

## President Wilson Signs Migratory Bird Law

**GUNNERS WILL PROBABLY GET FIFTEEN MORE DAYS. CHIEF OF DEPARTMENT REFERS TO ASSEMBLYMAN HAGAMAN'S EFFORTS TO HELP GUNNERS AND BAYMEN AND ASKS FOR HIS FURTHER SUPPORT IN NEW JERSEY'S LEGISLATURE.**

The following letter to Hon. Harry T. Hagaman, Assemblyman from Ocean County, from E. W. Nelson, chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey, of Washington, is evidence of Mr. Hagaman's efforts in behalf of the people of this county, and largely thru his efforts, the season has been extended to January 31 instead of January 15 as heretofore. He fought for the season to be extended to February 15 and, although he did not get this, it is evident that the season will be extended 15 days as a result of his efforts.



Assemblyman Harry T. Hagaman.

Our shore people, especially the gunners and farmers appreciate his efforts in their behalf since he has been in the legislature as they are aware that he has been on the job constantly since his election.

Mr. Hagaman has been a conscientious representative and he generally gets what he goes after. Even since the close of the legislature, he has been in close touch with affairs and has shown a very keen interest in the deer question and has spent considerable time and money this summer visiting farms and noting the damage done by these animals. Could he have had his way and the proper support this nuisance would have been cared for at Trenton last winter.

A representative of this caliber deserves and will get the support of the people of this county.

The letter from Washington follows:

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE  
Bureau of Biological Survey,  
Washington, D. C.,  
July 16, 1918.

Mr. Harry T. Hagaman,  
Lakewood, N. J.,  
My dear Mr. Hagaman:

The recently enacted Migratory Bird Treaty Act was signed by the President on July 3 and is now a law. The regulations under this will soon be published. While the regulations have not yet been approved by the Secretary, it is probable that the duck shooting season of New Jersey will be from October 16 to January 31, inclusive. I remember, with great pleasure, the interesting conference had with the New Jersey delegation at my office in regard to the regulations for your State, and also recall that you desired to have the season extend to February 15. The general sentiment thruout the country is that the open season for wild fowl should close January 31. This is so strong that even in the State of Louisiana, where the State shooting season has been heretofore to February 15, the Legislature recently cut it down to January 31 to conform to the Federal regulations. I trust New Jersey will follow in line and feel that it, like other states, is called on to sacrifice something in helping along the restoration of our wild fowl to something like their former numbers.

Sec. 2. That unless and except as permitted by regulations made as hereinafter provided, it shall be unlawful to hunt, take, capture, kill, attempt to take, capture or kill, possess, offer for sale, sell, offer to purchase, purchase, deliver for shipment, ship, cause to be shipped, deliver for transportation, transport cause to be transported, carry or cause to be carried by any means whatever, receive for shipment, transportation or carriage, or export, at any time or in any manner, any migratory bird, included in the terms of the convention between the United States and Great Britain for the protection of migratory birds concluded August sixteenth, nineteenth hundred and sixteen, or any part, nest, or egg of any such bird.

Sec. 3. That subject to the provisions and in order to carry out the purposes of the convention, the Secretary of Agriculture is authorized and directed, from time to time, having due regard to the zones of temperature and to the distribution, abundance, economic value, breeding habits, and times and lines of migratory flight of such birds, to determine when, to and increasing the supply. This will

make for a larger number of birds to be killed during the open season.

I am enclosing herewith, a copy of the law, and copies of the regulations will be sent you as soon as they are available.

Sincerely yours,  
E. W. NELSON,  
Chief of Bureau.  
Inclosure 6534.

An act to give effect to the convention between the United States and Great Britain for the protection of migratory birds concluded at Washington, August sixteenth, nineteenth hundred and sixteen, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That this Act shall be known by the short title of the "Migratory Bird Treaty Act."

Sec. 2. That unless and except as permitted by regulations made as hereinafter provided, it shall be unlawful to hunt, take, capture, kill, attempt to take, capture or kill, possess, offer for sale, sell, offer to purchase, purchase, deliver for shipment, ship, cause to be shipped, deliver for transportation, transport cause to be transported, carry or cause to be carried by any means whatever, receive for shipment, transportation or carriage, or export, at any time or in any manner, any migratory bird, included in the terms of the convention between the United States and Great Britain for the protection of migratory birds concluded August sixteenth, nineteenth hundred and sixteen, or any part, nest, or egg of any such bird.

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### NEW MEN CALLED FOR EXAMINATION AUG. 2 AND 3

The County War Board has classified the questionnaires of the June 5, 1918, registrants, and they will be called for examination on Friday, Aug. 2 and Saturday, Aug. 3.

Rufus Johnson, a Lakewood colored lad, called to the colors last Friday, did not show up. Instead, being a British subject, he went to Philadelphia and enlisted in the British-Canadian recruiting office. This is the first time the local board has failed to send the number of men required; and they did not know of Johnson's movement till too late to get another man.

Ross Earl Miller, of Lakewood, went to Camp Dix, Tuesday, July 23. Joseph A. Clayton, of Lakewood, who was working in Avalon, Pa., and registered in Alleghany County, was sent to Camp Dix last Thursday on a transfer from the board in that county.

During the period of July 29-August 2, four limited service men go to Syracuse, N. Y. Three are Lakewood boys, who are to be allowed to go: Alfred J. Scanlon, Oliver J. H. Plangere, Lawrence B. Johnson; the fourth is John E. Ryan, of Lakehurst.

Five colored men have been called to go to Camp Dix in the five days from August 1 to 5.

Georgio Guiseppi, of Point Pleasant, who failed to make out a questionnaire, and was locked up in the Toms, New York, has been released and came to Toms River to talk it over with the War Board. He is an alien, and there was nothing to do about it.

The Medical Advisory Board at Lakewood, on re-examination, passed the following who go into Class I: George Wilson Cale, Frank LeRoy Bennett, Williams A. Emmons, Oliver G. Osborn, Harry E. Pharo, Granville M. Price, Michael Helderford.

These were rejected: Wilbur Gaskill (teeth); Benjamin C. Mathis, Julius Honer, Henry M. Simons, Adolph Krouse (eyes).

These were taken for limited service: Roger Marks, Harry T. Stackhouse, David L. Mayer, John W. Taylor, Frank A. Buchanan.

Samuel Peterson passed, but is in the emergency fleet employ on Staten Island; Harry L. Elbersson passed, but is a railroad fireman.

### LEONARD GIFFORD BURIED WITH MILITARY HONORS

Leonard H. Gifford, whose death was caused by an unfortunate accident at the Radio Station last week, was buried on Saturday with full military honors.

Chaplain Rev. Thomas Murray officiated at the services held at the home of the departed boy's parents and special detachments of Marines and Sailors were in attendance.

After the services at the house, the casket, wrapped in the American flag, was taken in charge by the Navy men and a special guard of Marines accompanied the body to the grave where services were held. A salute fired and taps blown for their departed comrade.

### COUNT 22 DEER DRIVEN OUT OF WOODS BY FIRE

Evidence of Large Number That Ravage Farmer's Crops.

South Seaville, N. J., July 28.—A big section of deer woods between Woodbine and Tuckahoe was burned over yesterday afternoon, and it was long after nightfall before it had spent itself. Railroad men sent there to fight the fire saw a number of deer routed from their lairs and one man counted twenty-two. None were burned, but the chances are that the animals will now seek other homes and that the usual fall deer shooting around this section will not be so good. The hut occupied by the Antler Club of Woodbury had a narrow escape from destruction.

This large number of deer in one spot is evidence of the increasing numbers about the state that are ruining the crops. In some cases whole fields of truck have been wiped out and in more than one instance planting has been discouraged.

### LIGHTLESS NIGHTS HAVE COME ALONG ONCE MORE

The local Fuel Administrator, Judge D. A. Veeder, of Toms River, writes the Beacon as follows:

May I ask that you advise your readers that lightless nights begin again on July 24th inst. The use of lights for illuminating or displaying advertisements, announcements or signs or for the external ornamentation of any building is ordered discontinued entirely on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of each week within New Jersey and other places named. Bona fide roof gardens, out door restaurants, and out door moving picture theatres are excepted.

Street illumination in the municipality is ordered restricted to the hours between sunset and sunrise, and the amount of public lighting is to be restricted as to that necessary for safety.

### MAILING YOURSELF MONEY

Every time you stick a Thrift or War Savings Stamp on your card you are mailing money to yourself to be received later with interest. Cashing in these stamps is going to be better than "getting money from home," for with every stamp you come the reminder that you are contributing to the great victory.

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## LOCAL NEWS

I wish the person who borrowed my wheelbarrow would please return it. Dr. J. L. Lane.

Oh, Boy! Wouldn't a game of baseball go good?

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Bragg, of Philadelphia, were recent guests of Capt. and Mrs. Orlanda Darby.

William Stiles was home to spend the week end with his mother, Mrs. Harvey Stiles.

Despite the dry weather a few days of warm sunshine made a great difference in the appearance of growing corn.

Ensign Halsted Horner, of Philadelphia, was a visitor at the home of his parents, Capt. and Mrs. E. A. Horner this week. Hal has passed examinations and will enter the Annapolis Naval Academy at once.

Miss Lola Moore, of Williamstown, is the guest of Miss Lyla Crowley.

Mrs. C. H. Conover and daughter, Miss Eleanor were over from Pleasantville Thursday afternoon.

Men's clothing of any kind is much needed at Keswick colony at Whiting, for unfortunate men with the drink habit. An appeal has been sent out for help in this direction, and no charity is more worthy of assistance than this remarkable institution.

The demand for early apples is said to be brisk, and fruit growers of South Jersey are shipping them as well as the earlier variety of peaches.

A Merchantville man, William Caset, who was arrested on the charge of violating the anti-loafing law, gave as an excuse that "he had a good wife who took care of him."

Arthur Conover, of Philadelphia, spent the week end with relatives.

William and Rodney Morrison motored from Philadelphia for their usual week end fishing trip.

James Bishop and Fred Brown, who are connected with the New York Ship Yard at Camden, were at their homes here for the week end.

Dr. and Mrs. Chester Brown and son Conger, of Newark, are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Brown.

Mrs. Louis B. Kumpf has returned from an extended visit in Philadelphia and Mt. Holly. Mr. Kumpf, who is in the hardware business in the latter place was home Sunday.

The Carlton hotel was unable to accommodate the large number of visitors from Saturday until Monday. Several parties were turned away.

George Stevens, who is now in the U. S. Naval Aero Service, has sent word to his parents that he is safe in France.

Francis Parker, of Philadelphia, is spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin E. Parker.

Misses Elizabeth and Frances Zachs, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with their grandparents here.

Misses Elsie Letts and Alma Soper, of Manahawken, were visitors in town on Saturday.

LeRoy Parker, with a party of friends from the firm of Blackwell & Son, wholesale grocers, of Trenton, was here on a fishing trip last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Errol O. Horner, who are spending a month in Beach Haven, are visiting their parents in Tuckerton this week.

Eben Hough, of Media, is spending some time with his uncle, S. Barton Parker.

### A LETTER FROM CORPORAL FRANK H. MATHIS NOW IN FRANCE

Frank H. Mathis, a corporal in Co. D. 311th Infantry, now in France, and the Beacon's former Linotype operator, sent the following letter to his mother:

Dear Mother—  
I know that I should have written a letter long before this, but really, there is not much use of writing from here, as I cannot write what I would like to, especially where I am located and what I am doing, but can truthfully say that I am a busy boy these days and don't have much time to myself. I am still with the same company, also the same boys. Fred Shinn Bumps, Parker and I still stick together and I hope we do until the war is over.

Would like to be in the U. S. A. for several reasons. One is that we don't have very much money here and everything is very high in price, for instance, a bar of chocolate costs 50 cents (2 1/2 francs in French money). Another reason is that there is no amusements in this section of France, only what we make ourselves and if I ever lived a good, respectable life, I sure am now. As for girls, I would not give one of my home town girls for all I have seen in France.

The country here is rather nice at this time of year, but cannot say any more than that, but when I get back, look out! I can talk you to death nearly about different things I have seen.

I saw Lawrence Atkinson yesterday but have not seen Arch nor heard from him so send his address, also Si Brown's if you can get it.

As for my health, it never was better and I wish you could see me, with my hair cut off short and a little mustache, I look like somebody else, I expect to keep the mustache until I reach the U. S. A. again so all the boys can see it. I have been in the Army now about nine months and have not been on the sick list yet, let us hope that I can stay there, if possible and when I get back I think that I will be lots better in every way, if I don't get punctured.

I have lots I would like to tell you but cannot do it in a letter.

Now, don't forget, Mother, I am over here where the war is and I am not worrying, so for the love of Mike! don't you worry about me.

I must close now, so remember me to everybody. Send me the Beacon and write as often as possible. I am yours, with love to all the family,  
Frank

My address is  
Corp. Frank H. Mathis,  
Co. D., 311th Inf.  
A. E. F. France  
via New York

Major George Christy, Captain and Mrs. Ardmore Lehman, Capt. John Clayton and son John, Jr., of the Philadelphia Arsenal; Mrs. Bailey, of Pittsburgh; Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Mullen, of Queen's Lane and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and brother, of Germantown, were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Victor W. Morvay. They enjoyed a trip to Beach Haven on Saturday evening and a fishing trip on Sunday.

Frank Willing Leach, of Washington, D. C., is at his home here for several weeks' vacation.

James Parker, of Philadelphia, was a week end visitor at the home of his parents.

Mrs. B. W. Fields, of Norfolk, Va., was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Parker.

Mrs. R. E. Predmore, who is spending a month here visiting friends in Ocean City and Forked River.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society will meet at the home of Mrs. Harvey Smith, at Harvey Cedars this afternoon.

### BOYS AND GIRLS ACHIEVEMENT CLUB

During July, 159 gardens were visited by the County leader. In all cases, garden club members are doing splendid work—hoeing weeds, harvesting crops and replanting the land wherever possible.

To see these gardens is an inspiration and they cannot help make one feel proud of our boys and girls. With enemies such as weeds, bugs and drought, making charges these hot days, our club members make counter attacks and drive them all away by "Keeping it."

Our exhibit, held at Beachwood, Aug. 24, in connection with the Farmers' Picnic, will offer many opportunities for club members, not only to show the public what they have been able to accomplish in the production and conservation of food but also to win prizes which will help fill W. S. S. books. It will also be a splendid time to become acquainted with other boys and girls who belong to our big organization of home workers.

