughs and Colds. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in One Minute.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

for Coughs and Colds

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in One Minute

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

For Headache Nervousness and Backache due to disorders of Kidneys and Bladder

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c 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.

Advertisement for Pettit's Eye Salve, FOR ALL SORE EYES. W. N. U., NEW YORK, NO. 40-1912.

FIRE SIGNALS.

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

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

No. 21. Leffert street to Staten Island Sound; Rahway avenue to Rahway River

No. 23. Leffert street to Borough limits; Rahway avenue, to Rahway River

No. 24. Sound Shore Railroad to Staten Island Sound; Rahway avenue to Liebig's Lane

No. 25. Sound Shore Railroad to Blazing Star Road; Rahway avenue to Pierce's Creek

No. 31. Leibig's Lane to Houston street; Woodbridge avenue to Staten Island Sound

No. 32. Houston street to Borough limits; Woodbridge avenue to Staten Island Sound

No. 41. Boulevard and Pierce's Creek; Emerson Street and Woodbridge avenue.

No. 42. Woodbridge avenue to Emerson street; Boulevard to Borough limits.

No. 43. Emerson street to Borough limits; Boulevard to Borough limits

No. 45. Boulevard to Rahway avenue; Blazing Star road to Borough limits.

One blast for back tap.

One long blast and two short for fire drill.

SATURDAY NIGHT TRAIN TO PERTH AMBOY

Leave Chrome—7.22 and 10.18 P. M.
Leave Carteret—7.26 and 10.24 P. M.
Arrive Perth Amboy—7.51 and 10.45 P. M.

Leave Perth Amboy—11 P. M.
Arrive Carteret—11.23 P. M.
Arrive Chrome—11.27 P. M.

HAND
US YOUR
ORDERS
FOR

JOB PRINTING
THE WORK IS
THE BEST
THE PRICE IS
RIGHT

For the seventeenth time in three years the microscopic South American state has undergone a change of administration, and the new potentate, President Casper, the three hundred and second, had summoned an artist, and was ordering new designs for all the official uniforms.

"I want something striking," he declared—"something showy, even. My people are impressed by such things. I have here some sketches I made myself. Look them over, and be guided by these ideas as far as possible."

The artist examined them carefully. They were gorgeous affairs. Green coats with crimson vests in brilliancy, orange-colored trousers with scarfs of Cambridge blue. All the colors of the rainbow were there.

"Ah!" he said, turning the pages. "This is evidently for the navy, this for the army, this for this—that is this for, with the long plume on the three-cornered hat, the bright yellow dress, trimmed with purple and—"

"That," explained the president, "is for the secret police!"

When Portugal Was Great.

The announcement that Portugal is to be linked up by "wireless" with "all the Portuguese colonies" is a reminder of the vanished greatness of what was once the leading colonizing empire in the world. From Lisbon in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries went out marines through the unknown and uncharted oceans to Africa, India and the New World to the west, and planted the flag of Portugal in every corner of the globe. But in Africa alone has Portugal maintained its hold of colonies of any magnitude. In India are little bits of Portuguese territory, Nova Goa, southeast of Bombay, being the capital of all Portuguese colonies east of Cape of Good Hope; while as far east as China the island of Macao, in the Canton river, first colonized nearly 400 years ago, still owns the sovereignty of the government at Lisbon.

Fountain Pen Improvement.
Small panes of glass are set into the side of a new fountain pen so the quantity of ink it holds can be seen readily.

SOCIETIES---LODGES

CAREY COUNCIL, No. 1280, Knights of Columbus—Meets first and third Tuesdays, St. Joseph's Hall.

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

COURT CARTERET No. 48, Foresters of America—Meets second and fourth Tuesdays at Firemen's Hall.

QUINNIPIAC TRIBE No. 208, Imp. Oder Red Men—Meets first and third Thursdays at Firemen's Hall.

CARTERET LODGE No. 267, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Monday evening at Odd Fellows Hall.

MIDDLESEX GROVE No. 33, Ancient Order of Druids—Meets at Firemen's Hall each alternate Wednesday.

CARTERET CAMP No. 25, Woodmen of the World—Meets last Friday of the month at Firemen's Hall.

CARTERET CIRCLE No. 365 Companions of the Forest—Meets first and third Tuesdays at Firemen's Hall.

GERMANIA CIRCLE, No. 3,—Meets every first and third Mondays of each month Firemen's Hall.

BRIGHT EYES COUNCIL No. 39, Degree of Pocahontas—Meets second and fourth Mondays at Firemen's Hall.

CARTERET EXEMPT FIREMEN'S ASSOCIATION—Meets every fourth Thursday of each month at Firemen's Hall.

