

WILSON ELECTED; ROOSEVELT RUNS AHEAD OF TAFT

Democratic Candidate for President Carries the Majority of States, Including New York

Woodrow Wilson was elected President and Thomas R. Marshall Vice-President by an Electoral majority which challenged comparison with the year in which Horace Greeley was defeated by Grant.

New York, Nov. 6.—The States placed early in the Roosevelt column are Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Pennsylvania and Washington. The Taft States are Idaho, Utah, Vermont and Wyoming.

The contests in some of these States are so close that the complete returns may place them in the Wilson column. Governor Wilson was the only candidate to carry his own State.

Joseph C. Cannon has been elected in the Eighteenth Illinois district by more than 1,000 votes.

For a long time it appeared as though Governor Wilson might carry Pennsylvania, but the latest returns show that Mr. Roosevelt, with the assistance of Flyn, safely holds that State. Returns from 3,671 out of 6,593 election districts in Pennsylvania give Roosevelt 240,590, Wilson 219,235 and Taft 183,698. Included in these districts is Philadelphia, which was carried by Mr. Taft. With only five districts missing the vote stood Taft, 91,562; Roosevelt, 80,987; Wilson, 65,478.

Wilson carried the following States: Alabama, 12; Arizona, 3; Arkansas, 9; Connecticut, 7; Delaware, 3; Florida, 6; Georgia, 14; Indiana, 15; Kentucky, 13; Louisiana, 10; Maine, 6; Maryland, 8; Massachusetts, 18; Minnesota, 12; Mississippi, 10; Missouri, 13; Montana, 4; Nebraska, 8; Nevada, 3; New Jersey, 14; New Mexico, 3; New York, 45; North Carolina, 12; Ohio, 24; Oklahoma, 10; Oregon, 5; South Carolina, 9; Tennessee, 12; Texas, 20; Virginia, 12; West Virginia, 9; Wisconsin, 13; California, 13; Colorado, 6; Michigan, 15; New Hampshire, 4; North Dakota, 5; Idaho, 4; South Dakota, 5, and Rhode Island, 5.

Roosevelt was carried: Illinois, 29; Iowa, 13; Kansas, 10; Pennsylvania, 38, and Washington, 7. Taft has carried: Vermont, 4; Utah, 4; Wyoming, 3.

In popular vote as well as in number of States Roosevelt ran far ahead of Taft, while Wilson won in most of the States by minority votes.

In New York State Wilson's vote was 175,000 less than the combined votes for Taft and Roosevelt, Wilson being a minority even in the city.

Sulzer kept well up with Wilson in New York State, sweeping both city and country.

In the city Straus ran far ahead of Hedges, though 110,000 behind Sulzer. The Progressive vote was 72,000 larger than that polled by the Barnes party in the city.

But up-state Hedges ran within 16,000 of Sulzer, while Straus was 139,000 behind Hedges, making the total Progressive vote on the governorship 67,000 less than that polled by the Republican forces.

In Greater New York Oscar S. Straus, Progressive, ran second to Sulzer, who defeated him by 114,000.

The total vote in the entire State was:

Sulzer, 660,000.
Hedges, 448,000.
Straus, 389,000.
In the city the vote was:
Sulzer, 302,000.
Hedges, 111,000.
Straus, 188,000.
Above the Bronx the vote was:
Sulzer, 358,000.
Hedges, 337,000.
Straus, 261,000.
Buffalo gave Sulzer 29,326, Hedges 16,979, Straus 20,801.
Rochester gave Sulzer 14,887, Hedges 14,626, Straus 12,092.

Both branches of the Legislature will be Democratic by splendid majorities. Only half a dozen Progressives were elected to the law-making body. Schenectady replaced its present Socialist member in the lower house with a Democrat.

In the city of Schenectady the So-

cialists polled a heavy vote, their candidate, Russell, receiving 1,500 votes more than Straus, and nearly as many as Hedges. The vote was: Sulzer, 4,760, Hedges 3,944, Straus 2,199, Russell 8,641.

In Auburn Sulzer beat Hedges out by 2,552 to 2,497, Straus receiving 1,050.

Troy gave Sulzer 8,561, Hedges 6,061, and Straus 2,328.

Swept into office by a Democratic landslide, Wilson carried with him all of the doubtful States and many States firmly in the Republican column for years.

Partial analysis of the votes available show the striking fact that the combined Taft and Roosevelt votes would have swamped Wilson in the nation as a whole.

Early returns gave Wilson the Solid South, Maryland, Connecticut, Delaware, Maine and even Massachusetts, the last-named State by 50,000, estimated. New York swung to Wilson by almost 100,000.

Vermont's vote showed Mr. Taft the winner by 924 votes.

Returns from 2,611 districts in New York outside of the city, out of 3,093, gave Wilson 293,931; Taft, 279,310, and Roosevelt, 174,403.

Little definite news from States of the Pacific West was received during the early hours of the morning, except from California, where a Wilson victory was indicated. The tabulation of votes in the other Western States was so slow as to make predictions impossible as to where their electoral vote would go.

A plurality exceeding 100,000 seemed certain for the Colonel in Illinois.

New Hampshire stood firmly by the President, as did Rhode Island and Utah. Vermont, too at midnight seemed safely in the Taft column.

Fairly accurate returns, as judged from the claims of the State chairmen of the three parties, divided the electoral vote as follows:

Wilson, 400; Roosevelt, 52; Taft, 26; doubtful, 53.

The Democratic landslide assures control of the lower House of Congress by at least ninety, and the likelihood that the Democrats will control the Senate by twelve votes.

William Sulzer was safely elected Governor of New York, running even better than Wilson.

The New York Legislature will be Democratic on both sides, but no line could be had on the fate of the \$50,000,000 good roads referendum.

Greater New York gave Wilson a plurality of 122,778 in a total vote of 620,479. Roosevelt beat Taft in each borough, and in the greater city the colonel ran 61,574 votes ahead of the President.

Wilson's plurality in Manhattan and The Bronx was 67,282; in Brooklyn, 37,891; in Queens, 12,903, and in Richmond, 4,702.

Roosevelt got 35,352 votes more than Taft in Manhattan and The Bronx. In Brooklyn the Colonel led the President by 20,227; in Queens by 5,287, and in Richmond by 708.

In the five boroughs of greater New York, Taft got 124,851 votes as compared to 300,998 that he got in the same territory in 1908. Roosevelt got 186,425 in greater New York yesterday, as compared with 289,345 votes he got in the same territory in 1904.

Wilson in winning greater New York by 122,778 overturned the figures of 1908, when Bryan lost the city to Taft by 16,238.

Governor Wilson carried his own State by about 25,000 plurality, about half his majority when he ran for governor. Roosevelt seemed to be a safe second.

The Democrats captured the State Senate by 11 to 10, thus insuring the selection of a Democrat to succeed Wilson as Governor. Senator James F. Fielder probably will be chosen.

The election of Judge William Hughes, Democrat, to succeed United States Senator Frank O. Briggs, Republican, is also assured, as the Democrats will have a majority of 16 on joint ballot.

In the several contests for governors the results showed:

Indiana, Samuel M. Ralston; Tennessee, Benton F. McMillin; Illinois, Edward P. Dunne; Delaware, Charles R. Miller; Missouri, Elliott W. Major; Massachusetts, Eugene N. Foss.

Wilson carried New York State by 206,409 and Sulzer for Governor ran along with the Democratic candidate for President. Taft and Roosevelt ran about even, Taft going some thousands of votes ahead of Roosevelt in the State above the Harlem River, where he was met by an equal heavier vote of Roosevelt over Taft below the Harlem River. Straus ran ahead of Hedges in New York City, but Hedges more than made this up in the counties up-State.

The next Congress will be controlled by the Democrats. The latest returns indicated that they had carried the United States Senate from the Republicans and will have it by a majority of eight over the Republicans.

This will give them fifty-two votes in the Senate, a majority of the entire body being forty-nine. Massachusetts will send a Democratic United States Senator to Washington for the first time in many years.

The next House will be Democratic by an overwhelming majority. The

Democrats will have a plurality of 171 over the Republicans, as compared with the margin of seventy-one, which they have at present. Many Republican old timers in Congress, including Uncle Joe Cannon, saved their seats.

Maine has gone for Gov. Wilson, his plurality being about 3,000 over Roosevelt and 20,000 over Taft. Congressman McGillicuddy's county, Androscoggin, a Democratic stronghold, gave Roosevelt only three votes less than Wilson.

Connecticut went Democratic, giving Wilson a plurality, re-electing Gov. Baldwin and a majority of both branches of the Legislature and giving the Democrats all five Congressmen.

Massachusetts gave Gov. Wilson a substantial plurality, with Taft second, and re-elected Gov. Foss. The Democrats made slight gains in the Legislature.

Delaware went for Wilson and elected its one Congressman, a Democrat. Wisconsin took a jump into the Democratic column. The reversal from Republican leanings was more marked in State issues than on the national ticket. The Socialists suffered defeat.

In Indiana there was a severe blow to the Progressives in the defeat of Beveridge for Governor. Wilson and Marshall have a good sized plurality in the State, but not so large, it is thought, as that of the Democratic candidate for Governor.

Ohio is conceded to the Democrats by a good plurality, and Cox, their candidate for Governor, ran ahead of the national ticket.

The Northwestern States, Minnesota and North Dakota, swung into the Wilson column by small majorities. Roosevelt made a better showing than Taft.

Wilson carried Oregon by perhaps as much as 65,000 over Roosevelt and Taft. Taft was a poor third.

The Democrats won in Montana by 4,000 to 6,000. The Democrats elected Stewart Governor, but not with Wilson's plurality.

Wilson carried California by a majority of 30,000 to 40,000, figuring percentages from partial returns. Los Angeles went heavily for Roosevelt.

Taft won in Utah by about 3,000, running behind the Republican State ticket.

The election did just what it was predicted it would do. It split the Grand Old Republican party almost in twain. Governor Wilson on the face of things polled a considerable Republican vote, but Mr. Roosevelt drew quite heavily from the Democratic party in many sections. He drew far more heavily from his own party—the party to which he formerly belonged.

The New York State Legislature will be overwhelmingly Democratic for the second time. Other legislatures, whose function it will be this year to elect United States Senators, will be Democratic by something like 143 members.

Despatches from Georgia, from South Carolina, Tennessee and other States in the South stated that Governor Wilson would not only have the solid South behind him, but that he would carry it apparently by a greater majority than even that by which Mr. Bryan had carried it.

Maryland was early claimed by the Wilson men. Republicans conceded it to them.

It is certain that New Jersey and Tennessee have elected Democratic legislatures, and will send Democrats to reduce the Republican majority of nine in the Senate.

Here are some of the astonishing incidents that attended the great Wilson victory and the crushing defeat of the regular Republican candidate: Wilson polled in New York a smaller vote than did Bryan in 1908.

Roosevelt carried Illinois by 100,000, but Edward F. Dunne, the Democratic nominee for Governor, was elected by 45,000.

Roosevelt ran second in Georgia, South Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee, and strong in a number of other Southern States.

John D. Rockefeller's township, Mt. Pleasant, went for Wilson.

Wilson carried Nassau, Roosevelt's home county, the Colonel running second.

Syracuse went Democratic for the first time in a national election.

Taft's vote in New York State was cut squarely in two.

Massachusetts gave the Democratic ticket its electoral vote for the first time in its history.

Wilson swept Indiana by 80,000, while Ralston, Democratic nominee for Governor, swamped former Senator Albert J. Beveridge, the Progressive candidate, by 140,000.

Although his popular vote is not as great by two million as the combined vote of the Republican and Progressive parties, Mr. Wilson has thus come as near to capturing the entire Electoral College as it will probably ever be given to a Presidential candidate to do. The Progressive vote, while great in many States did not approximate the landslide which the Progressive leaders predicted. The result shows that the Democratic party gave few votes to Roosevelt.

THE SILENT VOTE WAS WITH WILSON.

Washington, Nov. 6.—The Presidency went to the Democrats by a landslide. The silent vote was with Wilson. The high cost of living counted in the Middle West, as well as in the East. The Democrats carried not only the solid South, but ran away with Connecticut, Delaware, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, New York, Indiana, Missouri and West Virginia.

The victory of Wilson gives to the Democratic party complete control in Congress. There will be an overwhelming majority in the House of Representatives and a majority in the Senate pledged to carry out the policies of the party in respect of the tariff.

Aside from the victory of the Democrats, the big result of the election was the defeat of the Republican party in the Northern States. Illinois was captured by the Progressives. Wherever the party had been strong, as in Iowa and Michigan, the same story was told.

The returns show that about 20 per cent. of the Democratic vote in the Northern and Western States went to Colonel Roosevelt, and more than 60 per cent. of the Republican votes. It is clear, also, that many Republicans voted for Wilson in the hope of defeating Colonel Roosevelt. In many districts in the State of New York and through the State President Taft led the State ticket by from 10 to 15 per cent.

The Republican States, such as Kansas and Iowa, stood up for the Progressive ticket.

The Democratic sweep takes in nearly every Northern State east of the Ohio River and all of the South.

It gives to the Democratic party entire control of Congress for at least two years. It gives to the Democrats the Governors of more than two-thirds of the States in the Union. It gives to them the Legislatures of more than two-thirds of the States. There is nothing to prevent the Democrats from carrying out all the legislation which they desire, either through Congress or through the Legislatures of a majority of the States.

Governor Wilson carried New York by over 200,000. He has the city of New York by 100,000. He has Missouri by 50,000. He has New Jersey. He has Massachusetts. The sweep ran through Connecticut, Maine and Rhode Island, and won him Ohio. In the Middle West Colonel Roosevelt stopped him, practically in the Northwestern States.

Washington.—Returns from the Congress contests pointed to large Democratic gains. In New York, Ohio, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey. Two-thirds of the delegation of 43 Congressmen from New York will be surely Democratic; ten of the twelve members from New Jersey will also be Democratic.

Speaker Clark was re-elected by an increased majority. Caleb Powers, Republican, of Kentucky was defeated by his Progressive opponent. Burger, the Socialist member of Congress from Milwaukee, was defeated. Lunn, the Socialist mayor of Schenectady, who was a candidate for Congress, was defeated by his Republican opponent. It is probable that the Senate will have twelve Democratic majorities.

There will be a majority of Democratic members of Congress from Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois.

Ohio has gone overwhelmingly for Wilson, electing Cox (Dem.) for Governor. President Taft's defeat in his own State was as complete as Colonel Roosevelt's in his State.

Massachusetts' not only went for Wilson by a great majority, but for the first time in her history she elected a Democratic State ticket and a Democratic Legislature. This means a Democratic Senator from the Bay State in the place of Winthrop Murray Crane.

One of the features of the election was the heavy vote Roosevelt polled in the South, particularly Alabama and Georgia.

