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HUERTA LASTED ONLY ONE YEAR AFTER WARNING

His Flight Follows Twelve Months
of What May Be Called
Tottering.

FALL CERTAIN FROM FIRST

In the Absence of Recognition by the
United States It Was Recognized
That the Dictator Would Be
Unable to Retain Power.

Washington.—Just one year has
elapsed since President Wilson an-
nounced that his Mexican policy then
consisted of the edict that "Huerta
must go," and assured the American
public that the Mexican president was
"tottering," and soon would fall.

For the first four months of Presi-
dent Wilson's administration he was
absolutely silent regarding the Mexi-
can situation, though it gradually be-
came known that he did not intend to
grant official recognition to the Hu-
erta government. Late in June, 1913,
representatives of a number of Euro-
pean powers drew up a letter of pro-
test, in which it was declared that
the United States had largely contrib-
uted to the anarchical conditions in
Mexico and that it ought either to re-
cognize the Huerta government and dis-
courage the revolution or assume re-
sponsibility for the pacification of
Mexico. This joint document reached
the hands of President Wilson, and re-
sulted in action by him.

Lind Sent to Mexico.

Henry Lane Wilson, hold-over am-
bassador to Mexico, was recalled, and
after a scant hearing at the White
House was asked to resign. John
Lind, former colleague of Secretary
Bryan in the house of representatives
and former governor of Minnesota,
was designated the president's confi-
dential agent and sent to Mexico in
an endeavor to get Huerta's sanction
to a plan for his elimination.

Mr. Lind presented four proposals to
President Huerta, through his minis-
ter of foreign affairs, the Mexican
president declining to receive the
American emissary because he had no
credentials. These proposals, or rather
demands, were for:

The resignation of Huerta.

The establishment of a provisional
government, pending the holdings of
elections.

The elimination of Huerta as a can-
didate for the presidency by election.

The conclusion of an armistice be-
tween the contending forces.

U. S. Backs Down.

In the correspondence that ensued
the United States receded from its
proposals one by one until there re-
mained only the demand that Huerta
be not a candidate in the elections due
to be held in the fall. It was generally
conceded that in the Lind corre-
spondence Huerta's foreign minister,
Frederico Gamboa, had decidedly the
best of it, and the administration was
finally left to content itself with Gam-
boa's statement that certainly Huerta
could not be a candidate to succeed
himself because of a constitutional
prohibition to that effect, as the net re-
sult of the Lind discussions.

President Wilson addressed con-
gress on the subject immediately upon
the failure of the Lind mission, urging
a policy of patience, while Lind went
to Vera Cruz, where he remained almost
continuously, playing the role of
reporter to the president until April
last.

Soon thereafter William Bayard
Hale, the president's campaign biog-
rapher, who had also been serving in
Mexico City, as an unofficial observer
for the president, was assigned on an-
other secret mission and went to the
Mexican border to ascertain the pur-
pose and character of the Constitutionalists.

U. S. Backs the Rebels.

His reports, combined with other in-
formation possessed by the president,
are considered to have been chiefly re-
sponsible for the president's decision
to back the Constitutionalists just as
far as possible. This policy of sup-
port for the revolutionists was never
officially announced, but became in-
creasingly evident.

Meantime Huerta had found, so it
was officially asserted in Mexico City,
that the congress, consisting largely
of Maderistas, was conspiring against
him and defeating his governmental
projects. He accordingly, in October,
arrested a large number of the deputies
and put them in prison, where many
of them remained for considerable pe-
riods. He declared himself a virtual
dictator, pending, he said, the elec-
tions, at which a new congress was to
be chosen and candidates for president
voted upon.

This action by Huerta brought an
angry response from President Wilson,
who notified him that the United
States would not consider giving any
recognition to the results of elections
following such an usurpation of power.

European and South American gov-
ernments were given to understand
that they might expect drastic action
by the United States in Mexico if
Huerta did not retire. But Huerta did
not retire, and the United States took
no action.

Huerta Stays on Job.

Though barred from being a candi-
date, it was announced that Huerta
had received the greatest number of
votes in the elections held in Novem-
ber, which were admittedly farcical.
Felix Diaz was also a candidate, but,
fearful of Huerta, did not venture
further into Mexico than the port of
Vera Cruz.

The elections for president were de-
clared null and void, because not a
sufficient number of districts had par-
ticipated in the voting, and as a re-
sult of the farce Huerta remained in
power as provisional president.

In December in addressing congress,
President Wilson announced that Hu-
erta, the usurper, was near his collapse,
and expressed the opinion that it
would not be necessary to alter the
policy of watchful waiting.

Meanwhile Francisco Villa, former
bandit, achieved new fame by captur-
ing Juarez, in December, thus begin-
ning a series of brilliant victories
which gave the revolution its mo-
mentum which has swept Huerta out
of power.

U. S.-Mexican Crisis.

In early April came the incident
which precipitated the present phase
of the situation, the arrest of an offi-
cer and boat crew of the Dolphin by
Mexican Federals at Tampico, then
besieged by the rebels. After a week of
quibbling over Admiral Mayo's de-
mand for a salute to the American
flag at Tampico, while the Atlantic
fleet was en route to Mexican waters,
the approach of the German steamer
Ypiranga laden with huge quantities of
arms and ammunition for Huerta im-
pelled the president to direct Rear
Admiral Fletcher to seize Vera Cruz.

During a few anxious days, when
anti-American rioting was in progress
in Mexico City, it was feared that
Huerta would adopt a policy of war
toward the United States. He ac-
cepted, however, as promptly as Wash-
ington, the offer of the A. B. C. rep-
resentatives for mediation, and in
those conferences offered to resign
whenever the pacification of the coun-
try was guaranteed. This proposi-
tion the United States could not meet.

Huerta's Danger Grows.

After arranging for the quashing of
the quarrel resulting from the Tam-
pico incident the mediators endeavored
to arrange with Constitutionalists for
a conference on Mexican affairs, to
which the Huerta representatives were
agreed.

With the Constitutionalists rapidly
advancing southward, taking the
principal cities, and the United States
holding the principal port and source
of revenue, Huerta's position rapidly
became desperate.

Yet during the first week in July
he went through the farce of holding
elections, which were declared null
because of the small number voting.

Finally, on July 11, he appointed
Chief Justice Carbajal minister of for-
eign relations, and it was then under-
stood that it was preparatory to his
resignation of the presidency, so Car-
bajal might succeed him and make
terms with the Constitutionalists.

NEW PRESIDENT NOT SOLDIER

Francisco Carbajal's Public Career
Has Differed Materially From
That of Huerta.

Mexico City.—Francisco Carbajal
is forty-four years old, a native of
the state of Campeche, and a lawyer.

Almost ever since the start of his
career he has occupied posts in the
judiciary. In the Madero administra-
tion he was a senator, but relin-
quished his post to re-enter the su-
preme court, of which he was chief
justice at the time General Huerta ap-
pointed him minister of foreign rela-
tions.

When General Porfirio Diaz deter-
mined in 1911 to treat with the Mad-
ero revolutionists, Senor Carbajal pro-
ceeded to Juarez as his commissioner.

Senor Carbajal has a reputation for
possessing considerable intellectual
force and independence of character.
His demeanor is quiet. He shuns the
exuberance in verbiage and gesticula-
tion to which Latin-Americans are
prone. He is courteous, but a man of
few words and little given to elaborate
compliments.

Besides, he is neat and well
groomed in appearance. His features
indicate pure European descent, with
any admixture of Indian blood.

Altogether he is a man who con-
veys an impression of reserve power.
He is a good man of business.

His probity has never been ques-
tioned. He has been sagacious and
successful in investments and, while
not rich, is a man of independent
means. He is a man of family.

Senor Carbajal Must Surrender Unconditionally or Campaign Will Continue, Says Carranza

Monterey, Mexico.—"The retirement of Huerta from the power
that he had usurped and the substitution in his place of a civilian
makes us think that the substitute will very soon initiate negotia-
tions in order to deliver to us the remains of the power that he has
received. I esteem that it would be useless that he would pretend
anything else than to surrender unconditionally to the First Chief
of the constitutional army the powers that he has received from
Huerta on his retirement."

"But if this be not so, the campaign will continue on our part
until we obtain, by force of arms, the complete triumph of our cause,
which is that of justice and of the people. In this way we will
restore in a very brief time the constitution through the advance of
our victorious forces in all parts of the republic."

"My desire now is, as it always has been, to avoid unnecessary
bloodshed. For that reason it may be months before we reach
Mexico City. I expect Senor Carbajal will open negotiations with
me as soon as telegraphic communication is established between
Monterey and Mexico City, which I think will be accomplished at
once."

VENUSTIANO CARRANZA.

Juarez, Mexico.—To the Press: "The resignation of Huerta and
the appointment by him of Carbajal to the Provisional Presidency are
no surprise to me."

"You may tell the people of the United States that, as a patriot,
I will do my part to serve the best interests of my people always."

"FRANCISCO VILLA."

\$306,000,000 NEW HAVEN SUIT

To Compel Directors of Road to Restore This Sum

RECEIVER IS ASKED FOR

Losses Due to Unlawfully Acquiring
Boston & Maine Railroad, Trolley
and Steamship Lines Is Charge
—Ask for Receiver.

Boston.—A bill in equity was filed
in the Supreme Court on behalf of
minority stockholders of the New
York, New Haven and Hartford Rail-
road Company for a receiver or spe-
cial master, vested with plenary pow-
er to prosecute claims of \$306,000,000
against defendant directors.

The suit is entered for Ralph S.
Bartlett and another, trustees under
the will of Ole Bull Vaughan, late
of West Lebanon, Me., owner of fifty
shares of the capital stock of the
company. Mrs. Vaughan was the
daughter of Ole Bull, the violinist.

Judge Braley issued a notice for
the defendants to show cause why a
receiver or special master should not
be appointed.

The bill of complaint declares that
the defendant directors, on account
of breach of duty, are bound to re-
pay to the New Haven Company
fosses due to illegally acquiring the
Boston and Maine Railroad, trolley
and steamship lines.

The defendants, who include vari-
ous New Haven directors since 1903,
and estates of deceased directors,
are: William Rockefeller, Charles
M. Pratt, Lewis Cass Ledyard, H.
McK. Twombly, George McC. Miller,
George J. Brush, James S. Heming-
way, A. H. Robertson, Frederick F.
Brewster, Charles F. Brooker, D. New-
ton Barney, James H. Elton, Henry
K. McHarg, Robert W. Taft, William
Skinner, Charles S. Mellen, Alexander
Cochrane, J. P. Morgan estate, Edwin
Milner estate, I. de V. Warner estate,
Amory A. Lawrence estate.

In addition, the plaintiffs name John
L. Billard, George F. Baker, T. De
Witt Cuyler, Edward Milligan, F. T.
Maxwell, Theodore N. Vail, S. W.
Winslow, Laurence Minot, Samuel
Rea, Morton F. Plant, De Ver H.
Warner, John T. Pratt, Howard Ell-
ott, James L. Richards, W. M. Crane,
A. T. Hadley, and J. H. Hustis.

FIVE DROWNED IN LAKE.

One Victim of Boating Accident Is a
New York Girl.

South Merrimac, N. H.—Mrs. Will-
iam C. Mills, her two daughters and
Miss Annie Burans of this town, and
Mrs. Mills' niece, Dorothy Burans of
Utica, N. Y., were drowned in Lake
Naticook when a flat bottomed skiff
capsized.

While Miss Burans, who was a stu-
dent at the New England Conservatory
of Music, was swimming the others
paddled about the pond in the
boat. After a time Miss Burans tried
to climb into the skiff and it turned
over, throwing everyone into the water.

Mrs. Mills tried to save her children
and Miss Burans sought to rescue
Dorothy, but all sank before Fred and
Sanborn Burans, brothers of Annie,
reached the spot. Fred dived repeat-
edly and became so exhausted that
his brother had to assist him ashore.

Besides, he is neat and well
groomed in appearance. His features
indicate pure European descent, with
any admixture of Indian blood.

Altogether he is a man who con-
veys an impression of reserve power.
He is a good man of business.

His probity has never been ques-
tioned. He has been sagacious and
successful in investments and, while
not rich, is a man of independent
means. He is a man of family.

WILSON ORDERS NEW HAVEN SUIT

President Directs Dissolution
Under Sherman Law

CRIMINAL AND CIVIL ACTION

Dissolution Pact With U. S. Broken—
Charging Bad Faith by New Man-
agement, McReynolds Will Act
—Rejected Their Own Terms.

Washington.—President Wilson di-
rected James C. McReynolds, Attorney
General, to begin the biggest criminal
prosecution ever contemplated by the
United States government under the
Sherman Anti-Trust law.

He instructed Mr. McReynolds to
lay before a Grand Jury criminal
charges against the directors of the
New York, New Haven and Hartford
Railroad Company. Among these di-
rectors are some of the most important
financiers of the country.

In the letter of Mr. McReynolds the
President did not mince words. He
assailed the present directors of the
New Haven for refusing to carry out
their agreement with the government.
He said their action caused him the
deepest surprise and regret. He term-
ined their failure to carry out their
agreement as inexplicable "upon so
slight a pretext."

"I therefore request and direct
that a proceeding in equity be
filed, seeking the dissolution of
the unlawful monopoly of trans-
portation facilities in New Eng-
land now sought to be maintained
by the New York, New Haven and
Hartford Railroad Company, and that
the criminal prosecution of
the case be laid before a grand
jury," Mr. Wilson said in the let-
ter.

The unexpected severe tone of the
President's letter revived reports
which have emanated from persons
close to the Department of Justice
that the Administration suspected the
New Haven management of having
accepted the reorganization plan
originally in the hope of staying off
criminal proceedings.

The correspondence given out at
the Department of Justice discloses
that the Administration was fully
alive to the "calamitous results to
the public interests" that are likely
to follow the filing of a suit, but
the department lays the entire re-
sponsibility upon the shoulders of the
directors of the New Haven and calls
the country to witness that they
must bear the burden of the conse-
quence that may flow from the litiga-
tion.

American marines and bluejackets
have been landed in two ports of
Hayti, and 700 marines are en route
to Guantanamo, Cuba, as a warning to
the disorderly Haytians and Do-
minicans of what they may expect if
they do not proceed promptly to put
their houses in order.

700 more marines have been sent
from Norfolk, Va., for Cuba to be
held in readiness for emergencies.
Conditions are reported as growing
steadily worse in Santo Domingo.

Recent big developments in Mexico
have obscured the fact that the United
States is face to face with a men-
acing situation in the Caribbean Sea.
Large questions involving the suprem-
acy of the United States in the vicinity
of the Panama Canal and important
economic and political interests
are at stake in the present troubles
in Hayti and Santo Domingo.

In both the tiny republics, which
occupy, in mutual hatred of each other,
one of the richest islands in the Western
Hemisphere, the situation is one of rapid
disintegration of government and all restraining influences which
make for law and order. After a century of independence the negro re-
publics of Hayti and the mixed negro and
Spanish Santo Domingo are still in
the midst of barbaric internal warfare
and filled with corruption which have
brought them to desperate financial
straits and stagnated the little
commerce and industry that have
managed to exist under the intolerable
conditions in the island.

Behind the policy of the United<br

FACTS ABOUT BUGS

Expert Says Cockroach Can Live for Five Years.

David Fairchild Writes About the Rip Van Winkles, the Jekyls and Hydes, and the Aeronauts of the Insect World.

Washington.—The Rip Van Winkles, the Jekyls and Hydes, the aristocrats, the philosophers and the "hoboes" of the insect world are described in a communication to the National Geographic Society, by David Fairchild, the plant explorer, who has scoured the world for plants of economic value and introduced them into the United States.

In describing the peculiar habits and remarkable achievements of insects, he says the champion aeronaut is the king grasshopper, which has the ability to jump 100 times its length. It can also sail for 1,000 miles before the wind. These grasshoppers sometimes go in such numbers that they make a cloud 2,000 square miles in extent.

"Its great front lip hides a pair of jaws as effective as a hachet, and it has an appetite as voracious as that of a hippopotamus," writes Mr. Fairchild. "A young chick finds itself shut inside the egg-shell and must work its way out alone, but the young grasshoppers find themselves—the whole nestful—shut in a hardened case in the ground made by their mother, and it takes a half dozen of them working together to dislodge the lip which shuts them in."

The carrying power of the song of the cricket is extraordinary; there are species whose strident notes can be heard for a mile, although their little bodies are scarcely more than an inch in length. The males alone are musical, and it is reasonable to suppose, since the females have ears in their forelegs, that the males are singing to their mates and not to mankind. As one listens to their friendly song it is hard to appreciate what fighters they are among themselves, the larger ones even turning cannibals when food is scarce.

"Of all creatures of our houses, the cockroach is the most detested. Housewives may be surprised to learn that a cockroach can live five years, and that it takes a year to develop to maturity. The female lays her eggs in a horny capsule like a spectacle case, which she carries about with her until she is ready to deposit it in a suitable place. Later she returns to help her baby cockroaches out of their shells."

The insects known as moth-slayers, which have been brought here from other lands to aid in the work of extermination, are said to be slaughtering the moths by wholesale and thriving at their sanguinary task.

One of the most noteworthy of the alien insects, and one which has been most active in the slaughter, is a green beetle, a veritable tiger in the moth world!

Here is a terrible creature indeed, a creature of intrepid ferocity and magnificent voracity. Beside him the hog is a beast of most delicate appetite. The green beetle would devour ten times his weight in gipsy moth caterpillars in a single day, and be ready to duplicate this performance on the morrow.

His nominal two seasons of active life are a wild orgy of slaying and feasting. His span of mortality includes a mere fortnight of larval life and two brief summers of adult existence, representing less than five months of activity altogether; but during this time he will normally devour nearly 650 gipsy moth caterpillars or pupae as big as himself.

A single pair have been observed to eat 2,000 caterpillars within eight weeks, gluttony almost beyond belief.

An interesting circular on "Flame Standards in Photometry" has just been published by Flame Standards the bureau of standards, department of commerce.

Although an agreement has been reached regarding the relative values of the units of light in use in different countries, no one primary photometric standard has been generally adopted by the various governments. In Germany preference is given to the Hefner lamp, in England to the pentane lamp, and in France to the Carcel lamp. Each of these serves in its own country both as the primary standard and as a working standard, but for the photometry of electric lamps generally in accurate photometric work standardized electric incandescent lamps are used in all countries. In America a group of such lamps kept at the bureau of standards are considered as provisional primary standards serving to maintain the unit until a better primary standard shall have been devised. It is believed that the unit which has been agreed upon can be so maintained with an accuracy considerably above that with which it can be reproduced by reference to any of the so-called reproducible standards at present in use.

In other words, the incandescent lamps have really been employed as primary standards, and the flame standards, which logically should play the part of primary standards, have been relegated to a subordinate position.

There is, however, a possibility of an appreciable drift in the value of the unit if there is no photometric

standard accurately reproducible from its specifications which is capable of serving as a reliable check upon the electric standards. It has, therefore, appeared worth while to make a study of the best types of flame lamps to see how closely they would reproduce in the Bureau of Laboratory the values adopted by International agreement and also to find whether their reliability as primary standards could be increased by any changes in construction or in operation.

The Carcel lamp is by far the least reliable of the three types, and can not be considered as a competitor for general acceptance.

The Hefner and the pentane lamps as made at present divide honors; the latter is markedly superior as a practical standard, but individual pentane lamps do not agree, and until lamps can be independently made which shall give the same value the type can hardly be said to be reproducible. The Hefner lamp is so simple in construction that reproduction of lamps is relatively easy. Lamps now made show small differences due to slight departures from mean dimensions, but these differences can be made negligible by more careful construction. Great difficulty is experienced, however, in making accurate comparisons of working standards against Hefner lamps because of the very low intensity (0.9 candle) and the red color of the flame.

It is believed to be possible to apply the principle of the present pentane lamp in specially made, accurately specified lamps with interchangeable parts, and thus to obtain a closer agreement between lamps. Then by operating the lamps under definite conditions one should be able to obtain sufficient precision with either the Hefner or the pentane lamp to give a valuable check on the electric standards now in use.

Ninety billion tons of water are carried hourly through the Florida straits of the gulf stream, according to Rear Admiral John E. Pillsbury, United States navy, retired. Pillsbury was formerly chief of the Bureau of Navigation and is the greatest authority on the gulf stream. The gulf stream, he states, in a letter to the National Geographic Society which was made public the other day, is probably the grandest and most mighty terrestrial phenomenon.

"If this one single hour's flow of water could be evaporated," he said, "the remaining salts would require many times more than all the ships in the world to carry it. It is difficult for the mind to grasp the immensity of the great ocean river."

"When one is on board a vessel floating upon its waters one is not as much impressed at the power and grandeur of this wonder of nature as he is when he stands before Niagara Falls. But when one remembers that the mighty torrent speeding on hour by hour equals in volume all the largest rivers of the world combined and that it carries its beneficent heat to temper the climate of continents, one begins to realize that of all the forces of the physical world none other can equal this one river of the ocean."

Resounding shrieks, which pierced the usual stillness of court appeals at close intervals Boys Shatter Court's Dignity, shattered the dignity of the institution, and caused quite a mystery for several minutes.

When the first shrieks reverberated through the corridor, the attaches rushed to the south side of the building to investigate, but found nothing. Presently the shrill yell was repeated on the other side of the building and the agitated court attendants hurried there just in time to hear piercing screams come again from the south side.

Pell-mell went the frantic attaches to the source of the sound and solved the mystery.

A half a dozen barefooted boys, carrying dripping bathing suits, were about to emit another yell in chorus, when the clerks, messengers and assistant janitors arrived on the scene.

"Aw, gee, we's jus' makin' echoes," explained the somewhat frightened lad who seemed to be the leader of "de gang," when he was "collared."

The boys were chased out of the building with the admonition not to make any more "echoes" within a couple of blocks of the court.

Astrology is branded as a superstition by the Department of Agriculture in a recent weekly news letter.

Astrology a Superstition? Discussing the question of whether the planets affect the weather, the Department declared "the belief, still to be found in all countries, that the planets and the moon do affect the weather never had any scientific basis whatever; it is only a remnant of the many superstitions generated and fostered by that other great superstition, astrology."

The Department's conclusion on the subject says:

"We have every reason to believe that neither the planets nor the moon can have any appreciable effect on the weather, because they furnish so little heat upon which all weather changes ultimately depend, and this belief is fully supported by weather records."

Music. Bacon—How did you like the music in that comic opera last night?

Egbert—Which music? You know there were three kinds of music—vocal, instrumental and chin.

SERBIAN KING ABDICATES; SON TAKES THRONE

Bit by bit of ill health, King Peter I of Serbia has abdicated the throne in favor of his second son, Prince Alexander.

King Peter I, who is seventy years old, ascended the Serbian throne June 15, 1903, after the murder of King Alexander.

At 12:30 on the night of June 10, about 40 Serbian army officers entered the royal palace, burst open the apartments of King Alexander and Queen Draga and shot their ma-

saries dead. On the same occasion several Serbian ministers were assassinated, and altogether during the night 54 people were killed or wounded.

The king, who has just abdicated, was in Geneva at the time, and he afterward denied all knowledge of the conspiracy. He, however, never caused the punishment of the conspirators, who retained their rank in the Serbian army. King Peter, until his accession, led a very adventurous life.

ADVOCATES A WEST POINT FOR DIPLOMATS

Curtis Guild, former governor of Massachusetts, at one time ambassador to Russia, journalist and soldier, says Uncle Sam needs a school to train diplomats. In a recent interview Mr. Guild said:

"We need a school to train diplomats as much as we need West Point or Annapolis. Yet while our military and naval academies are everywhere acknowledged to be second to none in the world, we have never made the slightest move toward the establishment of such an institution."

In detail the reforms which Mr. Guild most strongly advocates for the diplomatic and consular service go far beyond this. He stated them about like this:

"First, we should have a permanent basis of appointment and promotion as invariable as that at present maintained in the army and navy.

"Second, the remuneration which this country offers for such services should be sufficient to permit incumbents, without encroachment on their private funds, to make such expenditures as may be requisite to the fulfillment of their posts' demands.

"Third, the United States should purchase sites in foreign capitals and upon them erect permanent buildings adapted to consular and diplomatic needs.

"I shall put the necessity of a consular and diplomatic school fourth in the list of needs. Entrance to it should come through appointment by senators or representatives, or both. This would insure good material.

"Fifth, there should be established American centers in all large foreign cities, where there is various American representation, as where there are diplomatic, consular, military and naval representatives; at least, their offices should be housed beneath one roof."

REV. HENRY N. COUDEN, THE BLIND CHAPLAIN

As the gavel falls a hush descends upon the hall of the house of representatives at Washington. Doorkeepers take their places at all doors, close them, and stand facing the house to prevent entrance or egress at this solemn moment of the day.

The hundred or more members who are on time arise, with one or two exceptions, and stand in reverent attitude.

A black-coated man, with clerical white cravat, his sightless eyes masked by colored glasses, an attendant to the dais a step below the speaker.

His hands clasped, his well modulated voice penetrating to every part of the chamber, he delivers a brief prayer. Always it is brief, always it contains a thought, always is it something worth hearing.

The "blind chaplain" of the house,

Speaker Clark wins not only the regard of his political enemies by his uprightness and probity, but also their affection by the gentleness and simplicity of his nature, which brings him close to the heart of his fellow-man," said Representative Farr, himself a Republican. "He is, above everything, a kindly, everyday man, wholly unaffected and unspoiled by the greatness of his position—which is, itself, a mark of greatness.

"One afternoon, recently, there arose a situation on the floor wherein the tension between some of the opposing members was high to the point of nervousness. By some characteristic remarks, replete with that homely philosophy of his, Speaker Clark turned the situation and relieved the strain.

"Struck both by the timely wisdom and the appropriateness of the remark, I broke forth into several private but

hearty chuckles. They, but not their cause, caught the eye of the speaker.

"The next day, having occasion to leave the chair, he stopped as he passed my seat and, bending over me, asked, as though in confidence:

"Say, Farr, tell me the joke you were laughing at so heartily about this time yesterday."

How to Keep Bread Fresh.

Dr. J. R. Katz of the University of Amsterdam has recently concluded some interesting experiments showing the action of heat upon the chemical changes which result in staleness in bread. His conclusions are that bread may be kept fresh for as long a period as 40 hours if stored in a temperature of 50 degrees C. or higher. In less heat, say from 30 to 40 degrees C., it becomes "half stale" in a shorter time and at ordinary temperatures, of course, stale very rapidly. The doctor finds, too, that an extremely low temperature preserves the freshness of bread for many hours, especially if the storage place is dry. The conclusions of this eminent scientist, it may be added, coincide with those of the thrifty housewife who, from time immemorial, has been accustomed to "freshen up" her bread by moistening it with a little water and then putting it in the oven for a few minutes.

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CHROME, N. J.

CHICAGO FEDERALS GET PITTSBURGH STAR



Claude Hendrix, One of Best Outlaw Pitchers.

Claude R. Hendrix is one of the best pitchers yet secured from the ranks of organized baseball by the independent Federal league, as he is not only a star pitcher, but a superior batsman. Hendrix is twenty-three years old, six feet tall, weighs 185 pounds, and pitches right-handed. He hails from Stillwell, Kansas. In his younger days he played with the baseball team of St. Mary's college of St. Mary's, Kas. He made his professional debut with the Salina club of the Kansas State league in 1909. The following year he played with the Cheyenne Indian team. In 1911 he was secured by the Pittsburgh club of the National league, which secured title to him by purchase from the Salina club. He made a great record in his initial major league season in 1911, but did not do quite so well in 1912. In the 1913 season he made an excellent record. After prolonged negotiation with the Pittsburgh club in January he signed with the Chicago Federal league team for three years, and will be one of the highest-salaried players in that organization.

PIRATE TWIRLER DOING WELL

Babe Adams Has Come to Front Rapidly This Season—Conspicuous in Winning Games.

Babe Adams, the Pittsburgh twirler, has shown improvement in his box work this season. Adams jumped into



Babe Adams.

several seasons back when, practically an unknown twirler, he pitched the Pirates into the world's championship in a series with the Detroit team. Since then his box work has been of the in-and-out order. This season Adams has done well with the Pirates and has been a conspicuous figure in keeping the Smoketown bunch in a good place in the National league race.

Record for Assists.

A recent note going the rounds that a first baseman had made a record by having 21 putouts in a nine-inning game brings out a statement that First Baseman Pokorney of the Sherman team, in the Texas-Oklahoma league, recently had 22 putouts and one assist in nine innings. The infield made 25 of the 27 putouts in this game, which is also an additional record so far as known. The game was played with Texarkana and Texarkana won a score of 2 to 1. The data is furnished by Umpire James A. Murphy.

Manager Is Hard Worker. Manager Jennings is working just as hard or harder than any player on his team in every game. His coaching has much to do with the success of his team also, for he is there with the enthusiasm that puts gings into his players all the time.

Wagner's Hits Come High. A Pittsburgh statistician, estimating Wagner's salary for the last ten years to have been \$10,000 annually, figures that the 3,000 hits gained by "Honus" since 1897 were made at a cost of \$41.66 each.

NOW LIVE IN CIVILIZED AGE

Baseball Arbiters Few Years Ago Were Regarded as Outcasts and Shunned by All Men.

Umpires live in the golden age today, their existence is passed in a garden spot. So says E. H. Wood, one of the old-time umpires in the Western league and later substitute umpire in the National league. In his time, according to Wood, a hander of the indicator was shunned of all men. No person dared to call him a friend. He was an outcast, a man without a country.

"Umpires had to have nerve and bounces of it when I was in the business many years ago," says Wood. "Those were the times when we had to fight it out with the players on the ball field, and we didn't have a Ban Johnson or a John Teener to back us up. We could, it is true, tack a \$5 fine on offending players, but we couldn't put him out of the game or even bench him. So you can see where we get off."

"I remember once when I was an umpire in the Western league a foul tip had hit me in the throat and I couldn't talk above a whisper; had to work by signs when I called 'em out. Every decision was trouble for me."

"It was in Denver when I first heard cow-punchers firing revolvers from the stands. The stands then were like the bleachers of today, a bunch of boards piled together. The cattlemen were holding their convention there at the time, and I remember it sounded like a sharp battle. The cold sweat poured down my back whenever I made a decision against Denver, and I could almost feel the bullets clip me on the feet or take my hat off. I was a tenderfoot then."

"At Peoria one day came something I still remember with great clearness. They used to slide head first then, and a runner, I forget his name, dived headlong for second in the game, and managed to knock the ball out of the tagger's hand as he touched him. I didn't see it, but the runner got hold of the ball and stuck it in his shirt as he lay there sprawling.