Lydia L. Garnar, Emergency County Club Leader.

### FIFTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. James D. Cramer, New Gretna, were the recipients of congratulations Sunday, July 28th, at their 50th wedding anniversary.

They were entertained at the home of their son, Lieut. H. G. Cramer, who is attached to the Naval Reserve Forces, U. S. N., he being the only one of their children not able to participate.

The dining room was tastefully decorated for the occasion by Mrs. James E. Cramer.

Among the relatives and friends present were the following: Miss Ella Cramer, Atlantic City; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kelley, Tuckerton; Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Cramer, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. James E. Cramer, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Earle Megarath, of Hammonton; Mr. Caleb Mathis, Miss May Mathis, Mr. and Mrs. John Mathis, New Gretna; Dr. Mrs. Joshua Hilliard, Manahawken; Mrs. Jane Ayers, Philadelphia; Miss Elizabeth Kelley, Tuckerton; Mrs. Prudence Jones, Lewes, Del.; Everett Cramer, Thomas Kelley, Clifton Cramer; Misses Mildred Cramer, Marguerite Cramer and Charlotte Cramer.

### CRANE'S ICE CREAM

"IT'S THE BEST AFTER ALL."  
50 CENTS PER QUART

TABLES FOR LADIES  
Entrance Next Door to Jones Butcher Shop

POHATCONG ICE CREAM PARLOR

### ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. and Mrs. S. Barton Parker announce the marriage of their daughter Mary M., to Mr. Edward Honer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Honer in Elkton Md., July 25, 1918, by the Rev. E. H. Jones.

### Parkertown

Miss Irma Parker is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Annie Parker, of Camden.

Miss Frances Inman has gone to South Bethlehem, Pa., and will spend some time there at the home of her aunt, Mrs. J. Clarence Cramer.

Miss Charlotte Cramer is spending some time in Atlantic City with relatives.

Mrs. Mildred Allison and daughter Adele, were recent guests at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mason Price.

Mrs. John Schramm, of Riverside, was an over Sunday visitor at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ayer Parker.

Mrs. Henry Parker is entertaining at Hillside Farm her granddaughter and grandson, Alice and Edward Parker and a party of friends from Camden.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter.

Mrs. Micaiah Holman, of Philadelphia, is spending some time with her son, Atmore Holman.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Mott, of Tuckerton, spent Sunday at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crammings.

The Daughters of Liberty, of West Creek, will hold their annual outing at Atlantic City, Saturday, Aug. 10th. Net Proceeds from the Red Cross Social

## PALACE THEATRE

NOW OPEN UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

August 1st  
THURSDAY—Triangle presents Alma Reubens in "FIREFLY OF TOUGH LUCK."  
Triangle Comedy—"HIS BUSY DAY."

August 3rd  
SATURDAY—Paramount-Artcraft presents Mary Pickford in "REBECCA OF SUNNKBROOK FARM."  
Black Diamond Comedy—"HE GOT HIS."

August 6th  
TUESDAY—Pathe presents Baby Marie Osborn in "TEARS AND SMILES," supported by an all star cast.  
HEARST—PATHE NEWS, No 54

THE WHIP will be shown on August 16 instead of July 26th.

Admission: 15 cents for Adults, 10 cents for Children and War Tax, which under the law must be paid by the patron. It's your "BIT"—do it cheerfully.

SHOWS START PROMPTLY AT 8:30 O'CLOCK  
W. C. JONES, Manager

### TOMS RIVER STAYS WET; COURT UPSETS ELECTION

Justice Kalisch Decides Election Illegal Because Soldiers From Township Were Not Voted in Their Camps.

Trenton, N. J., July 29.—Because forty-three voters of Dover township, Ocean County, which includes Toms River, who are in the military or naval service of the United States did not have an opportunity to vote in the special local option election held in Dover on May 28, an opinion was filed in the supreme court by Justice Kalisch today setting aside the dry victory that resulted from the election. This decision plainly indicates that for special elections to be valid, soldiers and sailors of municipalities in which such elections are held must be given every opportunity to cast their ballots.

In the Dover election 291 votes were polled by drys and 275 by the wets, resulting in a prohibition victory by a majority of sixteen votes. In the attack upon the election the wets set up that forty-three men of the township are in the military and naval service. Of this number thirty-four are in the United States, and of the thirty-four there were eighteen in military cantonments or naval training stations in New Jersey at the time of the election.

Justice Kalisch found that a sufficient number of legal voters of the township were absent from the township and in the naval and military service to have changed the dry victory into one for the wets if the absent voters had had an opportunity to vote and had voted for continuation of the sale of liquor.

The justice also found that provisions of the election law were not carried out by either the secretary of state or the clerk of Dover, and also that the adjutant general of New Jersey could not supply the military addresses of the Dover men in the service.

The purpose of the order is twofold: First, to save coal; second, to save railroad hauling. The order has been sent to David A. Veeder, who is the local Fuel Administrator, and to all coal dealers in the county.

Another order has been sent out to the fuel administrators and coal dealers, stating that the Federal Fuel Administrator has decided that commercial poultrymen must have a supply of chestnut coal to run incubators and brooders, and that both the department of Agriculture and the Food Administrator have asked the Fuel Administrator to give particular care and attention to the poultry industry.

This order to a large degree is due to the protests at first started by the poultrymen of Toms River and Lakewood, and backed up by the State Experiment Station at New Brunswick and by the local coal dealers.

It was contended by the Fuel Administrator that the poultrymen could run their incubators with some other fuel, but the chicken growers were able to show that not only was theirs an essential food industry, but it was essential for them to have coal as it was for industries of a manufacturing nature. Oil could be used for incubation and brooding, but by no means so satisfactorily as coal, and all the commercial plants are now fitted with coal burning incubators and brooders; the poultrymen were able to show that wood could not maintain the steady even temperature required to hatch or brood young chicks. N. J. Courier.

### INLETS WATCHED TO PREVENT COMMUNICATIONS WITH U-BOATS

Uncle Sam has taken notice that it would not be difficult for German spies or agents to hire a boat down on Barnegat or Tuckerton Bay and, under the guise of peaceful fishermen, sail out of one of the inlets and there communicate with U-boats according to prearranged plans. To prevent any such nefarious scheme, a guard post is now stationed just within each inlet and every craft as it nears the channel is hailed and if it shows an inclination to go outside, it is boarded and passengers and crew subjected to sufficient examination to prove that their purpose is innocent. Without such precaution it would be a comparatively easy matter for a group of German spies to hire a boat on the pretext of fishing and upon reaching the inlet to overpower the captain and take possession of the boat.

### CARD OF THANKS

We wish herewith to express our heartfelt thanks and sincere appreciation of the many kind acts and expressions of sympathy shown us by our many friends and especially the members of the U. S. Navy and Marines of the Radio Station, during our recent bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Gifford.

### WALTER SPRAGUE DEAD

Walter Sprague, a former resident of Tuckerton, died at the home of his parents in West Creek Tuesday night. Mr. Sprague was a son-in-law of Joseph C. Bruton and leaves a wife and son.

Funeral services will be held at the home of his parents on Friday at 1 P. M.

### NO COAL FOR MOST OF OCEAN COUNTY THIS NEXT WINTER

Better Get a Supply of Wood for Next Winter's Fuel

There are a good many people in Ocean county who won't be able to get the coal they have been accustomed having for the coming winter's fuel. You may be one of them. If you live in the country, or in a small village, and have a wood lot you'd better put in your spare time getting in wood for next winter. This is no joke, but a serious situation, and it will be for a large part of Ocean County a case of burn wood or go cold next winter. Of course a large number of people in the smaller places and on isolated farms burn wood anyhow.

The trouble is that there will not be enough coal to go round. Coal must be had for factories that are working on war work. It must be had for cities where no other fuel is available. Consequently the Fuel Administrator has gone all over the United States, and wherever it looks possible for people to get wood, the supply of coal will be limited.

The towns on the list in Ocean county that will get but a limited coal supply, under the order of Newton Doremus of Red Bank, Fuel Administrator for Monmouth and Ocean counties, are as follows: Barnegat, Beach Haven, Bennett (presumably Bennett Mills) Cedar Run, Forked River, Lakehurst, Manahawken, Mantoloking, South Lakewood, Tuckerton, Waretown, West Creek, Whitesville, Mayetta, Nelsonville (may have been meant for Vashilleville) and Whiting.

In all the towns above the Fuel Administrator announces that only so much anthracite coal will be allowed as is necessary as a minimum supply for householders that have steam-heating plants in their homes. Homes not equipped with steam-heating plants, will be expected to burn wood, and indeed will not be supplied with coal under this order.

The purpose of the order is twofold: First, to save coal; second, to save railroad hauling. The

# IN THE LIMELIGHT

## HEADS UNITED EXPRESS LINES

Thirty-two years ago a freckled faced youngster hanging around the depot at Ripon, Wis., asked the station agent for the privilege of driving the delivery wagon.

It looked like an ambitious kid and the agent told him he might if he would be careful and not let the horse run away. However, the agent observed that the boy did his work so well that the second week he paid him 50 cents.

The boy's name was George C. Taylor. Today Mr. Taylor is president of the American Railway Express company, which has assumed control of all express lines in the United States, with headquarters in New York.

Mr. Taylor relinquishes the presidency of the American Express company, whose head he has been for several years. From delivery boy he advanced to station agent, to division superintendent, to district chief, to officer, to vice president and finally to the presidency. He just passed fifty years of age, and Charles W. Taylor, Milwaukee agent of the American Express company (no relation of President Taylor), said the new chief of the allied express companies is a man of splendid health and robust constitution.

"I know Mr. Taylor very well," said Charles W. Taylor. "I have worked with him and I know there is not a task in the United States that is too big for him to master. He is a man of clear vision, big heart and fine judgment. Of him it can be truly said he began at the bottom of the ladder and has climbed all the way to the top."

The American Railway Express company has signed a contract with Director General McCauley of the American railroads to handle all the express business of the United States.



# GAMBLERS PREY UPON WOMEN AS HUSBANDS FIGHT

American and Canadian Officers Visiting London Also Fleeced by Sharpers.

## GIRLS ARE USED AS DECOYS

International Coterie Using Private Houses for Games Operates Undisturbed—Tragedy of an Aviator's Wife—Women Worse Than Men.

London.—There is a man living in retirement in one of those fine, up-standing old Jacobean manor houses, not fifty miles from London: a model country squire, popular with his tenants, a thoroughgoing sportsman, who rides to hounds most religiously and entertains on the most lavish scale. He can afford it. His annual income is somewhere in the \$100,000 line. Yet before the war this particular man hadn't a penny to his name.

The secret of his extraordinary success lay in quiet, sumptuously furnished back rooms in quiet, commonplace houses in those squalid streets that nestle in and around Mayfair. Chemin de fer, poker, faro, sometimes a roulette wheel, and the gilded idlers of old British aristocracy would be swarming round like moths about a candle. They seem to have an intuitive sense for such places, these folk. Where the average man would pass by without comment, they nudge one's elbow and whisper, "That's old so-and-so's place, if ever you feel inclined for a quiet flutter"—that notorious "quiet flutter" signifying anything from a five-pound note to \$500 or so.

Among this select coterie are men and women of doubtful nationality, who make best use of their business for extracting information of their more highly connected clientele. This was proved in the case of a recent raid, where the woman proprietor was discovered to be an agent in German pay. Thus they attain a double object.

Women Worse Than the Men. But there is also another class who frequent these places. Manufacturers from provincial munition districts, flushed with their new and easily won fortunes, and wishing to be in the social swim, run blindly into these well-baited traps. Perhaps their unpleasant experience gives them wisdom. They never repeat the performance. They belong to that eternal type which thinks it can beat the thief at his own game. They are gamblers for the same reason that drugsters and diplomats are what they are. They can't help it.

The women are worse even than the men. At least 60 per cent more of the other sex favor the green table. They take their gambling seriously—dead seriously. To them, it is nothing of the sporting element of the affair; it is cutthroat business of pay and receive. Once a woman is seized with the gambling "bug" nothing on earth can hold her. It is the first step of the many great tragedies of life.

Tragedy of an Aviator's Wife. Perhaps one of the most tragic instances of this nature was that of the wife of a commander in the British flying corps. Prior to the war he was a member of the stock exchange and they lived in a quiet village 30 miles from London. When he joined the colors they sold their home and the wife went to live in town—in a tiny flat in Knightsbridge. She was little more than a child and a charmingly unsophisticated one at that, so fell easy victim to the gambler's wiles.

She got hold of her through the maitre d'hotel of the restaurant she frequented—even the smartest maitre d'hotel and head waiters are sometimes, though unwittingly, the instruments of the confederates, who go to the restaurants as part of their daily business to get at the lonely men and women with money who are to be discovered in every London hotel. One day a charming woman of distinguished appearance strolled over to her table with a polite request to share it with her. Consent was readily given, and they got into conversation.

The welcome stranger sympathized with her loneliness, and finished by inviting her to a dinner maquette off Park Lane. After dinner cards were produced. And the fleeing had begun. By the time her husband was able to get home on leave and rescue her the unhappy woman had been robbed of the best part of \$20,000.

Organized Like a Company. That is only one of the brilliant methods employed. This international gang—its agents cover every city and large town in the world—even in the company, on a profit-sharing basis. There are trusted agents at every port, fashion center and high-class health resort. It is the business of these agents to live in princely style, gradually worming their way into the confidence of the notables of the locality, giving full detailed reports of their movements and business transactions to a general headquarters.

When a moneyed man or woman sets out from one country to another the agent at the port of embarkation wires full particulars of his—or her—business, available capital and intended period of visit to his confederate at the other end. The victim is shadowed and approached on the train, aboard the ship, even in hotels. Their organization is the acme of thorough-

ness. If necessary they will follow a man or woman round the world. Quite the smartest of their independent missions was that established in a steepy old world village that hugs the banks of a quiet reach of the River Thames. The delightful scenery and the picturesque surroundings attract the most exclusive clientele. A faculty of the most delightful people are always there to welcome a stranger at all hours—a family of three, father, mother and beautiful daughter. And the plan of campaign is the simplest and oldest in the world.

Girl is Used as Lure. This particular stretch of water is extremely popular. Punts, canoes and motorboats go flashing up and down from early morning until well after dark. Half a mile up stream is situated the riverside annex of one of the most exclusive London clubs. Thitherward every afternoon and evening the beautiful daughter, attired in the most fetching costumes and in the daintiest of dainty canoes, goes paddling. The younger members of the club are also fond of the river. There is a fleeting smile as they pass in mid-stream, and they very soon become acquainted.