Nebraska, which had been expected to cast an overwhelming majority for the Democrats since Mr. Bryan took an active part in the campaign, did not do so well as had been expected.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon went down to defeat in the Danville district, and will be missing from the Capitol for the first time since his defeat in 1890, the only other defeat he has ever met with since he began representing that district in the '70's of the last century.

WOODROW WILSON'S CAREER.

Woodrow Wilson, who has just been chosen Twenty-eighth President, can claim through the two generations that preceded him, a century of tenantry in this country. His grandfather, James Wilson, was the first of his family to settle in the United States. It was in 1876 when the Wilson of three generations ago came from County Down, in Ireland. He was descended from Scotch stock and brought with him to Ireland the Presbyterianism that was characteristic of Scotland.

James Wilson made his home in Philadelphia and brought up his family in the faith of Calvin and Knox. So strongly were the second American Wilsons inculcated with the Presbyterian doctrines that one of James Wilson's sons, Joseph Ruggles Wilson, early in life studied theology so he could expound the doctrines of the ancient faith. He married Jessie Woodrow.

When the eyes of the man who now is declared elected as President of the United States barely had opened to a realization of the world about him the Rev. Wilson went with his family to Georgia.

He preached for many years in the Augusta Presbyterian Church. From the time he was two years old until 1870, his father exhorted his flock in Augusta. In the latter year he went to South Carolina and afterward to North Carolina, where he preached in Wilmington.

In adherence to the family faith Woodrow Wilson, who then was known as Thomas W., was enrolled in a Presbyterian institution, Davidson College. The father of the youth, who then was 17 years old, hoped that in time his son might grow up to follow him in the ministry. However, it came as a disappointment when the Rev. Wilson found that his son leaned more to pedagogic than theologic problems.

The young man entered Davidson College at the age of seventeen and remained there two years. Then he entered Princeton, from which he was graduated in 1879.

After his graduation he studied law in the University of Virginia, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1882. He received the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy from John Hopkins University in 1886, that of Doctor of Laws from Wake Forest University, North Carolina, in 1887, and that of Doctor of Literature from Yale University at its bicentennial celebration.

Professor Wilson occupied the position of adjunct professor of history in Bryn Mawr College and was afterward professor of history and political economy in Wesleyan University. In 1899 he became professor of jurisprudence and political economy at Princeton. In 1895 the title of his chair was changed to that of professor of jurisprudence, and upon its endowment he became McCormick professor of jurisprudence and politics. Professor Wilson also for a number of years gave a course of lectures in Johns Hopkins University.

He obtained celebrity as a lecturer and writer. His work, entitled "The State" and his "Life of George Washington," are among his best known writings. Professor Wilson became the thirteenth in the roll of presidents at Princeton in 1902, and the first layman to hold this office, all his predecessors having been Presbyterian clergymen. He is, however, a ruling elder in the Second Presbyterian Church of Princeton. As a professor he was very popular, and his elective classes were always among the largest.

Mr. Wilson, after twenty-five years of service as an educator, resigned the presidency of Princeton in 1910 to accept the nomination for Governor of New Jersey.

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CORNERSTONE TO BE RELAID

On next Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, the Cornerstone of the Presbyterian Church will be relaid in the church wall upon its new location. The service will be in charge of the Pastor, Rev. Edwin H. Bronson, A. M., B. D. He will be assisted by the Rev. William F. Whitaker, D. D., pastor of the first Presbyterian church of Elizabeth who will deliver the address on "The Significance of the Church", Rev. Ernest Brown, of Dunellen, on "The Church's Past" and Rev. Robert Mark. In the evening an invitation supper will be given to the men of the church at Sheppard's restaurant on Woodbridge avenue, at 8 o'clock. At this time Rev. R. W. Mark will give a ten minute talk on "The Future of the Church". All will have a cordial welcome to the Cornerstone Laying on Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

"A GREAT CAUSE HAS TRIUMPHED," SAYS WILSON.

Princeton.—Gov. Wilson dictated this telegram to Chairman McCombs, the first message sent after his election:

"I deeply appreciate your telegram and wish to extend to you and the members of the Campaign Committee my earnest congratulations on the part played in the organization and conduct of a campaign fought out upon the essential issues. A great cause has triumphed. Every Democrat, every true progressive of whatever alliance, must now lend his full force and enthusiasm to the fulfillment of the people's hopes—for the establishment of the people's rights, so that justice and progress may go hand in hand.

"WOODROW WILSON." Just a few minutes before eleven o'clock election night several hundred Princeton students reached the Governor's home and cheered for the President-Elect and his family. Governor Wilson said to them:

"I have no feeling of triumph, but a feeling of solemn responsibility. I know the very great task ahead of me and the men associated with myself, I look almost with pleading to you, the young men of America to stand behind me, to support me in the new administration.

"Wrongs have been done but they have not been done malevolently. We must have the quietest temper in what we are going to do. We must not let any man divert us. We must have quiet and yet be resolute of purpose. But let us hear them all patiently and yet, hearing all, let us not be diverted.

"I know what you want and we will not accomplish it through a single man nor a single session of the houses of Congress but by long processes running through the next generation."

As a humane way of slaughtering cattle electrocution is being tried in France.

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This is the open season for Welsh rabbits.

Garlic is suggested as a cure for tuberculosis. A strenuous cure, all right.

Radium is said to add fertility to the soil. But there are lots of cheaper fertilizers.

A hunter was killed in the Maine woods the other day. That ceased long ago to be heroic.

A Chicago woman advertises herself as a "hat doctor." Must give her patrons dope on the latest styles.

President Elliot of Harvard advises freshmen to marry early. They'll have to if they marry while they're freshmen.

A Fond du Lac judge holds that a woman may slap her mother-in-law. Sure she can, if she wants to run the chance.

A New York prisoner explained that he gets thirsty every time the moon changes, which is as good an excuse as most men give.

A noted German editor is coming over here to learn all about American newspapers. He'll have a long time to spend in studying.

Official returns show that 40,000 Corots have been shipped from London to New York. That Corot must have worked day and night.

An Englishman has developed a stingless honeybee that is a better worker than the bee that stings. Hurry with the kickless mule.

One may openly confess an unholiness as to what the woman conductors of Philadelphia will say when the trolley slips off the wire.

A designer says that \$3.48 is enough for a dress for a young girl. It may be enough for the dress, but it wouldn't convince the wearer.

A Philadelphia woman has been declared insane because she "talks incessantly." But how does this distinguish her from the normal?

A Chicago waiter has been arrested charged with hanging about cemeteries and attempting to flirt with the women and girls. A grave offense.

A woman has sued her husband for divorce because he insisted on playing checkers all the time. Couldn't stand his checkered career, evidently.

"A spade is not an implement of wealth," remarks a Pennsylvania lawyer. Still, money, the root of evil, can only be obtained by digging.

A Washington cow ate a bunch of dynamite and then laid down and died. Had she survived her meal, she'd probably have given nitroglycerin.

Have you ever noticed how nice looking and intelligent the women are who have taken to wearing sensible heels on their shoes? Of course you have!

A Gothamite frightened his wife so badly with toy pistol that she beat him up and had him arrested. Perhaps she was afraid he didn't know it was loaded.

Medicine is now placed in candy for the benefit of the little ones. In days gone by the youngster had a choice of standing for his castor oil or a thrashing.

An English duke who is in his ninety-second year hurt himself lately by falling from his car. These sporty old boys are still giving the laugh to the Oslerian theory.

After all, it would seem that those guns for the destruction of war aeroplanes are a waste of time. Just give the aviators enough space, and results will be accomplished.

The new type of baggage check omits, however, any means of telling the condition of the baggage when delivered. All the punches and holes are in that case in the trunk.

The air and the water continue to claim sacrifices and death walks abroad on the land. Clearly there is no place where a man can go and be safe, but the man with a clear conscience need not be troubled.

Paris has prohibited duelling in the streets and those who wish to engage in this merry pastime must retire to secluded places. Denying combatants a gallery is one of the most effective methods of breaking up the practice.

The inventor of circus lemonade died recently, showing that all men eventually get what is coming to them.

"Intensive housework" is a phrase recently uttered and brings up a picture of much toil on the hands and knees.

Wireless will next be used to regulate clocks on shipboard. When it has been successfully applied to the running of aeroplanes, it may do away with that inconvenient stopping of the motor.

PARALLEL STORIES OF FAMOUS CRIMES

By HENRY C. TERRY

(Copyright by F. L. Nelson)

STRANGE CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.



HAVE often been asked if professional criminals suffer from the lashings of conscience. I have no hesitation in replying that many of them, perhaps a majority, do. At least, if it is not conscience, it is the admission, after the experiences of a lifetime of crime, that crime is futile, that it brings no mental satisfaction to the criminal, and that the ways of honesty are to be preferred. It is, perhaps, that form of regret over a mispent life that is akin to remorse.

I have met with one glaring exception to this rule; one thief who boldly defended his thievery. Some of his arguments will be recognized as the well worn platitudes of the Marxian socialist. Some of them are unique. I give them for what they are worth, not so much for any value that I may think they possess, as because the story of Tom Lynch involves the telling of the story of one of the most puzzling cases of mistaken, or rather, dual identity ever met by the Metropolitan police.

You often hear the bromidic remark that it is strange among all the persons that nature ever has fashioned she never makes two who are exactly alike. Well, in the Bertillon Bureau of the city of New York today hang two photographs. The casual observer would say that both the faces were made from the same photographic plate, a young man of about thirty years. They are photographs of two entirely different criminals. Stranger still, their Bertillon measurements, regarded as infallible in identification, are exactly the same. But Capt. Faurot, the finger-print expert, can distinguish the difference in their finger-prints at a glance. That is at least one case of dual identity.

Tom Lynch's story records another. It goes back before the days of fingerprint identification, which would have solved instantly a mystery that puzzled the police for days.

TOM LYNCH'S STORY.

"Thieves, I suppose," said Tom, "have all sorts of notions as to why they steal. Few of them, perhaps, will agree with me. I believe that a man has the right to take unto himself any property that may be in the possession of another, but which is not being used by the owner at the time of the theft. This draws the line at picking a pocket. I would not steal anything from another's pocket. But, if I entered a man's house and there found in a drawer a \$100 which he had taken from his pocket I would not hesitate to steal it on the theory that it was property out of use at the time.

"If all the property in the world were equally divided and each person had his share I would not be a thief. I do not believe there would be any thieves.

"You will understand me now when I speak of being proud of a certain piece of work in my line. Well of all the tricks I have pulled off I am prouder of the robbery of a certain great New York wholesale house than any other, even if it did land me for a fifteen-year stretch. I am proud of it as a work of art. It was all of that and would have been a masterpiece but for the one little slip in the coga that a thief never counts on, yet so often encounters.

"The idea came to me one day when I was passing the wholesale house of & Co., on Church street. The night watchman was just going on duty. I looked at him in astonishment. It was none other than Sam Snyder, one of the smoothest bank burglars who ever held a candle. How Sam ever succeeded in getting a job as a night watchman was a mystery to me. Talk about setting a thief to catch a thief.

"Well I walked on to Billy the Bite's place on Thompson street to have a drink and think it over. Who should I see sitting there at a table but Sam Snyder himself.

"You beat it over here from your Church street job in a hurry," I said to him.

"His only answer was to look at me in blank surprise. Then I told him how I had just seen him in a watchman's uniform over at the big wholesale house.

"Billy," he called to Billy the Bite, who was behind the bar, "How long have I been sittin' in this here chair?" "Billy looks at the clock and says: 'Tree hours, an' youse has had foive drinks. Dere never was no profit in temperance blokes.'

"Billy might have lied but at that Sam couldn't have got out of his uniform and beat me across town. If it wasn't Sam it was a dead, living ringer for him. Like a flash it came to me.

"Sam," I said, 'this here has been handed to us by Providence. If you haven't got that job as a night watchman you've got to grab it.'

"With that I took him over to the place and we hung around until we could get a pipe at the watchman.

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."

With Sam standing there at my side I had to rub my eyes to believe that wasn't him on the other side of the big plate glass. I kidded him along by saying:

"There's no watchman in there, Sam. That's just your reflection in the glass."

"By—, if it wasn't for the uniform he's got I'd be willing to believe it myself," he said.

"With that he likes right back to Billy the Bite's and frames up the job. This is the way it worked out.

"First we pulled in Ed Kelly, Pete Hall and Billy Myer, all men we could trust. We put a plant onto the store and got every movement down so fine that if the proprietors had been willing to step out and turn it over to us we could have run it without a hitch. We found that a very heavy trucking business left the store in the early hours of the morning in order to get shipments out of the way before the streets were blocked with traffic.

"Pete Hall, who stood in with every fence in town, then got about a dozen trucks together so that they could be used at any time on call. My part of the early work was to go over to the east side and hire a house on Madison street that could be used for storage purposes. We then started the trucks to running back and forth in the neighborhood of the Madison street place. Each truck carried a load of packing cases which were dummies. My partners did the trucking and handled the cases. It soon became thoroughly established in the neighborhood that we were doing a legitimate trucking and storage business.

"While this was going on I laid all the plans for cracking the store. I fixed upon Monday morning as at that time in the week they carried an unusually heavy stock of shipments ready to go out.

"Everything being in readiness, I gave the gang the tip to report at the store with the teams at a quarter of four on Monday morning. We had five trucks ready but only one drove up to the shipping dock first. I had learned that the truckmen were in the habit of signalling the watchman by tapping on this door with an iron bale hook. I gave him the signal and the minute he opened the door Sam Snyder laid him out with another hook.

"He lost no time in stripping the watchman of his uniform and getting into it himself. To get rid of Sam's clothes we slipped them onto the unconscious watchman. The whole gang gave a start to see what looked like Sam himself, lying there stiff.

"We worked as fast as possible and I doubt if five trucks ever were loaded so quickly. When we had as much as we dared carry we drove off. As we had at least an hour before us, I had Sam Snyder stay at the store, intending to make a return trip with one truck for some velvets that I had my eye on. We dumped the stuff into our storage house and hustled back on one truck at lightning speed.

"I went to the door and gave the signal to Sam Snyder with the bale hook. I waited a long while and he did not reply. I finally came to the conclusion that he had seen something suspicious and had made off. So we reluctantly returned to our storage house, compelled to be satisfied with the five loads. We put up the horses and awaited the day's developments. I was greatly troubled in mind when, at the close of the day, Sam Snyder had not put in his appearance at the warehouse.

DETECTIVE CARPENTER'S STORY.

"Although the thief is the natural enemy of mankind, occasionally a job of thievery is done that cannot help but arouse a certain degree of admiration either for its ingenuity or its daring. Such a case was the robbery of the big wholesale house of & Co.

"When I first received the commission to look up the burglary it seemed like a very easy task. The thieves had left behind them a most unusual clue, no more nor less than one of their number. But before I got through my head was in a whirl.

"When the clerk whose duty it was to open the store in the morning arrived at the place he was surprised to find both doors to the shipping room standing wide open. All the goods which had been boxed Saturday for shipment on Monday morning were gone.