"He got up, and as the players were hunting for the ball started for third. He bluffed around for a moment and then dashed for home. He slid in. Then, coming to his feet, he dusted himself off and walked leisurely for the bench. During all this time the other side was frantically looking around for the ball. When he finally got to his bench he took the ball out of his shirt and tossed it on the field.

"They called for a decision. I called the runner safe. Honestly I believe all records for speed from the park to the hotel were broken by me after that battle."

COLLAMORE TOUTED AS BEST

Minneapolis Manager Says Young Right-Handed Pitcher Should Make Good on Any Team.

Joe Cantillon, manager of the Minneapolis team of the American association, says Al Collamore, right-hand-

ing and the batter hit a foul tip that caught me on the arm," says Silk. "Johnson's speed is terrific enough, but add the speed of a foul tip to that and you can imagine how I felt. I thought my arm had gone with the ball to the grand stand.

"For at least ten minutes my arm was absolutely paralyzed. And for two months I could still feel the effects of that blow."

STORIES OF THE DIAMOND

The Cubs landed Casey Hageman, former Cardinal pitcher, at waiver price.

Manager Red Doolin has a good batting and fielding team, but he lacks the pitching.

If injuries to a team could win a pennant, Joe Birmingham and his Naps would have a walkaway in the American league.

Rebuilding the Naps is a discouraging problem. As soon as Manager Birmingham gets one weak spot built up the bad luck breaks out in another place.

The umpires in all the leagues and this goes double for the Feds—must stir their stumps and hurry up these ball games. There has been too much time-killing to suit the fans.

R. J. McConaughey, a pitcher from Indianapolis, signed with the Hoofeds. He was supposed to have gone to the St. Joseph club of the Western league, but he balked and joined the independents.

Joe McGinnity, former big league pitcher, and lately manager of the Tacoma team, has resigned from the management, but will continue as president and chief owner of the club and will take his place on the slab as usual.



Al Collamore.

ed pitcher with the Naps, was the best pitcher in the American association last fall.

"He looked like a prize-package to me," said Cantillon. "He won nine out of his last ten games, which was a great record for a pitcher working for a club that won as few games as the Toledo bunch."

It All Depends on the Seer.

The Naps recently flocked to a fortune teller, who told them that La-Jole was to be released and that two players would be taken by the Feds, until they learned that the same seer had visions last fall of the Giants winning the world's series.

Oakes to Stick. "Rebel" Oakes, who did the flip-flop from the Cards to the Feds and who now has succeeded Doc Gessler as manager of the Pittsburgh Feds, says he's with the Feds to stick. He even goes so far as saying he'll lead a winning ball club.

MAKES GOOD WITH DISCARDS

Washington Team Made Up Post Wholly of Players Not Up Standard of Other Managers.

Clarke Griffith's team furnishes the most striking example offered by any major league club on the possibility of the "come back" in baseball. A runner-up in the last two pennant races, Griff is convinced that his team will be the first to the wire in October. The remainder of the program consists of Walter Johnson making the National league pennant winners say "uncle" in the world's series.

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COLLAMORE TOUTED AS BEST

Danny Moeller.

out the Athletics, and trailed the Boston Red Sox in 1912, following up with another second-place team last season. Danny Moeller, who had been turned adrift by Fred Clarke; Chic Gandil, who had been sent to the minors by the Chicago White Sox, and Eddie Foster, sent on his way when Hal Chase led the Yankees, were the players to round out a winner at Washington. George McBride, who was in Washington for some time before Griff's arrival, was also turned loose by Fred Clarke.

Jake Doubert of Brooklyn, the king of present day first basemen, is a notable case of a ball player once turned back as of no promise. Cleveland had Jake once and did not think

it worth while to exercise an optional agreement when he was turned back.

Joe Jackson was under Connie Mack's wing at one time, and Connie let him go in a trade while he was still

a minor leaguer. Jean Dubuc and Oscar Stanger were both cut loose by Cincinnati, only to bob up later and

show to great advantage.

Broken Nose Not an Excuse.

A broken nose isn't considered a legitimate excuse for retiring from the game in the American association.

The fact came to light in the recent series between Minneapolis and Columbus.

Dave Altizer, the forty-four-year-old youth who plays short for the Millers, fractured his nose at the bridge, when he collided with Hinchman at third base.

Despite the injury Dave remained in the game, but all the baseball sharps expected he'd be out of the lineup the next day.

But he wasn't. Joe Cantillon, when asked who would play shortstop the next day, replied:

"Dave Altizer. In this league we do not stop for broken noses."

And Dave also insisted upon playing.

Other Notable Tigers.

Cobb and Crawford are not the only notables among the Detroit Tigers. According to his teammates, Mark Hall, the pitcher, is the best poker player and bunco artist in the big leagues; First Baseman Burns is the best tango dancer; Pitcher Miles Mains, who stands six feet six inches in his stocking feet, is the tallest pitcher in the league, and Pitcher John Williams is the only Hawaiian who ever reached fast company.

Brown Still Drifting.

George Browne, one-time big league outfielder, is adrift again. After resigning as manager at New Britain he joined the Hartford club, but his stay there was short.

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BUNCH OF MERCHANTS STEAL BASES



George Burns Stealing Home in Recent Giant-Brooklyn Game.

More speed on the bases!

That's what every wise big league major now appears to be striving for. It's what John McGraw, New York Giants' leader, and Branch Rickey, boss of the rejuvenated Browns, are seeking.

McGraw has in his lineup four regular infielders and three outfielders who can be counted upon to steal 35 bases apiece this season.

To make his "thirty-five" base stealers, McGraw had to insert Bob Bescher, formerly of the Cincinnati Reds, in his outfield, and Milton Stock, Mobile graduate, in the third base job.

The base stealing records of the present Giant regulars last season is: Merkle, 35; Doyle, 38; Fletcher, 37; Stock, 43; Burns, 40; Bescher, 38; Murray, 35.

CY YOUNG IN HOTEL LEAGUE

Old-Time Major League Twirler Now Pitching for Amusement of Reporters in Michigan Town.

Greatest Base Stealers Keep Eyes on Pitchers

Did you ever notice that the most successful base stealers are those who study closest the action of the pitchers? In this way they are enabled to "get the jump," and once a speedy runner gets such a start it is next to impossible for any catcher to throw him out.

"Ty" Cobb says that is the only way to become a successful base stealer. Those who depend on their natural speed are following the course of greatest opposition, for in these days of accurate and fast throwing catchers the fastest of runners needs a start to successfully pilfer.

"I always watch the pitcher closely so I can be certain when he is

The Roosevelt News

L. D. TELEPHONE: Roosevelt 310.

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goods are up-to-date and never
shopworn.

**JERSEY RICH IN
FARMING LAND****Secretary of Agriculture Points
Out Advantage of State****BIDS FOR IMMIGRANTS**

More Than a Million Acres Are Available
for Cultivation Purposes—
Million Acres Untouched by
Plow—\$255,000,000 in Farms.

(Special Trenton Correspondence.)

Trenton—"New Jersey as a farming State has been overlooked by the immigrant, and is not appreciated as it should be by our citizens," declares Franklin Dye, state secretary of agriculture. "The fact that we have more than 1,000,000 acres of land still untouched by the plow is evidence of the first statement, and, secondly, we have not advertised our State as a leading farming and market garden State. Territorially, New Jersey is not large, so that her aggregate crop yields seem small compared with a much larger area, but when it comes to yield per acre and per man engaged, this State is in the first rank.

"All farm property in New Jersey amounts to \$255,000,000. The annual yield of the State's 33,487 farms has been increasing from year to year. Our dairy animals have a value of \$12,000,000. In poultry products New Jersey stands in the front rank of progress, having a value exceeding \$5,000,000.

"For diversity of soils and products the State is unexcelled, all products indigenous to this latitude being successfully grown here. Alfalfa, the coming crop for our entire State, is increasing in acreage each year, the sandy soils producing it luxuriantly. And it might be said that New Jersey offers an inviting field for up-to-date farmers with its many attractions.

"The great consuming population within the State and upon its borders must also be taken into consideration. Seaside resorts from Sandy Hook on the north to Cape May on the south, with their hundreds of thousands of summer and winter boarders; New York City, Jersey City, Newark and other cities on the north, with Philadelphia on the south, with State road and railroad transportation not found in any other territory of equal size, give the producers of farm products an unusual opportunity for marketing what they produce."

Trenton Hazard Is High.

The first inspection by the engineers of the National Board of Fire Underwriters on the fire fighting facilities of Trenton, since 1907 has been finished. It is reported that the potential conflagration hazard in the congested value district is high on account of weak construction. Since the last investigation, however, private fire protection has materially increased and the fire department has been strengthened. The water supply, however, is still deficient and dependence is placed mainly in a single main. Outside the district severe individual and group fires are pronounced probable but the hazard of a sweeping fire is slight.

It is noted that the source of water supply is ample and reliable, but faults in the distribution system and low pressure are causes of deficiency. The building laws are inadequate. New building construction is pronounced good incombustible roof coverings are required throughout the city. Local conditions as to inflammable, and explosives are reported generally fair as to rubbish and dry cleaning establishments. There is no electrical supervision by the municipality. Condition of new work is said to be good and of old work poor. Electrolytic action is reported to be present, but its extent is unknown. Overhead wire obstruction exists at a number of points.

Trenton has a population of 107,000, has narrow streets, occasionally severe winter temperatures and the average loss per fire according to the records are shown to be moderate while the loss per capita and the number of fires are low.

Old Ship Canal Company's Claim.

Forty or more years ago the New York and Newark Bay Ship Canal Company received a charter and planned to construct a canal from Newark bay to the southeastern corner of Newark. It never did anything, but it still exists, and recently it notified the city authorities that its rights would be invaded by the laying out of Haynes avenue. City Counsel Nugent gave to the Board of Works his opinion that the company's claim is not well founded.

Sells Lands to Trenton.

The State Public Utility Commission granted approval of five applications of the United New Jersey Railroad and Canal Company, lessees of the Pennsylvania Railroad, to sell certain lands in this city. These premises are not to be used for railroad purposes. The proceeds of the sales are to be used for the reduction of the capitalization of the company.

It is understood that the company is following out a general policy of disposing of its land holdings not used for railroad purposes.

BIG PEACH CROP.

Monmouth County Growers Look for Large Returns of Late Varieties.

Indications point that the peach and potato crop in Monmouth county will be greater this year than ever before in the history of the country, and more especially is this true of the peach crop. The increased knowledge of peach growing and the new varieties of peaches, which are claimed to be more abundant bearers than the original peach, has resulted mainly in increasing acreage devoted to peaches, according to veteran peach growers. Although there are many large orchards in Monmouth county few are planted with the early variety known as the Mayflowers. This variety is now being shipped out of the State in large numbers. The Carman peaches, of which the crop is largest, will not be ready for shipment before the first of August. These will be followed in succession by the Hiley, the Elberta, the Belle, the late Cranford, the Iron Mountain and the Tax Seeding. The largest shipments will start the latter part of this month or the first of next and will continue until about the middle of September. The large crop shows that the scientific culture of peaches has become general in recent years. A majority of the diseases of the peach, which formerly baffled expert peach growers, can now be successfully cured. The largest shipments from Monmouth county will be distributed mostly throughout the eastern part of the United States. Carload lots will be shipped to New England, Pennsylvania, Northern and Western New York. On investigation it has been learned that the peach crop throughout the greater part of the country is smaller this year than ever before. Perhaps one of the largest peach growers in Monmouth county is Fred Lerch, of Scoberryville, near here. So far this season Mr. Lerch has harvested about 1,000 baskets of Mayflowers, which are being sold at \$1 a basket. Besides these Mr. Lerch has about 8,000 peach trees of other kinds.

Postmaster John W. Davis turned the first spadeful of earth for the new post office and Federal building at Broad street and Locust avenue, Burlington.

Virtually a new industry for New Jersey will be created very soon, when the five years' embargo on taking lobsters at Cape May is removed.

Elias H. Bonnell died at Short Hills. He was born forty-five years ago. He was connected with banking houses here until ten years ago, when he became president of the Second National Bank of Chicago.

Montclair merchants are resenting a campaign of the churches for Saturday night closing, declaring it is unwarranted interference with their business.

Acting County Clerk Edward W. Gritten of Hudson County, has decided to accept the petition of Mrs. Gertrude Reilly, of Weehawken, who has been nominated for the Assembly by the Socialists.

More than 200 guests were routed out of their beds when fire caused damage of \$6,000 to the Hotel Columbia at Asbury Park.

Residents of a fashionable section of Roselle Park, are protesting against the proposed sale by George Reiss of his residence to the Pullman Company for the use of porters.

Alleging he was intoxicated when he married Catherine Bonner, forty-two, of Port Richmond, S. L. Joseph P. Tierney, of Bayonne, twenty years her junior, asks court to annul the marriage.

John W. Roberts, of Dover, risked his life by returning to his burning home for his false teeth and gold watch. A bomb explosion caused the fire.

Twenty-eight boys of Wenonah are camping near Peermont, in charge of R. H. Gage.

Riverside firemen will hold monthly moving-picture show benefits to raise funds for their new chemical truck.

According to agreement of shippers and buyers, the moving of the white potato crop of South Jersey has begun in earnest.

William Lewis, a Bordentown boy, was the victim of a peculiar accident while visiting the farm of his uncle, John Borden, near Edgebrook, when the chain trace of a hay fork snapped as the team was passing the lad and the free end struck him across the head, knocking him unconscious.

Fire burned to death six horses and destroyed a barn owned by Lambert Alpaugh & Sons, Trenton. The loss is estimated at \$1,600.

Hundreds of Knights of Pythias from Trenton, Burlington, Mount Holly, Bordentown and Bristol, Pa., enjoyed the annual outing of the combined lodges at Rancocas Park, Hainesport.

Affected by the heat, August Robbie tried to commit suicide by jumping in front of a moving freight train on the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks at Trenton, but he was saved by Jesse Brady, the flagman.

Shot seventeen years ago while playing with a number of companions, Louis Valentine, of East Trenton, called at McKinley Hospital and informed the physicians that he was suffering from acute pains in the face. An examination showed that the shots were making egress through the flesh near the skin. An operation removed them.

The dreaded army worms, which are marching down the coast, struck Belmar. Everything green in sight has been attacked.

With the spring drought, lice and army worms to contend with, farmers throughout Gloucester County will get small returns from peas this season.

A potato-shipping station will be opened at Pitman next week through the efforts of the Board of Trade.

Much truck is being destroyed by deer on the farms on Lower Alloway Creek, Salem County.

Rabbits are doing much damage to cabbage patches in the vicinity of Paulsboro.

The Stokes Seed Farms Company has acquired the Flynn farm of 51 acres near Moorestown.

**STATE-WIDE
JERSEY ITEMS****Gossipy Brevities Which Chronicle a Week's Minor Events.****BUILDING BOOMS REPORTED**

Real Estate Transactions Indicate a Business Awakening in Many Sections—Churches Raising Funds for Worthy Objects.

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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. 43, Foresters of America—Meets second and fourth Tuesdays at Firemen's Hall.

QUINNIPAC TRIBE No. 203, 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 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. O. F.—Meets second and fourth Sundays of each month at Glass's Hall.

WORKMEN'S 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.

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.

PROPOSAL.

The Board of Education of the Borough of Roosevelt will receive sealed estimates on the proposed equipment of the new addition of School No. 2 as follows:

230 Normal Size Desks and Chairs.
400 Opera Chairs for Auditorium.
16 Visitor Chairs.

8 Teachers' Desks and Chairs.

Samples of the above specified equipment can be seen at School No. 2, where said samples are on exhibition.

Bids will be received and opened at School No. 2, Chromie, N. J., and estimates must be in the hands of the Clerk of the Board, George W. Morgan, not later than 8 P. M. Tuesday, August 4, 1914.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By the direction of the Board of Education of the Borough of Roosevelt, N. J.

EDWARD J. HEIL, President.

GEORGE W. MORGAN, Clerk.

WOODING OF THE MAJOR

By C. E. BARKER.

He was one of the kind of people who come naturally by a nickname.

The major was one of the most methodical of men. Promptly at nine o'clock he came down fresh and pink from breakfast, read his mail in the comfortable seclusion of the writing room, dictated the answers to his letters to the hotel stenographer, lit a fresh cigar at the cigar stand, and then dull business cares were brushed aside and he repaired with sprightly steps to the bar.

One day in the midst of the letters, Miss Mitchell looked up for an instant at a lady who was passing through the lobby.

"What an exquisite bunch of viollets," she said.

"Very pretty," replied the major, following her glance, and then they went on with their work.

The next morning a neighboring florist's boy placed a fine bunch of English beauties in the little bud vase on Miss Mitchell's desk, and morning after morning this was repeated.

After the morning dictation during one of the little chats which the major had come to allow himself, Miss Mitchell, one day expressed a very adverse opinion about the men who had and were "fast."

This speech had a marked effect upon the major.

The very next day, after his business routine, the major left a forwarding address with the clerk on duty and registered out.

A month—two months passed, and still the major had not returned to his old corner in the Windsor bar. The only mark of his long residence at the hotel was the little bunch of fresh violets which daily adorned Miss Mitchell's desk.

One day, as unheralded as had been his departure, the major returned to the Windsor. His complexion was whiter and his eyes were clearer, otherwise he was the same old major, careless, lively and jovial.

He dictated his letters to Miss Mitchell as usual the next morning, but it was observed and marked with much special notice that he did not follow his old habit of turning toward the bar immediately thereafter. Instead of this, he stepped into a big automobile that stood at the door, and was away in a trice.

At least once he asked Miss Mitchell to ride with him, but she met the proposal with a cheerful "no, thank you," that left no room for doubt about her decision.

A morning came on which he attended to his correspondence with more than usual care. In addition to the regular grind of business he wrote some long delayed missives to old college friends—dashing, brilliant, unconventional letters they were, full of the boyish spirit which the major still held, notwithstanding his acknowledged thirty-eight years. When he had quite finished, he drew from his pocket an important looking paper.

"Miss Mitchell, I have a very particular matter I wish to speak about—No, you needn't take my words down on paper—I'm not dictating. The fact is—I am thinking of—well, giving you the chance of dictating some to me, if you think proper."

"Why—what do you mean, Mr. Ebsbourne," she asked, her large, heavy lashed eyes looking the utmost wonder.

"It's a very simple matter, Miss Mitchell—at least I used to think it was when I observed the symptoms in other folks. But—don't look at me like that—you might pretend you are taking notes; some one will see and wonder what we are talking about—"

"Oh, if it's anything—improper, you mustn't say it, Mr. Ebsbourne." She was plainly agitated.

"Not the very least improper, little one, but the most natural thing that ever occurred to me in all my wild, harum-scarum life. Now, listen calmly; if what I say is not pleasing you, I will stop, and we will not talk about it any more. I love you. I can't help loving you, any more than I could help breathing or living if I didn't breathe."

"Why—Mr. Ebsbourne," she replied, "I don't think I care for you in any way like that."

"I didn't expect you to, little one. But you can give me a little hope, can't you? You don't dislike me, do you?"

"I think you are very kind."

"That's enough—that's enough—Don't need to say another word. I'll go now and let you get used to the idea of having a lover."

"Thank you," was all Miss Mitchell could think of to say.

The sequel was none of the major's planning. He only knew that he was speeding down the river road one afternoon, when a young horse driven by a market gardener took fright and plunged about, backing the heavy wagon directly across his way at the moment when he supposed the driver was going to be able to manage his team without further difficulty.

There was a crash and the major felt a sharp twinge of pain. When he again opened his eyes, they were carrying him in at the ladies' entrance of the Windsor.

At last there came a day when the doctor told the major he might see his friends. The major said something in the strictest confidence to his nurse, and after a very long time Miss Mitchell came up accompanied by a sweet-faced, motherly little woman in black, whom the major knew by instinct must be Miss Mitchell's mother.

"Mr. Ebsbourne," said Miss Mitchell timidly, "I didn't know I said in that way, but I do."

UNCLE ELI DULY REPORTED

Acco... To Him, Little Della's House-hold Arrangements Were Both Fearful and Wonderful.

When Uncle Eli Gridley of Dewy Dale went to pay an overnight visit to his niece in the city, his wife, Aunt Susan, enjoined him to take particular note of Della's clothes, the furnishing of her home, the kind of meals she gave him, and, in short, gather every item of domestic interest, to be reported to her on his return.

When he got home again, Uncle Eli declared that he had followed instructions, although it had required close application and great diligence to do so. Della had kindly explained everything to him and had even written down the unfamiliar words, with their pronunciation, for him.

"If I've got some of the names mixed up a bit," he remarked, with a twinkle of dry humor in his eye, "they ain't far enough out of the way to do any hurt, and I did the best I could."

"All right," beamed Aunt Susan, "tell what you can recollect. I reckon Della's got fine home, hasn't she?"

"Elegant; it's built in the old Flanders fashion; the walls are paneled in Parmesan with trimmin' an' gratin', and the furniture is mostly of the old puree style. Della likes that better than the crepe de chine—says it isn't so florid. The floors haven't got any carpets—just rugs, dreadful costly ones that come mostly from Mayonnaise."

"Goodness me!" commented Aunt Susan, admiringly. "And what kind of clothes did Della wear?"

"Awful handsome. Her dinner dress was blue Limoges trimmed with rows of bouillon; it had a little pergola round the neck made out of Jardiniere, and she wore a beautiful ragout in her hair."

"O la!" gasped Aunt Susan. "But the dinner—it beat the chair, Susan. The dinner set was of charmeuse, mighty pretty, and the viands were fine. There was soup lingerie, roast beef a la fouldar, spaghetti with medallions, potatoes ponege, and a dandy Satsuma puddin' with bandeau sauce."

"Well, well," marveled Aunt Susan.

"But the dinner—it beat the chair, Susan. The dinner set was of charmeuse, mighty pretty, and the viands were fine. There was soup lingerie, roast beef a la fouldar, spaghetti with medallions, potatoes ponege, and a dandy Satsuma puddin' with bandeau sauce."

"My father—" Rosie paused. She knew she could say one of two things.

"He is away," she ended triumphantly.

"Away! Is he coming back?" she asked, with newly awakened interest.

"Yes," said Rosie, "he is coming back some time" and suddenly she turned and fairly flew down the sun-bathed road.

Rosie sat on the doorstep mending a garment. She was thin and frail, with a pink flush on her sunken cheeks and a burn in her dark eyes. She smiled as the child rushed up and let her work fall in her lap.

"Well, what is it?" she inquired, listlessly.

"They all have 'em—where is my father?" she cried, in little pants.

"When is he comin' back?"

"Comin' back?" Rosie echoed in amazement.

"Yes. I told Mamie he was comin' some time."

"Well, he's not—an angry light darted in her eyes—"you haven't one, even, and tell her so if she asks you again. Little idiots," she added, more to herself than to the child.

Rosie's arms had fallen limp at her sides. Horror, astonishment and disbelief successively came in her face.

The next morning in the schoolhouse several of the children were gathered around the teacher, so Rosie shyly joined the group and heard the last part of the conversation.

"Little Lucy Harlow is going to start to school today, and you must all be especially nice and kind to her, for she hasn't a father."

"Oh! oh! Rosie's heart beat tumultuously. At last there would be one of her kind.

Lucy Harlow and her mother came in just before the last bell rang. Rosie did not attempt to probe the difference, but she knew immediately that Mrs. Harlow was curiously unlike the other mothers in the village.

One evening Rosie stood at the gate, gazing up and down the road, until finally her diligent watch was rewarded. A man, wearing a shabby blue suit, a gay necktie, patent leather shoes, and carrying a traveling bag, walked briskly towards her.

Rosie looked dubious. She knew she could not buy soap, and yet,

Prince Charming had been too long in coming to allow him to escape now that he stood upon their very threshold. Rachel would soon turn the bend in the road, but until that moment she had not considered that it would be a very dirty, tired-looking Rachel. A happy thought suddenly occurred to her.

"I tell you what!" Rosie raised her shining eyes. "Come again 'bout dusk. My mother will be home by that time."

"Well, I say you're an uncommonly polite little girl. I'll be back," and to Rosie's astonishment, Prince Charming lifted his hat and went leisurely towards the village.

When her mother returned, she said:

"You beat all, you queer little thing."

"But I wouldn't dress for a soap agent or a prince tonight, why, I'm actually too tired to eat," and with a sigh she sank wearily on the steps.

Down the road came the soap agent.

"I am selling soap," he began and stopped abruptly.

"Frank!" she cried, placing her hand to her forehead in a piteous effort to suppress her emotion.

He gazed at her dumb-struck, until the appeal in her faded, bitter face gave him understanding.

"Tell her," said the soap agent, and there was an unmistakable tremor in his voice, "Prince Charming is here."

Possible Attraction.

"What's all the fuss about this Mona Lisa?" inquired the vaudeville manager.

"She seems to be getting plenty of advertising," opined his chief of staff.

"Well, I don't know who she is, but offer her \$600 a week and we'll take a chance."

Eggs of different species of birds greatly differ in shape, but the yolks are invariably spherical.

LITTLE DELL'S FATHER

By L. M. STEVENS.

Two questions seriously troubled Rosie. Where was her father? Why didn't Rachel have a bean? Rachel, who was her mother, had long ago concluded the child was an oddity and paid little or no attention to her endless queries and singular habits, though oftentimes she would pause in her work to gaze at Rosie, rocking to and fro, with a kitten hugged tight in her arms and singing in a shrill voice a quaint little song.

Rachel invariably sighed. Her relation to her child was not of an intimate nature. She was always too overworked to encourage friendliness and, therefore, Rosie seemed strange and remote. Romance enveloped her and she lived in a world of her own creation, far removed from her humble surroundings. She went to the little whitewashed schoolhouse on the hill, and at recess played with the children, but afterward she came home and sat on the doorstep alone.

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HOW TO KEEP A SECRET

By GEORGIA HORN.

NEED NOT FEAR FOR CANAL

Fortifications to Guard the Great Waterway Through Panama Will Be Made Impregnable.

"I've been out of town for a few days," remarked Alice to her friend Nell. "Bess and Claribell Spencer entertained all our old school club at their summer place, Rose Lodge, before they closed it. There were ten of us all told, and we had quite an exciting time. I wish I dared tell you about it."

"Why shouldn't you tell me?"

"Well, I know I really should not, but if you'll promise eternal secrecy, I believe I will tell you, because you're a friend of Virginia's and anything that concerns her will be of special interest to you."

"You see, the first night we were at Rose Lodge we sat on the floor before the blazing fire and played 'truth.' The engaged girls all confessed, and when it came Virginia's turn she laughed and said she wasn't engaged—yet! And that was all she would say."

"You know how telegrams are usually delivered by telephone in the country. Well, one morning when I was straightening the dining room a message came over the phone for Virginia. She was out walking, so I took it for her. After the operator had given it to me he insisted upon my shouting it back to him for verification. Bess, Helen, Anita and Margaret, who were the dinner committee that day, were in the kitchen and heard every word. Well, their curiosity was equal to mine."

"What was the telegram?" demanded Nell.

"It was, 'I earnestly beg you to return unopened special delivery letter mailed you yesterday. Deeply regret I cannot explain.' It was signed 'John Hartridge.'

"Before Virginia came in from her walk the letter itself had been brought by a boy from the village, and I handed Virginia the dispatch that I had written down and the letter at the same time."

"What will you do?" we all inquired of her.

"Just what he asks, of course," was Virginia's virtuous reply.

"But Virginia, aren't you almost expiring to know what's in that letter?" asked Joyce.

"Of course I am," she admitted, "but I don't think it would be right for me to open it after getting John's message. Do you girls?"

"No-o," we all agreed, reluctantly.



"None of You Girls Need Help."

"But," added Joyce, "if that telegram had been delayed an hour you would have read the letter."

"Yes, but the telegram wasn't delayed."

"She left the letter lying on the dining table, where it reposed all through dinner. When Joyce, who was head dishwasher that day, gathered the dishes on a tray to carry them to the kitchen, she took the letter also. I think I was the only one who saw her pick it up. My first impulse was to ask what she was going to do with it, but something held me back—a sort of sympathy, perhaps, for the nefarious plan, whatever it was, that I thought had popped into her head."

"None of you girls need help with the dishes," she said with unwonted saintliness. "I feel that I haven't been doing my share of the work." As that was the general opinion, no one insisted upon following her into the kitchen.

"When she joined us an hour later she looked dangerously innocent. 'Just see what has happened,' she exclaimed. 'I left the mysterious letter on the plate warmer above the teakettle, and the steam must have loosened the seal, for the envelope is open.'

"You little imp!" cried Virginia.

"She couldn't control her curiosity any longer, which would have been too much to ask of any human girl. She took the letter and read it, and she didn't even try to conceal from us that it contained an ardent proposal of marriage. I suppose we shall never know what caused John's sudden change of heart."

"Did she send it back?" asked Nell, breathlessly.

"Joyce put it in the envelope again, carefully resealed it, and it was returned to Mr. Hartridge without comment. Poor Virginia, who was really guiltless, would be painfully mortified if he ever learned that it was opened. So, remember your promise, dear, and don't tell a soul."

"No, indeed, I'll never breathe it," Nell assured her impressively. "Did all the nine girls promise secrecy?"—Chicago Daily News.

FRENCHMAN AT THE 'PHONE

According to French Traveler, Conditions Are Worse In That Country Than Here In America.

"Have you ever seen a Frenchman use a telephone in Paris?" asked Richard L. Friend, a lawyer of St. Louis, at the Shoreham, according to the Washington Post.

Mr. Friend recently returned from Paris and had been reading in American newspapers about the proposal of Postmaster General Burleson to acquire for the government all the telephone wires.

"The Frenchman," declared Mr. Friend, "desiring to make a call, approaches the telephone with a smile of expectancy. In the usual way he takes the receiver, places his lips near the transmitter as if to answer quickly the call of 'central.' Soon he turns away, the look of expectancy having changed to one of slight impatience. The smile returns, which indicates that 'central' has answered. He gives his number. Then ensues another period of waiting. He rattles the hook, gives the number again, does a fishwalk around the telephone, mops his forehead with his handkerchief and waves his arms madly in the air. He cries lustily through the transmitter that there is still no answer. Finally, in despair, he snaps the receiver on the hook, stands back and contemplates the box with a degree of scorn and kicks it off the wall with his foot if he can reach it. Then he goes out and takes a cab."

READY FOR BASEBALL "NINE"

Hotel Proprietor Took Orders for Accommodations in a Very Literal Manner.