At first the maiden appears inclined to be reserved. There are the proprieties to be observed. She is no fool. It is no use frightening your fish at the first bite. But toward the end of the flirtation she relents somewhat. Her mother is giving a small dance—"Nothing formal, you know; just amongst ourselves"—that evening. "If Mr.—" "If Mr. Jones will drop in they will be delighted to see him."

Mr. Jones goes. More often than not he takes a friend. They dance and are accorded the most hospitable reception. Mother is there, a charming, statuesque woman in flowing draperies. Father—they apologize profusely—is in a somewhat merry condition. That is obvious from the thickness of his accent and his halting gait. The visitors—in such delightful company—there are numerous pretty girls, unconscious of snares of the hand—pass the matter off with a smile and a jest.

But father is not quite so "mellow" as he would have them believe. At least there is nothing the least bit unsteady in that searching glance to which he treats them from beneath beaming brows. And the hand that pours out the drinks is hardly that of a drunkard.

Quite recently an American woman wrote to the editor of a London newspaper giving him particulars of one of these respectable entertainments. The address of the house was mentioned in the letter; also the time at which the game was commenced and the name of the proprietress of the place.

This woman, said the American, had made \$100,000 during the war. Many American officers had been decoyed to the place. One lost \$2,100, another \$1,500 and a Canadian \$500 just before leaving for the battle front. Women decoys were allowed to put their "losses" on the slate up to \$1,000 and take winnings in cash.

## AIR RAIDS ONLY BORE LONDONERS

They Watch the Weather and Draw the Blinds But Refuse to Be Panic-Stricken.

MANY DON'T SEEK SHELTER Busses and Subway Trains Operate as Usual and Club Men Sit Calmly Under Glass Roofs—Only the Foreign Element Frightened.

By FLOYD MACGRIFF. London.—The thick London fog, often referred to in America, is one of the British capital's chief protections from air raids by the Huns. If it is a foggy or misty night the searchlights of Zeppelins cannot reach their long fingers of light to the coast and pick out the English coast or find their way to London. Airplanes, likewise are baffled. So a thick fog gives a sense of security and one buys a ticket to a theater with far more cheerfulness than on a moonlight night when the air is clear.

The weather has attained a new sphere as a topic of conversation. One Londoner may greet another with: "Well, it looks like a good night for a raid," if the evening is fair. More than a hundred bombings have taught the Londoner to expect a raid on such nights. He considers it lucky if none occurs.

"Blinds must be drawn at 9:30 p. m. today," runs a line in the daily papers. As summer approaches the hour is made later, to correspond with dusk. And the blinds are drawn. Hotel maids are instructed to attend to this promptly. Hotels also have placards warning guests that police will hold them responsible if a light shows from their window.

Busses Operate as Usual. All London does not take to cover when an air raid is on. During a recent raid, when bombs were being dropped and bits of shrapnel fell full-savily, the auto busses, with their woman conductors, operated as usual, and their passengers, Britishers, do not regard the air raids with fear. People in the street get under cover, if it is handy, so as not to be hit by falling shrapnel. But they do not dash madly to shelter or push or jam their way into safety in the underground railway stations. The subway trains are operated as usual. Only the foreign element, largely employed in munition factories, has become frightened. Many of these have moved into safety zones.

As an instance of air-raid boredom a British officer on leave, was on his way to his hotel room when the warning to take cover was sounded. "What are you going to do?" he was asked. "Do?" he echoed. "Hell, I'm with the most youthful smile he could muster.

Sheddy can't understand why he was turned down, as he carried papers showing he served under General Nelson Miles, helped in the capture of Chief Red Shirt and saw scout service in 1878 in Montana.

It takes two cords of cedar, redwood, poplar, catalpa, Norway pine, cypress, basswood, spruce and white pine, weighing about 2,000 pounds to the cord, to equal a ton of coal.

"You say you stole the milk to save a life?" asked the recorder. "Well, whose life did you save?" "I saved the life of my poor cat," Mrs. Brown replied.

Mrs. Brown was returned to jail for a further investigation of the case.

## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN NOW IN MARINES

Kansas City, Mo.—Benjamin Franklin has joined the marines, and the "immortal four" of the Kansas City marine recruiting office is now complete. The others are George Dewey, William Jennings Bryan and John Hopkins. Ben hailed from Dewey, Okla., where he has been "discovering" oil wells. He said he wanted to "discover" the way to Berlin.

At last they grow tired of dancing. A friendly hand of bridge is suggested as an alternative. Only small stakes are allowed at the start. But as hand follows hand and drink follows drink they increase in value. Between 11 p. m. and 3 a. m. the host and hostess may make anything from \$1,000 to \$2,000 out of the gamble—a gamble for them, but no gamble for the unlucky army subaltern or the impecunious college youth.

Once they have rid themselves of all their available loose cash they are courteously sent home, with a pressing invitation to return some other night for their revenge. They don't fail to accept the challenge. By the end of a week the whole of their capital may be in the box of their hosts.

Young and fashionably dressed women are invariably the decoys of the gambling fraternity. The game is played in the most respectable house and among most respectable people. That is the chief difficulty of bringing these criminals to book.

Quite recently an American woman wrote to the editor of a London newspaper giving him particulars of one of these respectable entertainments. The address of the house was mentioned in the letter; also the time at which the game was commenced and the name of the proprietress of the place.

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## Club Men Talk Calmly

But the booming of heavy guns in and around the city generally reaches most ears. A crowd of men sat in a smoking room at one club, with a glass roof above, and talked of one thing and another during the raid. Seeking shelter in a subway would appear as impossible to them as going down Broadway barefooted. Only a very small proportion of London can be accommodated in the subways. The crowding of public buildings during raids has been discouraged, because it is realized that very few of them can withstand the heavy bombs. Residents now are officially advised to stay at home during raids and take their chances, which are about one in 400,000.

Despite more than 100 raids on London one has to hunt for any evidence of damage, although scores have been killed and wounded. Houses which have been demolished are in widely scattered districts, London being a city which is sprawled over considerable territory with low buildings. Business houses, public structures and factories show no evidence of attack. But houses which have been bombed are so much mortar and dust, even houses that were four stories high.

Spirit of the Trenches Prevails. The spirit of the trenches, which makes men face death bravely, is the spirit of London during a Hun attack. Mothers are the most nervous, and many babies have been taken into the streets at night, during a raid, too thin-clad, each mother believing she was doing the best thing by going to a subway. And these babies have died from the exposure.

But there are many overbalancing cases of bravery. The bishop of London is authority for the story that one girl, aged seven and one-half years, who was alone during a Gotha raid, aroused her four younger brothers and sisters, brought them downstairs, placed them about a table and was reading a Bible when her mother, a widow annoyed when a train conductor returned in panic, fearing for her little ones.

Awning Saved His Life. Tulsa, Okla.—Harry Skoog, an employee of a building company, while working in a fourth floor window of an office building lost his balance and fell out. A smarting crazy bone was the sum of his injuries. An awning had just been lowered beneath the window. He lit on it and rolled to the sidewalk, lighting on his feet. He had struck his arm in the descent on a flower pot in a lower window.

Perfect Child Killed. San Francisco.—Very proud of a new paragon, four-year-old Naomi Pess of San Mateo, who a year and a half ago was adjudged "the perfect child" in a contest, started across the street under the protecting shade of her new possession and did not see an oncoming interurban electric car. The car struck the child and killed her instantly.

Of 15 wells bored in New Zealand in a search for petroleum five are producing oil.

Object to Sunday Burials. Lawrence, Kan.—Sunday funerals here may soon be a thing of the past. The local ministerial association resolved that the public and the funeral directors be asked not to arrange any Sunday funerals. They point out that Sunday funerals take up the time of the pastors that should be devoted to other things. The funeral directors, sextons and employees of cemeteries are all compelled to labor seven days and forego one day's rest in seven, they say.

Skeleton as Witness. Albany, N. Y.—A silent witness in a court case caused excitement in the courtroom during the trial of an action to recover physicians' fees. The witness was held on the lap of one of the doctors in the case and presented a ghastly sight. It was the skeleton of a woman.

Never Rode in Trolley or Auto. Harrisville, W. Va.—Davidson, who celebrated his 100th birthday in a cot-bedded box beneath the steam pipes.

# BOY IN TRANCE SEES WAR'S END

April, 1923, is Date He Names For Final Victory of Allies.

## YANKEE MIGHT WINS

Twenty-Year-Old Youth in Subconscious State Makes Remarkable Predictions—Americans to Chase Huns Across Rhine.

Washington.—Under tense and tragic circumstances, several physicians and nurses in Emergency hospital listened to a remarkable prediction by a twenty-year-old Washington boy, in a mysterious subconscious state of mind, that peace in the great world's war will be definitely and finally concluded April 30, 1923, at 6:30 p. m.

This peace will come as a result of 3,500,000 American officers and soldiers having crashed their way across the Rhine and started a last march to Berlin, having victoriously fought their way over the historic stream.

The Germans will get a taste of final disaster before another year has passed by being badly defeated by the allies in France, and from then on until peace is signed they will be almost constantly on the defensive, losing ground steadily until American man power and military science conquer the stubborn fighting Teutons.

When it is all over the allies will owe the United States billions of dollars



Listened to a Remarkable Prediction. loaned to them, but they will be so grateful that they will early begin to repay the debt.

President Wilson will again have been re-elected to another term in the White House and, aided by Taft, Roosevelt and Hughes, will have put through congress a universal training law by which every man above eighteen years of age, up to forty-five, will have to take military training.

The patient was Edward R. Dean, son of the late Dr. Julian Willis Dean, himself a distinguished Washington physician, who died in 1905. Young Dean was stricken as a child with severe spinal meningitis, and the father predicted that from sixteen to twenty-one years of age the boy would be subject to convulsions. If his health was able to resist the strain until the twenty-first year the young man would become strong and robust, with keen mental development.

The convulsions came on at sixteen and have continued, despite special medical treatment. Recently the young man was taken to Johns Hopkins college, where the best medical talent carefully watched his condition and marveled at the supernatural unreasonableness of the patient when in an unconscious state after a convulsion. Under their recommendation young Dean was brought back to this city and put under the care of Dr. D. Percy Hickling, a noted specialist in brain and nervous disorders.

Accompanied by a member of his family the young man was on his way to Doctor Hickling's office when attacked by the nervous disorder that troubles him. He was promptly taken to Emergency hospital and given temporary treatment. Following the convulsion he remained in an unconscious state for two hours, during which, in the most beautiful language imaginable, he talked wonderfully on subjects presumably far removed from the thoughts of a boy of that age under normal conditions.

Physicians and nurses, amazed at the language and predictions, stood at his bedside without asking questions or prompting him in any way. They had never seen or heard of a similar case.

The patient not only made the predictions quoted, going into details, but talked fluently in German, Italian and Latin. He never studied or read any of these languages, being compelled to leave school when in the eighth grade. When again in normal mind young Dean remembered nothing of what he had said, and the subjects seemed to be far from his thoughts.

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# Don't Neglect a Bad Back!

It's Mighty Poor Policy to Worry Along Thus Handicapped When Health and Strength is So Needed

THE man or woman handicapped with a bad back in those times when physical fitness is so necessary, is indeed crippled. It's mighty poor policy to worry along with an aching back day after day; work is neglected and the simplest duties are a burden. Flaming, pinching, harassing, churning, the daily harassment all throws a heavy strain on the kidneys. Backache, with attendant backache, are a common result. Don't wait! Neglect may mean gradual droop or Bright's disease. Get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills today. They have helped thousands. They should help you.

## Personal Reports of Real Cases

A NEW YORK CASE. Miss Louise M. Naber, graduate nurse, 15 E. Main St., Hamburg, N. Y., says: "Some years ago I fell and hurt my back and, consequently, I began to suffer with my kidneys. My back became so lame and weak that I could hardly stand it. At times millions of little, black specks floated before my eyes, blurring my sight and I would get awfully dizzy. I suffered a long time, and just couldn't get relief. Finally I used Doan's Kidney Pills and it was wonderful the way they helped me. In a short while they entirely cured me of the trouble and I have always spoken highly of them."

ANOTHER NEW YORK CASE. C. D. Bickler, retired hotel man, 12 Robinson St., Schenectady, N. Y., says: "My trouble came on rather suddenly. I was taken with such sharp pains in my back and sides I could hardly move. The pain through my groin was terrible and a hypodermic injection was the only thing that would relieve the pain. My doctor advised me to have an operation for gravel. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and they gave me a wonderful cure. For some time I have been free from the pain. I have told many people about Doan's Kidney Pills." (Statement given September 23, 1911.)

OVER FIVE YEARS LATER on May 23, 1917, Mr. Bickler said: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills again for they saved my life. I have not had any kidney trouble since."

St. Paul railway terminals will shortly be enlarged at a cost of \$1,000,000.

## SAFE, GENTLE REMEDY CLEANSSES YOUR KIDNEYS

For centuries GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been a standard household remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and stomach trouble, and is particularly effective with the urinary organs. The kidneys and bladder are the most important organs of the body. They are the filters, the purifiers of your blood. The poisons which enter your system through the blood and stomach are not entirely thrown out by the kidneys and bladder, you are doomed.

Weariness, sleeplessness, nervousness, despondency, backache, stomach trouble, headache, pain in joints and lower abdomen, pain in back, gravel, difficulty when urinating, cloudy and bloody urine, rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago, all warn you to look after your kidneys and bladder. These indicate some weakness of the kidneys or other organs or that the enemy microbes which are always present in your system have attacked your weak spots. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are what you need.

They are not a "patent medicine," nor a "new discovery." For 200 years they have been a standard household remedy. They are the pure, original imported Haarlem Oil your great-grandmother used, and are perfectly safe to use. They will cleanse the kidneys and through the bladder, driving out the poisonous germs. New life, fresh strength and health will come as you continue the treatment. When your system is restored to your usual vigor, continue taking a capsule or two each day; they will keep you in condition and prevent a return of the disease.

Do not delay a minute. Delays are especially dangerous in kidney and bladder trouble. All druggists sell GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. They will refund the money if not as represented. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are imported direct from the laboratories in Holland. They are prepared in correct quantity and convenient form, are easy to take and are positively guaranteed to give prompt relief. In three sizes, sealed packages. Ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL. Accept no substitutes.—Adv.