"He could not understand this, but he presumed that all was regular and that some arrangement of which he had not been informed had been made for an earlier shipment than usual. He called the name of the watchman, but received no reply. Even this failed to arouse his suspicions, as on several occasions the watchman had left the store a little while before the arrival of the first clerk.

"But when the shipping clerk arrived he also was ignorant of any plan for an early shipment. The two men called a policeman and together they searched the store. They found the watchman lying on the floor unconscious and bleeding from a cut

in his forehead. Then it was plain that a robbery had been committed.

"I reached the store early in the morning, shortly after the arrival of the heads of departments. I saw at a glance that it was a case of burglary, and by a gang of the most expert and daring men in the business. While the clerks were figuring up to find how many thousands of dollars' worth had been taken I made a tour of the store to find out, if possible, how entrance had been gained.

"I went first to the cellar and had not got very far until I saw something that gave me a start.

"Two feet were sticking out from between some packing boxes that stood directly on an open hatchway leading to the first floor. I pushed aside the boxes and found the body of a man lying in a pool of blood. I felt his pulse. It was still beating very faintly, but I could see that he was in a critical condition. He was wearing a watchman's uniform. Yet we had found the watchman upstairs. I called some of the clerks. With one breath they declared it was the watchman. Then who was the man we had sent to the hospital with a broken head?

"We carried the man upstairs. Several more of the clerks took a look at him and were unanimous in declaring that this certainly was the watchman. There was a letter in the pocket of his blouse addressed to the watchman at Hoboken. I did not know what to believe. One of the two men was the watchman, but which I was unable to say. His wife had been sent for and was on the way. She would be able to settle it beyond doubt.

"When she arrived at the store she gave one look at the body of the man I had found in the cellar, shrieked, threw herself on the body and fainted dead away. That settled it. This was the watchman himself. To make it doubly sure, as soon as she had recovered sufficiently to talk, I asked her if there were any marks upon the body of her husband by which he could be positively identified. She replied that her husband, who had been in the navy, had the picture of a full-rigged ship tattooed on his chest.

"I quickly stripped off the man's shirt. No ship was there. The ambulance was at hand and, taking the wife, I went with it to the hospital where the first man had been taken.

"He had the ship in the right place. I was glad of it and the wife was overjoyed, for the doctors said the real watchman was but slightly hurt, while the fellow I had found was certain to die.

"It was then clear to me that the man in the cellar was one of the thieves who had fallen through the open hatchway. The plot was then apparent. Acting upon the most remarkable resemblance between the two men, the thieves had waylaid the real watchman, knocked him out and substituted their own comrade in his place. Even the policeman on the beat, who knew the watchman well, had talked with his prototype without scenting the deception. No blame was attached to him when even the man's own wife was deceived.

"My thread to the solution of the mystery was now the bogus watchman. I kept close watch on him in the hospital. In a few days he died. I had it publicly announced in all the papers that he would be buried in the potter's field. But the next day an undertaker appeared with a permit to take the body. I let him have it, but also got a strong pull on him and had myself appointed his assistant.

"Now I was in a position to learn who was interested in the body. It was a woman. I put shadows on her and soon found out that she was a Miss Snyder, who had a brother Sam who was something of a crook. That was enough for me. I soon had the body fully identified as that of Sam Snyder.

"Still I was a long way from the living members of the plot. But with Sam Snyder dead I was convinced that the thieves would do something for his sister and only living relative. I kept a close shadow on her. Soon I was rewarded by finding that she was in receipt of money from some source. The amounts came on the first of every month from different places. Then the payments stopped.

"As a last resort I went directly to the woman. I told her that I was a crook and an old friend of Sam's who had frequently worked with him. I told her so many things about Sam that I had learned that she was convinced. She began to talk freely and gave me a lot of information about Sam's affiliation with Tom Lynch's gang.

"It did not take me long to find out that she had a grievance against Tom Lynch. She said that Tom Lynch had agreed to take care of her after Sam was hurt in the Church street robbery, but had failed to keep his promise, and she was then in desperate straits. Upon my promise to see Tom and urge him to help her she gave me the full details of the plot. She named as the members of the gang Ed Kelly, Pete Hall and Bill Myer, besides Tom Lynch. She gave me a tip on where the stolen goods were stored.

"I turned my attention to the place and finally spotted Pete Hall, who had come to the place to attend to the shipment of some of the goods. By shadowing him I finally nailed the whole gang in Philadelphia. They had been disposing of the goods in small lots in various cities.

"Much of the loot was recovered in the storage house. All of the gang were identified by the policeman who had talked with the watchman and they were sent away for 15 years each."

GOOD JOKES



MADE A DIFFERENCE.

It was kit inspection and the different companies of the battalion were standing with their kits on the ground in front of them. The sergeant major was making the examination, when his eagle eye detected the absence of soap in the kit of Private Flinn, and he demanded what excuse the man had to give.

"Plaze, sor, it's all used," said Flinn.

"Used!" shouted the sergeant major. "Why, the first cake of soap I had served me for my kit lasted me three years, while you are not a year in the ranks yet. How do you account for that?"

Flinn's eye had the faintest suspicion of a twinkle as he replied:

"Plaze, sor, I wash every day." And the sergeant major walked on, while the whole company grinned.—Tit-Bits.

Feminine Diplomacy.

"Yes, I finally got rid of him," she said, "without having to tell him in so many words that I never could learn to love him. I didn't want to do that, because he's an awfully nice fellow, and I should have been very sorry to cause him pain."

"How did you manage it?" her friend asked.

"Why, you see, he's subject to hay fever, so I decorated the house with golden rod whenever he sent word that he was coming."

SOME DIFFERENCE.



Mr. Saphead—I certainly admire an athletic girl.

Miss Pert—But you married just the opposite.

Mr. Saphead—Oh! I didn't say I'd marry an athletic girl.

Vindictive.

The comical boarder
Is fond of his joke;
His landlady hopes,
In her heart, he will choke.

At a Summer Resort.

"Really, we mustn't stand here talking like this. My husband may come along at any minute."

"Well, we can talk in some other way if he comes, can't we?"

"But he is jealous of you."

"Do you think he has any cause to be?"

"Oh, if that's the way you feel about it we may as well go into the casino."

He Begins to See.

"When I first hit town," remarked Farmer Heck, "I uster stand on a corner and wonder how all these city people managed to live."

"Well?"

"Well, seeing as they have got \$38 out of me in four days, it ain't such a mystery after all."

Lack of Tact.

"Why did you jilt Percy?"

"He is lacking in tact."

"Why, I thought he always said nice things?"

"He does—but not always the right things. He was protesting his love yesterday when we passed an old woman. I saw my cue and said:

"Will you love me when I get old and look like that woman?"

"Of course I will, darling!" he cried.

"So I dismissed him. The idea of his consenting to think that I could ever get to look like that horrid old thing!"

Women are so particular.

"How often is your motor overhauled, Binks?" asked Dusenberry.

"Four times last month," said Binks.

"Four times in one month? Geerusalem! What for?" demanded Dusenberry.

"Speeding," said Binks. "Twice by the bicycle cops, once by a deputy sheriff and once by a plain, common, garden, village constable."—Judge.

Yearning for a Tentacle.

"Of course you have a grudge against the octopus; I mean the railroads."

"Yes," replied Farmer Cornfossil; "my principal grievance is that there ain't any of 'em runnin' within a mile or two of my place."

The Real Danger.

"Madam, your little dog bit one of the children in the street below."

"What! One of those dirty little creatures! Call up at once for my veterinarian!"

POOR WOMAN.



Mrs. Wise—Well, there may be some things that a woman don't know.

Mr. Wise—Yes; but no man can tell her what they are.

The Point of View.

"This section is almost mountainous," remarked the pedestrian to his companion as they trudged along a country road one summer's day carrying heavy grips.

"Yes, it's a bit hilly," said the farmer a few minutes later as he drove his guest from the station in the big backboard.

"Nice, rolling country, this," observed the automobilist to his chauffeur as they whizzed by in a big touring car.

"Gee, what a flat, uninteresting region," thought the aviator, looking down as he sailed over it in his majestic biplane.—Life.

Easy.

A New Yorker had occasion to 'phone from one suburb to another while visiting in a western city. Upon asking what the charge was, he was told 50 cents.

"Fifty cents! For that distance? Great Scott! In New York you can call hell up for 50 cents."

"Possibly," coolly answered the operator. "It's in the city limits."—Argonaut.

He'll Learn.

Minister—What a pity your brother is so depraved and idle. Have you any other brothers at home like him?

Billy—Oh, no; I've one brother who never swears, never drinks, never plays cards, never 'ts me, never steals, never—

Minister—Oh, indeed?

Billy—Yes, an' he's only six months old.—Tit-Bits.

ON THE LINKS.



Evelyn—I just met Clarence. He is a conversational fizzle.

George—How's that?

Evelyn—He makes love when he ought to play golf, and he talks golf when he ought to make love.

Objected to Plural.

"Does she pay very much for her hats?" she asked.

"Hats?" she retorted. "Why do you say 'hats' when you know as well as I do that one a year is the best she ever gets?"

All He Could Think Of.

Fisherman—Here comes another dead fish, Pat; the river's full of them. What's the meaning of it?

Pat—Sure, I cannot tell at all, sorr; unless it's this terrible fut and mouth disease.—Punch.

Name It!

"You will probably refuse to believe I'm telling the truth, but—"

"But what?"

"It is a fact that I recently picked up a magazine which didn't have an article on the Panama Canal."

Where From?

"Where did the girl come from who has such breezy manners?"

"From the Windy City."

"And the one with such a mobile face?"

"From Alabama."

Her Little Joke.

Wife—Broke again! It seems to me you are always short of money.

Hub (a poker player)—It is due to the way I was raised.

Wife—That's right; blame it on your poor parents."

The Other Way About.

Mrs. Exe—So you and your husband have separated because of a misunderstanding?

Mrs. Wye—Nothing of the sort! We parted because we understood each other too well.



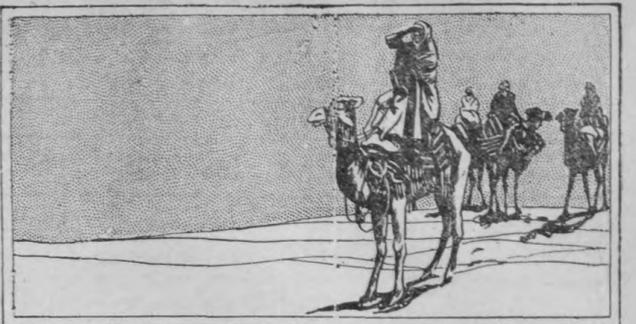
The Carpet from Bagdad

by HAROLD MAC GRATH

Author of HEARTS AND MASKS, The MAN ON THE BOX etc.

Illustrations by M.G. KETTNER

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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. Horace Ryanne arrives at the hotel in Cairo with a carefully guarded bundle. Ryanne sells Jones the famous holy Yhl-order rug which he admits having stolen from a pasha at Bagdad. Jones meets Major Callahan and later is introduced to Fortune Chedsoye by a woman to whom he had loaned 150 pounds at Monte Carlo some months previously, and who turns out to be Fortune's mother.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Well?" said Mrs. Chedsoye, a quizzical smile slanting her lips.

"You wish my opinion?" countered the daughter. "He is shy, but he is neither stupid nor silly, and when he smiles he is really good-looking."

"My child," replied the woman, drawing off her gloves and examining her shapely hands, "I have looked into the very heart of that young man. A thousand years ago, a red-cross on his surcoat, he would have been beating his fists against the walls of Jerusalem; five hundred years later, he would have been singing chant-royales under lattice-windows; a paladin and a poet."

"How do you know that? Did he make love to you?"

"No; but I made love to him without his knowing it; and that was more to my purpose than having him make love to me," enigmatically. "Three days, and he was so gulleless that he never asked my name. But in Monte Carlo, as you know, one asks only your banker's name."

"And your purpose?"

"It is still mine, dear. Do you realize that we haven't seen each other for four months, and that you haven't offered to kiss me?"

"Did he go away without writing to you about that money?"

Mrs. Chedsoye calmly plucked out the returned fingers of her gloves. "I believe I did receive a note inclosing his banker's address, but, unfortunately, in the confusion of returning to Paris, I lost it. My memory has always been a trial to me," sadly.

"Since when?" coldly. "There is not a woman living with a keener memory than yours."

"You flatter me. In affairs that interest me, perhaps."

"You never meant to pay him. It is horrible."

"My dear Fortune, how you jump at conclusions! Did I not offer him a draft the very first thing?"

"Knowing that at such a moment he could not possibly accept it?" derisively. "Sometimes I hate you!"

"In these days filial devotion is a lost art."

"No, no; it is a flower parents have ceased to cultivate."

And there was in the tone a strained note which described an intense longing to be loved. For if George Percival Algernon Jones was a lonely young man, it was the result of his own blindness; whereas Fortune Chedsoye turned hither and thither in search of that which she never could find. The wide Lybian desert held upon its face a loneliness, a desolation, less mournful than that which reigned within her heart.

"Hush! We are growing sentimental," warned the mother. "Besides, I believe we are attracting attention." Her glance swept a half-circle complacently.

"Pardon me! I should be sorry to draw attention to you, knowing how you abhor it."

"My child, learn from me; temper is the arch-enemy of smooth complexions. Jones—it makes you laugh."

"It is a homely, honest name."

"I grant that. But a Percival Algernon Jones!" Mrs. Chedsoye laughed softly. It was one of those pleasant sounds that caused persons within hearing to wait for it to occur again. "Come; let us go up to the room. It is a dull, dusty journey in from Port Said."

Alone, Fortune was certain that for her mother her heart knew nothing but hate. Neglect, indifference, injustice, misunderstanding, the chill repellence that always met the least outreaching of the child's affections, the unaccountable disappearances, the terror of the unknown, the blank wall of ignorance behind which she was always kept, upon these hate had builded her dark and brooding retreat. Yet, never did the mother come within the radius of her sight that she did not fall under the spell of strange fascination, enchaining, fight against it how she might. A kindly touch of the hand, a skilful mother-smile, and she would have flung her arms about the other woman's neck.

But the touch and the mother-smile never came. She knew, she understood; she wasn't wanted, she hadn't been wanted in the beginning; to her mother she was as the young of animals, interesting only up to that time when they could stand alone. That the mother never made and held feminine friendships was in nowise astonishing. Beauty and charm, such as she possessed, served immediately to stimulate envy in other women's hearts. And that men of all stations

in life flocked about her, why, it is the eternal tribute demanded of beauty. Here and there the men were not all the daughter might have wished. Often they burnt sweet flattery at her shrine, tentatively; but as she coolly stamped out these incipient fires, they at length came to regard her as one regards the beauty of a frosted window, as a thing to admire and praise in passing. One ache always abided; the bitter knowledge that had she met in kind smile to smile and jest for jest, she might have been her mother's boon companion. But deep back in some hidden chamber of her heart lay a secret dread of such a step, a dread which, whenever she strove to analyze it, ran from under her investigating touch, as little balls of quicksilver run from under the pressure of a thumb.