The hotel proprietor at Paso Robles is probably better informed as to the personnel of a big league ball team than he was last year on the occasion of the White Sox's former visit. At that time, Manager Callahan says, the Chicago aggregation, including trainers and recruits, numbered about thirty. They arrived at the hotel with the healthy appetites known only to athletes and farm hands.

"We could hardly wait," continues the Sox manager, "until the dinner bell rang. Then we marched down to the dining room ready to do justice to an ox. What was our surprise at seeing only nine plates at the table. The majority of the party began to have fears of going hungry, and didn't know whether to make a rush for the table or play 'Going to Jerusalem.'

"I summoned the proprietor. 'Here,' I said, 'what do you mean by this? Why didn't you make provisions for the entire team?'

"The proprietor looked us over and gasped. 'Why,' he stammered, 'you said it was a baseball nine. I thought that there were only nine men on a team and that nine places would be enough. I didn't know you were expecting company.'—Chicago Inter Ocean.

One Exception.

There are so many established ways of offending a waiter at a big restaurant that it seems difficult to think up a new one, but a customer who lunched at a famous hostelry achieved it. Being in sentimental, contemplative mood, the customer said:

"I suppose people from every nation under the sun dine here?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter.

"It is depressing to reflect on the generations that have sat at these old tables," the customer went on dreamily. "Old and young, learned and ignorant, grave and gay, rich and poor no mo."

"Time fo' de las' wot yo' wuz heah, Calhoun. Ah missed a watah bucket; and de las' time de bridle wuz gone, and now as Ah has use fo' de saddle, Ah'd ruther yo' woudn't come round no mo."

"Ah don't say yo' hain't honest, fo' Ah b'lieves yo' is; but sich cu's things happens while yo's in de neighborhood; so, jes' ter please an ole man, wot ain't enjyin' de heat er health, please don' come round dis house no mo."

Persian Temple Coming to America.

L. Kevorkian, a noted Persian excavator, who controls a concession for excavating buried Persian cities south of Teheran, is going to New York with 200 or 300 pieces of Persian pottery, said to be from 2,000 to 5,000 years old.

He will also take a remarkable praying temple, which is said to be 2,000 years old. It will be shipped in three sections.

All the pieces are wonderfully enameled. There are two small pieces and one small pot eight inches high, which are valued at \$80,000. Another piece is an urn which is said to be worth \$60,000.

Mr. Kevorkian says the collection is the result of excavations in the past two years and that he intends to exhibit it in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago.

Rigid Law Enforcement.

In the United States performing animals run risks. Some years ago a chimpanzee visited South Bend, Ind. Among other tricks he smoked a cigarette. As soon as he lit up a policeman stepped forward and asked for the animal's name, in order that a summons might be issued against him for infringing a law of the Indiana legislature prohibiting cigarette smoking. In court the following day it was pleaded that the chimpanzee could hardly be expected to know the extent of his guilt; but the magistrate ruled that ignorance was no excuse for law-breaking, and fined the defendant the sum of \$5, which was paid by his trainer.

"I don't know," replied the other. "It doesn't seem practical to ask all the law-abiding people to move and then give the gunmen arms and ammunition and let them fight it out."

Meeting Modern Problems.

"What do you think we ought to do with these gunmen?" asked one big-town official.

"I don't know," replied the other. "It doesn't seem practical to ask all the law-abiding people to move and then give the gunmen arms and ammunition and let them fight it out."

PLACING HIS AFFECTION

CL. ST. I 1936

By HARRISON SMITH.

Johnny Hawley took his second cup of tea, absent-mindedly put in two lumps of sugar, which he never used, and stirred it thoughtfully. The fire crackled on the wide hearth, and never had he seen Philippe look so altogether adorable as she did that blowy March afternoon.

"As I was saying," said Johnny, with a sidelong glance at Philippe and trying to hold his voice to its usual conversational tone, "I've been very, very wretched of late."

"Have you?" said she. "I think I know what's the matter," she hazarded.

"Do you?" asked Johnny. "Let's have your diagnosis of the unfortunate case."

"You're in love," said she, very demurely, and Johnny in his joy of the moment started so violently that he all but upset his tea.

"Say, you're some little old maid reader, Philippe," he declared. "How'd you guess it?"

"It's too easy," said she with a little sigh. "Anyone who knows you at all could guess that about you of late, Johnny."

"That's dead right," said Johnny. "Anybody could have guessed it, couldn't they?"

"No reason why not," said she. "I can even tell whom you are in love with."

"Go ahead," said Johnny. "Don't let any false modesty stand in your way."

Philippe said very calmly:

"The reason you are wretched is because of the person you're so much in love with, Johnny, and that person is yourself."

A dainty Sevres cup was smashed and a goodly quantity of perfectly good tea was slopped about promiscuously as Johnny, who had half risen from his chair, sat down in it again with rather too much suddenness.

"You're terribly in love with yourself, Johnny," she went on calmly. "You think only of your own pleasure and comfort. You have altogether too much money for your own good. It's made you dreadfully selfish."

"You mean I should do things?" he asked weakly, aware from her pause that something was expected of him conversationally.

"Exactly."

"Well, I'll give away more of it," said he. "What's your pet charity now, Philippe? Tell me and I'll write out a regular old whale of a check for it—one that will really make your eyes pop out."

"Oh, Johnny Hawley!" she chided, "always a point of view like that! You think just giving money, when you have oodles of it—more than you can possibly spend yourself—means being unselfish. You wouldn't miss the money. You'd forget ten minutes after you'd given it. You'd never feel the difference. That will never cure your wretchedness. You've got to give something of yourself—something personal, something really worth while, before you'll feel any better."

"There's Ned Hawkins," she said musically at length. "Ned's going an awful pace. Money won't help him any, because he has too much of it already. But personal work will. Ned's young and foolish and a bit of personal work with him might make a man out of him."

"Oh, that silly fool!" he questioned. "The quicker his kind go to the devil, the better for all concerned. I couldn't do anything for him."

"It would be disagreeable, wouldn't it?" she said mockingly. "I forgot you couldn't possibly do anything the least bit distasteful to you."

"What'd you think of me if I did succeed in making Ned pull up a bit?" he asked.

"Your reward would be in the feeling you had of having done something really worth while for once—in being really unselfish, for I realize it's going to be a particularly disagreeable task straightening Ned out."

Johnny took his hat and stick, said good-by, apologized for the cup he had so awkwardly broken, and went down to the club. He sat there for a long time staring out of the big front window, thinking deeply and turning many things over in his mind. Then he saw Ned Hawkins coming up the steps, none too steadily—with two of his closest and most disreputable cronies. Johnny got out of his chair, squared his shoulders, rolled up his sleeves as if he said he knew he was acting the fool but should persist in that course, none the less, and went into the hall where Ned Hawkins was having a most unseemly and undignified verbal quarrel with the angry half-man.

Eight months later Johnny Hawley was again sitting before that wide and cozy hearth with a cup of tea in his hands. Philippe was lovelier than ever.

"I've heard all about it—what you've done for Ned," said she. "You had a perfectly dreadful time, didn't you, and it was simply awful some of the things he did and said about you? But you stuck it out and you made a man of him. It was splendid. You must feel awfully good about it."

"I don't," said Johnny.

"You're not still wretched?"

"I'm certainly am."

"Well, what's the matter now?"

"I'm not cured. I'm still in love."

"With yourself?"

"'Bother it, no!' You know I'm not and never was. You know who it is I'm in love with. It's you."

"Oh, yes, I've known that all along, too," she said.

DEPORTED A TWO-YEAR-OLD

Governor of Russian Town of Kursk, Sent Baby Away With Strong Escort of Soldiers.

A baby was arrested and by means of a formidable-looking order, properly signed, sealed and delivered, the governor of the town of Kursk, in central Russia, has made himself sufficiently ridiculous to insist upon the solemn deportation, under a stern escort of armed soldiers, of an innocent two-year-old baby boy! The child is the son of a Jewish dentist, M. Kohan. The latter, with his wife, was ordered to leave the town a few days ago.

The couple complied with the order, but left their infant son with friends, as he was in too delicate a state of health to travel during the cold weather. Under the pretext that Jewish children must not live without their parents outside a certain prescribed area, the zealous police arrested the baby and ordered the friends of M. Kohan to take immediate steps to send the boy away. M. Kohan's friends asked for a delay so that they might communicate with the parents, but the governor ordered the baby to be sent away under an armed escort comprised of soldiers with fixed bayonets. This implies traveling with criminals in rough conveyances and sleeping in prisons en route until the infant reaches his parents.

HAD THE DOCTORS GUESSING

English Hospital Physicians at Least Were Willing to Admit They Could Not Diagnose All Cases.

Mr. Roger W. Babson says that in looking up appendicitis cases he learned that in 17 per cent of the operations for that disease the post-mortem examinations showed that the appendix was in perfect condition.

"The whole subject," he adds, "reminds me of a true story I heard in London recently. In the hospitals there, the ailment of the patient, when he is admitted, is denoted by certain letters, such as 'T. B.' for tuberculosis. An American doctor was examining these history slips when his curiosity was aroused by the number on which the letters 'G. O. K.' appeared. He said to the physician who was showing him around:

"There seems to be a severe epidemic of this G. O. K. in London. What is it, anyhow?"

"Oh, that means 'God only

knows,'" replied the English physician. "Open Door."

Stories Old and New.

Some men are born story tellers, some achieve the story telling faculty, while others—who constitute the great majority—can only sit in amazement and listen to the man who can glibly reel them off, one after another, as if they were all new, fresh and original. You can recognize a good story by the number of times you meet it, for the good story is picked up and repeated, interchanged, enlarged, improvised and spread, until it is liable to reappear, as natural, or in disguise, at the four corners of the earth, and at widely separated periods of time. That's what makes the modern story teller such a delight, because until he finishes you cannot know whether you are about to meet an old friend or be initiated into novel mysteries. The redeeming feature of it is that every year another crop of listeners grows to maturity for whom the old ones are always new, and who, in consequence, must be the perpetual inspiration and the living encouragement to the story teller.

Tentative Denial from Mr. Gloom.

"I note," stated J. Fuller Gloom, "that an anxious inquirer asks whether I am any kin to Cordelia Killjoy. I do not know what Miss Killjoy will say about it, but as far as I am individually concerned there is no relationship. However, in cases of this sort it is well not to make the denial too emphatic. Jim Dinger, the gambling man, became converted during a revival, and when he arose to confess his shortcomings he was greeted with such hearty endorsement that he declared with some heat:

THE BLESSED GIVER

in Watching Course of Somebody Else's True Love, Keep Out of Rough Spots.

(Copyright.)

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said Colton, as he nervously fingered the envelope the postman had left. "A wedding invitation; I can tell them intuitively."

He was right. Bobby and Mabel, two of his warmest friends, had at last decided to discard the yoke of single blessedness for a new sort of yoke. Not the slightest doubt as to what was expected of him, either.

Hadn't he promised Bobby once, as the pair stood with their feet on the rail of a certain thirst emporium, that he would do his share to make the great event a worthy one when the time rolled around? The "great event" had seemed far in the future, which only goes to prove the old adage that time flies.

Colton stood before the pier-glass, a sneer curling the corners of his lips.

"You're about the biggest fool I know," he said, addressing his image. "Here you are without a red cent in your pocket—or anywhere else—expected to attend a swell wedding, which, in plain every-day English, means, cab flowers, and a present which can't cost less than a hundred dollars.

"Bobby's your good old pal—you know that, don't you? And you're not going to send him something you're ashamed of—you know that, don't you? Yes, you do; so get busy!"

"There's no use putting things off. Who was the duck that wrote 'procrastination is the thief of time' and so forth?" he mused, as he left the house.

"Well, never mind; I've forgotten his name. The great and pertinent question is, 'What first?' I've got to have an even hundred. I suppose, on a pinch, that could cover cab and flowers as well as the present. Might soak my watch; case alone's worth a cool two hundred. But I won't; I may think too much of it. I have it; I'll see Billy Martin! He said once that if ever I was in trouble to call on him. All right, Bill—here I come!"

The elevator soon landed him on the twelfth floor of the office building where Billy worked.

Billy received him cordially, and heard his tale of woe. Of course Colton said nothing about the wedding.

"Sorry, old man," he said; "but I had a note fall due unexpectedly yesterday. You know how these things are. I'd like to do this for you, but—" He shrugged his shoulders in a way that said plainer than words: "Nothing doing!"

"I need it bad," confided Colton.

"Well, I'll tell you what to do, Dick. You go over to see Tom Noddington. You know where Tom is—in the Commercial Bank building." He often accommodates the boys without a bit of security. I'm sure he'll fix you up."

"All right. Thanks, old man," Colton responded, and took his leave.

"Well, now, I'll tell you," said Mr. Noddington, when Colton had explained the object of his visit. "I've lost so much by loaning out small sums indiscriminately that I've quit. No personal affront intended, Mr. Colton. I'd like to accommodate you, but—"

"No, you couldn't very well under the circumstances, could you, Mr. Noddington? Good day, sir."

"Doggone Billy Martin!" fared Colton, as he found himself again in the street. "Sending me to a mug like that! He might have saved me the humiliation. But the hundred—I must have that!"

The incident slipped from his mind, as new thoughts crowded into his brain.

"Ah!" he exclaimed suddenly. "There's Newt Billings over there. I'll hail him. He's always been a good friend of mine."

"Hey, there, Newt! Wait a minute, can't you?"

"Sure," responded Newt. "Where in the world have you been keeping yourself? Haven't seen you in a dog's age."

"Been a little under the weather. Say, old man, I've got to raise a hundred dollars. Don't know where I can get it, do you?"

"No, I don't. Dick. I was about to strike you for a tenner myself. I'm broke; played the ponies yesterday and got swabbed out as clean as a gun-barrel. You might go see Dan Turner. He's an accommodating sort of a fellow—let me have two hundred on my note last spring."

"You think he'd do it, Newt?"

Colton recalled his experience of a few minutes previous. He had no inclination to have the dose repeated.

"Sure! You won't have a bit of trouble."

"All right. Thanks for the tip. Where will I find him?"

"He'll be at the club about this time. He always dines there."

Yes, Mr. Turner was there—a cool, debonair individual of uncertain age—sipping his coffee, as he slowly munched a Welsh rabbit. He was very glad to see Mr. Colton again; remembered their little jaunt together in the mountains the previous summer with a great deal of pleasure—but, really, he could not lend money to anyone without gilt-edged security. Mr. Colton would understand—purely a business proposition, you know.

Yes, Mr. Colton understood, and withdrew after exchanging a few commonplace words, his face flushed with shame, not unmixed with indignation.

"Pretty blamed hard—this asking people for money," he told himself, when he had, in a measure, regained his composure, and felt duly humiliated for the sulphurous phrases he had allowed to escape him.

"Guess I'll have to fall back on the watch," he added ruefully.

He took it from his pocket, caressing it fondly. It was a beauty—solid gold case, studded with diamonds, 17-jeweled movement, and all that.

"Ought to be worth three hundred to any pawnbroker. Heaven only knows when I'll get it again, though. But a fellow's got to sacrifice something for his friends. Bobby'd do as much for me. Well, here goes!"

He crossed the street to where the sign of the three balls was prominently displayed, and entered.

"Well, uncle, I want three hundred on that for sixty days," he said, laying the watch on the counter.

"Tree hundred!" exclaimed uncle, holding up his hands in despair. "Wat do you t'ink I am—a gold mine? Gott in Himmel, no! I vill gif you a hundred and a quarter."

"Oh, come now, uncle!"

"Dot's all."

"Well, I'll take it—I need it!" And pocketing the money, Colton hurried out.

"Ah, but it feels good to finger a bunch of the long green again!" He laughed gleefully. "But it won't last long. I might as well have this business over with."

So he sought a jewelry store, from where he soon emerged with a silver ice-pitcher under his arm. The one-twenty-five had dwindled to eighteen-eighty—which he discreetly held out for cab hire and flowers.

"Now I'll go home and write a nice little note of congratulation. It will please Bobby, and get this whole business off my mind. As for the pitcher—Mabel will go into ecstasies."

As he was waiting for a car, who should jump out of a nearby hack and dash for the curb but Bobby!

"Here!" cried Colton. "Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"Oh, is that you, Colton? I'm going to catch a train. Old man telephoned me to come to Denver at once. I may not be back for a year. Sorry I didn't see you before."

"But the wedding—"

"Forget it!" interrupted Bobby. "Postponed indefinitely—invitations called in—write you about it next week—to get this train—so long!"

He wrung Colton's hand, and hopped onto the rear platform of a depot tramcar.

Colton looked first at the present, tightly clasped under his right arm, then at the receding form of his friend.

"Well, I'll be—" he said.

Planned by Ben Franklin.

Now that the Yale University Press has become an established fact it is interesting to learn of the number of men who suggested the idea without being able to follow it up as did President George Parry Day. Among the earliest suggestions is that of Benjamin Franklin, in a manuscript letter owned by the Yale University Library. Benjamin Franklin outlines his plan to William Strahan. Under date of October 27, 1753, from Philadelphia, he writes:

"I am now about to establish a small printing office in favor of another nephew at New Haven in the Colony of Connecticut in New England; a considerable town, in which there is a university and a prospect that a bookseller shop, with a printing house, may do pretty well."

The plan was afterward abandoned, but not until a lot for the Press had been purchased on the college campus and the printing press and materials ordered had arrived in New Haven.

The Anti Type.

"Show me an anti-suffragette and I'll show you a woman of the Mrs. Mallory type," said Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont at a luncheon in New York.

A suffragist slum worker visited Mrs. Mallory in her wretched East Side home. While Mrs. Mallory bent over her wash-tub—she was washerwoman by trade—and while three small Mallories sprawled at her feet, she talked with contempt of the English militants. What women wanted to vote for Mrs. Mallory couldn't see. "It unsexes 'em," she said.

The talk turned then to Mrs. Mallory's home troubles, and the visitor asked:

"Does your husband drink regularly?"

"No'm," the anti weekly replied. "My wages ain't steady."

His Needs.

"Do you want a southern exposure in this new house?" asked the architect of the railroad magnate.

"I don't want any kind of an exposure," answered the nervous magnate, with a shudder. "What I need principally is not an exposure, but a getaway."

Explaining the Trouble.

Yeast—Ever notice at different times of year how some things expand and other things contract?

Crimsonbeak—Sure. I've noticed how the keyhole contracts and the night-key expands.

Willing to Warble.

"I don't want any real estate."

"But you can buy this property for a song."

"Oh, all right, if you'll take my notes!"—Louisville Courier-Journal



OLD PETER WAS CONTENTED

Nothing Disturbed Serenity of Baseball Umpire Until Little Son Told Wife of Mistake.

Old Peter was feeling like one big, contented smile as he stood in the glorious sunshine, arrayed in a long coat of dazzling whiteness, umpiring the first match of the season.

Looking up he noticed that the hands of the big clock on the pavilion had crept to ten minutes past twelve, and he realized that he was getting "peckish."

His right hand felt for the packet of sandwiches which his wife had insisted—much against his will—on putting in his pocket.

Salmon and shrimp paste plastered between slices of a new bread and butter make a pleasant meal, and old Peter felt happier than ever.

But on a sudden his brow became clouded, for, walking calmly out into the sacred field, came his small son, Billy. Headless of frowns and warnings, Bill walked up to his parent.

"Mother says she wants them sandwiches back."

"Back!" roared the indignant umpire. "I've eaten them half an hour ago!"

"Then you must clean your boots with salmon and shrimp paste tomorrow! Mother put the polish in your sandwiches!"

Effective Substitute.

Tourist—You have an unusually large acreage of corn under cultivation; don't the crows annoy you a great deal?

Farmer—Oh, not to any extent.

Tourist—That's peculiar, considering you have no scarecrows.

Farmer—Oh, well, you see, I'm out here a good part of the time myself.—New York Mail.

No Longer Plain.

"Of course you can depend on the wisdom of the plain people?"

"I used to feel that way," replied the member of congress. "But after looking over the clothes and the dancing I can't help fearing that the people out home are getting rather fancy."

The Proper Procedure.

"I asked the doctor the other day why an operation could be such a success when the patient died?"

"What did he say?"

"He gave me a look of scorn and said: 'Let's bury the subject.'"

QUITE NATURAL.

Greenbaum—I got a terrible bad cold.

Greenburg—Why don't you take something for it?

Greenbaum—How much will you give me?

He Enjoyed It.

Mrs. Bacon—So you and your husband went to the musicale?

Mrs. Egbert—Oh, yes.

"Did you enjoy it?"

"Well, I didn't, but my husband seemed to; you know he can't hear hardly a thing."

Appropriate Action.

Shoestore Proprietor—So Miss Jones on that last trip did not select for us a dancing slipper of proper style?

Manager—No, sir. In selecting the slipper she did, she put her foot in it.

The Idea!

Patience—For keeping a woman's hands warm in a muff there has been invented a nickel cylinder which will sustain the heat for several hours.

Patrice—What's the matter? Think all the wise men have gone out of town?

"Oh, I guess he believes in the policy of watchful waiting, probably."

Look That Way.

Belle—Has he proposed yet?

Beulah—Not yet.

"What's the matter with him?"

"I don't know; he just sits and watches me."

"Oh, I guess he believes in the policy of watchful waiting, probably."

Oh!

"Where is your corset department?"

asked the man, consulting his wrist watch, as he entered the department store.

"For your wife, I suppose?" suggested the floor-walker.

"Excuse me, sir. I have no wife."

HIT SOME ONE MIGHTY HARD

Originator of Most of Settlement's Gossip Is Not Dismayed by Minister's Scathing Remarks.

The minister of a large parish who had for some time been much troubled by the scandalous gossip that seemed to be occupying the minds of a portion of his flock, after exercising a great amount of tact and perseverance, at last succeeded in running to earth the originator of most of the settlement's society slander.

The guilty one was a regular attendant at the schoolhouse services and the minister knew that should he take him to task personally and individually, he would inevitably lose a sheep, albeit a black one, so he decided to sermonize him.

Accordingly, a special discourse was prepared, and the following Sunday afternoon literally hurled at the offending member as he sat on a desk in the corner of the schoolroom.

Everybody present appeared fully to appreciate the situation, and at the close of the service departed quietly and thoughtfully for home.

All except the black sheep, who remarked to the minister:

"That was a fine sermon, ser; I'll bet that hit some of 'em pretty hard."

Extravagant Conqueror.</h2

THOUGHT SHE COULD NOT LIVE

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Unionville, Mo.—"I suffered from a female trouble and I got so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without holding on to something. I had nervous spells and my fingers would cramp and my face would draw, and I could not speak, nor sleep to do any good, had no appetite, and everyone thought I would not live. Some one advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had taken so much medicine and my doctor said he could do me no good so I told my husband he might get me a bottle and I would try it. By the time I had taken it I felt better. I continued its use, and now I am well and strong."

"I have always recommended your medicine ever since I was so wonderfully benefitted by it, and I hope this letter will be the means of saving some other poor woman from suffering."—Mrs. MARTHA SEAVEY, Box 1144, Unionville, Missouri.

The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as that above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for years.

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS
If you feel "OUT OF SORTS" "RUN DOWN" "GOT THE BLUES" "SUFFER FROM KIDNEY, BLADDER, NEVOUR DISEASES" "CHRONIC WEAKNESS, ULCERS, SKIN ERUPTIONS, FIBERS, TUBERCULOSIS, ETC." "WE WILL SEND YOU FREE" "these diseases and WONDERFUL CURE effected by THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY No. 1 & No. 2 No. 3 and decide for yourself if it is the remedy for your own ailment. ABSOLUTELY FREE" "No follow up" "Circulars. No obligations. DR. LUCILLE MED. CO., HAYENSTOCK RD., HAMPTON, LONDON, ENGLAND. WE WANT TO PROVE THERAPION WILL CURE YOU."

After girl has been engaged four times and failed to make the hook stay out, she always looks as though she was dodging the dog catcher.

UNSGHTLY SKIN ERUPTION

1031 Penn St., Reading, Pa.—"My trouble began with a red and swollen appearance of the face and neck accompanied with a terrible itching and burning which was especially distressing during the night. Upon the skin being rubbed or scratched blisters filled with pus appeared. The disfigurement spread to my arms and shoulders. The pain caused by contact of my clothing was intense especially on my arms. My face became unsightly that I was compelled to remain indoors all the time. I could not rest in the day time nor sleep at night."

"After four months' unsuccessful treatment with remedies, I read of a similar case being healed by Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I secured a sample at once and experienced the first relief since I had been affected. In six months I was healed." (Signed) Miss Nellie Martin, May 7, 1914.

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.

The whale has the thickest skin of any living creature. Its hide in places attains a thickness of fully two feet.

YOU OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU
For Marine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery
Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting
and Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye
by mail free. Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

The man who poses as a lion in society is usually a bear at home.

Libby's Soups

Soup making is an art. Why trouble with soup recipes when the best chefs in the country are at your service? A few cans of Libby's Soup on your pantry shelf assures you of the correct flavor, ready in a few minutes. There are Tomato, Vegetable, Chicken, Oxtail, Consomme, Mock Turtle and other kinds.

Your grocer has them.

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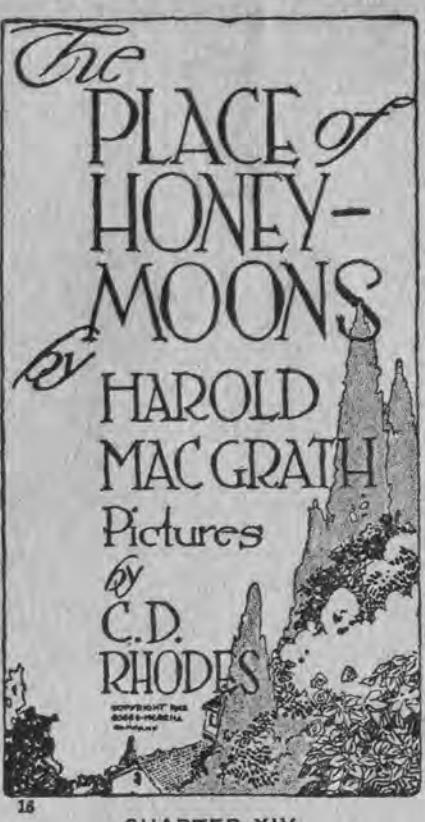
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IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR AN EASY seller with repeat orders, get our attractive proposition. DAVIS SPEARMINT PEPSIN GUM, High grade goods. Full box samples \$0.05. Atlantic Chewing Gum Co., Baltimore, Md.

We Want one live representative in your town. If you mean business, we can make you a proposition that will make you sit up and take notice. Central New York Nurseries, Geneva, N.Y.

LADIES most useful invention. Just out; new scissor sharpener. Agents, send for sample. See A. Richmond, Liverpool Falls, Me.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Bookstore. Best results.



didn't look at it that way, but there's the fact. I'm not Paul Pry, but accidentally came across this," taking the document from his pocket and handing it to her. "Read it. What's the answer?"

Nora's hands trembled. "Takes you a long time to read it. Is it true?"

"And I went up to the tennis court with the intention of knocking his head off; and now I'm wondering why he didn't knock off mine. Nora, he's a man; and when you get through with this, I'm going down to the hotel and apologize."

"You will do nothing of the sort, not with that eye."

"All right. I was always worried for fear you'd hook up with some duke you'd have to support. Now, I want to know how this chap happens to be my son-in-law. Make it brief, for I don't want to get tangled up more than is necessary."

Nora cracked the certificate in her fingers and stared unseeing at it for some time. "I met him first in Rangoon," she began slowly, without raising her eyes.

"When you went around the world on your own?"

"Yes. Oh, don't worry. I was always able to take care of myself."

"An Irish idea," answered Harrigan complacently.

"I loved him, father, with all my heart and soul. He was not only big and strong and handsome, but he was kindly and tender and thoughtful. Why, I never knew that he was rich until after I had promised to be his wife. When I learned that he was the Edward Courtlandt who was always getting into the newspapers, I laughed. There were stories about his escapades. There were innuendoes regarding certain women, but I put them out of my mind as twaddle! Ah, never had I been so happy! In Berlin we went about like two children. It was play. He brought me to the Opera and took me away; and we had the most charming little suppers. I never wrote you or mother because I wished to surprise you."

"You have. Go on."

"He had never paid much attention to Flora Desimone, though I knew that she was jealous of my success. Several times I caught her looking at Edward in a way I did not like."

"She looked at him, huh?"

"It was the last performance of the season. We were married that afternoon. We did not want anyone to know about it. I was not to leave the stage until the end of the following season. We were staying at the same hotel with rooms across the corridor. This was much against his wishes, but I prevailed."

"I see."

"Our rooms were opposite, as I said. After the performance that night I went to mine to complete the final packing. We were to leave at one for the Tyrol. Father, I saw Flora Desimone come out of his room."

Harrigan shut and opened his hands. "Do you understand? I saw her. She was laughing. I did not see him. My wedding night! She came from his room. My heart stopped, the world stopped, everything went black. All the stories that I had read and heard came back. When he knocked at my door I refused to see him. I never saw him again until that night in Paris when he forced his way into my apartment."

"Hang it, Nora, this doesn't sound like him!"

"I saw her."

"He wrote you?"

"I returned the letters, unopened."

"That wasn't square. You might have been wrong."

"He wrote five letters. After that he went to India, to Africa and back to India, where he seemed to find consolation enough."

Harrigan laid it to his lack of normal vision, but to his single optic there was anything but misery in her beautiful blue eyes. True, they sparkled with tears; but that signified nothing; he hadn't been married these thirty-odd years without learning that a woman weeps for any of a thousand and one reasons.

"Do you care for him still?"

"Not a day passed during these many months that I did not vow I hated him."

"Anyone else know?"

"The padre. I had to tell some one or go mad. But I didn't hate him. I could no more put him out of my life than I could stop breathing. Ah, I have been so miserable and unhappy!" She laid her head upon his knees and clumsily he stroked it. His girl!

"Since you saw what he did, I do not see where explanations on my part are necessary."

"Nora, I've never caught you in a lie. I never want to. When you were little you were the truthfulness thing I ever saw. No matter what kind of a licking was in store for you, you weren't afraid; you told the truth."

There, that'll do. Put some cotton over it and bind it with a handkerchief. It'll be black all right, but the swelling will go down. I can tell 'em a tennis ball hit me. It was more like a cannon ball, though. Say, Nora, you know I've always pooh-poohed these amateurs. People used to say that there were dozens of men in New York in my prime who could have laid me cold. I used to laugh. Well, I guess they were right. Courtlandt's got the stiffest kick I ever ran into. A pile driver, and if he had landed on my jaw, it would have been dorme bane as you say when you bid me good night in dago. That's all right now until tomorrow. I want to talk to you. Draw up a chair. There! As I said, I've never caught you in a lie, but I find that you've been living a lie for two years. You haven't been square to me, nor to your mother, nor to the chaps that came around and made love to you. You probably

Nora rose, flung her arms around him and kissed him.