## Libby's Vienna Sausage A Refreshing Change

THE tenderness of the meat, the delicacy of the seasoning are noticeable the moment you taste Libby's Vienna Sausage. For it is made from morsels of choice meats, seasoned with the greatest care—to bring out all the rich, savory flavor.

Serve Libby's Vienna Sausage today. Not only is it a refreshing change, but a hearty and inexpensive treat.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

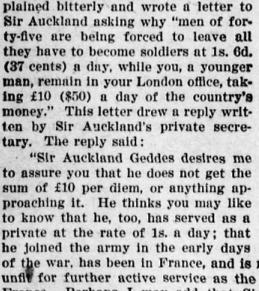
## URGES HELP FOR RUSSIA



Gen. K. M. Oberoucheff, formerly a prominent Russian commander, is urging that the allies send an armed expedition to Russia to restore the east front and push back the Teutons. General Oberoucheff was for 30 years a Russian revolutionist. He was arrested in 1880 and again in March, 1917. After the revolution he was a member of the Kiev executive committee, and commander of the troops in that (the Ukraine) army district. He resigned that post in October, 1917, when elected by the council of peasants' delegates as representative at the Copenhagen conference. While he was there the bolshevist insurrection closed Russia to him.

Says the general: "It is not only possible, but imperative, that an international allied army be sent into Russia for the purpose of forming with the Russian army in the east a united front against the Teutonic armies. Such an army must be sent under sufficient guarantees that the purpose is to assist in a common enterprise and that the presence of the new army will not be taken advantage of by any single country for its own selfish purposes. A categorical statement is necessary in order that this step should not be interpreted as aggressive and should not be seized as propaganda material by the ill-minded Germanophile groups of Russia to confuse the ignorant part of the Russian population."

## GEDDES SILENCES A CRITIC



Sir Auckland Geddes, minister of national service in the British cabinet, has come in for considerable criticism lately because he, a young man, has been so busy calling older men into service. Arthur Beercroft, who found himself liable to be called up, complained bitterly and wrote a letter to Sir Auckland asking why "men of forty-five are being forced to leave all they have to become soldiers at 15. Od. (37 cents) a day, while you, a younger man, remain in your London office, taking £10 (\$50) a day of the country's money." This letter drew a reply written by Sir Auckland's private secretary. The reply said:

"Sir Auckland Geddes desires me to assure you that he does not get the sum of £10 per diem, or anything approaching it. He thinks you may like to know that he, too, has served as a private at the rate of 1s. a day; that he joined the army in the early days of the war, has been in France, and is now only in a civilian position as he is unfit for further active service as the result of injuries received by him in France. Perhaps I may add that Sir Auckland also served in the South African war."

## CAN'T STAND GERMAN SOCIALISM



Allan L. Benson, Socialist candidate for president in 1916, has resigned from the Socialist party. His resignation he describes as "a protest against the foreign-born leadership that blindly believes a non-American policy can be made to appeal to many Americans."

In his letter addressed to the Socialist local in Yonkers, to which he has belonged for 11 years, Mr. Benson asserts his belief that nothing worse could happen to the world than the triumph of German imperialism, and that therefore he cannot remain in a party which places all the bellwethers on a parity, and recently in Wisconsin advocated the withdrawal of the American army from Europe.

But he asserts that the Socialist party is not pro-German and that the rank and file, "like the rank and file of other American parties, is essentially American and therefore ardently desirous of the defeat of the central powers." The attitude of the party he blames upon foreign-born leaders who cannot get the American point of view. What is mistaken as pro-Germanism in these men, he says, is non-Americanism.

## NURSE FROM THE CAUCASUS

After two years' service with a hospital unit attached to the army of the Caucasus under Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaevitch, Lady Anne Azapepian has returned to America. Born in Russian Poland, she lived in Indiana for eight years.

At the outbreak of the war she, with her husband, General Azapepian, who was once aide de camp to Mozaffar-ed-Din Shah, grandfather of the present boy-emperor of Persia, enlisted in the Imperial Red Cross society and was assigned to duty among the Russian wounded in central Persia.

She has done wonderful work of mercy in that desolate region among Cossacks and Moujikis. One wounded Armenian brought in, suffering from a gangrened leg, said in very good English, "Sister, please give me a drink." He proved to be an Armenian of the name of Maroutjian. For some he had lived in St. Louis.

## CAMOUFLAGE NO GOOD HERE

Old Indian Fighter Tries Various Methods of Rejuvenation in Effort to Enlist. Los Angeles.—Rush P. Sheddly, old Indian fighter, fifty-nine, was so anxious to go "over there" that he dyed his mustache, had all the kinks massaged out of his muscles, invested money in all other aids to rejuvenation he could think of and then started the rounds of the recruiting offices.

It takes two cords of cedar, redwood, poplar, catalpa, Norway pine, cypress, basswood, spruce and white pine, weighing about 2,000 pounds to the cord, to equal a ton of coal.

Stole Milk to Save Cat. Philadelphia.—The court attaches expected to hear a human interest story when Mrs. Mary Brown, arrested on a charge of the larceny of a quart of milk from the step of Nick Ceilo, informed the Camden police court.

Match in His Lung. The Smith Center, Kan.—Dr. J. E. Hodgson, the Downs physician, who met with the peculiar mishap recently of getting a match down his throat and

## STOLE MILK TO SAVE CAT

Woman Arrested on Larceny Charge Presents Unusual Plea When Arraigned.

Match in His Lung. The Smith Center, Kan.—Dr. J. E. Hodgson, the Downs physician, who met with the peculiar mishap recently of getting a match down his throat and

Chicks Hatched by Steam. Pittsburgh, Pa.—Believing they could hatch chickens without the use of a hen or incubator, pumpmen in a shanklin, Pa., colliery placed 18 eggs in a cot-bedded box beneath the steam pipes.

## Cuticura For Baby's Itchy Skin

At the Boarding House. "Mrs. Haslehigh, my egg is bad again this morning! I positively cannot eat it." "Have you tried the other end?" "The trouble with money is that you don't really have to have it before you can spend it."

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Marine Eye Remedy

**Gen's Sulphur Soap**

No other soap is so efficient in clearing the complexion of blemishes, pimples, freckles, etc.

**Purifies** (all blemishes)

Contains 5% Pure Sulphur.

50¢ per box. Sold by all druggists.

**Every Woman Wants**

**Partine**

ANTISEPTIC POWDER

FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE

Disinfects in water for domestic use, public restrooms, etc. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

**Change of Heart.**

"Jibway used to be very severe on careless motorists."

"That was some time ago."

"So it was."

"If you could hear him rail at fool pedestrians, traffic policemen, police court judges and rural constables you wouldn't need any further proof of the fact that Jibway is now a careless motorist himself."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**FRECKLES**

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove those homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Ad.

**Matrimonial Weather.**

"Can you adapt yourself to sudden changes of temperature?" asked Mr. Twobble, whose favorite occupation is watching the thermometer.

"I'm sorry to say I cannot," replied Mr. Duff. "Although I've been married for twenty years, my faculties still become paralyzed when a falling barometer indicates a domestic squall."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**Cuticura Stops Itching.**

The Soap to cleanse and Ointment to soothe and heal most forms of itching, burning skin and scalp affections. Ideal for toilet use. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." Sold by druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Ad.

**DETAILS ALMOST TOO MEAGER**

Example of the Over-Simple Story as it is Sometimes Told in Public Prints.

One of the pet fancies of American newspaper men is that a news story should be told simply, clearly and without unnecessary verbiage. However, it is possible to run this practice into the ground, as the contemporary account of the death of William Baffin makes evident. Baffin was the discoverer of Baffin bay, and some considerable citizen in his day. In his round of duty for old England it became necessary to slap the Portuguese on the wrists, and he went ashore on the Arabian gulf to do. Eleanor Franklin Egan digs up the story of his death among the archives, written by a contemporary, as follows:

"Master Baffin went on shore with his geometrical instruments for the better leveling of his piece to make his shot, but as he was about the same he received a small shot from the castle into his belly, wherewith he gave three leaps, by report, and died immediately."

This is almost as meager of detail as the letter of George Beeser to his mother: "The weather is quite cold; father died yesterday; hoping you are well, as this leaves me, I am," etc.

When a prominent citizen is shot nowadays, the fellow who does the leveling is the police reporter, hot on the trail for all the facts. The Baffin story conforms to rule, but it conforms too closely, showing that a good thing may easily be overdone.—G. M. F., in Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

**Mixed.**

Knicker—Did Smith get things mixed?

Bocker—Yes, he announced a bouncing wheel crop and a bumper baby.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.—Shakespeare.

**Combine The Grains**

That's what is done in making Grape-Nuts food—barley and other grains are used with wheat. This adds to food value and flavor and the sum total requires less wheat. The malted barley in Grape-Nuts also helps digest other foods. For an economical, nourishing and delicious food, try Grape-Nuts

**Our Part in Feeding the Nation**

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)

**GUARDING AMERICA FROM NEW INSECT PESTS**



Top, Inspector Examining Bananas on San Francisco Docks; Center, Cucumber and Watermelon Damaged and Deformed by Fly Attacks; Bottom, Baggage of Travelers Arriving at San Francisco from Hawaii Being Inspected for Infested Fruits and Vegetables.

**INTERCEPT AND DESTROY FLIES**

Half of Insect Pests Could Have Been Kept Out of Country by Quarantine.

**FRUIT FLIES ARE BEAUTIFUL**

Immense Losses Caused Annually to Fruits and Vegetables of United States Could Be Prevented—Precautions Being Taken.

More than half of the insect pests that annually cause immense losses in fruits and vegetables of the United States could have been kept out of this country by thorough quarantine against them, according to officials of the United States department of agriculture. To guard against more injurious insects being brought in from other countries is the object of the federal plant quarantine act of 1912 which, with the development of knowledge of insects throughout the world, has resulted in the bars being put up wherever the pests are likely to enter.

Among the insects of other lands that have not yet become established in this country are the serious pests known popularly as fruit flies. They resemble ordinary house flies but are far more beautiful, inasmuch as their wings are prettily spotted and banded and their bodies are usually more brightly colored. They are like house flies also in that they lay small, white eggs that hatch into whitish maggots. However, the maggots do not develop in refuse or decaying matter as do those of the house fly, but they feed upon the living tissues of fruits, nuts and vegetables. Eggs are laid just under the skin of the host plant or fruit and these hatch into the maggots which burrow in all directions through the pulp. As the maggots tunnel about they cause decay to develop and these rotting areas often produce greater injury than the maggots themselves.

**Where Danger Lies.**

Increasing imports from the countries where fruit flies now abound, extension of trade to remote corners of the earth, increasing density of population in the warmer portions of this country, are making greater each year the danger that fruit flies may become firmly established in the United States.

To intercept and destroy fruit flies as well as other pests, the federal horticultural board of the department of agriculture, charged with the enforcement of the plant quarantine act, prohibits the entry of all horticultural products likely to carry insect pest, unless they have been rendered free from danger as pest carriers, either by federal inspection or by treatment by approved methods under federal supervision.

The department also has established in the Hawaiian Islands a system of inspection that is heartily supported by fruit growers and transportation companies, whereby all plantations and packing houses from which fruit is shipped are kept from becoming sources of fruit-fly dissemination.

**GENERAL FARM NOTES**

Straw is too valuable to burn.

The dairy cow and the manure spreaders are partners.

Rotation of crops is one of the best methods of avoiding pests in ordinary farm operations.

Sweet clover makes better feed if cut when the plants first show indications of blooming.

Spring green manure crops should be plowed under while the plants are still green or full of moisture, and the plow should follow closely after the disking operation.

When the silo is used the entire corn plant, excepting the roots and a convenient amount of stubble, is saved and, what is even more important, is consumed.

**POULTRY NOTES**

Do not permit chicks to run out too early in the morning, especially if the grass is long.

Have plenty of coarse sand or small grit for the chicks from the start; also, granulated charcoal, which is one of the best stomach correctives they can have.

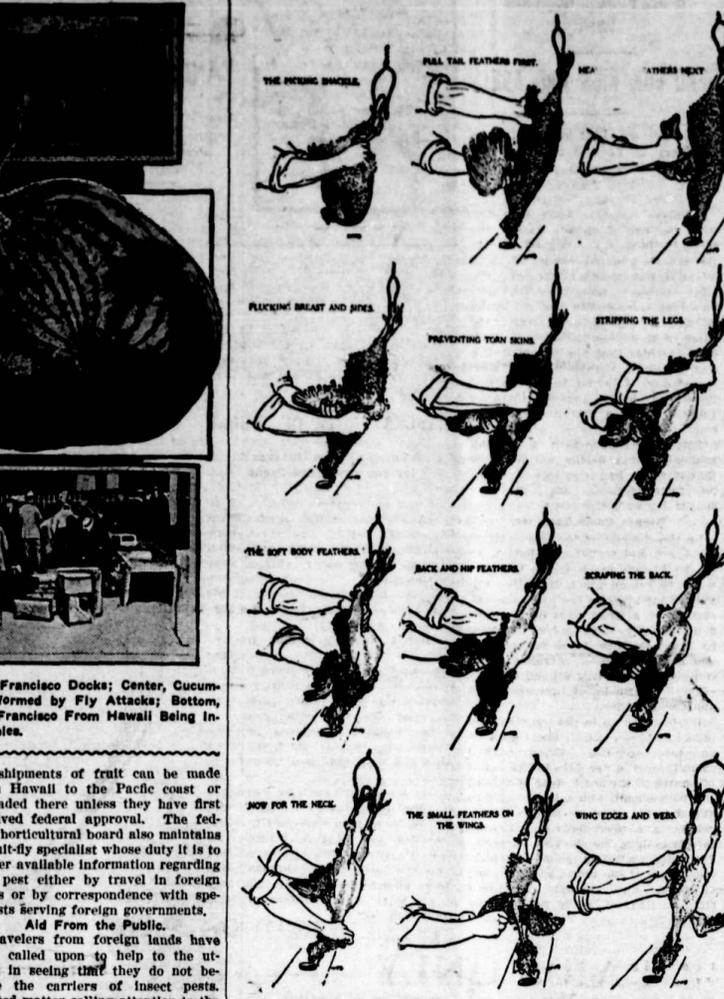
All the milk that the chicks can drink can be given them with beneficial results. Sweet milk, sour milk and buttermilk, all are good for them. Plenty of sour milk, so experts claim, will prevent and cure white diarrhea.

Few farmers will ever trap nest, but it will pay most farmers to get their male birds, or eggs for hatching them, from high-record trap-nested flocks. By supplying roosters from high-record birds, careful selection may very well be relied upon to do the best.