She was never without the comforts of life, well-fed, well-dressed, well-housed, and often her mother flung her some jeweled trinket which (again that sense of menace) she put away, but never wore. The bright periods were when they left her in the little villa near Mentone, with no one but her old and faithful nurse. There, with her horse, her books and her flowers, she was at peace. Week into week and month into month she was let be. Never a letter came, save from some former schoolmate who was coming over and wanted letters of introduction to dukes and duchesses. If she smiled over these letters it was with melancholy; for the dukes and duchesses, who fell within her singular orbit, were not the sort to whom one gave letters of introduction.

Where her mother went she never had the least idea. She might be in any of the great ports of the world, anywhere between New York and Port Said. The major generally disappeared at the same time. Then, perhaps, she'd come back from a pleasant tram-ride over to Nice and find them both at the villa, maid and luggage. Mayhap a night or two, and off they'd go again; never a word about their former journey, uncommunicative, rather quiet. These absences, together with the undemonstrative reappearances, used to hurt Fortune dreadfully. It gave her a clear proof of where she stood, exactly nowhere. The hurt had lessened with the years, and now she didn't care much. Like as not, they would drag her out of Eden for a month or two, for what true reason she never could quite fathom, unless it was that at times her mother liked to have the daughter near her as a foil.

At rare intervals she saw steel-eyed, grim-mouthed men wandering up and down before the gates of the Villa

There was one man more persistent than the others. Her mother called him Horace, which the major mellowed into Hoddy. He was tall, blond, good-looking, a devil-may-care, educated, witty amusing; and in evening dress he appeared to be what it was quite evident he had once been, a gentleman. At first she thought it strange that he should make her, instead of her mother, his confidante. As to what vocation he pursued, she did not know, for he kept sedulous guard over his tongue; but his past, up to that fork in the road where manhood says good-by to youth, was hers. And in this direction, clever and artful as the mother was, she sought in vain to wrest this past from her daughter's lips. To the mother, it was really necessary for her to know who this man really was, had been, knowing thoroughly as she did what he was now.

Persistent he undeniably was, but never coarse nor rude. Since that time he had come back from the casino at Monte Carlo, much the worse for wine, she feared him; yet, in spite of this fear, she had for him a vague liking, a hazy admiration. Whatever his faults might be, she stood witness to his great physical strength and courage. He was the only man, among all those who appeared at the Villa Fanny and immediately vanished, who returned again. And he, too, soon grew to be a part of this unreal drama, arriving mysteriously one day and departing the next.

That a drama was being enacted under her eyes she no longer doubted; but it was as though she had taken her seat among the audience in the middle of the second act. She could make neither head nor tail to it.

Whenever she accompanied her mother upon these impromptu journeys, her character, or rather her attitude, underwent a change. She swept aside her dreams; she accepted the world as it was, saw things as they were; laughed, but without merriment; jested, but with the venomous point. It was the reverse of her real character to give hurt to any living thing, but during these forced marches, as the major humorously termed them, and such they were in truth, she could no more stand against giving the cruel stab than, when alone in her garden, she could resist the tender pleasure of succoring a fallen butterfly. She was especially happy in finding weak spots in her mother's

she had often heard him referred to as "that brute" or "that fool" or "that drunken imbecile." If a portrait of him existed, Fortune had not yet seen it. She visited his lonely grave once a year, in the Protestant cemetery, and dreamily tried to conjure up what manner of man he had been. One day she plied her old Italian nurse with questions.

"Handsome? Yes, but it was all so long ago, cara mia, that I can not describe him to you."

"Did he drink?" Behind this question there was no sense of moral obloquy as applying to the dead.

"Sainted Mary! didn't all men drink their very souls into purgatory those unreligious days?"

"Had he any relatives?"

"I never heard of any."

"Was he rich?"

"No; but when the signora, your mother, married him she thought he was."

It was not till later years that Fortune grasped the true significance of this statement. It illumined many pages. She dropped all investigations, concluding wisely that her mother, if she were minded to speak at all, could supply only the incidents, the details.

It was warm, balmy, like May in the northern latitudes. Women wore white dresses and carried sunshades over their shoulders. A good band played airs from the new light-operas, and at one side of the grandstand were tea-tables under dazzling linen. Fashion was out. Not all her votaries enjoyed polo, but it was absolutely necessary to pretend that they did.

When they talked they discussed the Spanish dancer who paraded back and forth across the tea-lawn. They discussed her jewels, her clothes, her escort, and quite frankly her morals,

the dark beauty of a high-class Spaniard, possessing humor, trenchant comment, keen deduction and application; worldly, cynical, high-bred. The student of nations might have tried in vain to place her. She spoke the French of the Parisians, the Italian of the Florentines, the German of the Hanoverians, and her English was the envy of Americans and the wonder of the Londoners. The daughter fell behind her but little, but she was more reserved.

As Fortune sat beside the young collector that afternoon, she marveled why they had given him Percival Algernon. Jones was all right, solid and substantial, but the other two turned it into ridicule. Still, what was the matter with Percival Algernon? History had given men of these names mighty fine things to accomplish. Then why ridicule? Was it due to the perverted angle of vision created by wits and humorists in the comic weeklies, who were eternally pillorying these unhappy prefixes to ordinary cognomens? And why this pillorying? She hadn't studied the subject sufficiently to realize that the business of the humorist is not so much to amuse as to warn persons against becoming ridiculous. And Percival Algernon Jones was all of that. It resolved itself into a matter of values, then. Had his surname been Montmorency, Percival Algernon would have fitted as a key to its lock. She smiled. No one but a fond mother would be guilty of such a crime. And if she ever grew to know him well enough, she was going to ask him all about this mother.

What interest had her own mother in this harmless young man? Oh, some day she would burst through this web, this jungle; some day she would see beyond the second act! What then? she never troubled to ask herself; time enough when the moment arrived.

"I had an interesting adventure last night, a most interesting one,"

and humorously explained why he did so."

"Is he young, old, good-looking, or what?"

Mrs. Chedsoye eyed her offspring through narrowed lids. "I should say that he was about thirty-five, tall, something of an athlete; and there remains some indications that in the flush of youth he was handsome. Odd. He reminded me of a young man who was on the varsity eleven—foot-baller—when I entered my freshman year. I didn't know him, but I was a great admirer of his from the grand-stand. Horace Wadsworth was his name."

Horace Wadsworth. Fortune had the sensation of being astonished at something she had expected to happen.

Just before going down to dinner that night, Fortune turned to her mother, her chin combative in its angle.

"I gave Mr. Jones a hundred and fifty pounds out of that money you left in my care. Knowing how forgetful you are, I took the liberty of attending to the affair myself."

She expected a storm, but instead her mother viewed her with appraising eyes. Suddenly she laughed mellowly. Her sense of humor was too excitable to resist so delectable a situation.

"You told him, of course, that the money came from me?" demanded Mrs. Chedsoye, when she could control her voice.

"Surely, since it did come from you."

"My dear, my dear, you are to me like the song in the Mikado," and she hummed lightly—

"To make the prisoner pent Unwillingly represent A source of innocent merriment, Of innocent merriment!"

"Am I a prisoner, then?"

"Whatever you like; it can not be said that I ever held you on the leash," taking a final look into the mirror.

"What is the meaning of this rug? You and I know who stole it."

"I have explicitly warned you, my child, never to meddle with affairs that do not concern you."

"Indirectly, some of yours do. You are in love with Ryanne, as he calls himself."

"My dear, you do not usually stoop to such vulgarity. And are you certain that he has any other name?"

"If I were I should not tell you."

"Oh!"

"A man will tell the woman he loves many things he will not tell the woman he admires."

"As wise as the serpent," bantered the mother; but she looked again into the mirror to see if her color was still what it should be. "And whom does he admire?" the Mona Lisa smile hovering at the corners of her lips.

"You," evenly.

Mrs. Chedsoye thought for a moment, thought deeply and with new insight. It was no longer a child but a woman, and mayhap she had played upon the taut strings of the young heart once too often. Still, she was unafraid.

"And whom does he love?"

"Me. Shall I get you the rouge, mother?"

Still with that unchanging smile, the woman received the stab. "My daughter," as if speculatively, "you will get on. You haven't been my pupil all these years for nothing. Let us go down to dinner."

Fortune, as she silently followed, experienced a sense of disconcertion rather than of elation.

CHAPTER VI.

Moonlight and Poetry.

A ball followed dinner that night, Wednesday. The ample lounge-room filled up rapidly after coffee; officers in smart uniforms and spurs, whose principal function in times of peace is to get in everybody's way, rowel exposed ankles, and demolish lace ruffles. Egyptians and Turks and sleek Armenians in somber western frock and scarlet eastern fez or tarboosh, women of all colors (meaning, as course, as applied) and shapes and tastes, the lean and the fat, the tall and short, such as Billy Taylor is said to have kissed in all the ports, and tail-coats of as many styles as Joseph's had patches. George could distinguish his compatriots by the fit of the trousers round the instep; the Englishman had his fitted at the waist and trusted in Providence for the hang of the rest. This trifling detective work rather pleased George. The women, however, were all Eve's to his eye; liberal expanses of beautiful white skin, the bare effect being modified by a string of pearls or diamonds or emeralds, and hair which might or might not have been wholly their own. He waited restlessly for the reappearance of Mrs. Chedsoye and her daughter. All was right with the world, except that he was to sail altogether too soon. His loan had been returned, and he knew that his former suspicions had been most unworthy. Mrs. Chedsoye had never received his note.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



There Weren't Two Other Women in All Cairo to Compare With These Two.

Fanny, but they never rang the bell, nor spoke to her when she passed them on the street. If she talked of these men, her mother and the major would exchange amused glances, nothing more.

If, rightly or wrongly, she hated her mother, she despised her uncle, who was ever bringing to the villa men of money, but of coarse fiber, ostensibly with the view of marrying her off. But Fortune had her dreams, and she was quite content to wait.

Fortune never asked questions relative to the family finances. If she harbored any doubts as to their origin, to the source of their comparative luxury, she never put these into speech. She had never seen her father, but



"I Expect Every Hour to Hear of Some One Arriving From Bagdad."

which of the four was by all odds the most popular theme. All agreed that she was handsome in a bold way. This modification invariably distinguishes the right sort of women from the wrong sort, from which there is no appeal to a higher court. They could well afford to admit of her beauty, since the dancer was outside what is called the social pale, for all that her newest escort was a prince incognito. They also discussed the play at bridge, the dullness of this particular season, the possibility of war between England and Germany. And some one asked others who were the two well-gowned women down in front, sitting on either side of the young chap in pearl-grey. No one knew. Mother and daughter, probably. Anyhow, they knew something about good clothes.

George was happy. He was proud, too. He saw the glances, the nods of approval. He basked in a kind of sunshine that was new. What an ass he had been all his life! To have been afraid of women just because he was Percival Algernon! What he should have done was to have gone forth boldly, taken what pleasures he found, and laughed with the rest of them.

There weren't two other women in all Cairo to compare with these two. The mother, shapely, elegant, with

began George, who was no longer the shy, blundering recluse. They were on the way back to town.

"Tell it me," said Mrs. Chedsoye.

He leaned over from his seat beside the chauffeur of the hired automobile. (Hang the expense on a day like this!) "A fellow brought me a rug last night, one of the rarest outside the museums. How and where he got it I'm not fully able to state. But he had been in a violent struggle somewhere, arms slashed, shins battered. He admitted that he had gone in where many—shapes of death lurked. It was a bit irregular. I bought the rug, however. Some one else would have snatched it up if I hadn't. I wanted him to recount the adventure, but he smiled and refused. I tell you what it is, these eastern ports are great places."

"How interesting!" Mrs. Chedsoye's color was not up to the mark. "He was not seriously wounded?"

"Oh, no. He looks like a tough individual. I mean, a chap strong and hardy enough to pull himself out of pretty bad holes. He needed the money."

"Did he give his name?" asked Fortune.

"Yes; but no doubt it was assumed. Ryanne, and he spelt it with an 'n',

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OFFICE: THIRD STREET, NEAR WASHINGTON AVE., BOROUGH OF ROOSEVELT.

TRIUMPH OF GERMAN CHEMIST

Dr. Von Bolton Has Succeeded in Making Diamonds From Illuminating Gas.

Dr. W. Von Bolton has been trying to grow diamonds. At a recent congress of the German Bunsen society he described the decomposition of illuminating gas under the action of sodium amalgam, which precipitated the carbon in the form of black coal and, it seemed, of diamonds, but these were in too small quantity to permit of analysis. Dr. Bolton determined to obtain a greater quantity by making diamonds grow on some mother substance.

The Scientific American says he placed 50 grams of 14 per cent. sodium amalgam in a long testing tube, and coated the upper layer with a diluted water-glass solution, over which he spread amorphous diamond powder. The tube was kept at a temperature of 100 degrees centigrade in a water bath, after which a slow current of moistened illuminating gas was introduced. The amalgam was allowed to give off its mercury vapor for one month, when very little black carbon had been separated, but on the layer covered with diamond powder many particles of high brilliancy were found.

The contents of the tube were boiled in a platinum crucible with a mixture of fluoric and sulphuric acids. The microscope revealed that the amorphous powder had been converted into brilliant crystals, true diamonds, still too small, however, to allow of analysis.

New Use of the Banana.

"There are now in Jamaica six factories manufacturing banana figs, chips, meal and flour," said James McC. Harris of Boston, who recently returned from Jamaica. "During the seasons at which the fruit is cheapest all of these plants are run at their maximum capacity. The methods of drying the fruit are different in different plants, though all resort, I believe, to a hot air process. It takes about 400 to 500 pounds of the fruit to manufacture 100 pounds of meal. "The banana fig is as palatable as the natural fig and resembles it closely in color. It has replaced the natural fig in many markets in which it has been introduced. The chips are sold primarily for breakfast foods, being made into a porridge. Several of the manufacturers, who deal in the European markets, ship the chips to their mills in those European cities and have it ground into meal there. Grist mills, the same kind used for manufacturing meal from corn, are used."

Trust Father.

"Well, what do you think of things?" inquired father as the bus drove away from the station. "This scenery ain't what I expected," complained mother. "I don't believe that mountain is half as high as the booklet claimed," declared sister. "That sunset ain't up to the standard," was brother's comment. "Go slow, folks," counseled father. "If the meals and the beds come up to the booklet, we won't kick."

OBJECT TO THE CHICKENS

Residents of Summer Place Allege That Their Early Morning Rest Is Disturbed.