"Look out for that tin ear!"

"Oh, you're a big, loyal, true-hearted man! Open that door and let me get out to the terrace. I want to sing, sing!"

"He said he was going to Milan in the morning."

She danced to the door and was gone.

"Nora!" he called, impatiently. He listened in vain for the sound of her return. "Well, I'll take the count when it comes to guessing what a woman's going to do. I'll go out and square up with the old girl. Wonder how this news will harness up with her social bug?"

Courtlandt got into his compartment at Varenna. He had tipped the guard liberally not to open the door for anyone else, unless the train was crowded. As the shrill blast of the conductor's horn sounded the warning of "all aboard," the door opened and a heavily veiled woman got in hurriedly. The train began to move instantly. The guard slammed the door and latched it. Courtlandt sighed, the futility of trusting these Italians, of trying to buy their loyalty! The woman was without any luggage whatever, not even the usual magazine. She was dressed in brown, her hat was brown, her veil, her gloves, her shoes. But whether she was young or old was beyond his deduction. He opened his Corriera and held it before his eyes; but he found reading impossible. The newspaper finally slipped from his hands to the floor, where it swayed and rustled unnoticed. He was staring at the promontory across Lecco, the green and restful hill, the little earthly paradise out of which he had been unjustly cast. He couldn't understand. He had lived cleanly and decently; he had wronged no man or woman, nor himself. And yet, through some evil twist of fate, he had lost all there was in life worth having. The train lurched around a shoulder of the mountain. He leaned against the window. In a moment more the villa was gone.

What was it? He felt irresistibly drawn. Without intending to do so, he turned and stared at the woman in brown. Her hand went to the veil and swept it aside. Nora was as full of romance as a child. She could have stopped him before he made the boat, but she wanted to be alone with him.

"Nora!"

She flung herself on her knees in front of him. "I am a wretch!" she said.

He could only repeat her name.

"I am not worth my salt. Ah, why did you run away? Why did you not pursue me, importune me until I wearied?" . . . perhaps gladly?

There were times when I would have opened my arms had you been the worst scoundrel in the world instead of the dearest lover, the patientest!

Ah, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, Nora?" He was numb.

"I am a miserable wretch! I doubted you. I! When all I had to do was to recall the way people misrepresented things I had done! I sent back your letters . . . and read and re-read the old blue ones. Don't you remember how you used to write them on blue paper? . . . Flora told me everything. It was only because she hated me, not that she cared anything about you. She told me that night at the ball. She was at the bottom of the abduction. When you kissed me . . . didn't you know that I kissed you back. Edward, I am a miserable wretch, but I shall follow you wherever you go, and I haven't even a vanity box in my handbag!" There were tears in her eyes. "Say that I am a wretch!"

He drew her up beside him. His arms closed around her so hungrily, so strongly, that she gasped a little. He looked into her eyes; his glance traveled here and there over her face, searching for the familiar dimple at one corner of her mouth.

"Nora!" he whispered.

"Kiss me!"

And then the train came to a stand, jerkily. They fell back against the cushions.

"Lecco!" cried the guard through the window.

They laughed like children.

"I bribed him," she said gaily. "And now . . ."

"Yes, and now?" eagerly, if still bewildered.

"Let's go back!"

Forehand Beetles.

Several farmers were sitting around the fire in the country inn and telling how the potato pests had got into their crops. Said one:

"Them pests ate my whole crop in two weeks."

Then another spoke up:

"They ate my crop in two days and then sat around on the trees and waited for me to plant more."

Here a commercial traveler for a seed house broke in:

"Well, boys," he said, "that may be so, but I'll tell what I saw in our own warehouse. I saw four or five beetles examining the books about a week before planting time to see who she was curious."

"Why didn't she come to me, if she wanted to ask questions?"

"I can see you answering them. She probably just wanted to know if you were married or not. She might have been in love with him, and then she might not. These Italians don't know half the time what they're about, anyhow. But I don't believe it of Courtlandt. He doesn't live up that way."

Brittle.

Little Elsie (after being lectured)—"Mamma, the commandments are awful, easy, don't they?" — Boston Transcript.

Bracelets.

In the middle ages, bracelets were state ornaments and worn only by the sovereign.

Love.

Knowledge is the parent of love; wisdom, love itself.—Augustus Hare.

James J. Mullan

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GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

"Xantippe," ventured Socrates, "if I should be a little later than usual in coming home to dinner this evening, on account of a pressure of business, would it make any difference?"

"It would!" snapped Xantippe.

"Would that difference," he inquired, "differ materially from the little differences we have had at different times in the past?"

"Wh-what? Yes, it would!"

"Ha! Don't you see, then, that to differ from previous differences is differing differentially from—"

"Stop right there!" exclaimed Xantippe. "You can use your little copyrighted 'Socratic' method of arguing on other people, but don't you try it on your wife or you're going to have trouble!"

Socrates didn't pursue the subject any further—and he came home to dinner that evening on time.

Family Connections.

A Persian merchant, complaining of some unjust sentence, was told by the judge to go to the cadi.

"But the cadi is your uncle," protested the plaintiff.

"To the sultan then."

"But his favorite sultana is your niece."

"Well, then, go to the devil!"

"Ah, that is still a closer connection," said the merchant, and he left the court in despair.—Boston Transcript.

Same Thing.

"So you've become a lawyer, Rastus?"

"Yes, sah."

"Like it better than being a waiter?"

"Oh, yes, sah."

"But how about the tips?"

"Oh, I gets 'em, sah."

"You get them?"

"Yes, sah; I gets 'em; but I call 'em retaining fees now, sah."

EXPERT MOUNTAINEERS.



"We went all through Europe."

"Do much climbing?"

"Considerable. At every customs house we had to hunt our trunks."

What Caused It.

"Poor Binks," said the wise guy, "I'm awfully sorry for him."

"What's the matter with him?" asked the grouch.

"The poor fellow has suffered a complete loss of memory," said the wise guy.

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the grouch. "What caused it?"

"He borrowed \$10 from me about three months ago," replied the wise guy.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Its Love Charm.

The Third Wooer—That portrait of you, heart's dearest, is a speaking likeness to me.

Haughty Heiress—I suppose it is. Money talks.

His Business.

"What business is that man in?" "A very shady one."

"You don't say!"

"Yes. He looks up all the queer things on family trees."

Willie Wants to Know.

"Ma."

"What is it, Willie?"

"Is a 'sweet tooth' a tooth from a honey comb?"—Boston Transcript.

Mean Brute.

"It says here that women are going to wear vests," said Mrs. Gabb.

"No chance," growled Mr. Gabb. "Vests do not hook up the back."

Their Class.

"How can love letters be classed in a business way?"

"I should think they would come under the head of promissory notes."

It Should Make a Difference.

"You are always worrying and I never worry! I don't see what in the world you should worry for when, I don't!"

"I have more reason for worrying than you have. I married you and you married me."

Evolution.

"I always feel like a monkey when I hang to a strap in a trolley car."

"Of course. There is scarcely anything people do nowadays that is more suggestive of their simian origin."

HE LIVES IN THE CAB

"MESSANGER" TAKES NEW LOCOMOTIVES TO OWNERS.

Guard and Caretaker of These Engines Must Remain With Them Continually Until They Reach Their Destination.

Since the days when people first began to look upon the locomotive as a rival of the stagecoach the engineer has occupied a big niche in the hall of fame. Artists paint him standing faithfully at his post of duty as his engine plunges on to destruction; writers tell of his bravery under the most terrifying stress; poets sing of his heroism and the responsibility of his heroism and the responsibility of his care.

Yet there is another man who occupies the locomotive cab long before the trusty, grime-bearded engineer guides the throttle—a man around whom neither the artist, the writer nor the poet seems to have woven the fanciful and the heroic, says the Philadelphia Record.

After the huge modern locomotive is completed it may be necessary to send this powerful machine thousands of miles across the country. From Philadelphia the trip may be to Portland, Ore., or far off into the coldest and wildest regions of Canada. A new locomotive cannot be used to pull a train traveling in that direction, assuming immediately the work for which it has been built. It probably belongs to another railroad and must be shipped to the ordered destination as freight.

Most of us have traveled sufficiently or been near railroads enough to have become familiar with the sight of a long freight train which is made up of numerous locomotives, fresh paint and shiny metal testifying to their newness, between the familiar box and gondola cars. They are not traveling under their own steam, but are moving as freight, the same as any other merchandise or machinery. Grouped in twos, each pair is separated from the next by four or six regular freight cars.

In the cab of each leading locomotive sits a man, officially designated as "the messenger." He is guard and caretaker of two of the newly built engines and is required to remain with them continually until they reach the place where the owners take possession.

While traveling he must stay awake, watchful of possible accidents and breakages. For days and weeks he is practically under solitary confinement, snatching an occasional few minutes of sleep when the train halts and that only after he has completed a thorough examination of the engines. His life is unusual. In many respects it is similar to that of a tramp. He travels from one end of the continent to the other by freight and is seldom at home.

From the time he leaves the locomotive works he lives in the cab of one of the engines. The back is boarded up, with a small sliding door in the middle. Within it is fitted out as a combination eating and sleeping room. The quarters are cramped, but the messenger finds space for his needs.

On the left side he places a temporary bunk and over it a shelf. A small coal stove heats the compartment. On the right is a table and seat. His provisions and fuel are stored in the tender. Thus he lives during his trip, which may mean three, four or five weeks.

Attached to the locomotive works are about 150 messengers. During the busy season these men are riding the railroads farther and longer than the most hustling of our city drummers. They return to this city on passenger trains and their mileage is covered by the company.

His unconventional apartment does not make the messenger any the less appreciative of good food. And some of these men have gained fame for their cooking. Said one man who has made so many trips that the work has almost become monotonous: "I usually start with a good supply, and for a three weeks' trip get a pound each of butter and coffee, several loaves of bread that will keep fresh a week if properly cared for, a quarter-peck of onions and potatoes, a half-dozen boxes of biscuits, two dozen of eggs, some canned vegetables, a couple of slices of ham and sufficient sugar. Like myself, most of the boys have a sweet tooth, and like buns and cakes and rice puddings. Also no messenger would go without some cans of sardines, for they make their favorite sandwiches of them."

Cussing the Clock.

Many an engineer who, given a fast schedule, failed to come through on time, has been placed on the dispatcher's mental blacklist, which means poor "meets" for him thereafter. He has made the dispatcher "cuss the clock," and suffers for it. The dispatchers have every engineer well catalogued. "Cussing the clock" is a curious habit that all dispatchers have. Whenever trains fall behind time, the dispatcher addresses bitter and profane things to the clocks, whose hands keep moving, though his trains do not.

What Employees Might Do.

There are 1,700,000 persons employed on all the railroads of the United States, with total annual wages and salaries of \$1,200,000,000. If each one saved a nickel a day for his company, the amount would reach \$85,000 a day, or a trifle over \$31,000,000 a year.

ENOUGH SAID.



HOW TRAINS ARE LIGHTED

Three Systems That Are Used to Furnish Current for the Electric Lamps.

The electrically lighted passenger train is no novelty on any first-class road, but there are few passengers who can tell how the electric current is produced which keeps the electric lamps burning regardless of whether the train is in motion or not, says the Electric News.

First-class passenger trains are not only lighted by electricity but the current has been adapted to drive electric fans during the hot summer months, and, in one or two instances, it is also used in the kitchen of the dining car, where the food is cooked over the invisible fires of electricity. In lighting a passenger train provision must be made for supplying the current whether or not the train is in motion. To accomplish this a storage battery is generally installed in connection with the electrical generator. There are three systems in use for train lighting. The first is the straight storage system, which consists of a storage battery large enough to store sufficient current for the needs of the train en route between terminals. Of course this storage battery has to be charged before each trip. The lamps are lighted by merely turning the switch, which draws on the current stored in the battery.

In the second system a small generator is geared or belted to the wheels of one of the cars. This generator supplies electricity directly to the lamps and also to an auxiliary storage battery, which keeps the lamps burning when the train is standing in stations or yards. This system is rather more complicated than the first, but has the added advantage that the storage battery does not have to be charged at the terminals.

In the third system a small generator, driven by a steam turbine engine, which obtains steam from the locomotive boiler, is used to supply the current. This tiny turbo-generator may be mounted on top of the locomotive boiler or in one corner of the baggage car. It takes up very little room. A small storage battery is used in connection with this set so cars may be lighted even if the locomotive is uncoupled and removed.

LOOKS LIKE GOOD BUSINESS

Adoption of Smokeless Locomotive Would Be Economical, Besides Promoting Public Comfort.

The Cincinnati smoke inspector is reported to be enthusiastic over the discovery that one of the railroads entering the city has a locomotive especially equipped for the elimination of smoke. The device in use, the inspector says, is a great success.

The railroads are great smoke producers. If it be true that locomotives can be so equipped as practically to eliminate smoke the fact is of some importance to railroad economy as well as to public comfort. If one railroad can find a smokeless locomotive other railroads can do the same thing.

The Cincinnati Times-Star is of the opinion that the railroads are the worst offenders against public interest in smoke production. "After the great floods of last year," that paper says, "when most of the local railroads were out of commission, Cincinnati's atmosphere became clear as if by magic." If the inspector's optimism is justified, it is added by the Times-Star, "there will be enough force in public opinion in Cincinnati to compel every road operating within the city limits to provide engines equipped with the new device."

One of the worst features of the problem is that smoke represents waste of fuel. The railroads might find it somewhat expensive to supply their locomotives with smoke-consuming devices. In the long run, though, they would save money by the operation.

A reduction in smoke would mean a decrease in coal bills for all time to come. Why should not the railroads adopt the smokeless locomotive as a good business proposition as well as a measure of progress and a promoter of public comfort.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Courtesy on the Rails.

A railroad company of Long Island has issued a booklet on courtesy for the benefit of its employees. The book contains lots of good suggestions, of which these are examples:

"In handling the public we must all take the public as it is and not as it should be."

"Those of us who come in contact with the public do much toward educating it by example of what the public should be."

"We can never make the public better by imitating it."

"It is only the boy amateur who flies into a rage at resistance and pounds up that which he is attempting."

"Every man has ambition enough."

"Every man in every position wants to mount higher, but merely wanting does not get him higher."

"It is performance of the immediate job that gets him higher."

"Our colleges today are turning out a great many 'civil engineers,' but we find there is a much greater demand for 'civil conductors.'"

England's First Fireproof Train.

A fireproof train, built almost entirely of steel, is being constructed by the Northeastern Railway company for service between London and Edinburgh. The train will be the first of its kind in the United Kingdom.



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Muskrat Skins.

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For 75 years Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills have been their own recommendation in conditions of upset stomach, liver and bowels. If you have not tried them, a test will now prove their benefit to you. Send for free sample to 372 Pearl St., New York. Adv.

Vera Cruz, Mex., has the distinction of being the wettest place in the western world. It has an average annual rainfall of 180 inches.

Women's Times of Danger

Women suffer a great deal from kidney diseases. Their indoor life, tight clothing and trying work all tend to weaken the kidneys. Woman's life also includes times of danger that are apt to leave the kidneys weak and to start attacks of backache, headache, dizziness, nervousness and urinary illness.

Prompt treatment, however, will avert the danger of dropsy, gravel, or fatal Bright's disease.

Take Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended, special kidney remedy. Doan's are used successfully throughout the civilized world—have brought new life and new strength to thousands of tired, discouraged women.

"Every Picture Tells a Story."

A New York Case.
Mrs. Edgar Beale, Knoxville, N. Y., says: "The first symptom of my kidney trouble was a swelling of the feet and limbs. It got so bad I couldn't wear the largest house slippers. For weeks I couldn't stand upright, my back, hips and limbs. Head

Frocks for the Small Girl



IN THE restless realm of fashion one finds greater stability and uniformity in the styles created for little girls than in any other direction. In fact, a very large proportion of all frocks for young misses show variations of a single model. The long waist, or blouse, joined to the short skirt, as pictured here, is developed in all sorts of fabrics and is followed closely in line in the simplest as well as the most elaborate of children's dresses.

There is nothing finer or more elegant than a dress of embroidered organdy or swiss or batiste, trimmed with one or two of the several durable laces that will stand any amount of cleaning. Cluny and the filet laces, with the best German or French val, will last as long as the fabric of the dress, and in fact cluny and filet laces will outwear strong fabrics. Val is somewhat less durable, and also less expensive.

In the picture a straight panel extends down the front of the dress from neck to hem. The required fulness is introduced into the waist by groups of tiny hand-run tucks in the material at each side of the panel. The front, including panels and sides, to the underarm seams, is in one piece and an extra length at the bottom provides the ruffle. The fulness in the back is provided by tiny tucks, as at the sides.

The ruffle is set on to the body of

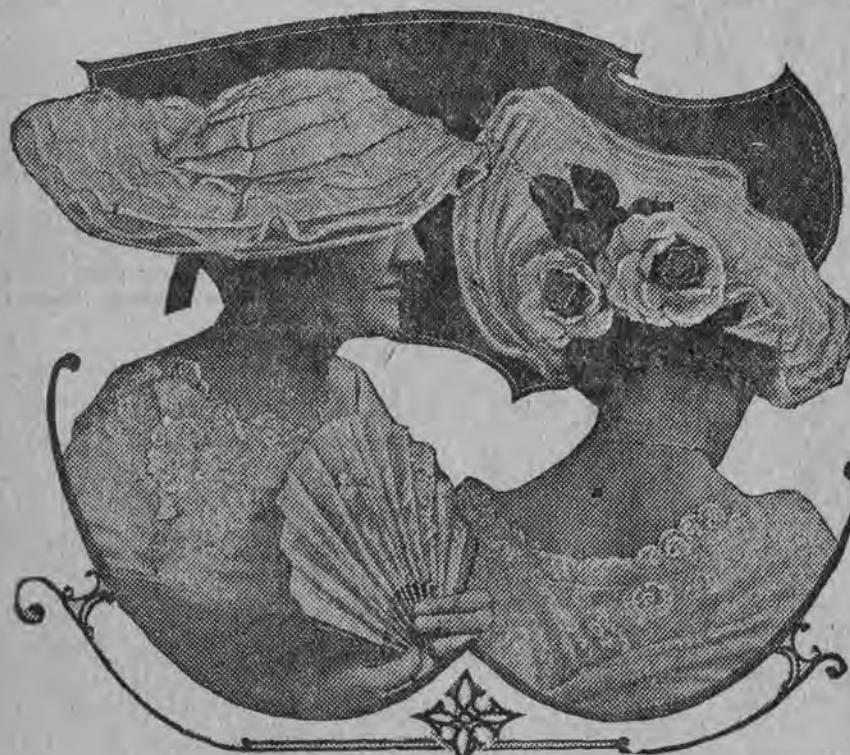
the dress by means of an insertion of filet lace. There is a cape collar edged with a filet edging, which in turn is finished with a val ruffle of very scant fulness. The short puffed sleeves are finished in the same way.

The bottom of the skirt is finished with the filet edging. After the French fashion, dainty patterns in hand embroidery (nearly always in flower form) are put in after the lace and material have been sewed together. Sprays of flowers extend over the organdy and lace. The pattern in graceful lines, is repeated on the front panel and about the sleeves.

As a finishing touch crochet buttons in groups of three simulate a fastening of the panel to the dress at each side. There is a folded sash of light blue ribbon in which an end hangs from the simplest of knots to the edge of the ruffle at the left side.

These dresses for young girls are worn very short. In fact, the impression is that they are a trifle small for the wearers. But there is ample room across the shoulders, and careful mothers usually see to it that there is a chance of lengthening the skirt by letting out tucks placed in the ruffle or by adding a second lace edging. The softness of the material allows more fulness than is really needed, and these little dresses last out two or three seasons' wear, in this way making the hand work well worth doing.

Snow-White Hat for Hot Weather



As cool and refreshing looking as the white crest of a wave is a hat made of white maline and white ottoman ribbon, and trimmed with white camellias and rose foliage. Like the lingerie hats of former seasons it speaks only of midsummer time and seems no more burdensome than a bit of mist swirling above the head.

The frame is made of the finest silk-covered wire and the maline is first laid smoothly over it in two thicknesses. The construction of this hat is extremely simple. The brim is covered on the upper side with ruffles of the maline, and the crown with maline after row of ottoman ribbon.

This is a pretty and elaborate-looking affair that is really quite simple. It is one of those hats which the home milliner can undertake to make for herself with no reason to expect a failure.

After the frame is covered two full-blown white roses, with their foliage, two camellias are tied together with a bit of black velvet ribbon and mounted against the bandeau and under-brim. The hat is lined with maline.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Blouse Trimming.

The little plaited frills of muslin that fall down the backs of some blouses are very quaint and attractive.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

What a superb thing it would be if we were all big enough in mind, to see no sights, accept no insults, cherish no jealousies, and admit into our heart no hatred.

DISHES MADE OVER.

The problem of serving reheated and made-over dishes is not one which comes occasionally, but is an ever-present condition to face.

Sometimes these left-overs look so unappetizing that we think of the clever little poem of Myrtle Reed, in which she speaks of the contents of the ice-box:

A roast beef remnant, flat and stale, unprofitable as sin.
A lettuce leaf, a celery stalk, a cold baked fish's fin,
A soft tomato, leaning close against its withered skin.

Too often we are not cheered by even the above worthy eatables, and the depressing fact that there is nothing in the house to eat, stares us in the face.

The happy housewife who never has any leftovers, is not housekeeping save in books, and practical mortals find it necessary to study the possibilities of, often very unpromising, bits of leftovers.

With bits of leftover fish one may serve creamed fish, a fish salad or a souffle.

Fish Souffle.—Pick up the fish and heat with a cupful of fish one cupful of white sauce, simmer a moment or two, add the beaten yolks of three eggs, cook, then cool and add the well beaten whites of the eggs carefully folded in. Turn into a buttered baking dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake until firm. The seasoning should be added to the souffle when cooking, before putting into the oven.

A tablespoonful of uncooked rice put into a saucepan with a little butter; when it is beginning to turn yellow add two cupfuls of cold meat, diced, season with salt and pepper and cook slowly ten minutes. Add a cupful of tomato and half a cupful of boiling water, simmer until the rice is tender.

Pilau.—Cook one small onion, finely chopped, with a tablespoonful of butter; when it is beginning to turn yellow add two cupfuls of cold meat, diced, season with salt and pepper and cook slowly ten minutes. Add a cupful of tomato and half a cupful of boiling water, simmer until the rice is tender.

Man who man would be
Must rule the empire of himself.
—Shelley.

The highest culture is to speak no ill.

MORE GOOD THINGS TO TRY.

While the delicious berries are with us let us use them in as many delightful ways as possible.

Strawberry Float.—Crush two quarts of berries and strain off the juice, sweeten and add it to a pint of double cream. Whip the whites of four eggs and six tablespoonsfuls of sugar very stiff and beat in the crushed berries. Put the pink cream in a glass bowl and heap the meringue high upon it.

Orange Sherbet.—When a quantity of sherbet is desired, this is a good recipe. Always allow a third of the space in the freezer for the swelling of the mixture in freezing.

To the juice of 12 oranges add four cupfuls of water and two cupfuls of sugar. Strain into a freezer and freeze to a soft mush. Boil together two cupfuls of sugar and a little water till it spins a thread, then pour over the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, beat until cold. Add to the ingredients in the freezer and freeze until firm.

Date Salad.—Stone half a pound of dates and cut in halves, slice three bananas and add half a cupful of nut meats. Add any salad dressing desired with a half cupful of whipped cream.

Maple Fudge.—To two cupfuls of granulated sugar add one of brown sugar, a cupful of milk and two tablespoonsfuls of butter. Mix all together and cook until it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Then add a half teaspoonful of maple flavoring, when slightly cool, beat until creamy, pat out in a greased tin and mark off in squares.

Nut and Cream Cheese Salad.—Crush the cheese with a fork, and mix as much cream with it as is needed to keep it in shape. Mold into small balls and press into each a half of a pecan. Arrange the balls on lettuce leaves and serve with French dressing.

Nellie Maxwell.

Put Them on Last.
"Pa, is Mr. Bullwinkle a self-made man?"

"Yes."
"I guess he must have had a good deal of extra material he didn't know what to do with when he made his ears."

Working of Radium.

According to an English scientist, if the radium in the interior of the earth is in any way equal to that in the rocks at the surface the world will grow hotter in time instead of colder.

Costumes Seen at the Races



At those fashionable sporting events in and near Paris, which are attended by a great concourse of people more interested in styles than anything else, one may expect to see the best efforts of the most capable designers of apparel in the world. The Jockey club races at Auteuil, the French Derby at Chantilly and the event of the Grand Prix mark the launching of ideas for the coming fall, as Easter sees them on parade for the summer which follows it. Here is a snapshot picture, taken at Chantilly, in which gowns made up in midsummer fabrics are cut on lines that promise well for fall.

At the right a gown of white taffeta is a model of elegance and midsummer comfort. The model could be copied in light-weight linen or in white voile, or voile and taffeta combined, with just as good results. From the standpoint of durability linen and fine cotton crepes are most reliable.

At the left a gown in white crepe and heavy lace repeats the plain skirt and long tunic style just described. It is completed with a little coat opening over a silk vest, which is cleverly cut into long points. Very handsome fine pearl buttons are set close together down the front of the vest.

The helmet turban of white feathers is a fad in which fashionables are indulging just now. It has one point of advantage over white satin or silk hats—it will outlast them in usefulness. Made of feathers it may be worn in the winter time.

Black slippers and white stockings and a very broad sash of white ribbon complete this graceful costume.

Outing and Sports Hats



If you are looking for an outing hat you may be sure that a sailor shape in one of the numerous varieties in which the sailor is made is to be found that will be becoming to you. It appears that about everything that has a brim of moderate regular width is classed under this name and it is really a matter of convenience to have it so.

Outing hats are usually pressed shapes of straw or hemp which are bought ready for lining and trimming. They are trimmed with wings or feathers or novelties that will stand more or less of the wear and tear of daily use. For trimming them, durable wings, feather breasts, pompons, strong ribbons and ornaments, especially manufactured for them, are brought out each season.

The hat for summer sports needs no trimming. The simplest of bands as a finish, or a flat bow at most, is appropriate for head-wear that fulfills

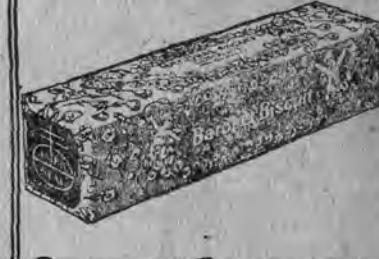
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Nourishment—fine flavor—purity—crispness—wholesomeness. All for 5 cents, in the moisture-proof package.



Baronet Biscuit

Round, thin, tender—with a delightful flavor—appropriate for luncheon, tea and dinner. 10 cents.



GRAHAM CRACKERS

A food for every day. Crisp, tasty and strengthening. Fresh baked and fresh delivered. 10 cents.



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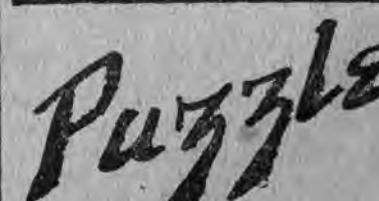
Always look for that name



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An advertisement in this paper does the work instantaneously.

It corrals the purchaser—brings him to your store—makes him buy things you advertised.

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WHOLE NO. 294.

CARTERET, N. J., JULY 31, 1914.

VOL. VII. NEW NO. 42.

HATRED OF CENTURIES BEHIND THE CONFLICT WHICH EUROPE FEARS

Austria's Struggle Toward the South Has Clash
With the Serbian Nation's Immortal
Fight for Freedom

BALKAN STRUGGLE PREVENTED DUAL MONARCHY TAKING THE AEGEAN SEA

Terms of the Austrian Ultimatum to Servia, Which the Latter Refuses

Formal assurance from the Servian Government that it condemns the propaganda which resulted in the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo.

An official apology that Servian officers took part in the machinations against the Dual Monarchy and a repudiation of their actions.

A promise that Servia will endeavor to suppress subversive publications and dissolve immediately the Pan-Servian Society, "Narodna Odrzava," and all other similar organizations.

Warning to the Servian population that anti-Austrian plots will be rigorously punished.

Removal of all Servian officials guilty of an anti-Austrian propaganda.

Prompt punishment for those officials who assisted the Sarajevo assassins across the border.

The specific arrest of Major Tankavitch and a Servian state employee named Ziganovitch, compromised by the Sarajevo inquiry.

Stopping the illicit traffic in explosives across the frontier.

Prompt notification to Austria that Servia has fulfilled all these demands.

Vienna—While the immediate cause of Austria-Hungary's attack on Servia is the demand for reparation for the murder of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, the ultimate causes are the movement of the Hapsburg Empire toward the south and the desperate efforts of the entire Serb race to regain complete national existence.

Ever since the repulse of the Turkish Army from Vienna in 1683 the Austrians have steadily fought their way southward, expecting ultimately to make their way to the Aegean over the ruins of the Turkish Empire. Austria, like Russia, was not unwilling to see small buffer states set up to occupy the middle ground during the intervals of rest in her forward movement, and so most of the Balkan States of today came into being.

Of the Servian race, which in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries ruled a vast empire, extending over the western half of the Balkan Peninsula and the eastern coast of the Adriatic, practically all had come under Turkish domination in the sixteenth century. The Serbs of the hinterland of Istria and Dalmatia were soon taken from Turkey by Austria, and Montenegro won its independence. This left the Serbs of Bosnia, the Herzegovina, and Servia

proper, as well as of the Sanjak of Novi Bazar and Northern Macedonia, still under Turkish rule.

The Serbs of the present kingdom became autonomous in 1830, but revolted in 1876-78, aiming at complete freedom. With them joined their kinsmen of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Russo-Turkish war which followed made great changes in the Balkans. Servia proper obtained complete independence but Bosnia and Herzegovina were left nominal Turkish dependencies, but really to be occupied by Austrian troops.

Gates to the Turkish Parliament to

The consequence of this was four-year insurrection against the Austrians, the effects of which have never disappeared. The Austrians have spent large amounts of money on the country, but never allowed it autonomy; and in 1908-9, using as an excuse the constitutional revolution in Turkey, which would require dependence from these two States which were actually in Austrian hands, the Hapsburg monarchy formally annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina. Germany backed up her ally, and the protests of Slav powers did not go to the extent of war. Meanwhile the Slavs of Dalmatia are under Hungarian rule; and here, as in Bosnia and Herzegovina, promises of local self-government have never come to any-

thing more than words. Thus the northern half of the Servian race is still under the Austrian Empire.