**A Bird in the Hand**

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)

**HOW TO PICK CHICKENS**



Successive Steps Shown in Pictures From Left to Right.

**PROPER PICKING VERY IMPORTANT**

Poorly Dressed Fowls Cause of Loss to Packer and Can Be Prevented.

**BRAINING IS BIG ESSENTIAL**

Dark Skins, "Burnt" Wings and Legs, Discolored Necks and Other Evils Can Be Obviated—Pictures Explain Fully.

Dark skins, "burnt" wings and legs due to continued and rough "stripping," pin feathers that show discolored necks because the neck feathers were pulled first instead of last—these things can be prevented by proper picking.

Much loss results from "roughing" when the quills and most of the soft feathers are removed. The few feathers, pins and down remaining should be removed by the "tipper" or "pinner." Proper braining is essential to easy dry picking—It makes dry picking as easy as "scalding."

**Steps in Picking.**

The following paragraphs explaining the steps in picking are numbered to correspond with the sketches in the picture, reading from left to right.

No. 1.—The picking shackle, made of galvanized wire one-eighth inch in diameter, is suspended by a cord. With the feet in the shackle the wings of the bird should be level with your elbows.

No. 2.—As soon as the throat vein is cut and the brain punctured, grasp the wings in the left hand, being sure not to clasp the neck. Grasp the tail with the right hand—thumb down—then turn the wrist and twist out the feathers as the first turn upward.

No. 3.—Pull the large wing feathers next. Hold the hand with the thumb upward. Grasp as many feathers as you can in one hand. Jerk them out with a sharp, quick downward movement. One grab for small birds—two for large.

No. 4.—Now for the breast and sides. Begin at the wishbone. Take large handfuls. Seize the feathers with the whole fist, thumb upward. Pull up and out, twisting the forearm outward.

**Fertilizers From Wastes.**

Industrial wastes furnished about 40 per cent of the potash, 8 per cent of the phosphoric acid, and 85 per cent of the nitrogen used in this country in 1916, according to a recent United States department of agriculture publication, "Fertilizers From Industrial Wastes."

The potash was obtained from such wastes as tobacco stems, cottonseed hulls, hardwood ashes, wood washings, blast-furnace flue dust, cement flue dust and sugar residues; the phosphoric acid from bones, shells, fish scrap, basic slag and other materials; and the nitrogen from wastes in the manufacture of castor, linseed and fish oils; from animal wastes, as blood, hair, horns, hoofs and hides; from leather and wool wastes, coke, and many other substances.

**Mating Guinea Fowls.**

Guinea fowls have a tendency to mate in pairs, but one male may be mated successfully with three or four females.

**POULTRY NOTES**

Cauliflower can be grown almost as easily as cabbage.

It takes a good farmer to make good hay year after year.

Plant the black-eyed pea in the corn when it is laid by and it will do about as well as when planted alone.

This year of all years it behooves every one of us farmers to utilize every available bit of feed for man or animal.

As soon as corn is above ground the cultivator should be started.

Good drainage is the best cure for soils containing excess deposits of alkali salts.

Beans should never be touched with wet dew. Be sure the plants are dry before venturing to cultivate.

The general tendency among those unfamiliar with the method of making clover hay seems to be to become too ripe before.

**ADVANCEMENT IN WESTERN CANADA**

**FARM LAND PRICES**

Stories of phenomenal advancement and prosperity in Western Canada have been told the reading public for some years past. The stories were told when there were hundreds of thousands of acres of splendid land adjacent to railways and projected lines, which could be had on the payment of a mere \$10 entry fee, and under cultivation and living conditions. As was prophesied then, the day has come when these are few. There are still available thousands of these; they are some distance now from the railways. The land is as good as ever, but pioneering conditions will have changed. A great many are still taking advantage of this free offer from the government. The story was told when good lands near lines of railway could be bought for from \$8 to \$10 per acre and the prophecy made that these prices would double in a few years, for the intrinsic value was far more than that. That day has come more quickly than expected. The immense crops of grain that could be raised has brought about the change, and the demand for low priced lands with maximum returns has prompted the keen purchaser as well as the owner of higher priced land from which no greater return could be looked for. Prices of land in Western Canada are still advancing, and will continue to advance until, of course, the limit is reached—when returns will warrant no further increase. That day is not far distant. But, in the meantime, there are large tracts of land owned by land companies and private individuals that have not been shown in other districts. The opportunity has passed these should not be lost sight of, and if there are those amongst the readers of this article, which is authorized by the Canadian government, who wish cheap land, such lands as produce from 25 to 40 bushels per acre, and will pay for themselves out of one year's crop, advantage should be taken of the present opportunity.

Coming to Alberta with his family thirteen years ago, his assets consisting of a small outfit and \$20 in cash. Mr. O. F. Malmberg has accumulated by farming and live stock raising assets to the value of more than \$300,000, and has a personal credit, worth on demand, \$100,000. He has not speculated in land, but bought only to farm. Near Big Horn, Alberta, he operates 3,100 acres of wheat land. He has just purchased an additional 11,500 acres near Cardston, in Southern Alberta. His personal credit enabled him to finance this deal in Calgary in a little over three hours. The ranch just purchased is a fully equipped stock and grain ranch. At the present time it carries a thousand head of cattle and several hundred horses, and is fully equipped with buildings, machinery, corrals, sheep sheds, dipping vats, etc. That is a story from one district. Let us select one from a district some hundred or more miles from that.

Peter A. Klassen, who recently moved to Herbert, Sask., from Kansas, has purchased a section of prairie land in the Hillsboro district, about 24 miles northwest of Herbert, for which he paid \$12,000 cash. He is erecting temporary buildings to live in while putting the place in cultivation, and this summer plans to erect good buildings on the farm and equip it for a home. Mr. Klassen recently sold his 80-acre farm in Kansas for \$15,000, and is investing the proceeds in Canada.

With the proceeds of the sale of his land in Kansas, this farmer purchased in Saskatchewan a piece of land as large as he had previously been farming, and had a balance with which to purchase equipment, stock, etc., of \$3,000. Moreover as land in Saskatchewan may be expected to yield twice as much grain per acre, he will be able to produce sixteen times as much as formerly.

The average value of farmland for the whole of Canada, including land improved and unimproved, together with dwelling houses, barns, stables and other farm buildings, is approximately \$44 per acre as compared with \$41 in 1916, according to the latest report of the Census and Statistics branch at Ottawa. The average value of land in the Prairie Provinces is as follows:

Mantoba .....	\$31.00
Saskatchewan .....	26.00
Alberta .....	26.70

It is the low prices at which land can be obtained in Western Canada which is rendering this country such an important factor in the production of foodstuffs at the present time. It is enabling men who have been farming small areas in older districts to take up and farm with the same capital areas not only many times as great, but which are also capable of producing considerably larger crops of the acre.—Advertisement.

**HENS AND LIBERTY**

Hens like freedom, but good feed and care reconcile them to confinement. Mature, rugged birds often lay more eggs in close confinement than when at liberty.

**How to Attract Birds.**

Birds may be attracted about homes by planting trees, herbs and shrubs which provide seeds and fruits relished by the birds, and by exposing food in artificial devices.

**World is Awakening.**

The two greatest discoveries of recent times are the value of children and the importance of open air.

**Tired Nervous Mothers**

Should Profit by the Experience of These Two Women

Buffalo, N. Y.—"I am the mother of four children, and for nearly three years I suffered from a female trouble with pains in my back and side, and a general weakness. I had professional attendance most of that time but did not seem to get well. As a last resort I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which I had seen advertised in the newspapers, and in two weeks noticed a marked improvement. I continued its use and am now free from pain and able to do all my household work."—Mrs. B. B. ZIELINSKA, 902 Weiss Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Portland, Ind.—"I had a displacement and suffered so badly from it at times I could not be on my feet at all. I was all run down and so weak I could not do my household work, was nervous and could not lie down at night. I took treatments from a physician but they did not help me. My Aunt recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tried it and now I am strong and well again and do my own work and I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound the credit."—Mrs. J. JOSEPHINE KRAMER, 935 West Race Street, Portland, Ind.

**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND**

**'PANTS' SEEMED SMALL THING COULDN'T SHAKE THAT PUP**

Fair Driver of Electric Buzz Wagon Had Other Matters That Were Weighing on Her Mind.

A smart electric zigzagged rather uncertainly to the curb in front of the majestic theater. The driver was a young woman with a Madonna-like face, daintily veiled. Before she could quite stop the car she managed to bump into a pedestrian and tear his trousers slightly. He was by no means a prepossessing specimen, but of the type of human fotsam generally found along South State street. Before a crowd could gather, however, the Madonna of the car opened the door, pulled her victim inside, and was off again.

"My pants! My pants!" he wailed; "you've ruined 'em. You've tore 'em all to tatters."

"Never mind about your pants!" snapped the Madonna.

"But I tell you you've ruined 'em. Then pants cost me ten dollars."

"Forget your pants, I say," repeated the Madonna. "I'll buy you a dozen pairs. They're the least of my troubles. If my husband ever hears of this, it's all off."

The car stopped a few minutes later at a clothing store.—Chicago Examiner.

**No Sentiment About It.**

"I presume you are keeping his old love letters for sentimental reasons?"

"No. For business reasons. I may want to sue him for breach of promise."

**Puzzle.**

"How old is Ann?"

"Well, she gets more frantic for the vote every year."

**The Reason.**

"Simpkins is a bluff man, isn't he?"

"Yes; that is why I was calling him."

**Save the Babies**

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twenty-two per cent, or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirty-seven per cent, or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save many of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infant deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity, they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. There can be no danger in the use of Castoria if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher as it contains no opiates or narcotics of any kind.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

**In Sheol.**

Satan banked the furnaces of everlasting torment, saw to it that there was plenty of red-ash brimstone on hand and told his friends that if the temperature went down to less than 6,000 in the shade to turn on the forced draft. Then he went to preside at a conference he had called on the banks of the Styx.

Roll call showed that Lucifer, Ahirman, Belial, Samuel, Beezebub, Titan, Sathan, Meplhistopheles, Asmodeus and Moloch were on hand.

"Now, gentlemen," said the original head administrator, "we have come to confer on the matter of punishment for one Bill Hohenzollern and his six trifling and healthy sons who have been abominating the earth. What shall we do to 'em?"

"Six billion years in the heated hereafter without their medals," they shouted, as with one voice. Whereat the conference closed.

**Where He Got Even.**

Church Usher (confidentially)—That woman I just seated is Mrs. Stuckup. She had me sent round to the back door on day when I called at the house on a business errand. Made me transport the business through a servant, too. But I've got even with her.

"Now, you have given her one of the best peeps in the church."

Usher—Wait half an hour. She's right where a stained-glass window will throw a red light on her nose.

**Very Forgetful.**

"Hello, Miss Winsome; what brings you out so early in the day?"

"Oh, I've just been to the photographer's with Dido (the pet dog she carried in her arms) and we have had our portraits taken together. Beauty and the beast, you know, Mr. Johnson!"—with a saucy little laugh.

"And what a little beauty he is, to be sure!" replied Johnson, invidiously, as he tenderly stroked poor Dido's head and pulled his ears. Then he suddenly remembered and became hot and cold in turn.—London Tit-Bits.

**Getting His Own Back.**

A cook at a cheap lodging house played a trick on a grumbling boarder by serving him with a piece of leather instead of steak.

"You have evidently changed your butcher," said the boarder, looking up at the landlady, after saving a minute or two on the leather.

"Same butcher as usual," said she, feigning innocence of the trick of the cook, of which she had quietly informed: "why?"

"Oh, nothing much," said the man, still trying to make an impression on the landlady; "only this piece of meat is the tenderest I've had here for some time."

**Tough Luck.**

His wife had followed him across to be a Red Cross nurse.

During a bit of German strafing he fell wounded and woke up several hours later in a field hospital. His wife was bending over him.

"Ain't that just my luck, Jenny?" he murmured. "With all the pretty nurses there are over here to look after the soldiers, I had to draw you."—Detroit Free Press.

**Dame fortune is too old to be caught by flattery or false jewels.**

Washington has a shortage of policemen.

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Thursday Afternoon, August 1, 1918

## PRESIDENT WILSON SIGNS MIGRATORY BIRD LAW

(continued from page one)

what extent, if at all, and by what means, it is compatible with the terms of the convention to allow hunting, taking, capture, killing, possession, sale, purchase, shipment, transportation, carriage, or export of any such bird, or any part, nest, or egg thereof, and to adopt suitable regulations permitting and governing the same, in accordance with, such determinations, which regulations shall become effective when approved by the President.

Sec. 4. That it shall be unlawful to ship, transport, or carry, by any means whatever, from one State, Territory, or District to or through another State, Territory or District, or to or through a foreign country, any bird, or any part, nest, or egg thereof, captured, killed, taken, shipped, transported or carried in any time contrary to the laws of the State, Territory, or District in which it was captured, killed, or taken, or from which it was shipped, transported or carried. It shall be unlawful to import any bird, or any part, nest, or egg thereof, captured, killed, taken, shipped, transported, or carried contrary to the laws of any Province of the Dominion of Canada in which the same was captured, killed, or taken or from which it was shipped, transported or carried.

Sec. 5. That any employee of the Department of Agriculture authorized by the Secretary of Agriculture to enforce the provisions of this Act shall have power, without warrant, to arrest any person committing a violation of this Act in his presence or view and to take such person immediately for examination or trial before an officer or court of competent jurisdiction; shall have power to execute any warrant or other process issued by an officer or court of competent jurisdiction for the enforcement of the provisions of this Act; and shall have authority, with a search warrant, to search any place. The several judges of the courts established under the laws of the United States, and United States commissioners may, within their respective jurisdictions, upon proper oath or affirmation showing probable cause, issue warrants in all such cases. All birds, or parts, nests or eggs thereof, captured, killed, taken, shipped, transported, carried, or possessed contrary to the provisions of this Act or of any regulations made pursuant thereto shall, when found, be seized by any such employee, or by any marshal or deputy marshal, and, upon conviction of the offender or upon judgment of a court of the United States that the same were captured, killed, taken, shipped, transported, carried, or possessed contrary to the provisions of this Act or of any regulation made pursuant thereto, shall be forfeited to the United States and disposed of as directed by the court having jurisdiction.

Sec. 6. That any person, association, partnership, or corporation who shall violate any of the provisions of said convention or of this Act, or who shall violate or fail to comply with any regulation made pursuant to this Act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be fined not more than \$500 or be imprisoned not more than six months, or both.