The dwellers in the residential section of Hastings-on-the-Hudson have become much excited over discussions of the question. Is it proper and right to maintain a poultry farm on a village plot? Since the days have lengthened and the sun rises early and the windows are kept open wide all night, it is maintained by those on the negative side of the question, restful sleep is out of the question after 4 o'clock in the morning. A petition setting forth all the arguments from the moral, economic and social points of view against chicken raising inside of village limits has been circulated, and has the names of all who do not own chickens. One of the signers said the whole trouble was brought on the community by the importation of a bantam rooster. What this fellow lacks in size he makes up in volume and shrillness of voice and in the zeal with which he indulges his talent for crowing in the early hours of the day. He is keyed too high, and his owner should feed him chalk every night. The petition describes in detail the annoyance of being roused out of a sound sleep by a loud cock-crow-dee-dee and the horror of lying awake to listen for the next summons from the other roosters. One particularly loud-voiced Leghorn was found dead beside his coop a few days ago. It is said on of the neighbors, at the risk of being shot, broke the rooster's neck. It took only a few days for the owner to get another lusty-lunged bird, and now there is some feeling!

PRESIDENT TAFT SAYS:

"I sincerely hope the change in the American economic situation proposed to be made under the Democratic administration will be made, and I can only hope that it can be made without disturbing the nation's prosperity."

President Taft sent this message to Governor Wilson:

"I cordially congratulate you on your election and extend to you my best wishes for a successful administration."

ROOSEVELT "ACCEPTS RESULT"; WIRES WILSON.

Oyster Bay.—Colonel Roosevelt sent for the newspaper men at 11.20 o'clock p. m., saying he had a statement to make. He met them on the veranda of his home and dictated the following:

"The American people by a great plurality have decided in favor of Mr. Wilson and the Democratic party."

"Like all other good citizens, I accept the results with entire good humor and contentment. As for the Progressive cause, I can only repeat what I have said so many times:

"The leader for the time being is of little consequence, but the cause itself must triumph, for its triumph is essential to the well-being of the American people."

Colonel Roosevelt sent to President-elect Wilson at Princeton the following message:

ton, N. J. "Hon. Woodrow Wilson, Princeton.—The American people by a great plurality have conferred upon you the highest honor in their gift. I congratulate you thereon. "THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

W. H. TAFT, LAWYER.

President Says He Will Return to Cincinnati and Resume Law Practice Just for "Living."

Cincinnati, Nov. 6.—In the home of Charles P. Taft, where he heard the news of his victory over W. J. Bryan four years ago, President Taft read the bulletins that told the story of his defeat.

Then the President gave his program for future years. He said that he would return to Cincinnati and practise law, but that he would not take any more law business than would be necessary to make a living for his family and himself—"to keep the wolf from the door," as he put it. He would devote, he said, all his remaining time and thoughts and energy "to preserve the life of constitutional government."

With the prevailing feminine shape the chances of the fat woman are mighty slim.

Even in seeking after happiness some people sit down and expect it to overtake them.

The fact that pride goeth before a fall doesn't have a tendency to soften the bumps any.

The fatalist who believes that what is to be will be, may live to discover that it's his own fault.

Try to give the lie to that hoary bit of pessimism about a good beginning made a bad ending.

We never realize how many useless things there are in the world until we attend a wedding and see all the presents.

The crop of blooming idiots is one thing that doesn't seem to be governed by the law of supply and demand.

Beauty is only skin deep. Kissing in the dark demonstrates that a homely girl tastes just as good as a pretty one.

SAID ABOUT WOMEN.

Woman, asses and nuts require strong hands.—Italian Proverb.

Do you not know I am a woman? When I think I must speak.—William Shakespeare.

God! she is like a milk white lamb, that bleats for man's protection.—John Keats.

A woman and her servant acting in accord would outwit a dozen devils.—Proverb.

Coquette—A female general who builds her fame on her advances.—Ernest Field.

A woman would be in despair if nature had formed her as fashion makes her appear.—Mlle. de Lespinasse.

We love handsome women from inclination, homely women from interest, and virtuous women from reason.—Arsene Houssaye.

ELECTORAL VOTE.

State	Roosevelt	Wilson
Alabama	12	12
Arizona	3	3
Arkansas	9	9
California	13	13
Colorado	6	6
Connecticut	7	7
Delaware	3	3
Florida	6	6
Georgia	14	14
Idaho	4	4
Illinois	29	29
Indiana	15	15
Iowa	13	13
Kansas	10	10
Kentucky	13	13
Louisiana	10	10
Maine	6	6
Maryland	8	8
Massachusetts	18	18
Michigan	15	15
Minnesota	12	12
Mississippi	10	10
Missouri	13	13
Montana	4	4
Nebraska	8	8
Nevada	8	8
New Hampshire	4	4
New Jersey	14	14
New Mexico	3	3
New York	45	45
North Carolina	12	12
North Dakota	5	5
Ohio	24	24
Oklahoma	10	10
Oregon	5	5
Pennsylvania	23	23
Rhode Island	5	5
South Carolina	9	9
South Dakota	5	5
Tennessee	12	12
Texas	20	20
Utah	4	4
Vermont	4	4
Virginia	12	12
Washington	7	7
West Virginia	8	8
Wisconsin	13	13
Wyoming	3	3

MRS. WILSON FIRST TO CONGRATULATE PRESIDENT-ELECT.

Princeton, Nov. 6.—As the big grandfather's clock in the library of the Wilson home in Cleveland lane chimed out the hour of ten, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson placed her hands upon the shoulders of her husband and kissed him.

"My dear, I want to be first to congratulate you," she said.

The Governor was standing with his hands folded and his back to the open log fire. It was the first definite word that he was the President-elect of the United States. The bulletins that removed all doubts of the verdict were given to Mrs. Wilson by "Jack" Mendelson, the telegrapher, who received the news off the leased wire.

Next to congratulate the Governor were his three daughters, Misses Margaret, Bessie and Eleanor Wilson. Bubbling over with happiness, the President-elect, fondly embraced each of his daughters.

Electoral Vote for President at Election of 1908.

State	Taft	Bryan
Alabama	11	11
Arkansas	9	9
California	10	10
Colorado	7	7
Connecticut	5	5
Delaware	3	3
Florida	5	5
Georgia	13	13
Idaho	3	3
Illinois	27	27
Indiana	15	15
Iowa	13	13
Kansas	10	10
Kentucky	13	13
Louisiana	9	9
Maine	6	6
Maryland	8	8
Massachusetts	16	16
Michigan	14	14
Minnesota	11	11
Mississippi	10	10
Missouri	13	13
Montana	3	3
Nebraska	8	8
Nevada	3	3
New Hampshire	4	4
New Jersey	12	12
New York	39	39
North Carolina	12	12
North Dakota	4	4
Ohio	23	23
Oklahoma	7	7
Oregon	4	4
Pennsylvania	34	34
Rhode Island	4	4
South Carolina	9	9
South Dakota	4	4
Tennessee	12	12
Texas	15	15
Utah	3	3
Vermont	4	4
Virginia	13	13
Washington	6	6
West Virginia	7	7
Wisconsin	13	13
Wyoming	3	3
Total	321	321

Popular Vote for President at Election of 1908.

State	Taft	Bryan	Chafin	Debs.
Alabama	22,295	74,374	692	1,917
Arkansas	67,791	85,584	1,151	5,750
California	214,350	127,492	11,770	28,659
Colorado	123,709	126,644	5,539	7,974
Connecticut	112,316	82,255	2,280	5,113
Delaware	25,007	22,072	277	240
Florida	10,654	31,104	1,356	3,747
Georgia	41,632	72,350	1,059	4,884
Idaho	52,657	35,195	2,063	4,605
Illinois	629,322	450,810	29,284	34,711
Indiana	348,993	328,282	18,045	13,478
Iowa	275,210	200,771	9,837	8,287
Kansas	197,216	171,259	5,033	12,420
Kentucky	235,711	244,092	6,387	4,630
Louisiana	8,953	65,508	1,000	2,533
Maine	69,987	35,403	1,487	1,758
Maryland	118,513	115,908	3,202	2,323
Massachusetts	285,997	135,543	4,374	10,779
Michigan	333,313	174,313	16,795	11,527
Minnesota	195,835	109,401	10,114	14,409
Mississippi	4,565	60,576	1,043	1,043
Missouri	338,915	345,369	4,287	35,289
Montana	32,323	49,285	267	3,853
Nebraska	128,997	131,669	5,170	3,824
Nevada	10,214	10,655	1,000	2,029
New Hampshire	53,144	33,655	985	1,290
New Jersey	370,679	247,468	22,367	28,451
New York	295,298	152,532	4,091	10,210
North Carolina	114,334	131,923	301	371
North Dakota	57,741	22,295	1,194	1,434
Ohio	672,312	452,721	11,431	32,773
Oklahoma	130,538	122,496	2,773	3,473
Oregon	62,520	38,649	1,682	7,739
Pennsylvania	745,779	494,785	30,291	35,919
Rhode Island	49,844	24,706	1,040	1,215
So. Carolina	3,923	62,788	100	1,100
So. Dakota	67,463	49,297	4,000	2,449
Tennessee	113,319	135,319	206	1,332
Texas	65,012	248,737	1,000	4,800
Utah	31,915	45,291	1,000	1,000
Vermont	30,522	13,496	1,000	1,000
Virginia	32,673	82,844	1,111	1,111
Washington	100,092	58,891	4,700	14,717
West Virginia	67,829	111,418	5,179	2,079
Wisconsin	247,747	169,632	11,594	28,104
Wyoming	20,816	14,818	100	1,718
Total	7,677,021	6,405,182	250,451	412,336

ON THE FUNNY SIDE



True to His Town.
"Doc, can I live much longer?"
"Not with your present mode of life."
"It's tough to go at sixty."
"You could live to be a hundred if you really wanted to."
"How, doc? Tell me how."
"By living in the Balkans on fermented buttermilk."
"I knew there was a catch in it. Fix me up to last another year in this dear old town, and I'll ask no more."

Try It.

"How are you spending your vacation?"
"In an ideal way. I'm pleased nearly all the time."
"That is rare. What is your method?"
"I spend two days in the country, then I'm glad to get back to the city. I spend two days in the city, then I'm glad to get back to the country. It's a great scheme."

The Good Old Days.

"Yes," complained the fat man, "conditions used to be much better than they are now."
"In what way?" asked the slim one.
"It seems to me conditions are better now than they have ever been in the past."
"No, you're wrong. Back in the days when men wore garters a fellow didn't have to worry for fear his shoe-strings might be untied."

ONE CONSOLATION.



"There's one thing I like about living in the city in summer."
"What's that?"
"I don't have to keep scrapping all the time with the janitor for more steam in the pipes."

A Warning.

You may play with other kinds of men, try sprouts and leaps and hops; but never, if you're wise to him, try gambling with the cops.

Resplendent Yet Dull.

"Why do you avoid Plimpson?"
"Because his garments hurt my eyes."
"That being the case, why don't you wear green goggles when you talk to him?"
"Because his conversation isn't worth that much to me."

Accounted For.

Patience—It is said that the total number of inhabitants of the Isle of Man is now 50,542, which shows a decrease of 4,210 during the past ten years.
Patrice—Can't blame the suffragettes for moving away from a place with a name like that.

Rocky Road to Harmony.

"What do you understand by the term 'harmony' in politics?" asked Mr. Rafferty.
"Harmony," replied Mr. Dolan, "is the condition that arises after some one man has got up and given a practical demonstration of his ability to whip a crowd."

Wistful Comparison.

"How lovely these woodland breezes are!" said the summer boarder.
"Yes," replied the man who likes town. "Every now and then one of them gets lively enough to give a rather creditable imitation of an electric fan."

Evidence.

"What makes you think your congressman is such a smart farmer?"
"Because," replied Farmer Cortosel, "he made a habit of givin' all them garden seeds away instead of tryin' to raise somethin' from 'em himself."

Alarming.

"Dibble is a warm-hearted fellow."
"Indeed he is! When Dibble 'glows' with a generous impulse, I'm almost afraid he'll set his clothes on fire."

BAD BREATH

Comes from improper care of the teeth. A small cavity permits the entrance of food and soon causes decay. This easily and quickly filled. Thorough examination with advice costs nothing at all.

DR. SALTER

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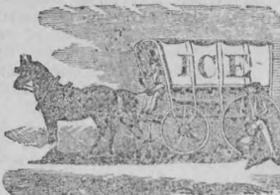
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MAN AND THE SOIL.

Dr. R. V. Pierce of Buffalo, author of the Common Sense Medical Adviser, says "why does not the farmer treat his own body as he treats the land he cultivates. He puts back in phosphate what he takes out in crops, or the land would grow poor. The farmer should put back into his body the vital elements exhausted by labor, or by ill-health induced by some chronic disease." Further, he says, "the great value of my Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is in its vitalizing power. It gives strength to the stomach and purity to the blood. It is like the phosphates which supply nature with the substances that build up the crops. The far-reaching action of



Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is due to its effect on the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. Diseases that begin

ARMAGEDDON OF THE SCRIPTURES

Starting Presentation of Coming Events.

PASTOR RUSSELL'S VIEWS.

Churches of All Denominations and the Civil Powers of Earth Are About to Unite in Common Cause—Powerful Influence Preparing for the Battle of Armageddon—A Reign of Anarchy Will Be the Result of the Warfare Until The Messiah Takes Control.



Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 3.—The Brooklyn Academy of Music was crowded to the limit today to hear Pastor Russell's discourse on the "Battle of Armageddon." His text was: "He gathered them together unto a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon." (Revelation xvi, 16.) The speaker said: Armageddon in the Hebrew signifies the "Hill of Megiddo," or Mount of Destruction. It was famous as a battlefield in Old Testament times.

The Lord has seen fit to associate the name Armageddon, with the great controversy between Truth and Error, right and wrong, God and Mammon, with which this Age will close, perish, and the New Age of Messiah's glory be ushered in. He has purposely used highly symbolical figures of speech in the last book of the Bible, evidently with a view to hiding certain important truths until the due time for their revelation. But even in the due time, the Bible assures us, "None of the wicked shall understand" (Daniel xii, 9, 10)—none who are out of heart harmony with God—but only the wise of His people—the "wise virgin" class of the Master's parable.

I have long avoided presentation of my understanding of our text and its context. I take it up now by request and because I believe it is due time to be understood. I disclaim any special inspiration. In some particulars my views agree with those of other Bible students, and in other respects they disagree. Each hearer must use his own judgment, do his own Bible study, and reach his own conclusions.

Kindly remember that I am not responsible for the figures of speech used by the Lord. My interpretations do indeed constitute a terrible arraignment of institutions which we have all revered and which embrace good people, of good words and good works. God's saintly people in these various institutions, being comparatively few, are ignored when systems as a whole are dealt with in prophecy.

The Dragon, Beast, False Prophet. Our context tells us that three impure spirits (teachings) will go forth from the mouths of the Dragon, the Beast and the False Prophet, and these three will be in accord, and symbolically the doctrines are represented by "frogs." These three doctrines are to have a mighty influence throughout the civilized earth. They are to gather the kings and their armies to the great Battle of Armageddon.