Meanwhile the southern half was finally united by the victories over Turkey in the war of 1912. Not only did this reconquest by the Servians of the core of their old empire, in Western Macedonia, give a tremendous impulse to the longing for complete national unity; it showed the Servian Nation that its military organization could be relied on for hard work.

In the Fall of 1912 the Servians mobilized 260,000 men in the first three weeks, and later added 145,000 more to the number; and while their losses in this war and in the struggle with Bulgaria in the Summer of 1913 were heavy, the Servian troops fought brilliantly and proved themselves efficient and enduring.

Robbed of Fruits of Victory.

But the fruits of this war were in part taken from them by Austria, whose diplomatic activity was responsible for the ruling of the powers, which compelled the Servians to give up part of their conquests in Albania. Thus Servia lost her chance to get a seaport and remains a land-locked power, her only outlet being through the friendly Greek ports on the Aegean Sea.

But the Servian victories in Macedonia, and the Greek capture of Salonika, put an unexpected obstacle in the way of Austria's march to the south. No more could the Dual Monarchy hope to inherit Salonika and the land between that port and the frontier of Bosnia on the final downfall of Turkey; Servia was now squarely across her path.

So the Balkan wars left the Servians confident of their military ability, elated by victory, determined on complete national unity, and angered by Austria's continued hold on the northern part of the nation and by her action in depriving the nation of an outlet to the sea. These wars left Austria-Hungary with increased difficulties in dealing with the Slav tribes, particularly the Servians, now in her dominions, and convinced that the march to the southwest must be given up altogether unless Servia could be put out of the way.

To this were added minor irritations, such as the railroad question in Macedonia. The Servians wanted to add the railroads in the territory conquered from Turkey to the State system, but the stockholders, most of whom were Austrians or Hungarians, objected. Moreover, there was constant friction in Bosnia, and the party in Servia which regretted the break-up of the Balkan League, was inclined to attribute the discord between Bulgaria and her former allies to the operations of Austrian diplomacy.

Peter Made King by Tragedy.

King Peter, under whose rule Servia has advanced to a strong position in Southeastern Europe, came to the throne as the result of a crime that shocked the world.

Eleven years ago King Alexander of Servia and Queen Draga were assassinated in their palace at Belgrade. Half an hour after midnight on June 10, 1903, forty army officers entered the palace, burst into the apartments of the King and Queen, and killed them. Details of the tragedy vary, but the best authenticated is that the couple died in each other's arms. The same night several Ministers were slain by the plotters. The total number of victims of the conspiracy is said to have been fifty-four.

AUSTRIA HAS DECLARED WAR ON THE SERBS

Plunges Europe Into Gloom, All
Ears Listening For Word
From Russia Meaning
Peace or Conflict

GERMANY MENACED BY CZAR

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY'S DECLARATION OF WAR

Austria-Hungary's declaration of war, which may plunge the whole of Europe into a conflict, is as follows:

"The Royal Government of Servia, not having replied in a satisfactory manner to the note remitted to it by the Austro-Hungarian Minister in Belgrade, on July 23, 1914, the Imperial and Royal Government finds itself compelled to proceed itself to safeguard its rights and interests and to have recourse for this purpose to force of arms.

"Austria-Hungary considers itself therefore from this moment in a state of war with Servia.

"COUNT BERCHTOLD,
Minister for Foreign Affairs of
Austria Hungary."

London.—The Austro-Hungarian Government declared war against Servia by a manifesto, which is one of the briefest of momentous documents in history.

Germany paved the way for this declaration by announcing her rejection of the British scheme to bring four Powers together in conference for mediation. Germany explained to the public her ally could not be expected to submit her acts to a European council as if she were one of the Balkan states.

This announcement preceded the declaration of war by only two hours, and gave an exhibition of the perfectly harmonious working of the partnership between the two nations which stood firmly together through the Bosnian crisis of 1909.

The centre of interest has shifted sharply to St. Petersburg, which holds the decision whether European war which probably would shift the balance of power, if not rearrange the entire map of Europe, is to break out. Negotiations are afoot there between the Russian Foreign Minister, Sergius Sazonoff, and the Austrian Ambassador which are designed to "localize" the conflict.

The nature and progress of these conversations are wrapped in the thickest mystery.

Austria Rushes Troops to Frontier.

Reports of small encounters along the frontier have been permitted to pass the censor, but military experts here believe that mobilization has already been effected and that a thoroughly planned campaign is well under way.

Austria has commandeered the railway and telegraph lines and is rushing seasoned and heavily armed troops to the Servian frontier. Two Servian ships on the Danube were captured and the Austrian flag was raised.

Servian and Montenegrin troops are concentrating on the frontier in Bosnia.

Russia is reported occupying a frontier, and the German fleet has been ordered to concentrate in home waters.

The ships of the British fleet everywhere are taking on supplies. Soon after it became definitely known that Austria and Servia were at war all the officers and sailors ashore at Portland and Weymouth were summoned back to their ships.

France is ready for war. Troop trains are held in readiness, and the individual soldiers have been instructed when and where to report for service. Representatives of the army are on duty in the telephone, telegraph and postal stations.

The First and Second squadrons of the Italian navy also have been ordered to concentrate near Naples.

War Summary.

Russia now has 14 army corps near the Austrian frontier.

The New York Stock Exchange stood without panic the brunt of heavy offerings of stocks from abroad. About \$25,000,000 more of United States gold will go to Europe.

The Montenegrin and Servian troops are said to be concentrating in Novibazar, on the Austrian frontier.

\$34,000,000 OF FEDERAL MONEY TO MOVE CROPS

Washington.—Through the offer made to banks throughout the country by Mr. William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, it was announced here that there will be no trouble in moving the bumper crops reported from the South, West and Middle West this year. Mr. McAdoo has offered to advance \$34,000,000 of the government's funds to aid in having the crops moved with all possible speed, and his offer has been accepted in nearly every instance. This decision of the Secretary of the Treasury was made as a result of replies to his circular letter sent to all the national banks of the country asking their requirements for moving local products. Already 5,000 replies have been received.

"These replies have been carefully analyzed and fully confirm the optimistic bulletins of the Agricultural Department regarding the prospects of an unusually large crop," Mr. McAdoo said. "They also indicate a decided promise of greatly improved business conditions and enlarged business activities throughout the country."

The terms under which the banks will be able to get the money have been modified this year from what they were last year, when practically the same sum was loaned. The sum offered last year was \$50,000,000, but the banks did not take it all.

Under the terms last year the bankers, in taking the money, were forced to deposit as security with the Treasury Department at least ten per cent. of the amount borrowed.

The bankers this year may deposit as security all commercial paper. Last year commercial paper was accepted at only sixty-five per cent. of its face value. This year it will be accepted at seventy-five.

SAW CLEARY SLAY DUBLIN TRAGEDY HIS SON-IN-LAW STIRS COMMONS

Plea He Did Not Know Elopement
Couple Were Married

STORIES OF EYEWITNESSES

Fire Head, Supervisor and Policeman
Saw Town Clerk Shoot Newman
Without Warning as He Sat in
Office—Insanity is Defense.

Haverstraw, N. Y.—William V. Cleary, for fourteen years the town clerk of this place and one of the Democratic leaders of Rockland county, is in the county jail at New City for killing his eighteen-year-old son-in-law of scarcely a week, Eugene M. Newman, because he believed the boy had wronged his daughter, Anna Cleary, two years his senior, and brought disgrace to the family.

Cleary was committed to the county jail after several hours' delay because for a time no one would believe that he had killed Newman. He waived examination and was sent to New City on the complaint of Newman's father, Frederick M. Newman, part owner of the Rockland County Messenger, who has long been Cleary's close friend.

The two fathers told the story of the tragedy which resulted in the death by shooting of an eighteen-year-old bridegroom:

"I shot him because he ruined my daughter," said William V. Cleary. "They tell me he had married her. I did not know it, else I would not have fired. From woe and drink, I did not know what I was doing."

"Whatever my boy might have done that was wrong in the eyes of Cleary's family, though I do not know that he did anything, he had his badge of honor," said Fred Newman, father of the slain boy. "He had made good. The girl was his wife. He had his marriage certificate in his pocket to show Cleary. But he was killed before he could produce it. No political influence must ever allow Bill Cleary—friend of mine though he always has been—to go free of punishment for this crime while my boy lies up here in the cemetery."

Evidence at a preliminary inquest showed that the youth, with his wedding rings ready to show, had no chance to utter a word before he met his fate.

The inquest by Coroner Patrick J. Leonard was a perfunctory hearing, but the complete details of the shooting were told by eyewitnesses. Cleary was not present, but Bernard Fox, chief of police, and his political ally, Josiah Feiter, chairman of the town Board of Supervisors, and Policeman Sheridan, who were in Cleary's office, described the tragedy.

The scene in the office was described by Feiter, Fox and Sheridan. Fox had met Cleary at the train. On his way to his office he picked up Sheridan. There, Feiter said, Cleary called him on the telephone and asked him to come to the office.

"On official business?" Feiter was asked.

"All he said was 'Come to my office right away,'" replied Feiter.

Fox also said that Cleary asked him to come to his office. Sheridan, Fox and Feiter were there when Eugene Newman arrived to tell of the marriage.

Sheridan was just going out into the office when Newman asked if Cleary was in. Newman went in and Cleary told him to sit down. His chair was by Feiter's, near the office door.

The constabulary was warned of the landing, and, reinforcing the police, a detachment of the King's Own Scottish Borderers intercepted the gunrunners at Clontarf, with a view to taking the rifles from the volunteers, some of whom fired at the troops. Two soldiers and a policeman were wounded, and in the rioting which followed several Nationalists were injured.

Irish Members Demand Hanging
of Officials Responsible

NATIONALISTS ARE FURIOUS

John Redmond Asks Immediate Debate and Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, Promises Full Inquiry of Fatal Clash.

London.—The killing of four people in the streets of Dublin by a battalion of Scottish Borderers caused great excitement among the Irish members of Parliament and greatly increased the difficulties of the Government in its efforts to bring about a settlement of the Irish question. Premier Asquith heard of the Dublin affair while he was in the country and hurried to London by automobile.

Information as to the "shocking occurrence in Dublin," as John E. Redmond, the Irish Nationalist leader, put it, was demanded immediately after the opening of the session of the House of Commons. Mr. Redmond was so dissatisfied with the meagre information given him that he moved the adjournment of the House in order to debate the matter.

Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, threw the blame for the conflict between the troops and the public on the Assistant Police Commissioner, who, he said, had requisitioned the military entirely on his own responsibility. The official consequently had been suspended while an inquiry was made.

The Nationalist members shouted "He ought to be hanged."

Mr. Birrell said the major in command of the detachment of the King's Own Scottish Borderers had denied that he gave orders to fire on the people.

William Redmond—"He ought to be hanged."

Lord Robert Cecil—"The Ministers ought to be hanged!"

Joseph Devlin, Nationalist member for West Belfast, called attention to the fact that Ulster Unionist volunteers had been allowed to march through the streets of Belfast carrying their rifles.

John Redmond demanded the removal of the Scottish Borderers from Dublin and the revocation of the proclamation against the importation of arms.

Mr. Redmond insisted that so long as the Ulster Volunteers were allowed to arm, drill and march with arms through the streets, the same freedom must be given to the Nationalist Volunteers. He concluded by saying:

"Let the House clearly understand that four-fifths of the Irishmen will no longer submit to be bullied, pushed and shot for conduct for which Ulster men are allowed to go scot-free."

BRITISH SHOOT DOWN IRISH.

London.—Four persons were killed in the streets of Dublin and many wounded after an attempt made by troops and police to seize a consignment of 1,000 rifles landed by the Nationalist Volunteers from a yacht lying off Howth, near the city.

The constabulary was warned of the landing, and, reinforcing the police, a detachment of the King's Own Scottish Borderers intercepted the gunrunners at Clontarf, with a view to taking the rifles from the volunteers, some of whom fired at the troops. Two soldiers and a policeman were wounded, and in the rioting which followed several Nationalists were injured.



The above map gives a good idea how the Triple Alliance (Austria, Germany and Italy) would be pitted against the Triple Entente (Russia, France and Great Britain) if the strained relations between Austria and Servia should result in a general European war.

Spain, it is believed, would hold aloof, as would Switzerland and the Scandinavian nations. Belgium and Holland, however, would be directly affected by a European conflict, and the former at least would be expected to throw in its lot with the Triple Entente.

In the Balkan peninsula a serious situation presents itself

FOR SHORT DOUBLE-HEADERS

Critics Advocate Seven Innings Each Where Two Contests are Played on Same Afternoon.

Why not limit the double-header games to seven innings each? It's a scheme that has been tried out in the Southern leagues with great success.

Two seven-inning games in one afternoon would give the average fan just about as much baseball as he could comfortably absorb. It wouldn't force the ball player to the extreme limit of his endurance, and, best of all, it would enable the fan to get home in time for a warm dinner.

Cutting the double-header games to seven innings would do no one harm. It would do plenty of good. Cutting off four innings from an afternoon's baseball session would mean lessening the playing period about one hour and, therefore, the pastime would end before darkness settled over the land.

The season of double-headers is now upon us. Every fan is keen about taking in a bargain bill, but along about the fourth or fifth inning of the second game the exhibition becomes monotonous. Of course, the greatest majority of the fans stick to the bitter finish, but they stay not so much because their baseball appetite isn't satisfied, but because they want to see just how the game will finish.

Most double-headers begin about 2 p.m., allowing something over two hours for each game and a 15-minute intermission between combats. It means that play doesn't end until about 6:30. That means that the fan doesn't get home until from 7:15 to 8 p.m., owing to the delay in getting out of the crowded park and the usual delay caused by the slow moving of a fleet of special street cars. And every housewife is fully agreed that 7:15 to 8 p.m. is "too darned late for any man to expect his wife to keep dinner simmering."

If the games were cut two innings each the playing period would be lessened about an hour, which would mean that the final innings of the second game would not have to be played by torchlight and that father would get home on time to dine with the rest of the family.

The seven-inning double-header idea probably will prove to be a popular one with the fans, and it is likely that if the agitation assumes sufficient voice that the ruling powers in baseball will hear it and amend their laws so that seven-inning double-headers will be the rule starting with the 1916 season.

DEVORE IS GREAT TRAVELER

Former New York Giant Outfielder Plays With Cincinnati, Then Philadelphia and Now Boston.

Josh Devore is getting to be a great traveler around the National league circuit. Josh played in the outfield for the Giants for several seasons and then went to the Cincinnati Reds in a trade. Later he bobbed up



Josh Devore.

in Philadelphia with Charley Doolin's team. Now Josh has gone to the Boston Braves, where he is doing regular service in the outer garden. The former Giant still retains his batting eye, as he has a mark of .308 for 30 games.

WHAT AILS BASEBALL GAME?

Pretty Well Established That Something Is Wrong With the Great Professional Pastime.

With Clark Griffith announcing that Connie Mack is a "cheap skate," the magnates of organized baseball bemoaning the present condition and prospects of the game, the players dissatisfied with their contracts, and discouraging reports of attendance from half a dozen or more towns, it seems to be pretty well established that something is wrong with the professional game, says the New York Sun. Everybody's nerves are on edge and the situation promises to become more mixed as the season wears on.

Is it beyond probability that the public has had an overdose of baseball? Not an overdose of playing, but of the business; of quarrels between owners, suits for the restraint of players, threats of retaliation and winter-long wrangles between this and that interest. Abuse of the Federal league and of the players who have signed its contracts, for one thing, has become very tiresome, and it is not the only factor at work to lessen public enthusiasm.

FEW PLAYERS FOLLOW KEELER'S ADVICE



"Stuffy" McInnis of Champion Athletics.

"Hit 'em where they ain't," said "Wee Willie" Keeler. Ambitious ball players have been trying to do it ever since. As a matter of fact, they were trying to do it before "Willie" tipped them off to what they were trying to do.

"It's just as simple as doing a 'Brodie' over Niagara Falls and still feeling healthy and strong afterward. 'Willie' said it ain't that all any batter has to know to cut into any pitcher's pitching for about .400 worth.

And to "Willie" it was just like reciting the alphabet. But all batters are not Keelers. That's why some pitchers draw big salaries.

There are a lot of players who personally believe "Willie" didn't know what he was talking about. They call themselves "hard luck hitters" because fielders move out of their usual positions to play in the right spots to stonewall the near hits.

They mumble something about "Hit 'em where they ain't, is all right enough, but there ain't no such place. Just as a fellow thinks he's picked an opening big enough for a baseball to slide through without having the trade mark rubbed off, some fielder pulls a 'bone,' leaves his position and is just lucky enough to wander in front of the ball."

Most of these players are "lucked" out of the big leagues. But in at least one instance some of these disgruntled batters are right. The four young men who do business for "Connie" Mack on his lawn are as near to being a net without being a net as anything or things could be. There seems to be only one kind of a hit they cannot stop—something going so fast they cannot see it.

That infield has won two pennants for him in the last three years, and is guiding the Athletics along the straight and narrow path again. Last season Mack's pitching staff was anything but a championship contrivance. Yet the young pitchers could be pounded for various quantities of runs and the games still be saved, because Baker, Barry, Collins and McInnis took it upon themselves to manufacture more runs than the other fellows could.

It is up to the infield to pull the club through to the top if it is to mingle in another world series next autumn.

It makes no difference what the tally sheet shows, Baker, Barry, Collins and McInnis are always on the job, looking for something to keep them busy. And they can be depended upon to find it.

SHECKARD IS MAKING GOOD

Jim's Great Knowledge of Baseball Is Causing Cleveland Team to Be Feared Around Circuit.

Measured by the standards of hard work, baseball brains and the attitude his players have toward him, Jim Sheckard, Spider manager, is one of the season's most successful new baseball leaders, despite the position of his club.

From the moment Scheckard steps on to the field until the last man is out, he's hard at work. Not a man

is left unattended.

He has shown every man on the Cleveland team some new angle of the game. In exercising his functions as manager he's not at all bossy or arbitrary.

Turing practise Scheckard is always hitting 'em out to the fielders, fielding or coaching some of the youngsters.

He has shown every man on the Cleveland team some new angle of the game. In exercising his functions as manager he's not at all bossy or arbitrary.

There isn't a man in the entire Spider crew who doesn't like Scheckard. It's the consideration he has shown every one of his men that has made him so well liked. Never grouchy, peevish or out of sorts, Scheckard makes himself liked by always having a pleasant word for anyone who approaches him.

Feats of Sox Pitchers.

A notable fact in connection with the White Sox box staff is that four of its members have pitched a one-hit game this year. The four are Scott, Cicotte, Benz, and Faber. In addition Benz has a no-hit game and Russell a two-hit game.

Many Players in One Game. Thirty-one players were used in one of the recent games of the Washington-St. Louis series and less than ten innings required three hours and 25 minutes.

MET HIS WATERLOO IN A BIG BULLDOG

Dog Catches a "Tartar," But Comes Out a Victor After a Fierce Fight.

TERROR OF CANINES

Taken Unawares, the Feline Combatant Was Unable to Use His Favorite Tactics and Dies, But Not Without a Struggle.

St. Louis, Mo.—Tartar, a big feline of the Thomas variety, who for months had been a terror to dogs in the neighborhood of Hodiamont and Plymouth avenues, met his Waterloo in the form of a big bulldog, and his owner, a grocer, at Hodiamont and Plymouth, laid away all that was left of Tar and his proverbial nine lives in a yard in the rear of the store.

It was not an inglorious end, for Tartar put up a game fight. But he was under a disadvantage, the dog having seized him unawares, and the dog weighed many pounds more than his feline opponent. The fight was short, sharp and decisive.

Residents of the neighborhood watched the battle from lawns, windows, and porches, and those who would have gone to the aid of the vanquished cat did not venture forth for fear the dog might turn his attention to them.

For months Tartar, who made his headquarters at the grocery, would prowl around quietly until he saw a dog starting into the store. Tartar would give one jump, there would be a screech from the canine and it would flee down the street at top speed, with Tartar riding securely on his back and digging his claws into the back in such a manner that hair and flesh flew at every jump. This was one of the daily entertainments of the neighborhood and whenever the residents heard Tartar had another victim.

Tartar was out for an airing and had strayed nearly half a block from the store. Then the bulldog hove in sight. Tartar had his back toward



The Dog's Teeth Sank Into the Cat's Neck.

the big dog and did not see it. The cat, however, seemed to sense the dog as it neared and whirled suddenly around.

The whirl was too late, however. The dog jumped just as Tartar whirled and the dog's teeth sank into the cat's neck.

Tartar gave one yowl as he felt the dog's teeth and then settled down to business. Owing to the position in which the dog had seized the cat it was almost impossible for the cat to reach him with his claws. Finally the cat managed to bite into the throat of the dog, and once or twice it tore its claws across the animal's front legs, laying them open to the bone.

The dog hung on, however, and shook and shook and shook until finally poor Tartar was cast aside a broken, crumpled heap. The dog gave one glance to see that his work was complete. Then he shook himself in a satisfied manner and trotted away.

COW FALLS OFF HIGH CLIFF

Owner After Search Finds Animal Hanging by Horns in Branches of Tree.

Benville, Ark.—After having searched nearly a day for a lost cow, Homer Ammons slid down a cliff near which some one had seen her, and was amazed to find the animal hanging by the head and horns in one of the large branches of an oak tree.

The top of the cliff was on a level with the treetop and the cow, feeding on the grass, had ventured too near the edge. Ammons injured his arm in sliding down the cliff and the cow was nearly dead by the time he brought several neighbors with axes. They cut off the branch.

Dies at Movie Battle. Chicago.—Mrs. Elizabeth Davison shrieked and died when she witnessed a movie Indian battle.

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KAUFF RANKS WITH BEST FED HITTERS



Benny Kauff, Hard Hitting Hoosier.

The Feds may not be offering as good a sample of the national pastime as the American and National leagues, but there is one individual enrolled with an outlaw team who doffs his cap to no one. His specialty is hitting, and in that respect he equals any of the famous sluggers in the other circuit, not even excepting Ty Cobb of the Tigers.

This particular player is in our midst today, and is a member of Bill Phillips' Hoofeds. His name is Kauff, Benny Kauff.

Russell Ford, star hurler of the Buffeds, and at one time a member of the New York Yanks, is authority for the above statement. Rus' words may be taken in all seriousness, for the former Highlander has faced Ty Cobb, Joe Jackson, Tris Speaker and the recognized sluggers of the age. When the Buffalo team was here on its last visit, Ford, in an argument as to who

was the best hitter, nominated Benny without hesitation. "That fellow," said Ford, "will easily outshine Cobb, Jackson and Speaker. He's a natural hitter and base hits are everyday occurrences with him."

Kauff was lost to organized ball back in the days when Hal Chase was managing the Yankees. Hal had him, but refused to waste time in giving him a thorough trial. Kauff drifted to the New London club, and led the Eastern association with 176 hits in 135 games for a mark of .345. He possessed all of his hitting ability while with the Yanks, and feeling that he was being done an injustice, had no hesitancy in joining the Feds when an offer was made him.

Kauff is the most dangerous hitter in Gilmore's circuit as well as being the best. His work has been a large factor in the success of Bill Phillips' team.

LEON AMES PITCHING WELL

Former New York Giant Is Having Good Season With Cincinnati Reds
—Is Not All In as Thought.

Leon Ames, the former pitcher of the New York Giants, has had a good season with the Cincinnati Reds. The Reds under Manager Charley Herzog have been a surprise in the early stages of the pennant fight and although they have slipped down some of late are bound to finish better than they did last year. Herzog has done



Leon Ames.

well with the material he has on hand and has met with a good reception in Cincinnati. Ames was thought to be all in when McGraw let him out, but his box work since he joined the Reds would indicate that he is far from the end of his string.

Freak of the Bean Ball.

If it hadn't been for a rap on the head by a pitched ball some two years or so ago, Miles Main, the young pitcher who suffered his first defeat of the season against the Red Sox, might have been a partner of Carrigan's star wonder workers, Leonard and Foster, says a Boston writer. Main was at Jersey City when that club was the Red Sox farm, and in the natural course of events would probably have come this way. However, after he was hit on the head his work fell off and he was traded to Buffalo, where he achieved even better results than when on the Sox farm. The bean ball works some queer changes in baseball.

Federal League Blamed.

The Federal league is being blamed by President Lannin of the Red Sox for the slump his team is having. He says that the scouts from the outlaw league have tampered with his players, and they are not playing as well as they might.

Guy Zinn Breaks Leg.

Outfielder Guy Zinn of the Terrapins played with a semipro club in Washington the other day and broke his left leg just above the ankle. He will be out of the game for the rest of the season.

FIRST HOME RUN OFF MATTY

"Wee Willie" Sudhoff Turned the Trick at the Polo Grounds, but Did Not Win His Game.

One day two young hurlers were engaged in a regular pitchers' battle. They were both right-handed, but that ended the resemblance. One was over six feet tall, the other was five feet and about two inches over.

On June 21, 1901, at the Polo grounds, the home of the New York Giants, these two hurlers battled for five innings without allowing a run. In the sixth the visitors managed to get a man on with their midget hurler up. The little chap who had been pitching his head off and come in from his task with the sweat streaming down his face.

Brushing out his eyes with his fists, he picked up his little bat and walked up to the plate. The big pitcher smiled a rather pitying smile, but didn't let up on his speed. He flashed the ball through with all the stuff he had, and the little fellow swung at it with all the stuff he had—and his teammates declare with his eyes shut. However, an awful crack followed, and the ball sped away beyond any fielder, and the pony pitcher galloped around the bases, chasing the other fellow in.

When he reached the home plate he paused and posed for a moment, then drew himself up to his full height—five feet two inches—and grinned at the big hurler, and the big hurler



Christy Mathewson.

smiled back at him, but it was a smile full of astonishment, for this was the first time a home run had ever been made off the delivery of Christy Mathewson, for the big fellow was none other than the now famous "Big Six." And the midget, the little hurler who banged the ball, was "Wee Willie" Sudhoff, then pitching for the St. Louis Cardinals.

"Wee Willie" was so swelled up that he forgot all about the art of pitching, and before he landed on earth again the Giants had tied the score in their half of the inning and won the game in the ninth by the score of 3 to 2. This was the only homer made off the delivery of Matty in two seasons; in the year 1902 the batters of the National failed to connect with his curves for a four-bagger. So little "Willie" wore the title proudly for a couple of seasons.

The cats," said Captain Nimmo, "will follow by my side for miles. When they see a rabbit, they will squat down close to the ground, and wag their tails from side to side until I shoot—then in a flash they dash for the rabbit, seldom failing to get it by the neck and holding it until I get to them. Should a rabbit or any other animal happen to get wounded, the cats will take the scent like a dog, only they are more skilled than the average dog. As soon as they see the gun in my hand they scamper with delight. Woe betide the dog that comes in their path."

FIFTEEN WHALES CHASE TUG

CATS MORE SKILLED THAN AVERAGE DOG

Man Trains Felines to Hunt—They Trail Rabbits and Coons, and Tree Squirrels.

Sturgis, Miss.—Two of the most remarkable cats noted for their keen instincts and wonderful sagacity are the property of Capt. T. G. Nimmo, who resides near this town. It is doubtful whether there can be found in any other portion of the United States, cats that can duplicate the hunting proclivities of these two animals.

Captain Nimmo lives with his daughter on a small farm. He is a Confederate veteran of seventy-five, and despite his advanced age is as nimble as a man of 40.

About three years ago he conceived the idea that he could put the cats to some benefit and he trained them to hunt. At first, the task seemed arduous for the old man, but persist-



Get It By the Neck and Hold On.

ent efforts on his part soon overcame all difficulties and in a short time he was rewarded by the cats doing his bidding. Today they are lovers of the sport, and in fact are better hunters than the average canine.

They trail rabbits, coons, possums, tree squirrels and set birds. When Captain Nimmo takes his trusty old war musket from the rack, the cats jump on him, display their joy in various ways and follow him to the woods. People for miles around the vicinity come in every day to witness the wonderful intelligence of these felines.

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LONE SPECTATOR WAS READY

Umpire Hart Relates Peculiar Experience in Western League—Bleacherite Was "All Set."

William Hart, the new umpire in the National league, who is making good in fine fashion, has been identified with baseball more than 30 years. Until recently he still was able to pitch, and in his day he was one of the best twirlers in the business.

This is not Hart's first experience as an umpire. Several years ago he umpired in the old Western league for a season and then went back to pitching again. The veteran is full of queer stories of his experiences. Recently he told this one on himself:

"One day when I was umpiring in the Western league I got to Kansas City. The club had been going poorly, and when the game time came around there were only eight spectators in the grand stand and one man sitting in the bleachers. He had an umbrella over him, for the day was stifling hot.

"When it came time to announce the batters, I announced them to the eight patrons in the grand stand, and then I thought I would make the announcement to the bleachers. So I walked down to where the solitary bleacherite was sitting, and, taking off my cap, I yelled:

"Ladies and gentlemen: The batters for today are White and Black for Kansas City, Green and Brown for Omaha!"

The lone bleacherite made a gesture with his arm and replied:

"I'm ready. Go on with the game."

Another Pretzel Battery.

Der Herr Pitcher Schauflaube and der Herr Catcher Ehrlinghause have signed with Manager Herzog of the Cincinnati Reds.

James J. Mullan

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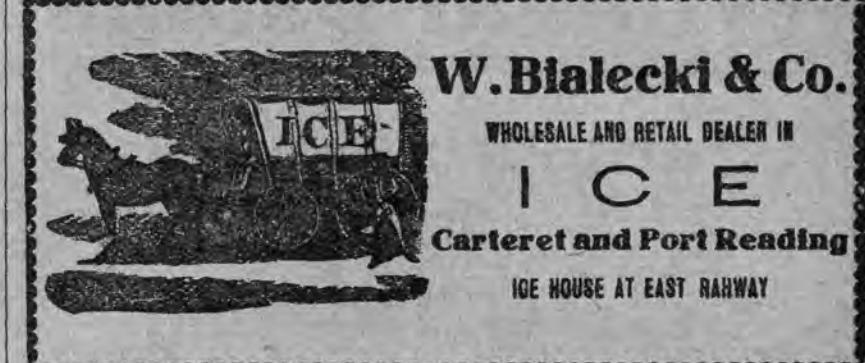
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GARRISON VIEWS GUARDSMEN

Secretary of War Pleased as
Regiments March Past

MADE A VERY FINE SHOWING

Political Army Watches Soldiers—
Democratic Leaders and Candidates
at Sea Girt for Governor's Luncheon—Results of Conferences.