Sec. 7. That nothing in this Act shall be construed to prevent the several States and Territories from making or enforcing laws or regulations not inconsistent with the provisions of said convention or of this Act, or from making or enforcing laws or regulations which shall give further protection to migratory birds, their nests and eggs, if such laws and regulations do not extend the open seasons for such birds beyond the dates approved by the President in accordance with section 3 of this Act.

Sec. 8. That until the adoption and approval, pursuant to section three of this Act, of regulations dealing with migratory birds and their nests and eggs, such migratory birds and their nests and eggs as are intended and used exclusively for scientific or propagating purposes may be taken, captured, killed, possessed, sold, purchased, shipped, and transported for such scientific or propagating purposes if and to the extent not in conflict with the laws of the State, Territory, or District in which they are taken, captured, killed, possessed, sold, or purchased, or in or from which they are shipped or transported if the packages containing the dead bodies or the nests or eggs of such birds when shipped and transported shall be marked on the outside thereof so as accurately and clearly to show the name and address of the shipper and the contents of the package.

Sec. 9. That the unexpended balances of any sums appropriated by the agricultural appropriation Acts for the fiscal years nineteen hundred and seventeen and nineteen hundred and eighteen, for enforcing the provisions of the Act approved March fourth, nineteen hundred and thirteen, relating to the protection of migratory game and insectivorous birds, are hereby reappropriated and made available until expended for the expenses of carrying into effect the provisions of this Act and regulations made pursuant thereto, including the payment of such rent, and the employment of such persons and means, as the Secretary of Agriculture may deem necessary, in the District of Columbia and elsewhere, co-operation

with local authorities in the protection of migratory birds, and necessary investigations connected therewith: Provided, That no person who is subject to the draft for service in the Army or Navy shall be exempted or excused from such service by reason of his employment under this Act.

Sec. 10. That if any clause, sentence, paragraph, or part of this Act shall, for any reason, be adjudged by any court of competent jurisdiction to be invalid, such judgment shall not effect, impair, or invalidate the remainder thereof, but shall be confined in its operation to the clause, sentence, paragraph, or part thereof directly involved in the controversy in which such judgment shall have been rendered.

Sec. 11. That all Acts or parts of Acts inconsistent with the provisions of this Act are hereby repealed.

Sec. 12. Nothing in this Act shall be construed to prevent the breeding of migratory game birds on farms and preserves and the sale of birds so bred under proper regulation for the purpose of increasing the food supply.

Sec. 13. That this Act shall become effective immediately upon its passage and approval.

Approved July 3, 1918.

## SHIPBUILDER AT 97



A. J. "Dad" Babcock, a ninety-seven-year-old ship worker, is spinning oakum in the Seaborn yards, at Tacoma, Wash. Babcock has been in the shipbuilding industry for 80 years and was the founder of the first shipyard at Tacoma. Too old to undertake more strenuous work, "Dad" offered his services spinning oakum and is at his post daily, his trusty lunch box keeping him company.

## PUTS O. K. ON SAUERKRAUT

Food Administration Says It is Valuable Food and Use Should Be Encouraged.

Washington.—On account of its supposed German name, sauerkraut seems to be losing its popularity as an American dish. The food administration has learned that throughout the country men and women in their patriotic glow have been spreading a strong propaganda to discourage the use of a valuable foodstuff.

As a matter of fact, the dish is said to be of Dutch, rather than of German origin. In any event, sauerkraut is a valuable food and adds to the variety in which cabbage may be prepared. Its wider use would no doubt stimulate a greater use of cabbage and would further the food administration's campaign for increased consumption of perishable foodstuffs and a greater saving of the staple foods needed abroad.

No matter by what name it may be known, sauerkraut is a valuable food and its use should not be curtailed as a result of overzealous and ill-advised patriotism.

## MENDING MOTHERS BIG HELP

Boys in Camp Look Forward to Their Coming with Real Cheer.

San Diego, Cal.—Camp Kearny, the great military training camp of southern California, is receiving almost daily attacks from an organization known as "The Mending Mothers." Armed with needles and thread, patches and buttons, surprise attacks are made upon the various units and clothing of all descriptions is mended, patched and repaired in tiptop shape, such as mothers only can do. Each soldier's "army trousseau" is thoroughly renovated and a note left for the soldier by the thimble squadrons telling the day or week the organization will again visit the regiment.

While the mending mothers sew away a regimental band furnishes music to the time of the needles and then over to the mess hall goes the entire organization for luncheon.

"A petition for an injunction, based upon somewhat doubtful assertion of fact," says a New York lawyer, "came before one of the justices of the supreme court of this state. After consideration of the affidavit of the petitioner, the justice remarked: 'In this case an injunction will not lie, even if the relator does.'—Case and Comment.

## DADDY KEEPS PROMISE AND GETS FRENCH CROSS

Pittsburgh, Pa.—"Good-by, dear; when daddy comes back he'll bring you a French cross." These were the parting words of Lieut. Walter Rogers Flannery to his infant daughter, when he left with his company for France two months ago. And the lieutenant's promise came true when he rescued a wounded Frenchman after swimming the Marne river in a hall of German bullets. For this act he was decorated with the French cross of war.

## UNCLE SAM'S BIG WORK IN FRANCE

Gigantic Things Being Accomplished by Men From United States.

## SPEED ASTONISHES FRENCH

Immense Structures Spring Like Magic From Ground—Troops Slated for Three Months' Training Go Into Service.

With the American Army in France, Americans in France who are familiar with the gigantic things Uncle Sam is doing here sometimes wonder if the people who are subscribing for Liberty loans and giving their full moral support to the national government fully realize what their money and their support are making possible over here in France, writes Don Martin in the New York Herald.

The rule of the army is that Americans must not boast. In simpler, backwoods language, Americans must saw wood and let the other fellow do the talking. Consequently the folks back home get only fragmentary pictures of what Uncle Sam, three thousand miles away, is accomplishing.

Forests in places have been cleared away to make room for sidings. Immense structures have come almost like magic out of the ground. Railway tracks have been laid so swiftly that one could almost see them extend themselves. To see a thousand hardy, eager young Americans working in an isolated part of France is a sight to be encountered many times any day. And the work has just begun!

Building Lines of Communication.

Only a few weeks ago while driving along a well-known highway of eastern France I saw young engineers surveying along a distance of perhaps twenty miles. They were young college men. A few days later they were thirty miles further along the road, and where they had been gangs of men digging holes and unloading coils of wire from trucks. Next day tamarack poles were scattered along the route. What I saw along this 50-mile strip was merely a duplication of what was going on in every 50-mile sector all the way from the coast to the front line. Now there is a fully-equipped American telephone line.

This is just an incident in the enormous program of organization and preparation which the United States is carrying out. If we lack perhaps in the long military experience of some of the other nations, no one can accuse Americans of lacking in quick organization and achievement in construction work. France is marveling at the speed with which our engineers and their bands of men have progressed through their mammoth tasks. She knows now, although she really never doubted, that the United States is in the war to a finish and is determined to prosecute it with the same vigor she has every other conflict she has ever engaged in.

American soldiers, as Secretary Baker predicted, have been pouring into France for several weeks. They are distributed in villages where until now no American was ever seen. One has but to see the gigantic barracks being erected here and there along the line of communications to realize that stupendous things are in the immediate future. At one point thirty one-story frame buildings, each 100 feet in length, were built in two weeks. Now they are filled with soldiers going through intensive training for service at the front.

So, as the Americans are gradually coming to realize that somewhere back home there has been wonderful speed and efficiency in getting men across the Atlantic, the people of France are beginning to understand that Uncle Sam has a vast army here already. How much of it will participate in the great battle which is still going on, no one can foretell. It is known only that American troops have been moving about recently and that many troops which were slated for three months' additional training behind the battle lines were found to be in a state of such perfection that they were ready to meet any emergency.

French Rejoice; Americans in Line.

Americans were sent to the big front not long after the battle began. Official announcement to that effect was made. Publication of the fact caused a feeling of exultation to sweep over France. Everywhere one could hear the French saying:

"America is now in the line!"

Americans had been in the front line long before that, but not in the front line of the biggest battle of the war. The French newspapers commented widely on the matter and later gave great prominence to the statement of General Pershing that anything America has is at the disposal of France for what use she wishes to make of it. This was regarded by France as the most generous and patriotic offer ever made by one nation to another. The people of France are overjoyed. They never feared the result of the big battle now going on. Possibly they worried sometimes about the capacity of a nation bred as France has been bred to continue indefinitely if years were required to give the Germans the licking they deserve. But now they are flushed with optimism and confidence, and they are swelled with pride and a new love for America.

A Legal Pun.

"A petition for an injunction, based upon somewhat doubtful assertion of fact," says a New York lawyer, "came before one of the justices of the supreme court of this state. After consideration of the affidavit of the petitioner, the justice remarked: 'In this case an injunction will not lie, even if the relator does.'—Case and Comment.

What Service Is.

The most blessed of human endeavors is service—the service that educates and builds and makes this old world a better and happier place in which to live and work. Service is the spirit of the hour. It blesses him that gives and him that gets; it is the brotherhood of man in business; it is the helping hand extended unselfishly; it is bread cast upon the waters; it is a way of helping oneself by helping each other. The best that can be said of any man is this: "He served others that they might better serve themselves."—Barber.

## NEGRO'S IDEA BEATS THE HUNS

Conceived in Georgia Village It Bears Fruit in No Man's Land.

## DEAD FOX AIDS AND ABETS

New Abraham Lincoln Davis Goes Hungry to Feed Bunch of German Messenger Dogs Lured Into Trench.

With the American Army in France. —Of the two threads out of which this yarn is spun one started in a little village situated about 16 miles inland from Savannah, Ga., and the other started in the office of the German high command in Berlin. In the Georgia village—I don't recall the name of it now—a pickaninny developed the idea that the best kind of a dog to chase a rabbit was a long-legged dog. Likewise in the office of the German high command there developed the idea that a dog, having considerable intelligence, would make a better messenger than a German soldier on the battlefield, and also that if a dog had long legs he would be a faster messenger dog than a messenger dog with short legs.

Threads Come Together.

So the threads of the story started far apart and stretched a long way to the French front, where the erstwhile pickaninny is a first-class private in the army of his Uncle Samuel, and where a short ways off the German military dogs carry messages back and forth to the Boche pillboxes and advanced posts. Abraham (Lincoln) Davis—his pals all call him Ike—has dodged a lot of German bullets and gas grenades.

Ike hadn't been in the trenches long before he began to hear about the German messenger dogs. Every now and then, through a peephole in the top of his trench, he caught sight of one of the messengers, although they generally did their work at night. He developed a respect and an admiration for these dogs, and he could scarcely choke down a fight when a snipper picked off one of the animals. When one of the dogs was brought in after a German raid, Ike made up his mind that he had to have one of those dogs to chase rabbits down in Georgia. I don't believe he realized that he was to have a kennel of them.

It was an evening in early spring when Ike was seated by the edge of a deep French well on the outskirts of a dilapidated little village, where he was billeted during a rest period. He saw something leaping along the top of a hill a mile away. A second sight told him it was a fox, and then he forgot about it. The next night and the day after Ike saw the fox, and then the remembrance that a dog that chased a rabbit chased a fox when he got a chance. To make this part of the story short, when he went back to the trenches a few days later Ike had the fox, dead.

On the next two or three nights Ike volunteered regularly for patrol duty in No Man's Land. The third night he got permission and took the dead fox with him.

Gets Results at Last.

On the third night after he started patrolling with his dead fox, he got results. But let the next part of the story be told by Ike's commanding officer. I wish I could mention his name but the censorship rules forbid.

"It was along about 4 o'clock in the morning," this officer said, "just after one of our patrols had come in. I remember it was raining slightly. The patrol reported it had encountered no Germans and that things seemed rather quiet. I was about to go away when there was a scrambling underneath our wire and a German messenger dog popped over the edge of the trench and right into the arms of one of our big buck privates, named Davis. The dog had a message around his neck directed to one of the pill boxes, telling the gunners there that American patrols were out. I took the message and started to lend the dog away to have my orderly take care of it when Ike begged for it so earnestly that I told him to watch it while I got some sleep.

"I forgot all about the dog and was thinking of home and mother some hours later when one of the lieutenants reported that during the night six other German dogs had come into our trench at about the same place and that Ike had been near enough to grab each one of them. I went to look for Davis and that darkey had those seven dogs corralled in a ready-made dugout as neat as you please and was feeding them his own chow and all that he could beg, borrow or steal. I'm darned if I can explain it, but I know that if the gunners had got the instructions those dogs carried all our patrols wouldn't have come back.

"Come on, I'll show you the circus."

He took me 200 yards away and as we mounted a little knoll I saw a big negro hastily completing the job of covering up something he had buried in a hole. He dropped the spade and saluted as his officer came up.

"Private Davis," said the officer, "show the gentlemen those dogs."

"Here they is, sah," he answered, and lifted a heavy board. Down through the opening were seven lanky dogs, with powerful legs and long noses.

"Listening In" in Egypt.

Mohammedans in Egypt are "listening in." The attendance is steadily increasing, and one Sunday four Mohammedan professors were at the preaching service and 15 Mohammedan boys came to the Sunday school for the first time. Their fathers stood outside the window to ascertain what the teaching might be. A number of them were thus listening out of doors.—The Christian Herald.

Occupy Your Proper Place.

It's continuous confidence in the ideal of your own making that compels success, observes an educator. Some men never question the possibility of defeat. They may have set-backs but not defeats. They are right and know themselves to be right. The rest of the world may be ranged against them for all they care. They have a mission and nothing short of it will satisfy. That's what you should have. Get the proper self-estimate and move up to your place.

## SHAVING UNDER DIFFICULTIES



A French Polit, who contracted tuberculosis during an 18 months' stay in a German prison camp, shaving under difficulties. The American Red Cross, which is working with the French in the fight against tuberculosis, has recently shipped thousands of safety razors to France and other European countries.

## ATTACKS VICTIM OF U-BOAT

French Vessel Captain Mistakes Wreck for Submarine and Opens Fire.

San Francisco.—Capt. Abel Chevalier, commander of the French bark Bretagne, holds the unique distinction of being the only officer to attack what he thought was a German submarine and then find that the object of his attack was itself the victim of a submarine.

After a toilsome journey through submarine-infested seas, the Bretagne came upon what was believed to be a German U-boat off the Spanish coast. Captain Chevalier turned loose with all guns and after sending several shells through the supposed diver discovered that it was the hull of an American ship that had been torpedoed.