The ecclesiastical kings and princes, and their retinues of clergy and faithful adherents, will be gathered in solid phalanx—Protestant and Catholic. The kings and captains of industry, and as many as can be influenced by them, will be gathered to the same side. The political kings and princes, with all their henchmen and retainers, will follow in line on the same side. The financial kings and merchant princes, and all whom they can influence by the most gigantic power ever yet exercised in the world, will join the same side, according to this prophecy.

These "doctrines of demons," represented by the "frogs," will lead many noble people in this great army to assume an attitude quite contrary to their preference. For a time the wheels of liberty and progress will be turned backward and medieval restraints will be considered necessary for self-preservation—for the maintenance of the present order of things.

In giving this interpretation, it is necessary for us to indicate what is symbolized by the Dragon, the Beast, and the False Prophet. Bible students of nearly all denominations agree with us that the "Dragon" of Revelation represents the purely Civil Power. Protestant interpreters generally agree that the "Beast like a leopard" (Revelation xiii, 2) represents the Papacy. But fewer still, we fear, will be ready to support our view that Protestantism is the "Image of the Beast" (Revelation xiii, 15) in our context given another name, "the False Prophet." We urge no one to accept our interpretation, nor shall we think hard of any who refuse it. We will neither slander nor otherwise injure them now, nor threaten them with eternal torture. They have the same right to their views that I have, and the same right to make them known to others. And I, for one, will be very glad to consider anything which opponents may set forth as their interpretations of our text.

"Unclean Spirits Like Frogs." The symbolism of Scripture, rightly understood, are always forceful. When the Holy Spirit used a "frog" to symbolically represent certain

doctrines or teachings, we may be sure the true application will fit well. A frog has a sage look, a wise look. It swells itself up in an apparent endeavor to impress the beholder. Its great mouth well represents its chief power, used to croak.

Applying these symbols, we learn that an evil spirit, influence, teaching, will come from the Protestant churches federated, from the Church of Rome, and from the Civil authorities, all in full agreement. The spirit of all will be boastful; an air of superior wisdom and knowledge will be proudly assumed—all will croak in harmony. All will tell of dire results that would follow, involving the interests of both the present and the future life, if their counsel be not followed. However conflicting the creeds, the differences will be ignored in the general proposition that nothing ancient must be disturbed, or looked into, or repudiated.

The Divine authority of the Church, and the Divine right of kings, aside from the Church, will not be allowed to conflict. Any persons or teachings in conflict with these boastful and unscriptural claims will be branded as everything vile, at the mouths of these "frogs" speaking from pulpits and platforms and through the religious and secular press. The nobler sentiments of some will be strangled by the philosophy of the same evil spirit which spoke through Caiaphas, the high priest, respecting Jesus. As Caiaphas declared it expedient to commit a crime in violation of justice, human and Divine, to be rid of Jesus and His teachings, so this "frog" spirit will approve of every violation of principle necessary to their self-protection.

The croaking of these "frog" spirits or doctrines will gather the kings and princes, financial, political, religious and industrial into one great army. The spirit of fear, inspired by the croakings of these "frogs," will scourge the passions of otherwise good and reasonable men to fury, desperation. In their blind following of these evil spirits, evil doctrines, they will be ready to sacrifice life and everything on the altar of what they mistakenly suppose is justice, truth and righteousness, under a Divine arrangement.

For a brief time, as we understand the Scriptures, these combined forces of Armageddon will triumph. Free speech, free mails, and other liberties which have come to be the very breath of the masses in our day, will be ruthlessly shut off under the plea of necessity, the glory of God, the commands of the Church, etc. All will seem to be serene, until the great social explosion in our context described as the "great earthquake." An "earthquake," in symbolic language, signifies social revolution, and the declaration of the context is that none like unto it ever before occurred. (Revelation xvi, 18, 19.) Jesus described it as a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation.—Matthew xxiv, 21.

The Lord Will Gather Them. The false, frog-like teachings will gather together into one host the great, the rich, the wise, the learned and the kings of the earth, to battle. At this juncture Divine Power will step forward, and our text tells us that HE shall gather the marshaled hosts to Armageddon—to the Mountain of Destruction. The very thing which they sought to avert by their union, federation, etc., will be the very thing they will hasten. Other Scriptures tell us that God will be represented by the Great Messiah, and that He will be on the side of the masses. Thus we read in Daniel xii, 1: "At that time shall Michael [the Godlike One—Messiah] stand up"—assume authority. He will take possession of His Kingdom in a manner little looked for by many of those who erroneously have been claiming that they were His Kingdom, and authorized by Him to reign in His name and in His stead.

Jesus declared, "His servants ye are unto whom ye render service." Some may be rendering service to Satan and to error, who claim to be rendering service to God and to righteousness; and some of these may be serving ignorantly, as did Saul of Tarsus, who "verily thought that he did God a service" in persecuting the Church. The same principle holds true reversely. As an earthly king does not hold himself responsible for the moral character of each soldier who fights in his battles, so the Lord does not vouch for the moral character of all who will enlist and fight on His side of any question. "His servants they are to whom they render service," whatever the motive or object prompting them.

The same principles will apply in the coming Battle of Armageddon. God's side of that battle will be the people's side, and the very nondescript host, the people, will be pitted at the beginning of the battle. Anarchists, Socialists, and hot-headed radicals of every school of reason and unreason, will be in the forefront of that battle. The majority of the poor and the middle class prefer peace at almost any price. A comparatively small number, God's consecrated people, will at heart be longing for Messiah's Kingdom. These will bide the Lord's time and wait patiently for it; they will be of good courage, knowing the outcome outlined in the "more sure word of prophecy," to which they have done well to take heed, "as unto a light shining in a dark place until the Day dawn."—II Peter i, 19.

The masses will be restless of their restraints, but will be conscious of their own weakness as compared to the kings and princes, financial, religious and political, which will then hold sway. Besides, the masses have no sympathy with anarchy. They realize truly that the worst form of government is better than none. The masses will seek relief through the ballot and peaceful re-adjustment of earth's affairs for the elimination of evil, for

the placing of monopolies and utilities and the supplies of nature in the hands of the people for the public good. The crisis will be reached when the hitherto upholders of law shall become violators of the law and resistors of the will of the majority as expressed by the ballot. Fear for the future will lead the well-meaning masses to desperation; and anarchy will result when Socialism fails.

The Cloud's Silver Lining. Horrible would be this outlook for the future did we not have the infallible Word of God assuring us of a glorious outcome! Divine Wisdom has withheld until our day the great knowledge and skill which is at the same time breeding millionaires and discontents. Had God lifted the veil a thousand years sooner, the world would have lined up for its Armageddon a thousand years sooner. But that would have been too soon for the Divine purpose, because Messiah's Kingdom is to be the great Thousand-Year-Sabbath of the world's history. God in kindness veiled our eyes until the time when the gathering to Armageddon would immediately precede Messiah's taking to Himself His great power, and beginning His reign.—Revelation xi, 17, 18.

"Send Them Strong Delusions." St. Paul wrote prophetically of our time, that it would be one of serious trial and testing to many professing to be Christians. The reason for this he states—they received not the Truth in the love of it. (I Thessalonians ii, 10, 11.) They preferred their own erroneous theories, the Apostle explains, and therefore God will give them over to a "strong delusion," and let them believe the lie which they preferred, and let them suffer for missing the Truth which they did not love. Thus they will be in the condemned host, "fighting against God," because of their lack of love for the Truth.

It is sad to say that we all as Christians have been laboring under a thorough delusion respecting God's Plan. We have claimed that Christ set up His Church in Kingdom power, and that the Church has been reigning on the earth as His representative. On the strength of this delusion, Jews and heretics have been persecuted to death as opponents to Christ's Kingdom. All the while we thoughtlessly repeated the Lord's prayer: "Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as in Heaven." We knew that the Redeemer said that He would come again to make us His Bride and joint-heirs; but we ignored the Scriptures. We were drunk, as the Scriptures symbolically say, "all nations were drunk" with the false doctrine. It is this false doctrine that will constitute the "frog" spirit which soon will begin to croak and to prepare for Armageddon.

The Bible presentation is that the world is a section of the universe in rebellion against Divine authority, under the captaincy of Satan and his associated fallen angels. By Divine grace Jesus has already "tasted death for every man," and the merit of that sacrifice must, eventually, grant Adam and his posterity a full, fair opportunity for the attainment of everlasting life. All who thus see the Divine program and are walking in the light may know something at least respecting the "times and seasons." These brethren "are not in darkness, that that day [and that battle of Armageddon] should overtake" them "as a thief"—un-awares.

Armageddon Not Yet but Soon. For forty years the Armageddon forces have been mustering for both sides of the conflict. Strikes, lockouts and riots, great and small, have been merely incidental skirmishes as the belligerent parties crossed each other's paths. Court and Army scandals in Europe, Insurance, Trust and Court scandals in America, have shaken public confidence. Dynamite plots, charged by turns on employees and on employers, have further shaken confidence and tended to make each distrustful of the other. Bitter and angry feelings on both sides are more and more manifest. The lines of battle are daily becoming more distinctly marked. Nevertheless Armageddon cannot yet be fought. Other matters intervene, according to prophecy.

Gentle times have still two years to run. The "Image of the Beast" of our context must yet receive life—power. The Image must be transformed from a mere mechanism to a living force. Protestant Federation realizes that its organization will still be futile unless it receive vitalization—unless its clergy directly or indirectly shall be recognized as possessed of apostolic ordination and authority to teach. This the prophecy indicates will come from the two horned beast, which, we believe, symbolically represents the Church of England. High-handed activities of Protestantism and Catholicism, operating in conjunction for the suppression of human liberties, await this vivifying of the Image. This may come soon, but Armageddon cannot precede it, but must follow—perhaps a year after it, according to our view of the Prophecy.

Still another thing intervenes: Although the Jews are gradually flowing into Palestine, gradually obtaining control of the land of Canaan, and although reports say that already nineteen millionaires are there, nevertheless larger number of wealthy Hebrews to be there before the Armageddon crisis be reached. Indeed we understand that "Jacob's trouble" in the Holy Land will come at the very close of Armageddon. Then Messiah's Kingdom will begin to be manifested. Thenceforth Israel in the land of promise will gradually rise from the ashes of the past to the grandeur of prophecy. Through its Divinely appointed prince Messiah's Kingdom, all-powerful but invisible, will begin to roll away the curse and to lift up mankind.

Cynic and Siren

The Cynic, who had been speaking earnestly for some moments, finally came to a stop and looked at the Siren expectantly.

"After all," she murmured dreamily, "what is love?"

"Love?" repeated the Cynic vaguely. "Oh, love—love is a concrete name given to many abstract emotions. Sometimes it's the frame, and sometimes it's the picture; and sometimes it's just—a spasm round the heart."

"I'm afraid you really are a Cynic," said the Siren regretfully.

"A Cynic," said he gloomily, "is a man who knows everything, and understands nothing. Thank you."

The Siren looked dubious, but natural kindness of disposition kept her silent. "How," she demanded presently, "can one be sure that one is in love?"

"That," sighed the Cynic, "is the eternal tragedy of life."

"That one can't be sure?"

"No, that one always is sure."

"I don't see that that's tragic," she protested.

"Ah, but it is. Though ignorance may be bliss, when it becomes knowledge it's tragedy."

"But knowledge," argued the Siren, "is happiness."

"A phrase," he sneered, "taught to cheerful fools by gloomy philosophers. The only wisdom is cheerfulness. A thing is what we think it."

"You're frightfully—what's the word?—enigmatical," said the Siren pathetically. "I wish you wouldn't be. You're so deep, it's like talking to a coal mine."

There was silence for a few moments.

"You haven't given me my answer yet," urged the man.

"I'm trying to think of it," answered the woman.

"If one only knew what love was!" said the Siren plaintively. "Does it lead to a union of hearts or a dissolution of marriage?"

"Neither," replied the Cynic. "Love is a footpath leading to everywhere; or, if you prefer it, it's a porchway leading to a house that's just as big as you think it is."

"For a beginner," said the Siren distrustfully, "you talk with a good deal of authority."

"Love," he explained, "differs in that respect from other sciences. We begin as experts and wind up as novices."

"You mean, then," said the Siren, to whom love was an art and not a science, "that you don't really know anything about love?"

"On the contrary," said the Cynic patiently, "I have just been to some trouble to explain to you that I know everything."

"H'm," said the Siren doubtfully.

"Well, let's take marriage."

"Had we got as far as marriage?" she broke off to inquire. "Well, anyhow, marriage is akin to love, and we'd got to that."

"Some people say marriage means taking from both and giving to neither; halving one's joys and doubling one's sorrows. Of course, that's the selfish point of view," she admitted.

"From any point of view," said the Cynic, "marriage is selfish. Both parties receive so much and give so little."

"They say," resumed the Siren reflectively, "that marriages are made in heaven; I'm afraid they're mostly made for export, though."

"On the contrary," objected the Cynic, "all true marriages are lived in heaven."

"But marriage is so—so definite," she said nervously; "one word, and snap—it's just a trap."

"Quite as often it's the bait."

"Do you think so? Why is it people do marry?"

"The modern girl," said the Cynic, living up to his reputation, "appears to marry because she wants to learn how to cook; the young man because he's afraid of his landlady."

"No, but seriously."

"Seriously, the woman marries because she wants to be taken care of, and the man that he may have somebody to respect him. They are both doomed to disappointment; in a few months it's the man who gets taken care of, and the woman who gets the respect."

"Do you mean," demanded the Siren, "that a woman never respects her husband?"

"Not if she loves him."

"Not?" Her voice became almost shrill. "Not, did you say?"

"Yes. A woman may sometimes love, or sometimes respect her husband, but she can't do both. It is weakness we love, strength we only respect. It is one of the compensations of nature that the weakling should love everything in the fight of life—except the one thing worth winning. The strong man may found a nation, but not a family; may defend a million hearths, but never one of his own. To one, the sweetness of defeat; to the other, the bitterness of victory."

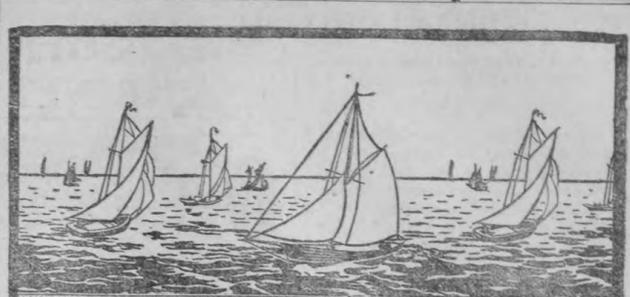
There was silence for a moment.

"What is your answer?" said the man. "Will you marry me?"

"But—but I respect you," she faltered, her eyes dewy with regret.

"A woman should always respect her lover; it is her husband she should love."

"Then—it's yes."