CARTERET LODGE No. 420, I. O. B. A.—Meets second and fourth Sundays of each month at Glass's Hall.

WORKMENS' CIRCLE—Meets first and third Tuesday of month in Glass's Hall.

PURITAN COUNCIL No. 305, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall.

DEBORAH REBEKAH Degree Lodge, I. O. O. F.—Meets second and fourth Fridays at Odd Fellows Hall.

ROOSEVELT TENT No. 85, Knights of the Maccabees of the World—Meets second and fourth Wednesdays in Odd Fellows Hall.

AMERICUS LODGE No. 83, F. and A. M.—Meets first and third Tuesdays in Masonic Hall, Woodbridge, N. J.

Movable Boundaries.
"Didn't you buy a lot at Prune Beach?"
"Yep."
"How deep is it?"
"About 150 feet at low water, 100 feet at high water."

A Sad Loss.
"I am lost!"
"How so?"
"The man with whom I expected to get a good job, wants me to find myself."

The Unseen Bridge.
There is a bridge whereof the span is rooted in the heart of man
And reaches, without pile or rod,
Unto the great white throne of God.

Its traffic is in human sighs
Fervently wanted to the skies;
'Tis the one pathway from Despair
And it is called the bridge of prayer.



ALL MERCHANTS OF ROOSEVELT

Can increase their business by using the telephone. Even though you sell shoes, for instance, which makes it necessary for your customer to call at your shop before a sale is made, by using the telephone you can inform your customer whenever you have a bargain. This method will give you the good will of all your customers because they appreciate personal interest. Why not try it to-day?

NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY

F. W. WARNEK, District Agent

1206 E. Grand St., Elizabeth, N. J.

TAFT CANNOT BE RE-ELECTED

Republicans Realize This and Abandon Efforts.

PROGRESSIVES VS. DEMOCRATS

That is the Issue This Year, Declares the Assistant Secretary of New Jersey Progressives in a Clear Cut Statement on the Current Political Campaign—The Special Interests United For Wilson.

By HERMAN B. WALKER.
Republican leaders have practically abandoned all hope and effort for the re-election of President Taft.

A semblance of a fight will be kept up by the national Republican committee for the purpose of aiding the bosses and machines to elect officers and retain patronage in some cities and states.

Judge from this the attitude of the remnant of bosses who now compose the Republican party is "anything to beat Roosevelt," and the Republican and Democratic machines and bosses throughout the country are fairly well united and harmonious in their efforts to elect the Democratic nominees.

In Kansas, where the Progressives went into the primaries and won, making Roosevelt and Johnson the Republican nominees, the standpat Republicans, headed by such stalwart old line Republicans as former United States Senator Long, have organized the Kansas Wilson Republican league, and are openly working for the election of the entire Democratic ticket.

The party realignment, which for several years has been due, has been brought about. The Republican party is dead. Utah is the only state in the Union which can at this time be counted safe for Taft and Sherman. The issue this year is between the Progressive party and the Democratic party.

The Democratic party has become the conservative party. William Jennings Bryan was able, by the force of his commanding personality, to force the nomination of Governor Wilson at the Baltimore convention, and Governor Wilson has shown progressive tendencies. Nominated on a meaningless platform and himself silent as to any definite program for overthrowing the invisible government and re-establishing the rule of the people, Wilson is today the candidate of the bosses of both the old parties and of the money power and special interests which for years have used the boss system to control government in their own interests and for their own profit.

Money Power Fears Progressives.
While the special interests would probably prefer Taft if there was any possibility of his election, they are united now for Wilson. The money power which has waxed fat and powerful by misrepresentative government and special privilege under the boss system is afraid of Roosevelt and the Progressive party. The money power is not afraid of Wilson and the Democratic party.

This does not mean that Governor Wilson is personally acceptable to the individuals who as a small group make up the money power that has monopolized the industries, controlled the government and corrupted the politics of the country. It does not mean that Governor Wilson has made any promises to anybody or is insincere in his protestations that he will try to be a good president and do good things for the people if he is elected.

It does mean that the beneficiaries of special privilege know, even if Mr. Wilson does not, that as president he cannot do them any harm. They know that if they can get enough people to vote the Democratic ticket and elect Wilson the same votes can be depended upon to put into office as congressmen, United States senators, governors, etc., a sufficient number of safe and reliable henchmen of the system to prevent Mr. Wilson doing anything the special interests do not want done.

"They" know, even if Mr. Wilson does not, that with their own men controlling a majority in the two houses of congress it will be as impossible for Mr. Wilson to get anything done for the benefit of the common people as it was for President Cleveland when he showed some interest in the welfare of the people.