"We fired eleven shots at a distance of three miles before we discovered our mistake," said Captain Chevalier. "When we ran alongside we found no sign of life aboard. The lifeboats were gone and the crew probably had made for the Spanish coast. The only letters we could make out on the name plate were 'R-essy.'"

The Bretagne sank the old hulk before continuing her voyage.

## ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD WOULD JOIN NAVY

Philadelphia.—Perhaps the most disappointed boy in the Philadelphia district is eleven-year-old Rollo Jacobson of Lansdowne. He made a round of all the recruiting offices in this city and failed to enlist. "I want to go to France," he pleaded. "I am certain you want a drummer boy to go along with the troops." The young patriot made a splendid impression and at the Naval Reserve recruiting office he was permitted to fill out an application blank. He stated that he was in the sixth grade at school and that his "nearest of kin" was his baby brother, Marcus, three years old.

Worthy of Thought.

A quiet mediocrity is still to be preferred before a troubled superfluity.

Excuse and Failure Synonymous. An excuse is an admission of failure. It is a plea for leniency, for suspension of sentence. It is a step toward loss of self-confidence. It is the beginning of life failure. And that man or woman who expects success to crown his or her old age should go to any legitimate extreme to prevent the possibility of having to offer excuses for failure in execution. Excuses are the allies of bankrupt lives. Achievement is difficult, but profitable in its large and painful returns.—Milwaukee Journal

In Her Kit Bag.

Women are never stronger than when they arm themselves with their own weakness.—Mme. de Grignify.

**JOSEPH. H. McCONOMY** Main street TUCKERTON  
PRACTICAL  
**Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Worker**  
ROOFING AND REPAIRING IN ALL BRANCHES  
OVES HEATERS AND RANGES. TIN AND AGATE WARE  
GAS MANTLES AND CHIMNEYS  
PLUMBING—BOAT PUMPS AND TANKS  
ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY GIVEN

**This Seal Is the Fisherman's Guide To Comfort, Long Wear and Economy In Rubber Boots**

Look for the "U. S. Seal" on every pair. It is our promise and your assurance of rubber footwear that will keep your feet warm, dry and comfortable in work about the boats and wharves, when gales lash the waves to fury and fling high the numbing, icy spray.

Not only warmth and comfort, but longer wear which means money saved, make U. S. Rubber Footwear ideal for the fisherman, and for all who must ward off wet and chill and conquer rough going in the day's work. There's a pair designed for your special needs.

For sale everywhere. Your dealer has just what you want, or can get it for you.

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New York

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**Player Pianos and Talking Machines Sold on Easy Terms**

**JANSSEN**

You are invited to hear a demonstration of the WONDERFUL **JANSSEN--DE LUXE Player Piano**

Plays any composition in the way you want to play it. Remarkable in its expression and almost human in reproducing the works of all artists

I want all the musical people in this section to hear this great piano and see what it can do.

Make an appointment and my auto will call for you any time and at any place.

I also have the **Langdon Player Piano** a popular priced instrument

Write or Phone me

**HAROLD B. COX** Phone 24-R 5 **Barnegat, N. J.**

WHEN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION THE BEACON

**TUCKERTON BEACON**  
TUCKERTON, N. J.

Thursday Afternoon, August 1, 1918

**SOCIETIES**

**TUCKER ON CHAPTER NO. 24, U. S. S.**  
Meets every 2nd and 4th Friday evening of the month at 8 o'clock in the home of Mrs. Arvilla Horner, W. F. M. J. Winfield Horner, W. F. M. Mrs. Henrietta C. Cole, Secy. Mrs. Fannie D. Smith, Treas.

**TUCKERTON LODGE, NO. 4, F. & A. M.**  
Meets every 2nd and 4th Tuesday evening of each month in Masonic Hall corner Wood and Church streets.  
H. P. Holloway, W. M. W. Irving Smith, Sec'y.

**BYRONIAN POST NO. 17, G. A. R.**  
Meets at Town Hall, every first and third Thursday evening of each month at 7:30 o'clock.  
Charles White, Commander. Stephen Keck, Jr., Quartermaster. Edwin A. Gale, Adjutant.

**LAKEVIEW COUNCIL NO. 24, J. O. U. A. M.**  
Meets every Monday night, in the Red Men's Hall corner Main and Green streets, at 8 o'clock.  
Joseph B. Mathis, Counselor. Joseph H. Brown, Sec'y.

**FRANCE COUNCIL NO. 124, D. O. E. L.**  
Meets every Tuesday evening in the Red Men's Hall corner Main and Green streets at 8 o'clock.  
Mrs. Addie Cox, Counselor. Mrs. L. W. Frazier, Sec'y.

**FOULATONG TRIBE, NO. 21, I. O. O. F.**  
Meets every Saturday night, 7th floor, 20th Street in Red Men's Wigwam, corner Main and Green streets.  
Garwood Horner, Sachem. Geo. Bishop, Jr., C. of M.

**TRUSTEES WIDOWS AND ORPHANS**  
W. H. Kelley, W. L. Smith, C. Ira Mathis, Secy. W. Grant, Joseph H. Brown.

**OCEAN LODGE NO. 25, I. O. O. F.**  
Meets every Thursday evening in Town Hall corner Main and Wood streets at 7:30 o'clock.  
LeRoy Chambers, N. G. L. E. Mosier, Secy. Leo W. Fluke, Fin. Sec'y.

**MUTUAL BENEFIT BUILDING LOAN ASSOCIATION**  
of Tuckerton, N. J.  
Meets at P. O. Building on the last Sat. of every month.  
W. L. Smith, President. Joseph H. Brown, Secretary.

**COLUMBIA TEMPLE, 80, 30, L. O. E. F.**  
Meets every Tuesday night, in G. E. Hall corner Main and Wood streets.  
Mrs. Henrietta Cole, N. T. Mrs. L. W. Frazier, G. of R.

**TUCKERTON LODGE NO. 1096, L. O. O. F.**  
Meets every Wednesday night at 8 P. M. in Red Men's Hall.  
W. Howard Kelley, Dictator. Nathan B. Atkinson, Sec'y. Harry White, Treasurer.

**Manahawkin**

Elmer Cranmer has just sold a carload of ice to the fish pounds at Ship Bottom.

Harry Crane and family are spending some time at their cottage at Arlington Beach.

William Elberson has returned to his work in Camden after spending two weeks at home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Elberson.

Mrs. McGee, of Smithville, has been visiting friends in town.

Charles Asmus, of Philadelphia, was a week end visitor at home.

Mrs. S. C. Letts, formerly of this place, now of Eatentown, celebrated her 76th birthday on Monday and her friends gave her a birthday postal shower.

Young and old are enjoying the bathing in the lake this hot weather.

T. A. Corliss was an over Sunday visitor in Lakewood.

Harry Hazelton and family have returned to their home in Jersey City after spending two weeks in town visiting relatives.

Mrs. Bertha Palmer entertained friends from Chatsworth on Sunday.

Leon Elberson and wife, of Philadelphia, are spending some time with the Mr. Elberson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Elberson.

John Paul and family motored to Woodland on Sunday.

George Rupp and daughter, of Brooklyn, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Paul.

Walter Russell, of Mount Holly, was in town on Saturday.

Irven Cranmer and family, of Trenton, are visiting Mr. Cranmer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cranmer.

C. H. Cranmer and family spent few days last week in their cottage at Surf City.

Benjamin Martin, of Camden, was an over Sunday visitor at his home here.

Miss Mabel Cranmer and Miss Phoebe Martin spent last week at Arlington Beach.

Miss Myrtle Sprague, of Cedar Run, was a visitor in town on Monday.

L. A. Courtney and family spent Tuesday in Atlantic City.

Mrs. Hilliard Allison and daughter Adele, were over Sunday visitors with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mason Price, at Parkertown.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Cranmer, Mrs. Julia Martin and Mrs. Emma Lamson motored to Camp Dix on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Cranmer and son Leslie were week end visitors with Mrs. Cranmer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Steelman at Asbury Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perrine and daughter, of Barnegat City, are visiting the latter's mother, Mrs. Caleb Conklin.

George C. Truax, of Beach Haven Terrace C. G. S., spent Sunday with his family here.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Cranmer and son Howard, motored to Beach Haven on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Sprague and son James, of Jersey City, are visiting the former's mother, Mrs. Carrie Sprague.

Mr. and Mrs. C. VanVorst and

daughter Katherine, were week end visitors at Ship Bottom.

Miss Myrtle Sprague was a Monday visitor with Mrs. Walter Paul in Manahawkin.

We are sorry to report Miss Sophie Cranmer and Miss Hannah Conklin on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Holloway, of West Creek, were Monday callers on Mrs. W. S. Cranmer.

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**RIDGWAY HOUSE**  
AT-THE-FERRIES  
PHILA.

**HOTEL RIDGWAY**  
AT-THE-FERRIES  
CAMDEN

**ASSOCIATED HOTELS EUROPEAN PLAN**

ROOMS WITH PRIVATE BATH.  
HOT AND COLD RUNNING WATER IN EACH ROOM.

**Dr. H. G. Keeler**  
DENTIST

I will be at my Tuckerton office on Saturday of each week all day.

Patients desiring treatment or information during the week can call, write or phone to 1218 Atlantic Avenue o Chalfonte Apartments, Atlantic City.

**"Nervous exhaustion—blinding headache"**

Striving to satisfy the demands of everyone is apt to affect the nerves, and continual standing may weaken the Heart.

**Dr. Miles' Nervine** is invaluable for Nervous troubles, and for the Heart

**Dr. Miles' Heart Treatment** is highly recommended.

IF FIRST BOTTLE FAILS TO BENEFIT YOU, YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.

**TUCKERTON RAILROAD CO.**  
and Tuckerton Railroad Company operating Philadelphia and Beach R. R., and Barnegat R. R. IN EFFECT JUNE 30th, 1918.

Trains from New York and Philadelphia to Tuckerton, Beach Haven and Barnegat City

STATIONS	Daily Ex. Sun.		Sat. only		Daily Ex. Sun.		Sun. only		Sun. only	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Ly N. York PRR	7.00			1.24						
" N. York CRR	3.30			1.20						2.30
" Trenton	8.20			3.00						7.15
" Philadelphia	9.28	1.40		3.48						7.48
" Camden	9.35	1.47		3.56						7.56
" Mt. Holly	10.13	2.20		4.27						8.36
" Whiting's	11.00			5.12						9.45
" Cedar Creek	11.09			5.20						9.53
" Lacey	11.13			5.24						9.57
" Warstown Jet	11.24			5.34						10.08
" Barnegat C. Jt.	11.28	B 3.19		5.38						10.12
" Manahawkin	11.43			5.51						10.25
" Cedar Run	11.44			5.55						10.30
" Mayetta	11.44			5.57						10.32
" Staffordville	11.46			5.59						10.34
" Cox Station	11.49			6.01						10.36
" West Creek	11.53			6.05						10.40
" Parkertown	11.55			6.07						10.42
Ar Tuckerton	12.00			6.12						10.47
Ly Hilliards				6.20						10.31
" Martins	11.48			6.00						10.34
" Barnegat C. Jt.	11.51	3.32		6.05						10.38
" Ship Bottom	11.55	B 3.36		6.08						10.41
" Brant Beach	11.58	B 3.38		6.11						10.44
" B. H. Crest	12.00			6.13						10.46
" Pehala	12.01			6.14						10.47
" B Haven Ter	1p.05	B 3.44		6.18						10.50
" Spray Beach	12.07	B 3.46		6.20						10.52
" N. York Haven	12.09			6.22						10.54
Ar Beach Caders	12.11			6.23						10.55
Ly Surf City	12.03			6.17						10.49
" Harvey Cedars	12.13	3.54		6.27						10.59
" High Point	12.15	3.57		6.30						11.01
" Club House	12.22	4.04		6.37						11.07
Ar Barnegat City	12.29	4.10		6.43						11.15

Trains from Tuckerton, Beach Haven and Barnegat City to Philadelphia and New York

STATIONS	Daily Ex. Sun.		Mon. only		Daily Ex. Sun.		Sun. only		Sun. only	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Ly Barnegat City				6.56		2.38		7.10		4.22
" Club House				7.01		2.44		7.17		4.28
" High Point				7.08		2.51		7.23		4.34
" Harvey Cedars				7.11		2.54		7.25		4.37
" Surf City				7.21		3.03		7.36		4.47
" Beach Haven	7.18			7.16		2.52		7.30		4.38
" N. York Haven	7.20			7.17		2.54		7.32		4.40
" Spray Beach	7.22	A 7.17		2.56		2.54		7.34		4.42
" B Haven Ter	7.24	A 7.19		2.58		2.56		7.36		4.44
" Pehala	7.30	A 7.22		3.02		2.57		7.40		4.48
" B. H. Crest	7.31	A 7.23		3.04		2.57		7.42		4.50
" Brant Beach	7.31	A 7.23		3.06		2.57		7.43		4.51
" Ship Bottom	7.33	A 7.26		3.10		2.57		7.45		4.53
" Barnegat C. Jt.	7.38	7.31		3.15		2.58		7.48		4.59
" Martins	7.39			3.16		2.58		7.50		5.01
" Tuckerton	7.28			3.05		2.57		7.54		5.05
" Parkertown	7.33			3.10		2.57		7.49		4.46
" West Creek	7.35			3.12		2.57		7.47		4.57
" Cox Station	7.38			3.15		2.57		7.50		4.53
" Staffordville	7.41			3.18		2.57		7.52		5.00
" Mayetta	7.43			3.20		2.57		7.54		5.02
" Cedar Run	7.45			3.22		2.57		7.56		5.04
" Manahawkin	7.54			3.31		2.57		8.05		5.16
" Barnegat	8.02			3.39		2.57		8.15		5.26
" Warstown Jet	8.06			3.43		2.57		8.19		5.30
" Lacey				3.47		2.57		8.23		5.34
" Cedar Crest	8.20			3.57		2.57		8.35		5.46
Ar Whiting's	8.30	C 8.15		4.07						

# "OUTWITTING THE HUN"

By Lieutenant Pat O'Brien

(Copyright, 1918, by Pat O'Brien)

## DRIVEN TO DESPERATION BY HUNGER, O'BRIEN GOES BOLDLY TO A BELGIAN HOUSE AND ASKS FOR FOOD.

**Synopsis.**—Pat O'Brien, a resident of Momence, Ill., after seeing service in the American Flying Corps on the Mexican border in 1916, joins the British Royal Flying Corps in Canada, and after a brief training period is sent to France. He is assigned to a squadron in active service on the front. He engages in several hot fights with German flyers, from which he emerges victorious. Finally, in a fight with four German flyers, O'Brien is shot down. He falls 8,000 feet and, escaping death by a miracle, awakes to find himself a prisoner in a German hospital, with a bullet hole in his mouth. After a few days in the hospital he is sent to a prison camp at Courtrai. After a short stay there he is placed upon a train bound for a prison camp in Germany. He decides to take a desperate chance for liberty. He leaps through the open window of the car while the train is traveling 35 miles an hour. His wounds reopened by the fall, O'Brien almost literally crawls through Germany and Luxembourg, traveling at night and sleeping by day, living on garbage and raw vegetables stolen from gardens.