Wall-papers

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NEITHER HAYSEED NOR ANGEL

But There Need Be Little Question That Young Lady Had Much Ingenuity.

Across the line on the Kansas side where the study of agriculture is compulsory, one of the high school girls took home her monthly report card and proudly announced:

"I took the highest grade in the class in history, English literature and German."

"That's all very well," replied her father, critically examining the card, "but how about this grade in agriculture?"

"Oh, well," explained the daughter, "I'm no hayseed!"

A little farther down a department grade, not altogether satisfactory, appeared.

"And how do you account for this grade in department?" he inquired.

"I'm no bloomin' angel, either," she replied.—Kansas City Star.

DANDRUFF 20 YEARS

743 Third Ave., New York, N. Y.—"Having been troubled with dandruff for twenty years and trying numerous lotions, washes, etc., without any effect, I thought I would give Cuticura Soap and Ointment a trial. The scalp always had dry skin on it which did not itch as I gave it a good brushing every morning and evening, but through the day the dandruff would show badly on my coat collar. I used the Cuticura Soap to shampoo my hair and rubbed in a little Cuticura Ointment. After a few treatments I found the head clean and healthy, free from all dry scales. Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured the dandruff, and now I use Cuticura to keep it from returning." (Signed) W. Dyke, Jan. 2, 1912.

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.

Bridge Scandal.

She—If you should hold a hand like that To you what make would best appear?

He—Why, if I held a hand like yours, I think I'd make it diamonds, dear.

Occasionally a couple marries in haste and live happily ever after—they secure a divorce.

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 contains OIL. Blacks and Polishes ladies' and children's boots and shoes. Wipes without rubbing, 25c. "French Gloss," 10c. STAIN REMOVER for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 10c. "Dandy" size 25c. **HAIR ELITE** combination for gentlemen who take pride in having their hair look all right. Restores color and lustre to all black hair. Polish with a brush or cloth, 10 cents. "Silk" size 25 cents. If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamps for a full size package always paid.

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DOUBLE YOUR DOLLARS—We own a gold mine. We want to develop it. Investment with us will double your dollars. Write for information to Box 368, Grass Valley, California.

SKUNK and other raw furs wanted at highest cash prices. I also want live, unjured mink and foxes for breeding purposes. Address WILLIAM BIVINS, Richardson, New York.

AGENTS—A new article. Big sales everywhere. Write for our money-making proposition. JOHN WORRELL CO., EAST ORANGE, N. J.

Stockfarm 150 acres, 11 room house, \$10,000. 1 farm in U.S., black land, no taxes, \$30,000 per acre. Catalogue free. J. D. SHAW, PORT HERSHEY, NEW YORK.

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The KITCHEN GABINET



ONE can never tell when you do an act Jus. what the result will be; But with every deed you are sowing a seed Though its harvest you may never see.

A FARMER'S WIFE.

The farmer's wife who accepts the conditions of her mother, doing herself what others could do as well, and often better, is certainly a drudge because she allows herself to be one.

Many women start out wrong, if they expect nothing they get nothing, no help in the hard places and no share in the returns of their labor.

The average farmer's wife is up at four or five in the morning, with breakfast to prepare for family and several men, for the farmer must have help. Why does not she? He has all the improvements on the market to make his work lighter and returns better. Why does she go without the mangle, which will iron bed and table linen without heat and look as well as if weeks of energy needed for better things had been used upon it.

Why doesn't the farmer's wife have a vacuum cleaner? A good one costs but four or five dollars, which will save many back-breaking hours' sweeping dust, to be further agitated by the duster.

There is the bread mixer which, with a few twists of a man's strong arm at night, will be such a help in the making of bread.

The washing machine, a good wringer, plenty of tubs, a good cistern, a wet sink in the kitchen and utensils and conveniences to make work easy should be demanded by the housewife as soon as there is means to put in a three-hundred dollar engine. Is it asking too much to have her washing machine run by the engine if it is not in use sawing wood or pumping water or grinding feed?

In many thousands of homes all the wife has for spending money is what she gets from butter and eggs, and often the farmer has that. In how many farm homes are there magazines and luxuries that cost as much as the tobacco and treats which the man of the house indulges himself with?

The farmer's wife is the most important woman in the world today; she sends out into business life more sons and daughters than the city woman. She should have conditions and rights, privileges and helps that her position demands.

When this time comes there will be more girls ready to live in God's beautiful country. Then the daughter will be glad to take up the mother's work



IS not enough to help the feeble up, But to support him after.

GELATINE DISHES.

Gelatine, though not a food in itself, is a great addition and ornament to food. It lends itself to so many beautiful combinations that it is invaluable in the cuisine.

Wash half a pound of prunes, add half a cup of water and cook until the prunes are soft. Remove the stones and place the prunes in wet molds. Put a heaping tablespoonful of granulated gelatine into a sauce pan, add a little cold water to soften, then a cup of boiling water. Add a cupful of fruit juice, the strained juice of two oranges and a tablespoonful of lemon juice, a half cup of sugar, or less, depending on the sweetness of the fruit juice. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, after which it is strained over the prunes. Serve with whipped cream on top.

Coffee Jelly.—To one cupful of strong coffee, add three teaspoonfuls of water and three tablespoonfuls of powdered gelatine and six tablespoonfuls of sugar. Bring the sugar and water to the boiling point, then stir in the gelatine, and when dissolved add the coffee. Pour into a wet ring mold, and when served fill the center with sweetened whipped cream. Decorate the edge of the plate with sweet wafers.

Grape Fruit Jelly.—Take three cupfuls of grapefruit juice and pulp, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, half a cup of sugar, one and a half cupfuls of water, two heaping tablespoonfuls of gelatine. Dissolve the gelatine in the water, add the juices to the sugar and bring to the boiling point. Add the gelatine and strain into the halves of grape fruit skins. When firm serve with whipped cream on top.

Nellie Maxwell.

Black Hand Methods.
"I received a letter from a trust magnate today," said the manager of the campaign fund.

"What does he want?"
"Wants to contribute. Says he has hidden \$5,000 in a hollow tree, and demands that we go and get it."

How to Travel.
"When I go on a trip I never know what I ought to take with me."

"Oh, I do; it's quite simple. I take all my dresses and leave behind my husband."—La Vie Parisienne.

KNITTED EVENING HAT



Photo, Copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Pretty wool head covering for opera and theater wear with high peaked crown will be one of the novelties for the coming winter season. This hood is very light and in addition to keeping the wearer warm, will keep the hair from flying about. When removed the hood can be stuffed in the muff or coat pocket.

FOR SERVING TARTAR SAUCE

Idea Put Into Use by One Hostess Would Seem to Have Many Good Points.

A good idea for the serving of tartar sauce of mayonnaise is suggested by one enterprising housewife. She cuts a lemon in half, cleans out the inside thoroughly and then fills the halves with the sauce. She serves one to each guest. When fish or salad is served the little lemon cups are placed around the edge of the platter and one is taken by each guest. In this way the sauce is kept firm and strong instead of melting into a liquid when put on a hot plate.

For the home where guests are always arriving and departing there is nothing quite so nice for the windows as white cotton crepe. This may be simply hemmed or trimmed with ball fringe. For the dressers and bureaus covers of fleec-lined pique will be found very satisfactory. This may be cut into the required size and the edges buttonholed in scallops. Two sets of curtains and covers should be kept on hand, one in use and a clean one besides.

FOR YOUNG GIRL.



An effective little house dress this, made in Nile green cashmere. It has a Magyar bodice trimmed at neck with embroidered gallow, which is shaped to fit; it is also taken down in a "V" and trims sleeves and forms waistband.

The skirt is eased to this. Materials required 2 1/2 yards cashmere 44 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards galloon, 1 1/2 dozen buttons.

PROPER DEGREE OF NEGLECT

Sometimes Hard, Even for the Wisest Mother, to Know When to Draw the Line.

"Wholesome" neglect is about the best kind of care a child can receive," she said. "And my children have all had plenty of it!"

The other mother was so impressed by the words of the mother of seven healthy children that she actually began to practice a little bit of "wholesome" neglect with her own ewe lamb. One day the little girl came running to her with a cut finger. Formerly that mother would have called in a physician to bind up the cut. But having decided to make use of "wholesome" neglect, she merely took out her handkerchief, wrapped it around the child's finger, dried her tears, and told her to run back and play.

The mother of the seven children happened to be present. When the little girl had run away she said to the other mother, "That is a very dangerous way to treat a cut. Do you usually follow that practice?"

"No," replied the other mother; "I usually send for the doctor. But I am following your example, and using 'wholesome' neglect."

The other mother meditated a moment, and then she said, "It is not necessary, I think, to call in a doctor when a child cuts her finger; but to bind it up with a handkerchief that has been carried even for a few hours, exposed to dust, and not to cleanse the finger thoroughly before binding it up at all, seems to me, if I may say so, to be not 'wholesome' but 'unwholesome' neglect. So many persons," she went on, "confuse 'wholesome' with 'unwholesome' neglect. I don't blame them at all; it is hard always to know the one from the other!"—Home Progressive Magazine.

Feather Toques.

It seems as though a hat made of feathers should be light, and so the plumage toques are in actual weight; but they have a heavy look, thanks to their compactness, and this is not becoming. Nevertheless they will be very fashionable up till Christmas, and are already obtainable in many colors and shapes. Very few of them have brims, but nearly all belong to the saucypan, the pudding basin or the coal scuttle persuasion.

Their only trimming is in nearly every case a little knot of brilliant feathers at the side, culled from a tropic bird.

Silk Street Costumes.

The vogue for silk street costumes continues, and the colored silks which made their appearance last year are to be found in greater variety and more beautiful designs this fall. Many materials are shown in pique-like weavings in black and white, and are utilized for costumes and coats.

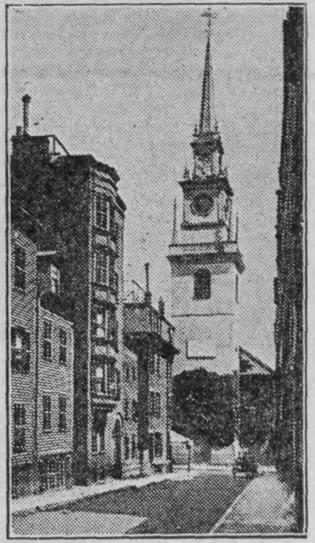
Tartan and checked material are shown in velvet and silk as well as in the regulation woolen fabrics. There are blue-green checks, through which run red, blue or orange-yellow threads and large shadow squares in dark colorings flecked with various tints.

TO RESTORE FAMOUS CHURCH

Boston's Revolutionary Landmark Is Taking an Odd Appearance.

Boston.—From the chaos of loose bricks and unplastered panels, Christ church (better known as the Old North church of the school histories) is re-emerging in something closely resembling its original guise. Restoration it at best a difficult and often thankless task, but fortunately this process at Christ church was in part simplified by certain authentic records of the building's earlier history.

The first conspicuous change is in the building's exterior. During the last summer the walls have been sand-blasted, ridding them of the drab paint which has darkened them for years, and revealing the brick in a warm, rich tone, which will weather to a still more mellow red. The front doors of the church, which were without doubt not original, have been removed and a new pair, the lower panels of which have been given the



Old North Church.

diamond or triangular shape, has been substituted. Above them is a fan-light with leaded panes of glass. With the walls freshened to a glowing red and the spire and window frames trimmed with white paint, the church wears probably more nearly its original look than it has within the memory of any living person.

The pew plan of the church was fortunately extant, and it was possible from the paneling which remained to reconstruct the pew arrangement in virtually the original form. This has been carried out, using as much of the original paneling and as many of the old doors as remained, and making the new a faithful reproduction of the old. The pews as thus rebuilt are of the long, "slip" shape, and nearly uniform size, except those set apart for the notables—the governor's pew (which has, by the way, been made the graceful occasion of a generous gift from Governor Foss), and "the Pew for the Gentlemen of the Bay of Honduras," a group of merchants who gave, in the early days, the money for the spire.

During the turmoil of restoration the bust of Washington has been removed from the marble niche, but will be replaced, not for any special merit as a work of art which it may possess, but for long association and for its unique position as being the first public monument erected to Washington in America. Its date is 1815.

The walls, which were previously blank, save for frescoes, will be diversified by an array of appropriate tablets; one in memory of the first officers of the church, bearing the date April 1724; one in memory of Maj. John Pitcairn; one in memory of the Rev. Timothy Cutler; one in memory of the Rev. Mather Byles, the last minister before the revolution; one in memory of Capt. Thomas James Gruchy, commander of the privateer Queen of Hungary, who gave the cherubim which ornament the front of the organ; and one to the memory of Capt. Cyprian Southack, who gave the bellry clock in use before the revolution.

GOLF BALL KILLED A BIRD

And It Kept on Its Way Toward Hole Without Even a Swerve at Country Club Links.

Boston.—A strange freak of golf was witnessed on the Bras Burn Country club links a few days ago, when a ball driven from a tee killed a sparrow and then continued true in its flight. The incident was witnessed by a number of golfers.

The marksman was Joseph Gould. He was driving from the seventh tee. Mr. Gould got off a good drive and the ball soared high. The bird was flying in the same direction and swerved just a trifle, apparently when it heard the buzz of the golf ball coming behind.

It is common knowledge that a golf ball is no mean projectile, and in this case the bird was instantly killed and fell, a crumpled heap of feathers, as though it had received a charge of shot. The ball was hardly checked in its flight and landed on the green not far from the hole.

Calis Beer National Beverage.

Boston.—In an address here to the Brewers association Col. Jacob Rupert said that "beer is the national beverage and the mainstay of nation and practical temperance."

BACKACHE "GETS ON THE NERVES"

Many who suffer from backache and weak kidneys are unnaturally irritable, fretful and nervous. Not only does constant backache "get on the nerves," but bad kidneys fail to eliminate all the uric acid from the system, and uric acid irritates the nerves, keeping you "on edge" and causing rheumatic, neuralgic pains. Doan's Kidney Pills cure these ills by curing the kidneys. Here's proof:



Every Picture Tells a Story

A North Carolina Case: Mrs. J. W. Wilkinson, Stateville, N. C., says: "I suffered acutely from bladder inflammation and almost total suppression of kidney secretions. My usual weight was 140 lbs., but I had run down to 80. Doctors said amputation was my only hope but I would not consent and was given up to die. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me completely."

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

puts Job in Second Place.

A Humboldt rancher returned from a year's trip through the east to find that a one-time neighbor of his, a man noted for his perfect patience, had been having a siege of bad luck. Upon hearing the news he immediately sought out the neighbor to condole with him.

"Well, John," he said, after greetings had been exchanged. "I hear you lost all of your timber through the forest fires."

The other man nodded. "And they say that the river cut off your best bottom land; that your hogs all died of cholera; that your wife and children had been sick, and that they have now foreclosed the mortgage on your other place."