(Special Trenton Correspondence.)

Trenton.—Lindley M. Garrison, Secretary of War, reviewed the 1st and 5th regiments of the New Jersey National Guard at the State camp grounds, Sea Girt, while a crowd of more than 10,000 cheered enthusiastically.

Governor Fielder sat beside the Secretary of War as the guardsmen marched past, and when the review was over Mr. Garrison told the Governor that the civilian soldiers had made a splendid showing.

"It was fine," the Secretary said.

Secretary Garrison, accompanied by Mrs. Garrison and Captain McCoy, his aide, did not arrive at the "Little White House" until 4 o'clock. The crowd around the Governor's cottage was so thick that a company of infantry had to clear a way so that the Secretary of War could pass. He received the regulation salute of seventeen guns.

Included in the crowd were prominent Republican and Democratic politicians from Essex, Bergen, Passaic, Sussex and Warren counties, who had been invited to the luncheon which Governor Fielder gives each Friday during the camp season.

Among them were ex-Governor John Franklin Fort, Senator Charles O'Connor Hennessy, a brother of John A. Hennessy, of New York, and Richard C. Jenkinson, a Newark business man who refused a Republican nomination for Congress so that he could go in training for the Republican nomination for Governor two years from now. Senator Hennessy also has his hat in the ring as a candidate for the Democratic nomination at that time.

While the review was on the Secretary of War looked the guardsmen over with a critical eye, and it was with seeming reluctance that he gave the order to his aide to start back to the Governor's cottage, for evening parade was to follow shortly, and Mr. Garrison did not want to miss it.

In the evening the Secretary and Mrs. Garrison were the guests of Governor and Mrs. Fielder at dinner.

The day being the first Governor's Day of the season, there were political booms a-plenty. Some of them were interesting.

Former Sheriff "Bill" Harrigan, one of Newark's 18-carat Democrats, announced himself as an aspirant for the Democratic nomination for sheriff in Essex this fall. Former Assemblyman John J. Mathews declared he was going to run for Senator in the same county as a Wilson candidate. He said he wasn't going to run at the primaries, but would run on Election Day only.

J. William Huegel, who expects to be the Republican candidate for sheriff in Essex, was also busy, while Senator Austin Colgate, of that county, who is going to be renominated, smiled serenely as he heard of the troubles in the Democratic ranks.

Among the leading Democrats who greeted the Secretary of War, were J. Spencer Smith, president of the Harbor Commission; Senator Peter McGinniss, of Passaic, and Senators Samuel Munson and P. J. Dolan, of Sussex.

The death of Bugler Albert B. Craig, of the 1st Infantry, and the injury of four other soldiers cast a pall over the guardsmen. This did not disappear, despite the ceremonies attendant upon the visit of Secretary Garrison.

Digger for Graft Takes Plunge.

The inspection of the bridges of Mercer county by the special committee of the Board of Freeholders in a search for alleged graft was marked by Freeholder Maurice Raub plunging into a stream. He was fished out by other members of the committee. It is understood that there will be some startling developments in the committee's report.

Stolen Goose Costs \$25.

After stealing a goose Willis Ziegler and Stanley Flow choked it to keep it from squawking so it wouldn't waken neighbors. They were each fined \$25 and placed on probation for three years by Judge Naar.

Fatal Stricken on Vacation Trip.

Albert Martino went to Atlantic City several days ago on his vacation. While there he was overcome by the heat, was brought back to Trenton and died.

Trenton Anthem Delegates.

Mayor Donnelly has named the following delegates to represent this city at the National Star Spangled Banner Centennial:

Colonel Edward Fox, the Rev. Charles H. Elder, Colonel E. C. Stahl, George A. Bennett, William Rosenberg, James W. Totten, John W. Williams, Warren N. Erwin, J. Wiggans Thorn, George H. Poulsen, John Roeger, Augustus Hendley, Ezra T. Biers, William H. Miers, George McFarland, James Lyons, Jonas Fuld, Frank Weeden, William L. Doyle.

RIVER POLLUTION DENIED.

Trenton Mayor Says City Dumps No Garbage in Delaware.

Mayor Donnelly's attention was attracted to an article in which it was reported that Burlington city officials desired to call the attention of Mr. Nixon Miller, the Federal engineer, who is investigating the pollution of the Delaware, to the fact that Trenton was emptying its crude sewage into the stream. The Mayor, who is taking a leading part in a campaign to compel Philipsburg to clean out the river, said that Trenton was doing all in its power to dispose of its sewage in another way than by emptying it into the river. Trenton, the Mayor continued, had authorized a bond issue of \$500,000 for a sewage disposal plant, and land for it had already been purchased.

Under direction of the War Department, said the Mayor, Trenton had long since ceased to dump garbage and refuse into the river. He added that the city had started to clean Assanping Creek, flowing into the Delaware, and that the city had started to clean Assanping Creek, flowing into the Delaware, and that pollution of the creek had been stopped.

Saloonkeeper Too Quick.

The action of Louis Lavine, saloonkeeper, selling drinks to Charles Helmut, a cripple, after he had been warned by Helmut's wife not to do so will probably cost him his license. The saloonkeeper had Helmut arrested for calling him vile names. Helmut's wife, who supports the cripple and eight children by washing, appeared and said that she had asked Lavine not to sell to her husband.

Lavine's case will now go before the City Commission, as an order was issued a few weeks ago to the effect that if a saloonkeeper sold to a man whose wife objects, his license should be revoked.

Jersey Second in Pottery.

New Jersey is the second largest pottery producing State in the country, according to figures just made public by the United States Geological Survey. In 1913, this State produced wares valued at \$8,838,545, or more than 23 per cent. of the total output of the nation. Ohio is the leading pottery State.

The Trenton potteries are busy now and have been for several months, the Trenton Potteries Company now being engaged on sanitary fixtures for a New York insurance building that will in itself keep their plants busy for several months.

Newarker Is Successful.

The Civil Service Commission announced that Charles Fishberg, of Trenton; Morris Gelbord, 59 Barclay street, Newark, and Louis A. Simon, of Paterson, passed the examination in the order named for stenographer and bookkeeper for service in the State. For baker, Hudson county, the commission announced that John E. Meyer, Guttenberg; Alfred D. Yeo, Jersey City, and Julius L. Hildner, Kearny, were the three candidates to pass the highest examination.

Labor Leader Must Serve Term.

The Supreme Court affirmed the conviction of Frederick Boyd, an Industrial Worker of the World leader, for advocating sabotage during the recent silk mill strike in Paterson. Boyd was charged with inciting the strikers to unlawfully burn private property of the silk mill owners. He was sentenced to prison for one to seven years and fined \$500.

Bumper Grape Crop.

A bumper grape crop is promised in New Jersey this year, according to reports. This will be particularly true of the southern and western sections. The bulk of the crop in Atlantic County will be made into wine. Grapes also are grown extensively around Vineland and other sections of Cumberland.

No Progressive Candidate.

There will in all probability be no Progressive candidate for Surrogate in Mercer County to oppose the Republican and Democratic candidates. Mercer is normally a Republican county, and if there is no Progressive nominee for Surrogate the incumbent, Samuel H. Bullock, Republican, will probably be re-elected.

Girl Wins Scholarship.

Miss Mary V. Ferguson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ferguson, has been awarded the scholarship at Mount St. Joseph's College, Chestnut Hill, Pa., which was recently contested for by the pupils in the parochial schools of the Trenton diocese. Miss Ferguson is a pupil at St. Mary's Cathedral School.

Crates Juvenile Prisoners.

Catching a number of boys in his patch of strawberries after watching for days, William Longstreet, of Mercerville, placed the youngsters in a crates wagon and drove them all the way to Trenton. The lads were arraigned before Justice Hart and held for Juvenile Court.

Oppose Smith Appointment.

Resolutions of protest were sent to the State House and State Civil Service Commission here and the New Jersey Civil Service Association at Newark on the appointment of John A. Smith, of Camden, as custodian of the Capitol. The resolutions came from the Mercer County Council of the State Civil Service Association.

It is declared by the resolutions that the naming of Smith by the State House Commission was in defiance of the civil service regulations.

STATE-WIDE JERSEY ITEMS

Gossipy Brevities Which Chronicle a Week's Minor Events.

BUILDING BOOMS REPORTED

Real Estate Transactions Indicate a Business Awakening in Many Sections—Churches Raising Funds for Worthy Objects.

It took five persons to drag John Spencer, of Paterson, from a sewer when police sought to arrest him on charges of disorderly conduct and drunkenness.

The New Jersey Supreme Court affirmed the conviction of Fred S. Boyd on two indictments for inciting the destruction of private property during the silk mill workers' strike at Paterson.

Burglars rifled the safe in the office of the City market at Perth Amboy, and escaped with \$900 in cash.

Thousands of dollars were lost in damage to crops and buildings in Trenton and Mercer County by a hail and rain storm.

The Pitman Cottagers' Association has carried its membership close to the 500 mark.

The Progressive League at Pitman is laying plans for the fall campaign and will hold weekly meetings.

A Hammonton grower reports serious damage to his peach orchards by an unknown blight, which causes the leaves to fall.

The Millville Diamond Social Club, whose camp at Wildwood was destroyed by fire, have pitched a new camp and will remain for the balance of the summer.

Benjamin Eames waived a hearing on the charge of maintaining a disorderly house at Millville and was taken to the county jail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

As a result of numerous complaints, Paulsboro officials have given notice that all bathers along the shore at Billingsport must wear full suits and must not parade the streets.

Swedesboro farmers have lost \$80,000 on tomato shipments, over the same period last year.

H. M. Voorhees, a business man, of Trenton, has distributed a reward of \$25 between Francis Constant and Francis Cubberly, boys, who found the body of Emmett Vaughan, who was drowned in the Delaware River.

John Corcoran, of Hopewell, has purchased the Old School Baptist Church farm, located on the Hopewell-Pennington road. The consideration was \$12,000.

After having paid \$20 into a suit club conducted by Frank Krolak, a Trenton tailor, Andrew Kurysik, an iron worker, found that he could not get the clothes and had the tailor arrested.

Blackberry pickers in South Jersey have had a good season and have about cleaned up the crop, which was large this year and the prices good. The berries selling at \$2 a crate and higher.

The wholesale price of milk for August has been fixed at 4½ cents a quart by the Interstate Milk Producers' Association.

Commenting on the poor condition of the city water at Woodbury for a few days, Superintendent Ford states that it is only temporary and is caused by the heavy rains. Work is progressing on the new artesian wells, and an entirely new system will be in operation.

The personal estate of Col. Henry O. Clark, who died recently at his home, 26 Summit street, East Orange, is worth \$174,603, according to an inventory filed with the County Surrogate. With the exception of \$25,000 in furnishings and personal property all the money is invested in stocks and bonds.

Thousands of bushels of cherries are going to waste on the trees in Sussex County as a result of the exceedingly heavy crop of this fruit which the farmers are unable to harvest.

Clinton Turner, of Blackwood, pulled a four-pound bass from the lake.

Williamstown Board of Trade is having iron street signs made.

When John Pohlmeyer, one of the superintendents at the Beattie Carpet Mills in Little Falls, returned from work he found his wife dead in the dining room with a bullet wound in her temple. In the bedroom on the bed Pohlmeyer discovered his eight-months-old son murdered. A note in which the wife bade her husband good-by and asked forgiveness for the acts was found on the dresser.

Woman Mutilated by Mower.
York, Pa.—Undertaking in the efficacy of prayer, J. W. Horn, a farmer, refused to kill a sick steer after being advised to do so by several veterinarians, and as a consequence he was taken before an alderman to answer a charge of cruelty to animals. It is said Horn prayed that the steer might be cured.

BEES RAID CHURCH; ROUT WORSHIPERS

Pastor of Illinois Congregation Is Driven Back by Fury of the Insects.

HOLD A LAWN SERVICE

Stung Farmers' Hunt for the Owner of Swarm Falls to Reveal Any Claimant—Lumps as Souvenirs of the Skirmish.

Blodgett, Ill.—Bees are not popular just now with members of the Methodist church of this town. Every one in the congregation is willing to concede that bees may be very useful in their way, but they are convinced that their presence in church distracts the attention of the regular attendants from the services.

When the Rev. Theodore Calvin arrived at the church the other Sunday morning he found many of his parishioners standing outside. When he discovered the reason he stood outside himself.

Hundreds of bees were buzzing about the doorway and every now and then a howl from some luckless member of Mr. Calvin's flock would announce that one of the swarm was foraging in the crowd.

When E. Z. Boonekecamp, a wealthy farmer and leading member of the congregation, arrived Mr. Calvin planned with him to rush the door and get into the church. From this vantage point, they believed, they could fight the bees more successfully. But the bees were not to be outwitted so easily. They had possession of the church and evidently liked it. When the attacking party started through the swarm the bees pounced on both men.

The clergyman and his army of one were driven back. Mr. Boonekecamp had lumps on his face, neck and hands as souvenirs of the skirmish.

One bee, that was unable to extricate his stinger from Mr. Boonekecamp's epidermis, received a slap from the worshiper's hand that laid him low, a martyr to overzealousness. A council of war was held and the bee was carefully examined to determine the reason for the ferocity of the swarm.

It was found that it was a hybrid, a cross between the German and Italian varieties of bee, and Mr. Boone-



Every Now and Then a Howl From Some Luckless Member.

kecamp declared that the mixture of hot southern fury with the more phlegmatic temperament explained the mystery. He estimated that he was carrying around about a pint of formic acid injected by the stingers of the insects, and which he would have been willing to have put back into the bees.

Finally the congregation decided to give up the fight and held services

HOW TO KEEP A SECRET

By GEORGIA HORN.

"I've been out of town for a few days," remarked Alice to her friend Nell. "Bess and Claribell Spencer entertained all our old school club at their summer place, Rose Lodge, before they closed it. There were ten of us all told, and we had quite an exciting time. I wish I dared tell you about it."

"Why shouldn't you tell me?"

"Well, I know I really should not, but if you'll promise eternal secrecy, I believe I will tell you, because you're a friend of Virginia's and anything that concerns her will be of special interest to you."

"You see, the first night we were at Rose Lodge we sat on the floor before the blazing fire and played 'truth.' The engaged girls all confessed, and when it came Virginia's turn she laughed and said she wasn't engaged—yet! And that was all she would say."

"You know how telegrams are usually delivered by telephone in the country. Well, one morning when I was straightening the dining room a message came over the phone for Virginia. She was out walking, so I took it for her. After the operator had given it to me he insisted upon my shouting it back to him for verification. Bess, Helen, Anita and Margaret, who were the dinner committee that day, were in the kitchen and heard every word. Well, their curiosity was equal to mine."

"What was the telegram?" demanded Nell.

"It was, 'I earnestly beg you to return unopened special delivery letter mailed you yesterday. Deeply regret I cannot explain.' It was signed 'John Hartridge.'

"Before Virginia came in from her walk the letter itself had been brought by a boy from the village, and I handed Virginia the dispatch that I had written down and the letter at the same time.

"What will you do?" we all inquired of her.

"Just what he asks, of course," was Virginia's virtuous reply.

"But Virginia, aren't you almost expiring to know what's in that letter?" asked Joyce.

"Of course I am," she admitted, "but I don't think it would be right for me to open it after getting John's message. Do you, girls?"

"No-o," we all agreed, reluctantly.



"None of You Girls Need Help."

"But," added Joyce, "if that telegram had been delayed an hour you would have read the letter."

"Yes, but the telegram wasn't delayed."

"She left the letter lying on the dining table, where it reposed all through dinner. When Joyce, who was head dishwasher that day, gathered the dishes on a tray to carry them to the kitchen, she took the letter also. I think I was the only one who saw her pick it up. My first impulse was to ask what she was going to do with it, but something held me back—a sort of sympathy, perhaps, for the nefarious plan, whatever it was, that I thought had popped into her head."

"None of you girls need help with the dishes," she said with unwonted saintliness. "I feel that I haven't been doing my share of the work." As that was the general opinion, no one insisted upon following her into the kitchen.

"When she joined us an hour later she looked dangerously innocent. 'Just see what has happened,' she exclaimed. 'I left the mysterious letter on the plate warmer above the teakettle, and the steam must have loosened the seal, for the envelope is open.'

"'You little imp!' cried Virginia.

"She couldn't control her curiosity any longer, which would have been too much to ask of any human girl. She took the letter and read it, and she didn't even try to conceal from us that it contained an ardent proposal of marriage. I suppose we shall never know what caused John's sudden change of heart."

"Did she send it back?" asked Nell, breathlessly.

"Joyce put it in the envelope again, carefully resealed it, and it was returned to Mr. Hartridge without comment. Poor Virginia, who was really guiltless, would be painfully mortified if he ever learned that it was opened. So, remember your promise, dear, and don't tell a soul."

"No, indeed, I'll never breathe it," Nell assured her impressively. "Did all the nine girls promise secrecy?"

Chicago Daily News.

NEED NOT FEAR FOR CANAL

Fortifications to Guard the Great Waterway Through Panama Will Be Made Impregnable.

Having invested nearly \$375,000,000 in the canal, the United States is intent upon safeguarding that tremendous outlay against the possibility of damage through foreign war. Fortification of the canal has been undertaken purely as an insurance matter. It is sought to make it impossible in time of war for any enemy to take possession of the waterway or to damage it to such an extent that the ships of the United States could not use it at will.

Guns of 14 and 16-inch caliber will be placed at forts guarding both the Pacific and Atlantic entrances, commanding a radius of 15 miles. The forts at the Pacific entrance are constructed on three islands in Panama Bay, at the very beginning of the canal, Flamenco, Perico and Naos. There are huge masses of volcanic rock, behind which, safe from the fire of any ship, no matter how powerful, the forts stand. The great Miraflores locks are seven miles inland from the forts, and no gun at the present time is powerful enough to send a shell the 22 miles intervening between the outside of the zone of fire from the forts, and those locks which control the canal. Even with the marvels of modern gunnery, it would be as difficult to place a shell, even if it could be thrown that far, as a rifleman to hit a lead pencil at a distance of 2,000 yards.—Popular Mechanics.

NOT APPRECIATED AT FIRST

Fitzgerald's Translation of "Omar Khayyam" Once Sold at the Ridiculous Price of Two Cents.

How Edward Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam" was rescued from neglect and obscurity, a London contemporary tells. Mr. Bernard Quaritch, the elder, published the book, and finding that it did not sell, he relegated it to the penny box in his shop. Its subsequent success was due to a fortunate accident. Two of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's friends came across the poem, and thought it worth reading. Rossetti's read it, and recommended it to Swinburne.

"Having read it," Swinburne wrote, "Rossetti and I invested sixpence apiece, or possibly threepence—I would not wish to exaggerate our extravagance—in copies at that not exorbitant price.

"Next day, we thought we might get some more for presents among friends, but the man at the stall asked two-pence! Rossetti expostulated with him in terms of such humorously indignant remonstrance as none but he could ever command. We took a few, and left him. In a week or two, if I am not much mistaken, the remaining copies were sold at a guinea. I have since seen copies offered at still more absurd prices. I kept my pennypwhort—the tidiest of the lot—and have it still!"—*Youth's Companion*.

Believed Him Honest, But

Mayor Hunt of Cincinnati said the other day of a notorious political boss:

"They who call this fellow honest have to stretch the truth a little. They have to stretch it like the old colored farmer of Paint Rock."

"This old farmer said to a young chap:

"Look, heah, Calhoun, Ah don' min' yore co'tin' mah gal Lillian, but Ah'd ruther yo' wouldn't come round mah house no mo'."

"Time to' de las' wot yo' wuz heah, Calhoun, Ah missed a watah bucket, and de las' time de bridle wuz gone, and now as Ah has use to' de saddle, Ah'd ruther yo' wouldn't come round no mo'."

"Ah don't say yo' hain't honest, fo' Ah b'lieves yo' is; but sich cu's things happens while yo's in de neighborhood; so, jes' ter please an ole man, wot ain't enj'yin' de heat er health, please don' come round dis house no mo'!"

Persian Temple Coming to America.

L. Kevorkian, a noted Persian excavator, who controls a concession for excavating buried Persian cities south of Teheran, is going to New York with 200 or 300 pieces of Persian pottery, said to be from 2,000 to 5,000 years old.

He will also take a remarkable praying temple, which is said to be 2,000 years old. It will be shipped in three sections.

All the pieces are wonderfully enamored. There are two small pieces and one small pot eight inches high, which are valued at \$80,000. Another piece is an urn which is said to be worth \$60,000.

Mr. Kevorkian says the collection is the result of excavations in the past two years and that he intends to exhibit it in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago.

Rigid Law Enforcement.

In the United States performing animals run risks. Some years ago a chimpanzee visited South Bend, Ind. Among other tricks he smoked a cigarette. As soon as he lit up a policeman stepped forward and asked for the animal's name, in order that a summons might be issued against him for infringing a law of the Indiana legislature prohibiting cigarette smoking. In court the following day it was pleaded that the chimpanzee could hardly be expected to know the extent of his guilt, but the magistrate ruled that ignorance was no excuse for law-breaking, and fined the defendant the sum of \$5, which was paid by his trainer.

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"No, indeed, I'll never breathe it," Nell assured her impressively. "Did all the nine girls promise secrecy?"

Chicago Daily News.

FRENCHMAN AT THE 'PHONE

According to Rev. J. T. Traveller, Conditions Are Worse In That Country Than Here In America.

"Have you ever seen a Frenchman use a telephone in Paris?" asked Richard L. Friend, a lawyer of St. Louis, at the Shoreham, according to the Washington Post.

Mr. Friend recently returned from Paris and had been reading in American newspapers about the proposal of Postmaster General Burleson to acquire for the government all the telephone wires.

"The Frenchman," declared Mr. Friend, "desiring to make a call, approaches the telephone with a smile of expectancy. In the usual way he takes the receiver, places his lips near the transmitter as if to answer quickly the call of 'central.' Soon he turns away, the look of expectancy having changed to one of slight impatience. The smile returns, which indicates that 'central' has answered. He gives his number. Then ensues another period of waiting. He rattles the hook, gives the number again, does a fishwalk around the telephone, mops his forehead with his handkerchief and waves his arms madly in the air. He cries lustily through the transmitter that there is still no answer. Finally, in despair, he snaps the receiver on the hook, stands back and contemplates the box with a degree of scorn and kicks it off the wall with his foot if he can reach it. Then he goes out and takes a cab."

READY FOR BASEBALL "NINE"

Hotel Proprietor Took Orders for Accommodations in a Very Literal Manner.

The hotel proprietor at Paso Robles is probably better informed as to the personnel of a big league ball team than he was last year on the occasion of the White Sox's former visit. At that time, Manager Callahan says, the Chicago aggregation, including trainers and recruits, numbered about thirty. They arrived at the hotel with the healthy appetites known only to athletes and farm hands.

"We could hardly wait," continues the Sox manager, "until the dinner bell rang. Then we marched down to the dining room ready to do justice to an ox. What was our surprise at seeing only nine plates at the table. The majority of the party began to have fears of going hungry, and didn't know whether to make a rush for the table or play 'Going to Jerusalem.'

"I summoned the proprietor. 'Here,' I said, 'what do you mean by this? Why didn't you make provisions for the entire team?'

The proprietor looked us over and gasped. "Why," he stammered, "you said it was a baseball nine. I thought that there were only nine men on a team and that nine places would be enough. I didn't know you were expecting company!"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

One Exception.

There are so many established ways of offending a waiter at a big restaurant that it seems difficult to think up a new one, but a customer who

lunched at a famous hostelry achieved it. Being in a sentimental, contemplative mood, the customer said:

"I suppose people from every nation under the sun dine here?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter.

"It is depressing to reflect on the generations that have sat at these old tables," the customer went on dreamily. "Old and young, learned and ignorant, grave and gay, rich and poor."

At that point in the reverie the waiter flared up indignantly.

"Not poor," he corrected. "It costs money to eat in this place."

Then he presented the bill, and the customer heartily concurred.

Misapprehension.

Young Frank made himself the hero of a story, when he was visiting his aunt's house in the city and called for "that one about the boy who ate the ribs and it made him sick."

Aunt Matilda paused thoughtfully. "I do not recall any such story, Frank," said she.

She made many suggestions, but none answered the description. Frank could not read, but he thought he could find the book. He succeeded. His aunt read one thing after another, until in the midst of the "Night Before Christmas" Frank gave a whoop of joy. She was reading.

"He rushed to the window and threw up the sash."

"That's it! That's it!" cried the lad. "You see it's just as I told you!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Doom Franklin House.

Another literary landmark is in the hands of the London housebreakers. No. 7 Craven street, which bears a tablet of the Society of Arts, announcing that Benjamin Franklin once lived there, has been marked for destruction in order to make room for a modern hotel. When Franklin went to London in 1757 as the agent of the American colonies, he secured permanent lodgings with a Mrs. Stevenson at this address and liked them so well that he retained them for almost fifteen years.

Meeting Modern Problems.

"What do you think we ought to do with these gunmen?" asked one big town official.

"I don't know," replied the other. "It doesn't seem practical to ask all the lawabiding people to move and then give the gunmen arms and ammunition and let them fight it out."

PLACING HIS AFFECTION

CL. ST. D. — 2636

By HARRISON SMITH.

Johnny Hawley took his second cup of tea, absent-mindedly put in two lumps of sugar, which he never used, and stirred it thoughtfully. The fire crackled on the wide hearth, and never had he seen Philippa look so altogether adorable as she did that blowy March afternoon.

"As I was saying," said Johnny, with a sidelong glance at Philippa and trying to hold his voice to its usual conversational tone, "I've been very, very wretched of late."

"Have you?" said she. "I think I know what's the matter," she hazarded.

"Do you?" asked Johnny. "Let's hear your diagnosis of the unfortunate case."

"You're in love," said she, very demurely, and Johnny in his joy of the moment started so violently that he all but upset his tea.

"Say, you're some little odd mind reader, Philippa," he declared. "How'd you guess it?"

"It's too easy," said she with a little sigh. "Anyone who knows you at all could guess that about you of late, Johnny."

"That's dead right," said Johnny. "Anybody could have guessed it, couldn't they?"

"No reason why not," said she. "I can even tell whom you are in love with."

"Go ahead," said Johnny. "Don't let any false modesty stand in your way."

Philippa said very calmly:

"The reason you are wretched is because of the person you're so much in love with, Johnny, and that person is me."

A dainty Sevres cup was smashed and a goodly quantity of perfectly good tea was slopped about promiscuously as Johnny, who had half risen from his chair, sat down in it again with rather too much suddenness.

"You're terribly in love with yourself, Johnny," she went on calmly. "You think only of your own pleasure and comfort. You have altogether too much money for your own good. It's made you dreadfully selfish."

"You mean I should do things?" he asked weakly, aware from her pause that something was expected of him conversationally.

"Exactly."

"Well, I'll give away more of it," said she. "What's your pet charity now, Philippa? Tell me and I'll write out a regular old whale of a check for it—one that will really make your eyes pop out."

"Oh, Johnny Hawley!" she chided, "always a point of view like that! You think just giving money, when you have oodles of it—more than you can possibly spend yourself—means being unselfish. You wouldn't miss the money. You'd forget ten minutes after you'd given it. You'd never feel the difference. That will never cure your wretchedness. You've got to give something of yourself—something personal, something really worth while, before ever you'll feel any better."

"There's Ned Hawkins," she said musically at length. "Ned's going an awful pace. Money won't help him any, because he has too much of it already. But personal work will. Ned's young and foolish and a bit of personal work with him might make a man out of him."

"Oh, that silly fool?" he questioned. "The quicker his kind go to the devil, the better for all concerned. I couldn't do anything for him."

"It would be disagreeable, wouldn't it?" she said mockingly. "I forgot you couldn't possibly do anything the least bit distasteful to you."

"What'd you think of me if I did succeed in making Ned pull up a bit?" he asked.

"Your reward would be in the feeling you had of having done something really worth while for once—in being really unselfish, for I realize it's going to be a particularly disagreeable task straightening Ned out."

Johnny took his hat and stick, said good-by, apologized for the cup he had so awkwardly broken, and went down to the club. He sat there for a long time staring out of the big front window, thinking deeply and turning many things over in his mind. Then he saw Ned Hawkins coming up the steps, none too steadily—with two of his closest and most disreputable cronies. Johnny got

PROPOSAL.

The Board of Education of the Borough of Roosevelt will receive sealed estimates on the proposed equipment of the new addition of School No. 2 as follows:

250 Normal Size Desks and Chairs.

400 Open Chairs for Auditorium.

16 Visitor Chairs.

8 Teachers' Desks and Chairs.

Samples of the above specified equipment can be seen at School No. 2, where said samples are on exhibition.

Bids will be received and opened at School No. 2, Chrome, N. J., and estimates must be in the hands of the Clerk of the Board, George W. Morgan, not later than 8 P. M. Tuesday, August 4, 1914.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By the direction of the Board of Education of the Borough of Roosevelt, N. J.

EDWARD J. HEIL, President.

GEORGE W. MORGAN, Clerk.

WOODING OF THE MAJOR

By C. E. BARKER.

He was one of the kind of people who come naturally by a nickname.

The major was one of the most methodical of men. Promptly at nine o'clock he came down fresh and pink from breakfast, read his mail in the comfortable seclusion of the writing room, dictated the answers to his letters to the hotel stenographer, lit a fresh cigar at the cigar stand, and then dull business cares were brushed aside and he repaired with sprightly steps to the bar.

"One day in the midst of the letters, Miss Mitchell looked up for an instant at a lady who was passing through the lobby.

"What an exquisite bunch of violets," she said.

"Very pretty," replied the major, following her glance, and then they went on with their work.

The next morning a neighboring florist's boy placed a fine bunch of English beauties in the little bud vase on Miss Mitchell's desk, and morning after morning this was repeated.

After the morning dictation during one of the little chats which the major had come to allow himself, Miss Mitchell, one day expressed a very adverse opinion about the men who drank and were "fast."

This speech had a marked effect upon the major.

The very next day, after his business routine, the major left a forwarding address with the clerk on duty and registered out.

A month—two months passed, and still the major had not returned to his old corner in the Windsor bar. The only mark of his long residence at the hotel was the little bunch of fresh violets which daily adorned Miss Mitchell's desk.

One day, as unheralded as had been his departure, the major returned to the Windsor. His complexion was whiter and his eyes were clearer, otherwise he was the same old major, careless, lively and jovial.

He dictated his letters to Miss Mitchell as usual the next morning, but it was observed and marked with much special notice that he did not follow his old habit of turning toward the bar immediately thereafter. Instead of this, he stepped into a big automobile that stood at the door, and was away in a trice.