The interests know from experience, even if Mr. Wilson does not, that special privilege is just as safe in the hands of a party controlled by Murphy, Taggart, Smith, Sullivan & Co. as it has been in the hands of a party dominated by Aldrich, Cannon, Smoot, Barnes, Root, Penrose, et al.

Stands For the Rule of the People.
The Progressive party stands for the rule of the people. It is free from bosses and bossism, and it proposes to make bosses and bossism impossible by abolishing delegate conventions and establishing direct primaries for the nomination of president and vice president, direct election of United States senators, the short ballot, the initiative and referendum and recall and other election reforms which will enable the people to secure their will in nominations, elections and government at all times.

Instead of a platform made up of

platitudes and promises, the Progressive party presents a definite program of reforms it proposes to accomplish. Its candidate, Theodore Roosevelt, said to the convention which adopted this program, "With all my heart and soul I pledge you my word to endeavor, so far as strength is given me, to carry out in the interests of our whole people the policies to which you have today solemnly dedicated yourselves."

Compare this with Governor Wilson's declaration in his speech of acceptance that "a platform is not a program."

The Progressive platform is a compact—a contract—offered to the American people. Roosevelt and the Progressive candidates contract to do certain specific things if they are elected.

Promise to Reduce Living Cost.
For instance, the Progressives promise to reduce the high cost of living. They do not merely assert that high cost of living is due to the tariff and that they will reduce that. They say that a too high tariff is one of the causes of high cost of living and that they will reduce the tariff at once on commodities that are high priced because of excessive tariff rates. The tariff, however, they assert, is only one of a number of causes of high prices. They propose to put experts to work at once to find out what the other causes are, and they pledge themselves to remove these causes as fast as they find out what they are.

Notice the difference between this proposition and the usual meaningless jargon which makes up the platforms of the old parties. Note the difference between this kind of a platform and the Republican platform of 1908, when President Taft said before election that he "thought" the proposal for tariff revision meant downward revision, and when such Republican "leaders" as Aldrich and Cannon insisted after election that the pledge for tariff revision meant revision of the rates upward.

The only hint in the Democratic platform or in Governor Wilson's speeches of anything the Democrats propose to do to reduce the high cost of living is in the proposal to entirely tear up and remodel our industrial system by abolishing the protective tariff and establishing a tariff for revenue only.

This is, of course, the old, time-hallowed Democratic doctrine. Just what a tariff for revenue only really is not even Governor Wilson attempts to explain.

For two sessions a Democratic house of representatives has had a chance to give a demonstration of what they conceive a tariff for revenue only to be, and the tariff changes they proposed were merely arbitrary reductions of the rates on certain schedules. During the passage of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, a number of Democratic senators from southern states voted with Aldrich, Smoot and other Republican high tariff senators on many of the rates proposed by Aldrich. Whenever this occurred the Republican high tariff men declared the proposed rates to be protective, while the Democratic high tariff men explained that they were voting for the rates because they believed them to be a step toward a tariff for revenue only. In other words, the Payne-Aldrich bill, in the opinion of Republican standpatters, was a protective tariff measure. In the opinion of Democratic senators, who voted for many of its most atrocious features, it was a revenue tariff measure.

New Party Means Business.
And in the event of Mr. Wilson's election the Democrats in the house and senate upon whom he will have to depend to pass the bills he wants will be the same men who voted with Aldrich and Smoot for the Payne-Aldrich bill and who in the last two sessions have failed to formulate any clear and well defined policy as to the tariff or any other big issue.

Every intelligent, serious student of economics who has given more than passing study to present day conditions knows that the tariff is only one of a number of causes of high cost of living. The Progressives know that monopoly is based, not only on tariff privileges, but on other forms of special privilege as well. They propose to remedy the evils of the protective tariff system without destroying the system. In the same way they propose to go to the land question, the patent monopoly, the railroad and transportation monopoly, the money trust, parcels post, the old age problem, the problem of the unemployed and other great social and industrial problems and to remove the causes which give rise to the evils in our government and our social and industrial system.

The Progressives mean business. They propose to get results. If put in power they promise to give results.

The Progressive party offers a new hope, a new deal to the American people. It stands for the recognition of human rights against dollar rights.

Parcels Post.
The Progressives promise if put into power to give the people a parcels post that will make it as cheap to send things by mail in the United States as it is in other civilized countries. They promise to install a parcels post system that will be good for the people, even if it does hurt the profits of the express companies.

Two Kinds of Progressives.
Governor Wilson asks for Progressive votes because of the progressive things he did in the first year of his administration as governor.

Theodore Roosevelt and the Progressives ask for votes because of the progressive things they have been doing, are doing and propose to continue doing.

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