John nodded again. "Yes, it's all true," he said, looking about him at what had once been his prosperous farm, "all true. Why, sometimes I get almost discouraged."—Ladies' Home Journal.

MARY HALF.



She—She's Henpeck's better half, isn't she?
He—No; I rather think she's the whole thing.

England's Motto.

"Dieu et Mon Droit"—God and My Right—the royal motto of England, was the parole of the day given by Richard I. (he of the Lion Heart) to his army at the battle of Gisors, in France, on the 20th of September, 1898, when the French army was signally defeated. Dieu et Mon Droit appears to have been first assumed as a motto by Henry VI., 1422-1462. Sempere Idem—"Always the Same"—was one of the mottoes of Queen Elizabeth; also adopted by Queens Mary and Anne.

"PROUD AND GLAD" Because Mother Looked So Well After Quitting Coffee.

An Ohio woman was almost distracted with coffee dyspepsia and heart trouble.

Like thousands of others, the drug—*caffeine*—in coffee was slowly but steadily undermining her nervous system and interfering with natural digestion of food. (Tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains *caffeine*, the poisonous drug found in coffee.)

"For 30 years," she writes, "I have used coffee. Have always been sickly—had heart trouble and dyspepsia with ulcers in stomach and mouth so bad, sometimes, I was almost distracted and could hardly eat a thing for a week."

"I could not sleep for nervousness, and when I would lie down at night I'd belch up coffee and my heart would trouble me. It was like poison to me. I was thin—only weighed 125 lbs., when I quit coffee and began to use Postum."

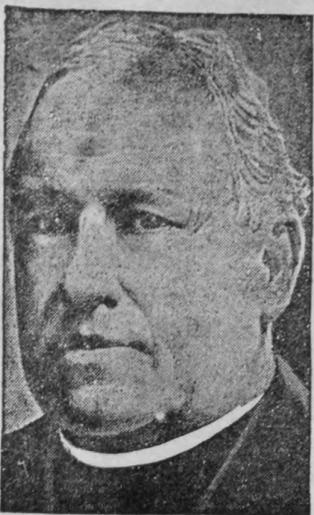
"From the first day that belching and burning in my stomach stopped. I could sleep as soundly as anyone and, after the first month, whenever I met any friends they would ask me what was making me so fleshy and looking so well."

"Sometimes, before I could answer quick enough, one of the children or my husband would say, 'Why, that is what Postum is doing for her'—they were all so proud and glad."

"When I recommend it to anyone I always tell them to follow directions in making Postum, as it is not good to taste if weak, but fine when it has the flavor and rich brown color." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

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



BUILDING THE IRON TRAIL



WHEN the ambitious white man sets out to lay two or more streaks of steel, from one point to another, more or less distant, he fixes his eye on the terminus, and, no matter what the obstacles may be—mountains, rivers, ravines, farm houses, anything, he never stops until the iron horse speeds majestically from start to finish, over a course that is smooth, solid, and straight as human resources can create; and he does his work in summer's heat and in the rigors of winter.

Herewith we show one of the processes in railroad building, known as a "fill." This is on what is known as the Hampden railroad, being laid out from Athol Junction to Bondsville, in western Massachusetts. The process is interesting. The top of the trestle having been brought to grade, earth and rock are dumped along until the trestle is buried and becomes a part of the bank over which the permanent rails are laid.

THAT AMERICAN RUSH

SOMETHING OF A PUZZLE TO THE VISITING ENGLISHMAN.

Couldn't Understand What to Him Appeared an Insane Idea to Escape From the Train as Stations Drew Near.

"Panic on a suburban train"—that sounds like the heading of a railroad horror wherein countless lives have been lost, children trampled and strong men driven mad with fear. Such is the typical picture called forth by the word "panic," and yet, according to a psychology visiting here, Chicago is the scene of hundreds of panics daily—the modern city, in fact, is made up of elements strongly conducive to inexplicable actions outside the zone of reason and custom.

A striking example of city panics occurs every time a suburban train arrives at a station. The English psychologist thus relates the resulting phenomenon:

"After we had passed several stations I began to watch the passengers and discovered that as the train drew near the station at which they wished to descend from the cars they invariably grew nervous and preoccupied. Conversations which a moment before had flowed along with ease seemed to halt and hesitate as the train checked its onward rush. Persons buried in books and papers actually seemed to feel the proximity of their destination although it was minutes away. Books were closed, papers folded and all preparations for an instantaneous departure from the train were made.

"Then an extraordinary thing occurred. Instead of waiting further these uneasy passengers arose and, swaying back and forth recklessly, made their way to the end of the car, passed out, and went on through the train to the rear end, where they waited standing. All the while they peered anxiously forth as though something whispered to them that the train was about to be wrecked and that the sooner they left it the better.

"I was strangely interested and I also arose and followed them to the rear coach. There I found a line of them reaching all down the aisle and I took my station there and waited—I knew not why.

"At last the first signs of the station appeared and the line pushed forward, making the situation of the men on the platform perilous indeed. I saw then that there was to be a rush from the car. It seemed that some great danger was at hand and was only to be escaped by promptness in leaving the train. At last the engine flashed by the platform and the brakes were applied strenuously. But the men on the platform dared not wait for the full stop. One after another they leaped from the speeding train and more than one of them came near pitching off the far side. By the time the train had slackened its speed and come to a standstill it was empty. The passengers meanwhile had turned and started their mad flight toward the steps which led up to the street.

"Since then I have watched many times and always the same thing happened. There was always the anxiety as the station approached—always the line of those waiting for the train to slow up slightly and always the tempestuous rush up the stairs—followed in every case by the quiet and demure anti-climax as the street was reached. It was pure panic."—Chicago Daily News.

Electric Ranges on Trains. Certain fast trains operating between Chicago and the northwest are equipped with electric ranges for cooking purposes.

LIVES LOST ON THE TRACK

Workmen, Business Men, Women and Children, All Numbered Among Those Killed.

The prevalent idea that the trespassers who are killed while on railroad property are hoboos, for the most part of no particular use to society, is contradicted by the result of investigations of deaths of 1,000 trespassers, remarks the Providence Journal. The great majority of the persons killed were regularly employed workmen, business men and women and children. Of 131 trespassers who lost their lives 32 had no known occupation, 15 had no regular employment and 13 aged and infirm persons were recorded as of "unknown occupations." The others were farmers, shopmen, mechanics, carpenters, sailors, teachers, merchants, hotel men and laborers, with a few minors. The report on trespassers injured shows substantially the same proportion of industrious men. In two lines there are few who had any business on the tracks. The presumption is that the railroad is being used as if it were a public highway, affording short cuts and good walking.

The official statements appear to warrant the conclusion that throughout the country the killed and injured trespassers are for the most part men and women whose lives were worth preserving in their communities. The saving of such lives is not a problem for new legislation. The laws against trespassing are sufficiently comprehensive. What is needed is their enforcement by railroad officials and the police departments of cities and towns.

Railroad Travel in South Africa.

Not only is passenger traffic increasing in short-distance trains, but the taking of holiday trips, lengthy railroad journeys to the coast or from the coast inland, is becoming much more common among an ever-widening circle. The passenger traffic between the Rand and Durban this season is phenomenal and the excursions to the Victoria falls have been extensively patronized, while week-end visits to places of easy access from the larger towns may now be regarded as permanently popular.

There are doubtless many reasons for this increased desire for travel and its gratification, not the least important being the low rates at which excursion traffic is now run and the excellent arrangements made by the railroad administration for the conveyance and convenience of passengers. —South African Railway Magazine.

Cheap Fare on Russian Line.

In the matter of fares the Trans-Siberian puts all other railroads to shame. For first-class the charges are about two-thirds of a penny per mile; second (only a little inferior), less than a half-penny for the same distance, while if you care to risk a third-class journey you get your four miles for a penny. Even this is the height of extortion when compared with the emigrant rate. This works out at something like a shilling for a hundred miles, and if the emigrant does not possess the shilling the government will lend it him!—London Tit-Bits.

Few Killed on British Lines.

The safety of a passenger on English railroads, as compared with that of the employes, is greater than that of an ordinary pedestrian compared with a steeplejack or a flying-man. Last year, on the British railways, only one passenger was injured out of every 480,000 carried; but of the employes one was injured out of every 1,560. In other words, the employe has 6,000 chances of losing his life to the passenger's one chance.

First Storage Battery Train.

The first railroad train ever operated with storage batteries supplying the motive power made a run between a railroad station in New York and the Long Island railroad terminal at Long Beach, N. Y. The trip of about 27 miles took 45 minutes, approximately the same time made by trains run daily by third rail electricity.

IN THESE DAYS OF DIVORCES

Really Nothing Remarkable in the Simple and Frank Explanation of the Small Boy.

We were walking down the street Sunday and we saw the most beautiful child sitting on the front steps of a pretty house, says Ted Robinson. His eyes were so big and blue, his curly head so golden, his innocent smile so frank and inviting that we could not resist the temptation to enter into conversation with him.

"Well, son," we said in the idiotically genial way with which an adult usually addresses a child, "how old are you?"

"Four," lisped the infant. (He didn't really lisp it, because you can't lisp when you say four; but that's the way children are supposed to do.)

"Isn't that fine!" (It would have been just as fine if he'd been three, though, or five. More idiocy.) "And whose little boy are you?"

"Mamma's little boy."

"Aren't you papa's little boy, too?"

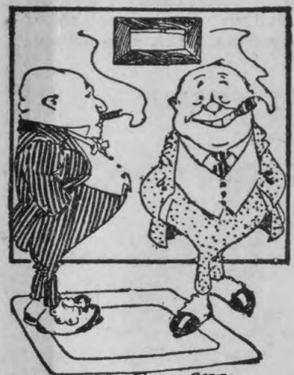
"Nope."

"Why aren't you papa's little boy?"

"The decree gimme to mamma."

Then we went on our pleasant way. —Savannah Morning News.

A DRAFT.



Green—Is your son, who is studying art in Paris, learning to draw? Wise—Well, he draws on me every week or so.

Chivalrous in Face of Misfortune.

At a mass meeting recently in a nearby town an old and foremost citizen who clings to the sartorial style of years ago, was called upon for his views on the subject in discussion. He made a brief speech, and as he was compelled to hurry back to his office, he turned to the seat next to his, on which he had deposited his silk hat, just in time to see a woman flatten it completely by sitting on it.

Ever polite, his feelings were nevertheless stirred, and the best he could think of to say under the circumstances was:

"I—I—I hope you have not injured yourself, madam."—Kansas City Star.

The Kind He Was.

Many funny things happen in the courtroom. A short time ago a negro was tried on the charge of killing another negro in the county court.

"What kind of a man was this man you killed?" the negro was asked. "Well, sah, b'lieve me," said the witness, "dat niggah was a ignorantomous pusillanimous degen'ate."—Columbus Evening Dispatch.

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

Some men go lame when it comes to minding their own business.

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

If we could see ourselves as others see us we wouldn't believe it.

VERY LOUD SOMETIMES.



Tom—Is that heiress a good conversationalist? Dick—My boy, money always talks.

Listeners seldom hear any good of themselves—or of anybody else.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

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Allen's Ulcer Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, All others. By mail, 50c. Booklet free. J. P. ALLEN, Dept. A23, St. Paul, Minn.

Father John's Medicine

Builds You Up Cures Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, all throat and lung troubles. No alcohol or dangerous drugs. Guaranteed.

GOOD TRAINING.



"Newpup would make a fine chauffeur." "Why, how can you tell?" "Just see how he handles that baby carriage."

No Broken Parts.

During the progress of the morning bath of a few months old infant a little neighbor girl came into the room carrying a doll and stood watching the operation for some time. The little girl's doll was much the worse for hard usage, being minus an arm and a leg. Finally she said to the mother of the child:

"How long have you had your baby?"

The child was informed, and, looking from her doll to the baby, she said:

"My, but you have kept it nice."—National Monthly.

At the Prison.

"What are you in for, my poor fellow?" "I'm afraid it's for keeps."

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

Are Richest in Curative Qualities FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

"DEAD SHOT"

DR. PEERY'S VERMIFUGE FOR WORMS

ROMAN EYE BALSAM For Inflamed Eyelids

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Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHEL

Pumpkin Seed - 1 lb. -
 Aloe Senna - 1 lb. -
 Aniseed - 1 lb. -
 Licorice - 1 lb. -
 Marshmallows - 1 lb. -
 Nutmeg - 1 lb. -
 Sassafras - 1 lb. -
 Stearic Acid - 1 lb. -
 Sugar - 1 lb. -
 Vanilla - 1 lb. -

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

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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 vamps 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.

Fast Color Eyelets.

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 78 ovens 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.

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For over seventeen years Resinol has been prescribed by doctors as a safe and effective treatment for skin affections, as well as for piles, burns, wounds, sores, ulcers, and boils, and it proves an ideal household remedy for all these troubles. Try it yourself, by sending to-day for a liberal sample of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. Address Dept. 14-K, Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md. Sold by all druggists. Resinol Soap, 25c; Resinol Ointment, 50c and \$1.

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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. 22. Leffert street to Borough limits; Rahway avenue, to Rahway River

No. 24. Sound Shore Railroad to taken 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 backtap.
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.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROOSEVELT TENT No. 35, Knights of the Maccabees of the World—Meets second and fourth Wednesdays in Odd Fellows Hall.

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

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HOPE FOR WOMEN OF FIFTY

Time When She Should Be Philosophical and Prepared for Wise Old Age.

There are people today asking with all appearance of sincerity what a woman of fifty or more can do. Their confining work in the home, say these observers, is done. A common suggestion is that they be utilized in politics. This suggestion has its comical side, Miss Tarbell declares. A person who has nothing to do after fifty years of life in a business as many sided and demanding as that of a woman can hardly be expected to be worth much in a business as complicated and uncertain as politics and for which she had had no training. The notion that the woman's business is ended at fifty or sixty is fantastic in the extreme. It only ends there if she has been blind to the meaning of her own experiences; if she has never gone below the surface of her task—never seen in it anything but physical duties; has sensed none of its intimate relations to the community, none of its obligations toward those who have left her, none of those toward the oncoming generations. If it ends there she has failed to realize, too,

the tremendous importance to all those who belong in her circle or who touch it of what she makes of herself, or her personal achievement.

A woman of fifty or sixty who has succeeded has come to a point of sound philosophy and serenity which is of the utmost value in the mental and spiritual development of the group to which she belongs. Life at every one of its seven stages has its peculiar harrowing experiences—hope mingles with uncertainty in youth; fear and struggle characterize early manhood; disillusionment, the question whether it is worth while, fill the years from forty to fifty, but resolute grappling with each period brings one out almost inevitably into a fine serene certainty which cannot but have its effect on those who are younger. Ripe old age—cheerful, useful, and understanding—is one of the finest influences in the world. We hang Rembrandt's or Whistler's picture of his mother on our walls that we may feel its quieting hand, the sense of peace and achievement which the picture carries. We have no better illustration of the meaning of old age.—American Magazine.