At least once he asked Miss Mitchell to ride with him, but she met the proposal with a cheerful "no, thank you," that left no room for doubt about her decision.

A morning came on which he attended to his correspondence with more than usual care. In addition to the regular grind of business he wrote some long delayed missives to old college friends—dashing, brilliant, unconventional letters they were, full of the boyish spirit which the major still held, notwithstanding his acknowledged thirty-eight years. When he had quite finished, he drew from his pocket an important looking paper.

"Miss Mitchell, I have a very particular matter I wish to speak about—No, you needn't take my words down on paper—I'm not dictating. The fact is—I am thinking of—well, giving you the chance of dictating some to me, if you think proper."

"Why—what do you mean, Mr. Ebsbourne?" she asked, her large, heavy lashed eyes looking the utmost wonder.

"It's a very simple matter, Miss Mitchell—at least I used to think it was when I observed the symptoms in other folks. But—don't look at me like that—you might pretend you are taking notes; some one will see and wonder what we are talking about—"

"Oh, if it's anything—improper, you mustn't say it, Mr. Ebsbourne." She was plainly agitated.

"Not the very least improper, little one, but the most natural thing that ever occurred to me in all my wild, harum-scarum life. Now, listen calmly; if what I say is not pleasing you, I will stop, and we will not talk about it any more. I love you. I can't help loving you, any more than I could help breathing or living if I didn't breathe."

"Well, ding blast my top jib's!" was all Eger could remark.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

UNCLE ELI DULY REPORTED

According to Him, Little Delta's Household Arrangements Were Both Fearful and Wonderful.

When Uncle Eli Gridley of Dewy Dale went to pay an overnight visit to his niece in the city, his wife, Aunt Susan, enjoined him to take particular note of Delta's clothes, the furnishing of her home, the kind of meals she gave him, and, in short, to gather every item of domestic interest, to be reported to her on his return.

When he got home again, Uncle Eli declared that he had followed instructions, although it had required close application and great diligence to do so. Delta had kindly explained everything to him and had even written down the unfamiliar words, with their pronunciation, for him.

"If I've got some of the names mixed up bit," he remarked, with a twinkle of dry humor in his eye, "they ain't far enough out of the way to do any hurt, and I did the best I could."

"All right," beamed Aunt Susan, "tell what you can recollect. I reckon Delta's got a fine home, hasn't she?"

"Elegant; it's built in the old Flanders fashion; the walls are paneled in Parmesan with trimmin' an' gratin', and the furniture is mostly of the old puree style. Delta likes that better than the crepe de chine—says it isn't so florid. The floors haven't got any carpets—just rugs, dreadful costly ones that come mostly from Mayonnaise."

"Goodness me!" commented Aunt Susan, admiringly. "And what kind of clothes did Delta wear?"

"Awful handsome. Her dinner dress was blue Limoges trimmed with rows of bouillon; it had a little pergola round the neck made out of Jardiniere, and she wore a beautiful ragout in her hair."

"O la!" gasped Aunt Susan. "But the dinner—it beat the chair, Susan. The dinner set was of charmeuse, mighty pretty, and the viands were fine. There was soup lingerie, roast beef a la foyard, spaghetti with medallions, potatoes pomegranate, and a dandy Satsuma puddin' with bandeau sauce."

"My father—" Rosie paused. She knew she could say one of two things. "He is away," she ended triumphantly.

"Away! Is he coming back?" she asked, with newly awakened interest.

"Yes," said Rosie, "he is coming back some time," and suddenly she turned and fairly flew down the sunbathed road.

Rosie sat on the doorstep mending a garment. She was thin and frail, with a pink flush on her sunken cheeks and a burn in her dark eyes. She smiled as the child rushed up and let her work fall in her lap.

"Well, what is it?" she inquired, listlessly.

"They all have 'em—where is my father?" she cried, in little pants. "When is he comin' back?"

"Comin' back?" Rachel echoed in amazement.

"Yes. I told Mamie he was comin' some time."

"Well, he's not"—an angry light darted in her eyes—"you haven't one, and tell her so if she asks you again. Little idiots," she added, more to herself than to the child.

Rosie's arms had fallen limp at her sides. Horror, astonishment and bewilderment successively came in her face.

The next morning in the schoolhouse several of the children were gathered around the teacher, so Rosie shyly joined the group and heard the last part of the conversation.

"Little Lucy Harlow is going to start to school today, and you must all be especially nice and kind to her, for she hasn't a father."

"Oh! oh! Rosie's heart beat tumultuously. At last there would be one of her kind.

Lucy Harlow and her mother came in just before the last bell rang. Rosie did not attempt to probe the difference, but she knew immediately that Mrs. Harlow was curiously unlike the other mothers in the village.

One evening Rosie stood at the gate, gazing up and down the road, until finally her diligent watch was rewarded. A man, wearing a shabby blue suit, a gay necktie, patent leather shoes, and carrying a traveling bag, walked briskly towards her.

Rosie looked dubious. She knew she could not buy soap, and yet, Prince Charming had been too long in coming to allow him to escape now that he stood upon their very threshold.

Rachel would soon turn the bend in the road, but until that moment she had not considered that it would be a very dirty, tired-looking Rachel. A happy thought suddenly occurred to her.

"I tell you what!" Rosie raised her shining eyes. "Come again 'bout dusk. My mother will be home by that time."

"Well, I say you're an uncommonly polite little girl. I'll be back," and to Rosie's astonishment, Prince Charming lifted his hat and went leisurely towards the village.

When her mother returned, she said:

"You beat all, you queer little thing. But I wouldn't dress for a soap agent or a prince tonight, why, I'm actually too tired to eat," and with a sigh she sank wearily on the steps.

Down the road came the soap agent.

"I am selling soap," he began and stopped abruptly.

"Frank!" she cried, placing her hand to her forehead in a piteous effort to suppress her emotion.

He gazed at her dumb-struck, until the appeal in her faded, bitter face gave him understanding.

"Tell her," said the soap agent, and there was an unmistakable tremor in his voice, "Prince Charming is here."

Possible Attraction.

"What's all the fuss about this Monsieur?" inquired the vaudeville manager.

"She seems to be getting plenty of advertising," opined his chief of staff.

"Well, I don't know who she is, but offer her \$500 a week and we'll take a chance."

LITTLE ROSIE'S FATHER

By L. M. STEVENS.

Two questions seriously troubled Rosie. Where was her father? Why didn't Rachel have a beau? Rachel, who was her mother, had long ago concluded the child was an oddity and paid little or no attention to her endless queries and singular habits, though oftentimes she would pause in her work to gaze at Rosie, rocking to and fro, with a kitten hugged tight in her arms and singing in a shrill voice a quaint little song.

Rachel invariably sighed. Her relation to her child was not of an intimate nature. She was always too overworked to encourage friendliness and, therefore, Rosie seemed strange and remote. Romance enveloped her and she lived in a world of her own creation, far removed from her humble surroundings. She went to the little whitewashed schoolhouse on the hill, and at recess played with the children, but afterward she came home and sat on the doorstep alone.

One day a little girl, who was exceedingly small, but very important because her father was the store-keeper, began to swing on the school-yard gate and looked Rosie over with contemptuous disapproval.

"Why do you stick after us?" she asked.

"I don't," said Rosie quickly, "and I think it's mean of you to say so."

"Oh, do you?" cried the little girl.

"I'd like to know why, when my mamma said it was a pity we respectable children had to play with you, and that you didn't have a father, even, and—"

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That Awful Boy.

In the toy department of one of London's large shops one Saturday there was intense excitement for a while. Nearly all the small boys, a moment or two after coming in, began to rub their necks, then complain to their parents of a burning sensation down their backs, and finally weep bitterly.

There was chaos for some time, and then an astute assistant made a good guess at the reason. He went outside, and found close to the door a small angel-faced boy, who had equipped himself with a tin of that diabolical mixture known as "itching powder," and was systematically sprinkling it on the necks of every other small boy.

An old bachelor says that whenever you meet a small boy you ought to beat him, because if he is not actually doing mischief he is meditating it.

QUELLING THE STORM

By JEAN SHEAR.

Mrs. Albright breathed a long breath of relief.

Ten charming children between the ages of six and ten had arrived at her home by ones and twos at the appointed hour to participate in the delights of her young son Henry's birthday party.

They had been safely herded up the stairs and there had been relieved of wraps and mysterious parcels; they had reluctantly identified and re-adopted their several pocket handkerchiefs and then

they had filed solemnly down the stairs and had arrived on the scene of the projected festivities. The dreaded moments during which Henry received and examined his birthday gifts had also been passed through with outward calm. Therefore, Mrs. Albright permitted herself to take that long breath of relief.

Taffeta Afternoon Dress to Cost Ten Dollars



LONG with the flowers, the sunmer girl is glorifying the earth with beauty. More marvelous than all of them, and ever changing, she blossoms out in all the lovely conceits that have been invented for her. And each girl, taking her cue from the last word in styles, tells her own story of the mode. Wise young heads plan to reveal a beauty of neck or arm, or to conceal a little defect. The result is that fashions are spiced with much variety.

One of the numberless afternoon gowns of taffeta, in which the design is suited to the fabric and could hardly be carried out in any other, is shown here. The very short sleeves and "V" shaped neck are pretty for either the plump or moderately slender girl. But the bodice gathered in over the shoulder provides a fulness that is suited to the slender girl, and should be dispensed with for heavier figures.

The skirt is straight and moderately full. Two shaped ruffles at the waist line and about the hips make a short tunic effect. This is adapted to a slender figure. A tunic cut to fit smoothly about the hips and without fulness is much better for any other.

Gimpes of lace, with round or high neck, and undersleeves of lace or net, are made to be worn with gowns of

this description. The addition of these accessories make it possible to wear this dress on the street. The girdle of handsome brocaded ribbon gives opportunity for an individual taste in the selection of colors, and is a touch of light and splendor needed in a design so noticeably simple.

Two-toned or changeable taffetas, and the fashionable plain colors look well made in this and similar styles. The design is so simple that it hardly requires a pattern to follow it. The home dressmaker can hardly fail to be satisfied with a pretty dress which makes so few demands upon her ingenuity.

The all-round usefulness of taffeta for afternoon and evening wear has given it pre-eminence this season. Besides, it is inexpensive. In the 36-inch width with a good quality sells at about a dollar and a half a yard. The allowance for a dress is not often more than five yards, so that one may manage to provide material for it, and also enough ribbon for the girdle, net for the gimpes and sleeves and the few necessary findings for making, without exceeding the purchasing power of a ten-dollar bill. It is in being able to make things at home that chances lie for excellent dressing on a modest allowance of money.

Ribbon Hats of Black Moire



SOMETHING quite novel in hats bids for the attention of those who find themselves in need of late summer headwear. Hats made entirely of ribbon, and trimmed with it, are demonstrating how cleverly designers take advantage of a special kind of fabric and use it in a new way to anticipate a late-season want.

The special fabric, in this instance, is moire ribbon of a very high luster, with the beautiful markings that distinguish it from other weaves strongly defined. It is used to cover the body of the hats and to form wings, bows and "ears" or other ornaments with which the covered hats are adorned.

The purchaser of late-season millinery chooses either a hat that is manufactured for wear during a brief period, when all white or white and black indicate the dog days, or a hat that belongs to no particular season. Such a hat may be expected to prove useful for fall up to the time that the snow flies and to come in handy when there is a doubt as to what will suit the weather.

The three hats of black moire shown

here belong to the latter class. They are suited to fall as well as to summer. An all black hat "comes in handy" so often that it ought to form a part of every woman's outfitting in millinery.

The shapes are moderate in size and of light weight buckram. Except for some plain satin used for facing underbrims and covering coronets no other material than moire (in either wide or narrow ribbon) is used.

A millinery paste or glue is used in covering the "ears," wings, buckles, etc., and in applying the ribbon to the shape, if it is to be flat to the buckram. This is the work of a professional milliner and can hardly be done by the amateur. Where the ribbon is laid on the shape in plaitings or ruffles the needle and thread do the work and such hats are not too difficult for the home milliner.

The largest of the three hats pictured here is made over a frame which extends over the face and turns up in the back. It is covered with plain messaline satin. The brim edge is finished with a binding.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

The KITCHEN CABINET

Without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plagued love
Endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty
won,
Oh, that were man! a world without
a sun.—Campbell.

NUTS IN VARIOUS WAYS.

All food authorities claim for nuts a high food value. They are rich in protein and fat but it must be remembered that they are also a very concentrated food, which if too freely used will cause digestive disturbances. Used with fruit, bread, crackers and vegetables, which are largely cellulose, they are most easily digested. A formal luncheon or dinner is incomplete without salted almonds and a lunch basket is not properly furnished without a handful of nuts of some kind to add variety as well as food value.

A few blanched almonds added to potato salad give it a most festive air.

Brazilian Salad.—This makes a most refreshing dinner salad. Remove the skin and seeds from white grapes and cut in halves lengthwise. Add an equal quantity of shredded fresh pine-apple, apples cut in dice, and celery cut in small pieces, allowed to stand in ice water to become firm and crisp. Then drain and dry well on cheese-cloth. Add a fourth of the quantity of Brazil nuts which have been carefully peeled of the brown skin and cut in even slices. Mix well and add mayonnaise dressing. Serve in nests of lettuce leaves.

Banaras Salad.—Use fresh grated cocoanut one cupful, two cupfuls of diced apple, a teaspoonful of grated onion, one chopped red pepper and one of green, mixed well with French dressing and serve in apple cups. If fresh peppers and cocoanut are not obtainable use the dry cocoanut well washed in milk to remove the sugar and soften it; for green, chopped parsley may be substituted for the pepper and canned red pepper may be used for the fresh, although it is not nearly as pretty.

A nut omelet is so well liked that it is well to store it for use. Put a handful of blanched almonds in the pan with the butter and pour the omelet in at once; when it is folded the almonds will be well browned. Serve with a hot maple or caramel sauce. This is a delicious dessert.

We should never remember the benefits we have conferred, nor forget the favors received.

Wisdom provides things necessary, not superfluous.—Proverbs.

GOOD EATING.

Now that green apples are in the market many most appetizing dishes may be made for today and for the winter months. If the tender green Duchess apple is used before the peeling becomes tough it may be cooked with the peeling on with great addition to the flavor. To prepare spiced apple for winter to use with meats this same apple is especially fine. Use the apple sliced unpeeled and prepare as for any spiced fruit, giving it a long, slow cooking.

Green apples cooked with onions and a little fat, with a very little water and sugar, with a dash of salt, make a delicious accompaniment to pork chops.

Cream of Fish Soup.—Put the head, bones and any left-over fish in the kettle with a slice of onion, carrot, a bay leaf and cold water to cover. Cook slowly one hour, strain the liquor and for each quart add two tablespoonsfuls each of flour and butter cooked together. Boil five minutes, season, add a cupful of cream, more seasonings and a handful of parsley finely chopped.

Pineapple Salad.—Cut in strips three slices of pineapple and one canned red pepper; put on ice until serving time, then arrange on lettuce and serve with boiled dressing, made rich with whipped cream.

Figaro Sauce.—Cook two slices of onion and carrot, half a slice of lean bacon or ham, half a stalk of celery, a branch of parsley, all cut fine; add a bit of bay leaf, and cook in three tablespoonfuls of butter until slightly brown, then add a cupful of tomato puree; stir and simmer, and strain when reduced one-half. When cold fold in a half cupful of mayonnaise dressing.

What is the Reason?

A man can walk a block with another woman and discuss 4,678 subjects in a delightful manner. And he could walk nine miles with his wife and not be able to think of a darn thing to say.

A Serious Matter.

"The doctor looked grave when he came out."

"Yes. The patient he went to see owes him for his services during a previous illness."

Have more than thou shovest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest
Ride more than thou goest
Learn more than thou knowest
Set less than thou throwest.
—King Lear.

FISH, FLESH AND FOWL.

Baked fish are easy to prepare and are especially delicious so cooked, and with the addition of a stuffing and a good vegetable make a very substantial dinner, which will require little attention, once it is in the oven. Any of the larger fish which have coarse bones are suitable for baking. Clean the fish and let stand in salted water for an hour, rinse and stuff, tie in shape with a string, sprinkle well with salt and flour and place on the rack in a baking pan. Place a little water in the bottom of the pan and lay strips of bacon over the fish to keep it well basted while roasting. Serve garnished with parsley.

A nice change from the above method is to stuff the fish and instead of the water use a can of tomatoes or a few fresh ones sliced over the fish. Serve in the baking dish.

Stuffing for Fish.—Brown a tablespoonful of butter, add an equal amount of chopped onion, add a half cupful of chopped salt pork, season well with salt, pepper and sufficient bread crumbs with two well-beaten eggs to thicken. Fill the fish with this mixture and if there is any left over make into small balls and put around the fish while baking.

Kentucky fried chicken is cooked with lard for fat, until brown, on the top of the stove then set in the oven to cook until tender. This insures that delicate brown all over which is so much desired.

Roast Duck With Orange Sauce.—Mince the livers of the ducks with a little bacon, add some chopped green onions, mushrooms and parsley, salt and pepper. Stuff the duck with this, lay on slices of bacon, wrap in paper and bake. Serve with this sauce poured over the gravy in the pan to which is added the juice of an orange, a little of the rind and onion juice, all boiling hot.

Though cooks are often men of priggish wit,
Through niceness of their subject, few have writ.—Dr. King.

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend a friend. Be discreet.

SUMMER DISHES.

New potatoes are nice served this way: Scrape, wash and cook until tender in boiling salted water; when tender add a lump of butter, a dash of red pepper and a cupful of cream into which has been stirred a tablespoonful of flour. Let cook until smooth and serve hot.

Crown Roast of Lamb.

This is a dish especially prepared with spring lamb. Trim the bones from the saddle, using two pieces put together in the form of a crown; tie with string and skewer firmly. On each trimmed bone wrap a piece of salt pork to keep the bones from charring; baste frequently and serve with mashed potatoes in the center, with green peas around the meat as garnish.

Anchovy Canapes.—Make small circular pieces of toast and spread each with butter and anchovy paste. Sprinkle with lemon juice and garnish with two strips of pimento put at right angles. Arrange with a garnish of hard-cooked egg and lemon quarters.

Cheese Custard.—Butter bread one inch thick; remove crust, cut in cubes, put in buttered baking dish with layers of cheese alternating with the bread, using a cupful of cheese with one beaten egg, one and a half cupfuls of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a few sprinklings of pepper. Pour over bread and cheese and bake until firm.

Red Peppers and Mushrooms.—Cut off the small ends of the peppers and take out the seeds. Mix two cupfuls of soft white bread crumbs with half a cupful of thick sweet cream, and a cupful of chopped mushrooms; season with salt; stuff the peppers lightly and bake, basting with butter as they cook. Serve plain or with a sauce.

Nutmeg melons cut in cubes sprinkled with powdered sugar, lemon juice and nutmeg make a delicious dessert when well chilled and served in cocktail glasses.

They Who Write May Read.
Women and men now writing mushy letters to the husbands and wives of other women and men can get an idea of just how they will look in type at some future date by perusing the current divorce reports in the papers. But no warning will stop the predestined author of a "human document."

To Soften Paint Brushes.
Willow heated to the boiling point will soften paint brushes that have become dry and hard.

Elegant Blouses in Voile and Organdy



ONE of the handsomest of the many beautiful lingerie blouses which have added so much to the beauty of apparel this summer, is very clearly pictured here. It is made of fine organdy and depends for its effectiveness upon the fineness of the fabric and the faultlessness of the work as well as upon a fine choice of lace and embroidery used in decorating.

The upper part of the blouse is cut in kimono fashion from a piece of the organdy tucked in squares, in tucks an eighth of an inch wide. A panel is set in at the back and front of the plain organdy. Cluny lace edging or some other equally good lace, is used in setting in these panels. The lower part of the blouse back and front is of the plain fabric.

The sleeves are finished with a band of the plain organdy to which a net frill is attached by a fine line of hemstitching.

Whenever the plain organdy is used a dainty design in hand embroidery adorns it. The collar is finished with small embroidered scallops and the flower design, appearing on the waist elsewhere, is repeated here. The collar is wired with the finest of wire to support it at the back.

A waist cut on somewhat similar lines and made of figured voile is shown in the second picture. In this model all seams are joined with a piping of cord covered with the material. There is a vest of plain white net and a collar of net and lace. Pearl buttons fasten the vest and small bows of satin, matching the flower in the voile, add a pretty color note and a smart finish.

Both these models are finished at the waist line with a narrow belt which sets under the skirt. There is very little work on the blouse of voile but the daintiness of the fabric, showing lavender flowers on a white ground and the fineness of the plain net in vest and collar, produce an effect of elegance almost equal to that in the elaborate blouse of organdy.

A Bit of Finery for the Small Lady



NOT all the dresses made for little girls are long waisted. Those designed for dress-up occasions, the late afternoon promenade, or the little lady's appearance at the dinner table, are often made of foulard or other light weight silk, and along the lines pictured here. They are not quite so faultlessly adapted to the childish figure as the longer waisted models, but they afford variety and look well on the too slender bodies of fast-growing children.

At this stage ("the awkward age" it is pitilessly called) the mother is put to her wits' end to clothe her little maid attractively. It is ruinous to allow the child to become conscious that she is not as graceful as she will be later on. Let her either be unconscious of her clothes or made to feel that she looks particularly well in any one of her new dresses, and this will help her immensely in carrying her self well.

This simple little dress of ring-dot foulard is in mauve color with a white dot. The wide taffeta collar is in plain mauve and is finished at the front with a little cravat bow of the foulard. There is no attempt at decoration in this model. The three half-

inch hand-run tucks above the hem are put there for the purpose of lengthening the skirt when necessary.

The skirt is longer than it appears in the picture, measuring about a third longer than the waist, when length of waist is measured from the shoulder, and the skirt from waist line to hem. The skirt is laid in small box-plaits at the top and bottom and set on to the waist with a narrow, plaited frill, standing up.

The wide, black velvet belt is a new item in style for little girls. It drops below the waist line at the left side and is finished with a flat bow without ends.

A little dress in average good quality in foulard will stand considerable wear, and in staple colors will bear careful washing. Considering the pleasure which little girls manage to get out of silk for wear upon their simple "state occasions," the average mother is inclined to indulge them in this bit of finery. But little misses, adding six or more inches to their height in a year, require planning by the mother, lest they grow out of their most treasured clothes long before they have worn them out.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.



The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated by Pictures from the Moving Picture Production of the Selig Polyscope Co.

(Copyright by Harold MacGrath)

CHAPTER I.

Under a canopied platform stood a young girl, modeling in clay. The glare of the California sunshine, filtering through the canvas, became mellowed, warm, and golden. Above the girl's head—yellow like the stalk of wheat—there hovered a kind of aureola, as if there had risen above it a haze of impalpable gold dust. A poet I know might have cried out that there ended his quest of the Golden Girl. Straight she stood at this moment, lovely of face, rounded of form, with an indescribable suggestion of latent physical power or magnetism. On her temples there were little daubs of clay, caused doubtless by impatient fingers sweeping back occasional wind-blown locks of hair. There was even a dab on the side of her handsome, sensitive nose.

Her hand, still filled with clay, dropped to her side, and a tableau endured for minute or two, suggesting a remote period, a Persian idyl, mayhap. With a smile on her lips she stared at the living model. The chary eyes of the leopard stared back, a flicker of restlessness in their brilliant yellow depths. The tip of the tail twitched.

"You beautiful thing!" she said.

She began kneading the clay again, and with deft fingers added bits here and there to the creature which had grown up under her strong, supple fingers.

"Kathlyn! Oh, Kit!"

The sculptress paused, the pucker left her brow, and she turned, her face beaming, for her sister Winnie was the apple of her eye, and she brooded over her like the mother would have done had the mother lived.

For Winnie, dark as Kathlyn was light, was as careless and aimless as thisdown in the wind.

A collie leaped upon the platform and began pawing Kathlyn, and shortly after the younger sister followed. Neither of the girls noted the stiffening mustaches of the leopard. The animal rose, and his nostrils palpitated. He hated the dog with a hatred not unmixed with fear. Treachery is in the marrow of all cats. To breed them in captivity does not matter. Sooner or later they will strike. Never before had the leopard been so close to his enemy, free of the leash.

"Kit, it is just wonderful. However can you do it? Some day we'll make dad take us to Paris, where you can exhibit them."

A snarl from the leopard, answered by a growl from the collie, brought Kathlyn's head about. The cat leaped, but toward Winnie, not the collie. With a cry of terror Winnie turned and ran in the direction of the bungalow. Kathlyn, seizing the leash, followed like the wind, hampered though she was by the apron. The cat loped after the fleeing girl, gaining at each bound. The yelping of the collie brought forth from various points low rumbling sounds, which presently developed into roars.

Winnie turned sharply around the corner of the bungalow toward the empty animal cages, to attract her father and at the same time rouse some of the keepers. Seeing the door of an empty cage open, and that it was approached by a board runway, she flew to it, entered, and slammed the door and held it. The cat, now hot with the lust to kill, threw himself against the bars, snarling and spitting. Kathlyn called out to him sharply, and fearlessly approached him. She began talking in a monotone. His ears went flat against his head, but he submitted to her touch because invariably it soothed him, and because he sensed some undefinable power whenever his gaze met hers. She snapped the leash on his collar just as her father came running up, pale and disturbed. He ran to the door and opened it.

"Winnie, you poor little kitten," he said, taking her in his arms, "how many times have I told you never to take that dog about when Kit's leopard is off the leash?"

"I didn't think," she sobbed.

"No. Kit here and I must always do your thinking for you. Ahmed!"

"Yes, sahib," answered the head keeper.

"See if you can stop that racket over there. Sadie may lose her litter if it keeps up."

The lean, brown Mohammedan trotted away in obedience to his orders. He knew how to stop captive lions from roaring. He knew how to send terror to their hearts. As he ran he began to hiss softly.

Colonel Hare, with his arm about Winnie, walked toward the bungalow.

"Lock your pet up, Kit," he called over his shoulder, "and come into tea."

Kathlyn spoke soothingly to the leopard, scratched his head behind the ears, and shortly a low, satisfied rumble stirred his throat, and his tail no longer slashed about. She led him to his own cage, never ceasing to talk, locked the door, then turned and walked thoughtfully toward the bungalow.

She was wondering what this gift was that put awe into the eyes of the native keepers on her father's wild

animal farm and temporary peace in the hearts of the savage beasts. She realized that she possessed it, but it was beyond analysis. Often some wild-eyed keeper would burst in upon her. Some newly captive lion or tiger was killing itself from mere passion, and wouldn't the membership come at once and talk to it? There was a kind of pity in her heart for these poor wild things, and perhaps they perceived this pity, which was fearless.

"She gets a little from me, I suppose," Colonel Hare had once answered to a query, "for I've always had a way with four-footed things. But I think Ahmed is right. Kathlyn is heaven born. I've seen the night when Brocken would be tame beside the demon roundabout. Yet half an hour after Kit starts the rounds everything quiets down. The gods are in it."

The living room of the bungalow was large and comfortable. The walls were adorned with the heads of wild beasts, and their great furry hides shared honors with the Persian rugs on the floor. Hare was a man who would pack up at a moment's notice and go to the far ends of the world to find a perfect black panther, a cheetah with a litter, or a great horned rhinoceros. He was tall and broad and amazingly active, for all that his hair and mustache were almost white. For 30 years or more he had gone about the hazardous enterprise of supplying zoological gardens and circuses with wild beasts. He was known from Hamburg to Singapore, from Mombasa to Rio Janeiro. The Numidian lion, the Rajput tiger, and the Malayan panther had cause to fear Hare Sahib. He was even now preparing to return to Ceylon for an elephant hunt.

The two daughters went over to the tea tabaret, where a matronly maid was busying with the service. The fragrant odor of tea permeated the room. Hare paused at his desk. Lines suddenly appeared on his bronzed face. He gazed for a space at the calendar. The day was the 15th of July. Should he go back there, or should he give up the expedition? He might never return. India and the border countries!

What a land, full of beauty and romance and terror and squalor, at once barbaric and civilized! He loved it and hated it, and sometimes feared it, he who had faced on foot many a wounded tiger.

He shrugged, reached into the desk for a box of Jaipur brass enamel and took from it a medal attached to a ribbon. The golden disk was encrusted with uncut rubies and emeralds.

"Girls," he called. "Come here a moment. Martha, that will be all," with a nod toward the door. "I never showed you this before."

"Goodness gracious!" cried Winnie, reaching out her hand.

"Why, it looks like a decoration, father," said Kathlyn. "What lovely stones! It would make a beautiful pendant."

"Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," said the colonel, smiling down into their

Winnie gurgled her delight, but her sister searched her father's eyes. She did not quite like the way he said those words. His voice lacked its usual heartiness and spontaneity.

"Where did you get this medal, father?" she asked.

"That's what I started out to tell you."

"Were you afraid we might wish to wear it or have it made over?" laughed Winnie, who never went below the surface of things.

"No. The truth is, I had almost forgotten it. But the preparations for India recalled it to mind. It represents a royal title conferred on me by the king of Alaha. You have never been to India, Kit. Alaha is the name we give that border kingdom. Some day England will gobble it up; only waiting for a good excuse."

"What big thing did you do?" demanded Kathlyn, her eyes still filled with scrutiny.

"What makes you think it was big?" jestingly.

"Because," she answered, seriously, "you never do anything but big things. As the lion is among beasts, you are among men."

"Good lord!" The colonel reached embarrassed for his pipe, lit it, puffed a few minutes, then laid down the pipe. "India is full of strange tongues and strange kingdoms and principalities. Most of them are dominated by the British raj, some are only protected, while others do about as they please. This state—touching the order—does about as it did since the days of the first white rover who touched the shores of Hind. It is small, but that signifies nothing; for you can brew a mighty poison in a small pot. Well, I happened to save the old king's life."

"I knew it would be something like that," said Kathlyn. "Go on. Tell it all."

The colonel had recourse to his pipe again. He smoked on till the coal was dead. The girls waited patiently. They knew that his silence meant that he was only marshalling the events in their chronological order.

"The king was a kindly old chap, simple, yet shrewd, and with that clumsy oriental way of accomplishing his ends, despite all obstacles. Underneath this apparent simplicity I discovered a grim, sardonic humor. Trust the oriental for always having that packed away under his bewildering diplomacy. He was all alone in the world. He was one of those rare eastern potentates who wasn't hampered by parasitical relatives. By George, the old boy could have given his kingdom, lock, stock and barrel, to the British government, and no one could say him nay. There was a good deal of rumor the last time I was there that when he died England would step in actually. The old boy gave me leave to come and go as I pleased, to hunt where and how I would. I had a mighty fine collection. There are tigers and leopards and bears and fat old pythons, 40 foot long. Of course, it isn't the tiger country that central India is, but the brutes you find are bigger. I have about 60 beasts there now, and that's mainly why I'm going back. Want to clean it up and ship 'em to Hamburg, where I've a large standing order. I'm going first to Ceylon, for some elephants."

The colonel knocked the ash from his pipe.

"The old boy used to do some trapping himself, and whenever he'd catch a fine specimen he'd turn it over to me. He had a hunting lodge not far from my quarters. One day Ahmed came to me with a message saying that the king commanded my presence at the lodge, where his slaves had trapped a fine leopard. Yes, my dears, slaves. There is even a slave mart at the capital this day. A barbaric fairy land, with its good genii and its bad djinns."

"The Arabian Nights," murmured Winnie, snuggling close to Kathlyn.

"The oriental loves pomp," went on the colonel. "He can't give you a chapatti!"

"What's that?" asked Winnie.

"Something likehardtack. Well, he can't give you that without ceremonial. When I arrived at the lodge with Ahmed the old boy—he had the complexion of a prima donna—the old boy sat on his portable throne, glittering with orders. Standing beside him was a chap we called Umballa. He had been a street rat. A bit of impudence had caught the king's fancy, and he brought up the boy, clothed, fed him, and sent him away down to Umballa to school. When the boy returned he talked Umballa morning, noon, and night, till the soldiers began to call him that, and from them it passed on to the natives, all of whom disliked the upstart. Hanged if I can recall his real name. He was ugly and handsome at the same time; suave, patient, courteous; yet somehow or other I sensed the real man below—the Tartar blood. I took a dislike to him, first off. It's the animal sense. You've got it, Kit. Behind the king sat the Council of Three—three wise old ducks I wouldn't trust with an old umbrella."

Winnie laughed.

"Come here, my pretty cubs!" He held out the envelope. "I want you, Kit, to open this on December 31, at midnight. Girls like mysteries, and if you opened it any time but midnight it wouldn't be mysterious. Indeed, I shall probably have you both on the arms of my chair when you open it."

"Is it about the medal?" demanded Winnie.

"By George, Kit, the child is begin-

"While we were saluting and geneficiating and using grandiloquent phrases the leopard got loose, somehow. May some one let him loose; I don't know. Anyhow, he made for the king, who was too thunderstruck to dodge. The rest of 'em took to their heels, you may lay odds on that. Now, I had an honest liking for the king. Seeing the brute make for him, I dashed forward. You see, at ceremonials you're not permitted to carry arms. It had to be with my hands. The leopard knocked the old boy flat and began to mauл him. I kicked the brute in the face, swept the king's turban off his head, and flogged it about the head of the leopard. Somehow or other I got him down. Some of the frightened natives came up, and with the help of Ahmed we got the brute tied up securely. When the king came around he silently shook hands with me and smiled peculiarly at Umballa, who now came running up."

"And that's how you got those poor hands!" exclaimed Kathlyn, kissing the scars which stood out white against the tan.

"That's how," raising the hands and putting them on Kathlyn's head in a kind of benediction.

"Is that all?" asked Winnie, breathlessly.

"Isn't that enough?" he retorted. "Well, what is it, Martha? Dinner? Well, if I haven't cheated you girls out of your tea."

"Teal!" sniffed Winnie disdainfully. "Do you know, dad, you're awfully mean to Kit and me. If you'd take the trouble you could be more interesting than any book I ever read."

"He doesn't believe his stories would interest vain young ladies," said Kathlyn, gravely.

Her father eyed her sharply. Of what was she thinking? In those calm unwavering eyes of hers he saw a question, and he feared in his soul she might voice it. He could evade the questions of the volatile Winnie, but there was no getting by Kathlyn with evasions. Frowning, he replaced the order in the box, which he put away in a drawer. It was all arrant nonsense, anyhow; nothing could possibly happen; if there did, he would feel certain that he no longer dwelt in a real workaday world. The idle whim of a sardonic old man; nothing more than that.

"Father, is the king dead?"

"Dead! What makes you ask that, Kit?"

"The past tense; you said he was not."

"Yes, he's dead, and the news came this morning. Hence the yarn."

"Will there be any danger in returning?"

"My girl, whenever I pack my luggage there is danger. A cartridge may stick; a man may stumble; a man you rely on may fall you. As for that, there's always danger. It's the penalty of being alive."

On the way to the dining room Kathlyn thought deeply. Why had her father asked them if they loved him? Why did he speak of the Big Trek? There was something more than this glittering medal, something more than this simple tale of bravery. What? Well, if he declined to take her into his confidence he must have good reason.

After dinner that night the colonel went the rounds, as was his habit nightly. By and by he returned to the bungalow, but did not enter. He filled his cutty and walked to and fro in the moonlight, with his head bent and his hands clasped behind his back. There was a restlessness in his stride not unlike that of the captive beasts in the cages nearby. Occasionally he paused at the clink clink of the elephant irons or at the "wuff" as the uneasy pachyderm poured dust on his head.

Bah! It was madness. A parchment in Hindustani, given jestingly or ironically by a humorous old chap in orders and white linen and rhinoceros sandals. . . . A throne! Pshaw! It was bally nonsense. As if a white man could rule over a brown one by the choice of the latter! And yet, that man Umballa's face, when he had shown the king the portraits of his two lovely daughters! He would send Ahmed. Ahmed knew the business as well as he did. He would send his abdication to the council, giving them the right to choose his successor. He himself would remain home with the girls. Then he gazed up at the moon and smiled grimly.

"Hukum hal!" he murmured in Hindustani. "It is the orders. I've simply got to go. When I recall those rubies and emeralds and pearls. . . . Well, it's not cupidity for myself. It's for the girls. Besides, there's the call, the adventure. I've simply go to go. I can't escape it. I must be always on the go. . . . since she died."

A few days later he stood again before the desk in the living room. He was dressed for travel. He sat down and penned a note. From the box which contained the order he extracted a large envelope, heavily sealed. This he balanced in his hand for a moment, frowned, laughed, and sword softly. He would abdicate, but at a snug profit. Why not? He was an old fool. Into a still larger envelope he put the sealed envelope and his own note, then wrote upon it. He was blotting it as his daughters entered.

"Come here, my pretty cubs!" He held out the envelope. "I want you, Kit, to open this on December 31, at midnight. Girls like mysteries, and if you opened it any time but midnight it wouldn't be mysterious. Indeed, I shall probably have you both on the arms of my chair when you open it."

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Delicacies

Dried Beef, sliced wafer thin, hickory smoked and with a choice flavor that you will remember.
Vienna Sausage—just right for Red Hot, or to serve cold. Try them served like this. Cut 175 bread in thin slices, spread with creamed butter and remove crusts. Cut Libby's Vienna Sausage in half, lengthwise, lay on bread. Place on top of sausage a few thin slices of Libby's Midget Pickles. Cover with other slice of bread, press lightly together.



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WOULD HAVE SUNDAYS DULL

British Member of Parliament Sees Mistake in Nonobservance of the Sabbath.

"I think Sunday ought to remain what some people call 'dull,'" said J. Ramsay MacDonald, M. P., speaking at Leicester. He appealed to religious institutions to see that Sunday is not secularized. People talked a lot of nonsense about the Scottish Sabbath, and did not know what they were talking about. If they were only trained to appreciate the Scottish Sabbath—it would take some amount of training—they would not be sorry if they had it.

All the talk about turning Sunday into a day of recreation was humbug and dangerous. In trying to do it they were beginning at the wrong end of the stick. They should not sacrifice the blessings they had got.

He looked forward to the time when everybody would have sufficient time for recreation during the secular days of the week. An enlightened democracy should value a day of spiritual rest so much that their hands would be lifted up against any man or movement that desired to secularize the Sunday.—London Chronicle.

Bear Committed Suicide. The big black bear, "Bob," of the menagerie in Central Park, New York, committed suicide in the presence of a large number of spectators a few days ago. Mr. Snyder, the head keeper, says that the animal recently stopped taking food, and in other ways showed signs of remorse at having strangled its mate. The other morning Bob climbed to the top of the rocky ledge in the rear of the den and deliberately threw himself backward to the asphalt flooring below, a distance of 20 feet. He broke his neck and died in a few minutes.

Largest Insect is 13 Inches. The largest known insect is a species of phasmid, or walking stick found in Borneo. This, which is wingless, has a body 13 inches long.

Love's lottery contains a lot of things that are worse than blanks.

Delays Sometimes Expensive

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with fresh berries or fruit and cream. They will be served immediately, they are nourishing and taste mighty good, too.

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GOOD JOKES

BROTHER NOT IN THE SAME FIX.

"Why do you object to vaccination?" asked the busy magistrate sharply of the applicant for an exemption certificate.

"It's a matter of conscience, sir," was the reply.

At that moment the clerk whispered to the great man on the bench.

"Ah!" said his worship. "I am informed that you have a brother in the police force. Now does he object to having his children vaccinated?"

"No, sir."

"Very well; if vaccination is not against your brother's conscience why should it be against yours?"

"Well, you see, sir, it doesn't exactly follow. Bill, as you're talking about, has got neither children nor conscience."

He got his certificate.—New York Globe.

He Had Feared It.

Farmer Hornblow drove up for his first visit to his son and new daughter-in-law in town.

As he was about to dismount from the wagon, he noticed a sign fastened to a little tree-box in front of their residence:

"Don't Hitch Here."

"Too dum bad," he murmured. "I al-ways knew they wouldn't git along good, but mother'll be awful beat out when I tell her they're advertisin' it!"

The Village Fire.

"How was it you allowed the fire to get such a hold on the place? You've got a good engine, haven't you?"

"Yes, but it's the first fire since it came, and the hose was so wrapped up in wreaths from being used to decorate the streets that we couldn't get the water through."—Filegenda Blaetter.

A HIGH DEGREE.



"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower."

"That's nothing; my father descended from an aeroplane."

Her Telltale Lips.

"You have been kissing another man."

"You have no right to say that," declared the girl.

"Then I withdraw it. But I preferred to believe that rather than to think you had been chewing tobacco."

Applause.

"Your boy is strong for athletics."

"Yes. And I don't know that I blame him. He has written some first rate essays. But not one of them created anything like the enthusiasm that greeted him one day when he made a successful slide to second base."

Usual Method.

"What political party do you belong to?"

"The Wistful Wildcat party."

"But I never heard of it."

"No. It's a recent creation. None of the other parties suited me, so I started one of my own."

None Whatever.

"Pa, doesn't precipitation mean the same as settling?"

"It does in chemistry, my son; but in business you'll find that many persons in settling don't show any precipitation at all."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Fooling the Cook.

"Why do you quarrel with your husband so these days? Have you ceased to love him?"

"No; but the cook enjoys it. She lingers with us hoping to see a fight."

Didn't Like That Kind.

Elsie—We had shortcake for supper at our home last night.

Bobby—We had short cake too—it was too short to go round, so I didn't get any.—Boston Transcript.

Cross-Eyed.

Silas—Can't understand why Bill Hardrow doesn't have better luck fishing. He keeps his eye always on the cork.

Hez—Yes, but the cork is always in the bottle.

His Name.

"What you done name dat mule?"

"Senator."

"Foh! foh!"

"Cause you kin abuse him all you want to, but it ain't gwinter mek him hurry."



RESENTMENT.



Dinks—Hello, old man, I hear you have had some reverses—over your ears in debt, they tell me.

Winks—Yes; it might be worse. Suppose I had ears like yours?

Self-Consciousness.

An egotistical man who believes himself the center, the object and the cause of everything that exists and everything that takes place, said to his friend one day:

"It is only to me that such misfortunes happen."

"What?" asked the friend, "is the matter?"

"Don't you see that it is raining?" he answered.—New York Globe.

His Mistake.

"Look here," yelled the customer; "didn't you tell me it would be safe for me to carry those six dozen eggs home in my suitcase?"

"I did," replied the produce man.

"Well, look at this mess," yelled the customer. "Every dingbatted one of them is busted."

"Well," replied the produce man, "you must have forgotten to boil them."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Unreasonable.

"Why did you divorce your first husband?"

"He did not remain around home enough."

"And your second?"

"He remained at home too much."

"But I should not think that would be an objection."

"But he wants me to remain at home also."

How Coldboy Managed.

"Did Coldboy get much water in his cellar during the flood?"

"Yes, but it didn't bother him long."

"How so?"

"He just went down in the basement, looked at the water through his monocle and told the workmen to saw it up and carry it out."

Time Enough.

"Do you think a man ought to tell his wife all about his business," said the serious youth.

"Not always," replied Miss Cayenne. "In some instances it is time enough for a woman to worry when her husband is called on to testify in an investigation."

A Power for Good.

"Do you believe the world is growing better?" an acquaintance asked Dr. Scadsworth.

"Well," answered that eminent reformer, complacently, "it has improved considerably since I have been president of the Uplifters' League."—Baltimore Sun.

TEST FOR HEROIC FIREMAN

Stuck Bravely to His Engine, Though Ill, and Died After Run Ended.

Though ill from heat, John H. Atkins, a Pennsylvania railroad fireman, refused to leave the cab of his engine, but worked all the way from Ocean City to Camden. Arriving at the terminal he was hurried to his home in Camden. In two hours he was dead. Coroner Schroeder, who investigated the case, said the courageous man's death was due to heat exhaustion. He was twenty-eight years old and leaves a young widow.

Atkins was suffering severely from the heat when it came time to bring his train from the seashore resort.

The engineer advised him to remain and get medical aid, but Atkins said he guessed he would be all right after they got on the road.

On the run, however, he showed great distress and occasionally placed ice to his head and at one time, the engineer said, turned the hose upon himself.

This seemed to give him some little relief and he rallied considerably.

The brave fellow stuck to his job,

pulling coal into the furnace all the way, never failing to keep steam up for the 90-minute run. He must have suffered intensely, physicians declare.

—Philadelphia Record.

A GREAT SCHEME.



The Farmer—You see, in the summer the chickens come in my yard every day and dig up my fresh-made beds.

City Boarder—Why don't you buy some folding beds? Then they could close 'em up during the day.

Romance.

Cub Reporter—Here's a good story City Editor—What is it all about?

"The leading lady of a moving-picture company ran away with the comedian."

"Give it half a column and make the heading, 'Romance in Reel Life.'"

A Contingent Proposition.

"What's that new structure you put up on the hill there?"

"Well," replied Farmer Cornetosse,

"If I rent it, it's a bungalow. If I don't, it's a barn."

GREAT CHANGE COMING

STEAM LOCOMOTIVES LIKELY TO BE ABANDONED.

Before Many Years Electricity May Be Adopted as Motive Power by the Railroads of the United States.

Newspapers and students of municipal problems have long prophesied that the time was not far away when the railroads would substitute electricity for steam as their motive power. But the silence of the railroads on the subject has been somewhat disconcerting, even though some of them have already carried the change beyond the experimental stage.

Recently, in Atlantic City, was held a convention of the master car builders, railroad master mechanics and railroad manufacturers of the country, and they made the same prediction. "Pretty soon," they said, "there will not be a steam locomotive in the country."

This is indeed encouraging. Practical constructors of railroad equipment would not make such a statement unless they were sure of their ground. And there are facts understandable by non-railroaders which bear them out.

After two years spent by one big railroad system in expensive investigation, the conclusion was reached that there was nothing in electrical development to warrant the abolition of the steam locomotive. But before the directors could act on the report, new progress was made and they provided their great terminal in New York with electrical propulsion and are extending the system on their lines in other parts of the country. Over three hundred miles of one western railroad is operated with electricity.

One great advantage of electricity to the railroads is that it cheapens construction. Electric locomotives can haul loads up grades which would stall the most powerful steam locomotive. Riders on interurban electric cars see confirmation of this every day. And the steam locomotive uses only about 15 per cent of the power of the coal it consumes, and the smoke is not only a nuisance, but it inflicts heavy damage on the railroads and the cities and towns through which they pass.

"Pretty soon" is rather indefinite, but it is more than probable that the last of the steam locomotive will be seen by many people now well on toward middle age.

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FOREST FIRE PERIL

Government Co-operating With States for Protection.

Made Possible by a Law Passed by Congress in 1911—Many States Have Already Taken Advantage of the Act.

Washington.—A co-operative fire agreement which has been entered into between the U. S. department of agriculture and the state of Michigan provides for an expenditure by the government of not to exceed \$5,000 a year toward meeting the expenses of forest fire protection in Michigan.

This form of co-operation between the government and the state is made possible by a law which congress passed in 1911, and which has already been taken advantage of by the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon.

The law, besides providing for the purchase by the government of lands on the headwaters of navigable rivers for the purpose of creating national forests to protect these rivers, appropriated \$200,000 which the secretary of agriculture might expend to protect similar lands in state or private ownership from fire, in co-operation with the states. It was provided in the law that the federal expenditures in any state should not exceed the amount spent by the state itself in the co-operative work. Provision for continuance of the work in the fiscal year which began July 1 has been made by an appropriation of \$100,000 for the year. The original appropriation of \$200,000 was available until expended, and with a supplementary \$75,000 has carried the work to the present time.

The secretary of agriculture requires as a preliminary to co-operating with any state, that the state authorities submit a definite plan showing in detail exactly what it is proposed to do. With these plans are required maps showing areas to which protection should be given. These areas must be actually on the watersheds of navigable streams, and the plan of protection well conceived and thoroughly practical, with an organization of administration by state in its entirety.

The amount spent yearly in any one state by the government is limited to \$10,000. It is used solely for paying lookout watchmen or patrolmen. The state officials select these men, subject to the approval of the department of agriculture. The maps submitted to the government show where each of the men will be located, the approximate routes of patrol, and all features necessary to a clear understanding of the state's plan of fire control, including the location of lookout stations, telephone lines, headquarters of state fire wardens, and the like.

Under the terms of the co-operative agreements, the secretary of agriculture may terminate the co-operation at any time that he finds it not to be conducted in a satisfactory manner. In this way the responsibility for organizing and maintaining the work is placed upon the state which, however, must keep its system up to a good standard of efficiency in order to have the co-operation with the government continued. Forestry officials of the department of agriculture act as inspectors to keep the department informed as to how the states are handling the work. Under this plan a great advance has been made in the development of efficient state systems of fire protection.

GETTING OIL FROM SHALE

Getting oil from a stone is one of the most recent accomplishments of the mineral experts of the United States geological survey. While the survey men are cautious and conservative as to their find, like all other government scientists, they have admitted enough to indicate that in the bituminous shales of Utah and Colorado there is a large reserve supply of oil that will soon become an important commercial factor to the nation.

The oil experts not only tramped over the entire district to get an idea of the extent and thickness of the shales, but they also set up a plant right on the ground to determine the amount of oil and other distillation products that should be obtained. Dr. David T. Day, the expert in charge of the petroleum investigations of the geological survey, has designed a portable still which was set up at various places accessible to the railroad, where an abundant supply of the best shale could be procured. The basic principle of the operation was to heat the shale, thus vaporizing the volatile hydrocarbons and destructively distilling the other forms of organic matter in the shale.

The amount of oil obtained in the various tests ranged from ten gallons to the ton of shale to 61 gallons, the average for all the tests being 30 gallons. Some of the beds of shale mined were too thin to be profitably exploited under present commercial conditions and it was determined to disregard the run of oil from all shale less than three feet thick. The average from the thicker shale was 22½ gallons of oil to the ton of shale. In regard to this the investigators say:

"As this average will compare favorably with the yield of the Scotch oil shale, it seems probable that the shale of Utah and Colorado may at the lowest estimate equal in value that of the well-known shale of Scotland, from which petroleum has been successfully manufactured for a long time. However, the full extent of the distribution of the shale and the amount of petroleum in it have not been adequately determined, and much additional work must be done before these facts can be fully and satisfactorily known."

The territory in which this oil shale is found is described as the Green river formation of the Uinta basin in northwestern Colorado and northeastern Utah.

SOLVING THE SMOKE EVIL

The federal government does not like the idea of preaching to the public that smoke is unnecessary in burning coal while it has federal buildings throughout the country that in some instances violate all the ordinances there are on the smoke problem. It believes that wherever and whenever possible, if it has something of value for the people, it ought to illustrate this itself by way of example.

The bureau of mines has for a number of years been investigating the proper burning of coal and has all the time been maintaining in smoky Pittsburgh an experiment station that has been operated without objectionable smoke. In these experiments the bureau's experts have found that different coals from different parts of the country require different types of furnace if the coal is to be burned economically and without smoke. By using an experimental furnace the experts have discovered a number of cardinal principles that they say ought to be put in operation in every municipality in the United States.

The first step in this direction was taken the other day when Representative M. D. Foster, chairman of the house committee on mines and mining, introduced a bill which provides that all wood, coal, oil, gas or other fuel to be purchased and used by any executive department or independent establishment at the seat of government or elsewhere shall be purchased in accordance with the recommendations of and under specifications prepared by the bureau of mines.

The bill also gives the bureau the right to investigate the furnaces now in use, the manner of handling, storing and using of coal and to recommend such changes as will result in the greatest economy to the government. It still further provides that all the coal used by the government shall be bought on what is known as the heating unit basis, the government by this method buying heat rather than coal as coal.

WIRELESS TORPEDO.

Peculiar interest attaches at this time to the announcement that both the war and navy departments are watching closely a mechanical plaything that has been invented by John Hays Hammond, Jr., son of the famous mining engineer who made his millions in South Africa. Young Hammond several years ago took up a study of wireless telegraphy, and got along so well that his father, money being no object, established at Gloucester, Mass., what today is known as the Hammond radio research laboratory.

The result of this has been the invention by Hammond of a mechanism for operating a torpedo by "non-interferable radio impulses" from a land station. Hitherto it has been possible to operate a torpedo from shore at an eight-mile speed, but the control has always lacked the fundamental essential of immunity from interference by an enemy. In other words, a hostile battleship against which a land-operated torpedo might be directed could, with its own wireless radio impulses, interfere with and negative those of the land station.

Mr. Hammond's invention is credited with making such interference a boomerang for an enemy, for with his new device, in case interference is attempted, the radio forces impelling the projectile, instead of losing their efficiency, are strengthened and the torpedo is drawn toward its mark at an increased rate of speed. The war and navy departments are so much interested in Hammond's device that they are now co-operating with him in the work of his laboratory.

COINS OF FOREIGN LANDS.

Among the foreign coins and medals in the National Museum is a fine series from Great Britain and another from France, while Austria, Belgium, Italy, the Netherland, Norway, Portugal, Russia, Sweden, Switzerland, Porto Rico and the Philippines are represented. The coinage of Spain and the Spanish possessions is well shown, and from Africa and Asia there are many interesting specimens of ancient and modern money.

The coin collection of the United States is incomplete, but contains numerous particularly interesting specimens. Some of the recalled 2 and 3-cent copper pieces and the 5, 10 and 20-cent pieces of silver are included. Samples of the American coinage of the island possessions are also on exhibition. As a whole, though not complete so far as issues of coins are concerned, this collection is exceptionally interesting and valuable, including, as it does, examples from so many countries and localities.

BLAME THE CLIMATE SAVED THE BEAVER

Why They Gamble Down in Old Mexico.

Local "Feria," When Every Gambler Lets Instincts Revel and Plays His Favorite Game—Quick Changes in a Day.

Gambling, which is as old as the pyramids and as young as Broadway, is one of the chief features of life in present-day Mexico, the New York Evening Telegram remarks.

And the philosophy of gambling among our southern neighbors beyond the Rio Grande is given by Henry Baerlein in his "Mexico, the Land of Unrest."

"And now we come to the philosophy of all this matter," writes Mr. Baerlein. One may argue that there is none, and that people gamble in the Mexican republic for the same reasons as they gamble elsewhere.

"But, according to a certain school, the Mexicans demand consideration that is quite peculiar.

"They are given, so 'tis said, to gambling on account of imperfections in their agricultural economy. Wide stretches of the land are always rushing from one extreme into the other, from extreme fertility to unproductiveness.

"In four and twenty hours the people pass from wealth to misery. Their wheat is all destroyed, their flocks are dying, and underneath the wheel of fortune they are helpless if it does not take another turn, which consummation is not to be brought about except by gambling.

"Mexico is vast, and on the one hand there are tracts of country which roll a savage fruitfulness—such as the part of Coahuila where it is sufficient for the cotton to be planted once in ten years, and the district near to Irapuato where, a mile or more above the sea, one has throughout the year crop after crop of strawberries; and so the jungle, round a rubber clearing, where the tentacles of the vegetation try to choke all human effort, and if they are cut will grow again, and at the rate of half an inch a day.

"Then, on the other hand, we have the desert places where the summer's heat or ghastly whirlwinds or the dust goes dancing, but where cactus grows and nothing else.

"In either sort of territory you know what is to be expected; it will surely happen, but a great deal of the land is subject to the vacillations we have mentioned. And the causes are less difficult to find than to prevent. . . .

"What a country! Portions of it change so little that we have the tale of a Chicago woman who came down to live in this eternal spring, and as the mercury of the barometer did not so much as tremble she was certain that the instrument was out of order, and she broke it!

"In those other regions that we have described a laborer would formerly have chosen one of three professions—brigandage, rebellion, gambling.

"Now the former has been more or less blotted out by the rurals, rebellion does not always offer the antique inducements, and the disappointed laborer falls back on gambling. He is not restricted to the lottery.

"There is said to be a time for all things, and in Mexico it is the local feria (the fair) when every gambler is supposed to let his instincts revel. He can start to play soon after sunrise, and if he should be unfortunate, can visit, now and then, the image in whose honor all the festival is being held.

"Monte, roulette and lotto are the chief games. It is curious to see a circle of adults, thought of the poorer classes, solemnly seated at their lotto cards and wait until the fish or bird is called. . . .

"There is a demand for fighting cocks. . . . The cock fight in itself is unattractive, being but a matter of some seconds. As the one bird flies across the other he brings into play the fearful spur that has been fastened to his leg. A mass of feathers tumbles down and many pesos change their owner."

Peru the Source of Cocaine.

There is a shrub in high Peru which does not bring the blessing of the potato—I mean the coca tree, whence comes cocaine. The leaf is chewed by young and old. Some doctors say it is very bad for the people of Peru. The infantile death rate is high. And they say few old persons are to be found. Other doctors aver that the coca leaf is very good for the peasants. I am inclined to take a view between the two opinions. I met a man in Cuzco who was running a grocery store, and Professor Giessecke told me they had very good proofs in that town that he was a hundred and fifty years old. He sold me chocolate and also coca leaves. I chewed the leaves to try to cure an ulcer in my stomach, and they helped me more than all the medicines of civilization that I had tried.—National Magazine.

Ups and Downs.

"He proposed to her on one of the Alpine peaks and she threw him down."

"Think of that!"

"But he pulled himself together and asked her again."

"What happened then?"

"She took him up."

"Well! Well!"

"They've been married a year now and he's more cast down than ever."

Professor Lucas Says Silk Hat Prevented Extermination.

Invention Came Too Late to Save the European Animal, but It Gave Respite to American Cousins.

The completion of a beaver group at the American Museum of Natural History is the occasion for the publication in the current number of the American Museum Journal of an article in which Director Frederic A. Lucas tells how the silk hat saved the whole beaver family from extermination. The invention of this style of headgear—it became popular in Paris about 1825—was too late to save the European beaver, but it gave a much needed respite to his American cousins, of which there are four or five geographical races or subspecies.

The connection may seem obscure to those who do not know that from the year 1100 up to the early part of the last century the standard material for men's hats was beaver fur. Even as late as 1854 the Hudson Bay company disposed of no fewer than 50,240 skins, although that number probably represented the accumulations of several years. The result of the change in fashion was that the price of beaver skins declined to a point at which trapping the beaver was no longer profitable, and for a time the animal was so little disturbed that it multiplied exceedingly. In 1869 skins were offered by the bale as low as 25 cents each.

But the furriers and trappers were not to suffer the beaver to live long in peace. Soon fashion decreed the wearing of beaver furs, and this demand has kept down the number of beavers ever since.

"If we Americans," says Doctor Lucas, "were not a wasteful, improvident, lawless nation, there would be little trouble in supplying all the beaver skins necessary, and there is small doubt that this will eventually be done. With proper restrictions the natural increase of a beaver colony would yield a stated number of skins annually, the chief care necessary being to plant trees to provide a food supply. How readily this could be done is shown by the history of the beaver in the state of New York, where they once abounded, and where in spite of persistent trapping, they seem not to have been wholly exterminated, although in 1894 Mr. Radford finds that not more than ten were left in the Adirondack region.

"In 1904 the state of New York appropriated \$500 for the reintroduction of beaver, and with this and subsequent appropriations and the aid of private contributions some 34 animals were turned loose. By 1908 there were about 150 animals in the Adirondacks, and since then they have not only increased, but spread to other localities, a few even being found in northern New Jersey, although these may have been quietly introduced."

Doctor Lucas punctures the popular fallacy that the beaver uses his tail as a trowel, or in the transportation of his building materials, as well as the less widely held belief that large numbers of the animals unite to cut down large trees. "Those who know the animal best," says the director, "look upon the canals constructed for the transportation of food supplies as the most remarkable of all his undertakings. Man, with the aid of steam and electricity, excavates the Suez and Panama canals, but the beaver, a creature weighing on an average 30 or 40 pounds, with no tools except teeth and paws, digs trenches 150 to 750 feet long and a yard wide and deep. Further than this, in cases where the ground slopes rapidly, the beaver will erect dam after dam, and dig canal after canal, until, by a succession of steplike levels, the needed food is obtained."

Enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm is the thing that makes the world go round. The old Greeks who gave it a name knew that it was the god energy in the human machine. Without its driving power nothing worth doing has ever been done. It is man's dearest possession. Love, friendship, religion, altruism, devotion to career or hobby—all these, and most of the other good things in life, are forms of enthusiasm. A medicine for the most diverse ills, it alleviates both the pains of poverty and the boredom of riches. Apart from it joy cannot live. Therefore it should be handed with zeal and spent with wisdom.

To waste it is folly; to misuse it, disaster. For it is safe to utilize this god energy only in its own proper sphere. Enthusiasm moves the human vessel. To let it move the rudder, too, is criminal negligence.—Robert H. Schaufler, in Atlantic.

Importance of One Letter.

Bill—What's that fellow so mad about?

Jill—Why, you see he's from Uruguay, and he asked me if I knew where he was from."

"And you did?"

"Yes, but I made a mistake and said Uruguay."

Her Last Chance.

Miss Elderly—They say that marriages are made in heaven.

Miss Young—Ah, then you have one chance more.

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