### CHAPTER IX—Continued.

I ran up the bank of the canal quite a distance and then swam to the opposite side, as I reasoned they would not be looking for me there. I found a sheltered clump of bushes that were in a swamp near the canal and in the driest part that I could find I crawled in and made myself as comfortable as possible. The sun came up soon and kept me warm, and I planned to camp right there, food or no food, until the Hun got tired of searching for me. I think I heard them once or twice that day, and my heart nearly stopped on each occasion, but evidently they decided to look in some other direction and I was not further molested.

At the same time I figured that it was absolutely necessary for me to change my course, even at the expense of going somewhat out of my way. I decided to go due west and I kept in that direction for four days. As I was in a very weak condition, I did not cover more than five miles a night. I kept away from the roads and did all my journeying through fields, beet patches, woods, swamps—anywhere provided I was not likely to be seen and captured. Food was an important consideration to me, but it was secondary to concealment.

At last I brought up at the Meuse river at a place between Namur and Huy, and it was here that I came nearest of all to giving up the struggle. The Meuse at this point is about half a mile wide—as wide as the Hudson River at West Point. Had I been in normal condition I wouldn't have hesitated a moment to swim across. San Diego bay, California, is a mile

That night I made a little headway, but when day broke I had a dreadful fever and was delirious. I talked to myself and thereby increased my chances of capture. In my lucid intervals when I realized that I had been talking, the thought sent a chill through me, because in the silent night even the slightest sound carries far across the Belgian country. I began to fear that another day of this would about finish me.

I have a distinct recollection of a ridiculous conversation I carried on with an imaginary Pat O'Brien—a sort of duplicate of myself. I argued with him as I marched drearily along and he answered me back in kind, and when we disagreed, I called upon my one constant friend, the North Star, to stand by me.

"There you are, you old North Star," I cried aloud. "You want me to go to Holland, don't you? But this Pat O'Brien—this Pat O'Brien who calls himself a soldier—he's got a yellow streak—North Star—and he says it can't be done! He wants me to quit—to lie down here for the Huns to find me and take me back to Courtrai—after all you've done, North Star? I don't want to follow him—I just want to follow you—because you are taking me away from the Huns and this Pat O'Brien—this fellow who keeps after me all the time and leans on my neck and wants me to lie down—this yellow Pat O'Brien wants me to go back to the Huns!"

After a spell of foolish chatter like that my senses would come back to me for a while and I would trudge along without a word until the fever came on me again.

I knew that I had to have food because I was about on my last legs. I was very much tempted to lie down then and there and call it a best. Things seemed to be getting worse for the farther I went, and all the time I had before me the spears of that electric barrier between Belgium and Holland, and what I ever reached there alive. Even if I ever reached there alive, what was the use of further suffering when I would probably be captured in the end anyway? Before giving up, however, I decided upon one bold move. I would approach one of the houses in the vicinity and get food there or die in the effort.

I picked out a small house because I figured there would be less likelihood of soldiers being billeted there. Then I wrapped a stone in my khaki handkerchief as a sort of camouflaged weapon, determined to kill the occupant of the house, German or Belgian, if that step was necessary in order to get food. I tried the well in the yard, but it would not work, and then I went up to the door and knocked.

It was 3 o'clock in the morning. An old lady came to the window and looked out. She could not imagine what I was, probably, because I was still attired in that old overcoat. She gave a cry and her husband and a boy came to the door.

They could not speak English and I could not speak Flemish, but I pointed to my flying coat and then to the sky and said "Fleger" (flier), which I thought would tell them what I was. Whether they understood or were intimidated by the hard-looking appearance, I don't know, but certainly it would have to be a brave old man and boy who would start an argument with such a villainous looking character as stood before them that night! I had not shaved for a month, my clothes were wet, torn and dirty, my leggings were gone—they had gotten so heavy I had to discard them—my hair was matted and my cheeks were flushed with fever. In my hand I carried the rock in my handkerchief and I made no effort to conceal its presence or its mission.

Anyway, they motioned me indoors, gave me my first hot meal in more than a month! True, it consisted only of warm potatoes. They had been previously cooked, but the old woman warmed them up in milk in one of the dirtiest kettles I had ever seen. I asked for bread, but she shook her head, although I think it must have been for lack of it rather than because she begrudged it to me. For if ever a man showed he was finished, I did that night. I swallowed those warm potatoes ravenously and I drank four glasses of water, one after another. It was the best meal I had had since the "banquet" in the prison at Courtrai.

The woman of the house was probably seventy-five years old and had evidently worn wooden shoes all her life, for she had a callous spot on the side of her foot the size of half a dollar and it looked so hard that I doubt whether you could have driven a nail into it with a hammer!

As I sat there drying myself—I was in no hurry to leave the first human habitation I had entered in four weeks—I reflected on my unhappy lot and the unknown troubles and dangers that lay ahead of me. Here, for more than a month, I had been leading the life of a hunted animal—yes, worse than a hunted animal, for nature clothes her less-favored creatures more appropriately for the life they lead than I was clothed for mine—and there was not the slightest reason to hope that conditions would grow any better.

Perhaps the first warm food I had eaten for over a month had released unused springs of philosophy in me, as food sometimes does for a man. I pointed to my torn and water-

soaked clothes and conveyed to them as best I could that I would be grateful for an old suit, but apparently they were too poor to have more than they actually needed themselves, and I rose to go. I had aroused them out of bed and I knew I ought not to keep them up longer than was absolutely necessary.

As I approached the door I got a glance at myself in a mirror. I was the awfulest sight I had laid eyes on! The glimpse I got of myself startled me almost as much as if I had seen a dreaded German helmet! My left eye was fairly well healed by this time and I was beginning to regain sight of it, but my face was so haggard and my beard so long and unkempt that I looked like Santa Claus on a bat!

As they let me out of the door I pointed to the opposite direction to the one I intended taking and started off in the direction I had indicated. Later I changed my course completely to throw off any possible pursuit.

The next day I was so worn out from exposure and exhaustion that I threw away my coat, thinking that the less weight I had to carry the better it would be for me, but when night came I regretted my mistake because the nights were now getting colder. I thought at first it would be better for me to retrace my steps and look for the coat I had so thoughtlessly discarded, but I decided to go on without it.

I then began to discard everything that I had in my pocket, finally throwing my wrist watch into a canal. A wrist-watch does not add much weight, but when you plod along and have not eaten for a month it finally becomes rather heavy. The next thing I discarded was a pair of flying mittens.

These mittens I had gotten at Camp Borden, in Canada, and had become quite famous, as my friends termed them "snow shoes." In fact, they were a right pair of mittens, but the best pair I ever had and I really felt worse when I lost those mittens than anything else. I could not think of anybody else ever using them, so I dug a hole in the mud and buried them and could not help but laugh at the thought if my friends could see me burying my mittens, because they were a standing joke in Canada, England and France.

I had on two shirts and as they were always both wet and didn't keep me warm, it was useless to wear both. One of these was a shirt that I had bought in France, the other an American army shirt. They were both khaki and one as apt to give me away as the other, so I discarded the French shirt. The American army shirt I brought back with me to England and it is still in my possession.

When I escaped from the train I still had the Bavarian cap of bright red in my pocket and wore it for many nights, but I took great care that no one saw it. It also had proven very useful when swimming rivers, for I carried my map and a few other belongings in it and I had fully made up my mind to bring it home as a souvenir. But the farther I went the heavier my extra clothing became, so I was compelled to discard even the cap. I knew that it would be a tell-tale mark if I simply threw it away, so one night after swimming a river, I dug a hole in the soft mud with considerable less ceremony than my flying mittens had received perhaps, so that was the end of my Bavarian hat.

My experience at the Belgian's house whetted my appetite for more food and I figured that what had been done once could be done again. Sooner or later, I realized I would probably approach a Belgian and find a German instead, but in such a contingency I was determined to measure my strength against the Hun's if necessary to effect my escape.

As it was, however, most of the Belgians to whom I applied for food gave it to me readily enough, and if some of them refused me it was only because they feared I might be a spy or that the Germans would shoot them if their action were subsequently found out.

About the fifth day after I had entered Belgium I was spending the day as usual in a clump of bushes when I discerned in the distance what appeared to be something hanging on a line. All day long I strained my eyes trying to decide what it could be and arguing with myself that it might be something that I could add to my inadequate wardrobe, but the distance was so great that I could not identify it. I had a great fear that before night came it would probably be removed.

As soon as darkness fell, however, I crawled out of my hiding place and worked up to the line and got a pair of overalls for my industry. The pair of overalls was the first bit of civilian clothes I had thus far picked up with the exception of a civilian cap which I had found at the prison and concealed on my person and which I still had. The overalls were rather small and very short, but when I put them on I found that they hung down far enough to cover my breeches.

It was perhaps three days later that I planned to search another house for further clothes. Entering Belgian houses at night is anything but a safe proposition, because their families are large and sometimes as many as seven or eight sleep in a single room. The Hun is usually connected with the house proper, and there was always the danger of disturbing some dumb animal even if the inmates of the house were not aroused.

Frequently I took a chance of searching a back yard at night in the hope of finding food scraps, but my success in that direction was so slight that I soon decided that it wasn't worth the risk and I continued to live on raw vegetables that I could pick with safety in the fields and the occasional meal that I was able to get from the Belgian peasants in the daytime.

Nevertheless I was determined to get more in the way of clothing and when night came I picked out a house that looked as though it might furnish me with what I wanted. It was moonlight night and if I could get in the barn I would have a fair chance of finding my way around by the moonlight which would enter the windows. The barn adjoined the main part of

the house, but I groped around very carefully and soon I touched something hanging on a peg. I didn't know what it was, but I contacted it and carried it out into the fields. There in the moonlight I examined my booty and found that it was an old coat, but not too short for an overcoat and too long for an ordinary coat, but nevertheless I made use of it. It had probably been an overcoat for the Belgian who had worn it.

Some days later I got a scarf from a Belgian peasant and with this equipment I was able to conceal my uniform entirely.

Later on, however, I decided that it was too dangerous to keep the uniform on anyway and when night came I dug a hole and buried it.

I never realized until I had to part with it just how much I thought of that uniform. It had been with me through hard trials and I felt as if I were abandoning a friend when I parted with it. I was tempted to keep the wings of the tunic, but thought that would be a dangerous concession to sentiment in the event that I was ever captured. It was the only distinction I had left, as I had given the Royal Flying Corps badges and the stars of my rank to the German flying officers as souvenirs, but I felt that it was safer to discard it. As it finally turned out, through all my subsequent experiences, my escape would never have been jeopardized had I kept my uniform, but, of course, I had no idea what was in store for me.

There was one thing which surprised me very much as I journeyed through Belgium and that was the scarcity of dogs. Apparently most of them had been taken by the Germans and what are left are beasts of burden who are too tired at night to bark or bother intruders. This was a mighty good thing for me, for I would certainly have stirred them up in passing through back-yards as I sometimes did when I was making a short cut.

One night as I came out of a yard it was so pitch dark that I could not see ten feet ahead of me and I was right in the back of a little village, although I did not know it. I crawled along fearing I might come to a crossroads at which there would in all probability be a German sentry.

My precaution served me in the main street of the village and within twenty feet of me, starting on some bricks where they were building a little store, I could see the dim outline of a German spiked helmet!

I could not cross the street and the only thing to do was to back track. It meant making a long detour and losing two hours of precious time and effort, but there was no help for it, so I plodded wearily back, cursing the Huns at every step.

The next night while crossing some fields I came to a road. It was one of the main roads of Belgium and was paved with cobble stones. On these roads you can hear a wagon or horse about a mile or two away. I listened intently before I moved ahead and hearing nothing concluded that the way was clear.

As I emerged from the field and got my first glimpse of the road, I got the shock of my life! In either direction, as far as I could see, the road was lined with German soldiers! What they were doing in that part of Belgium I did not know, but you can be mighty sure I didn't spend any time trying to find out.

Again it was necessary to change my course and lose a certain amount of ground, but by this time I had become fairly well reconciled to these reverses and they did not depress me as much as they did at first.

As this period of my adventure, if a day or night passed without its thrill I began to feel almost disappointed, but such disappointments were rather rare.

One evening as I was about to swim a canal about two hundred feet wide, I suddenly noticed about one hundred yards away a canal boat moored to the side.

It was at a sort of out-of-the-way place and I wondered what the canal boat had stopped for. I crawled up to see. As I neared the boat five men were leaving it and I noticed them



Burying His Uniform at Night.

cross over into the fields. At a safe distance I followed them and they had not gone very far before I saw what they were after. They were committing the common but heinous crime of stealing potatoes!

Without the means to cook them, potatoes didn't interest me a bit and I thought that the boat itself would probably yield me more than the potato patch. Knowing the canal-hands would probably take their time in the fields, I climbed up the stern of the boat leisurely and without any particular plans to conceal myself. Just as my head appeared above the stern of the boat, I saw the silhouette of a German soldier—spiked helmet and all!

A chill ran down my spine as I dropped to the bank of the canal and slunk away. Evidently the sentry had not seen me, or if he had, he had prob-

ably figured that I was one of the foraging party, but I realized that it wouldn't pay in future to take anything for granted.

### CHAPTER X.

**Experiences in Belgium.**  
I think that one of the worst things I had to contend with in my journey through Belgium was the number of small ditches. They intercepted me at every half mile or so, sometimes more frequently. The canals and the big rivers I could swim. Of course, I got soaked to the skin every time I did it, but I was becoming hardened to that.

These little ditches, however, were too narrow to swim and too wide to jump. They had perhaps two feet of water in them and three feet of mud, and it was almost invariably a case of wading through. Some of them, no doubt, I could have jumped if I had been in decent shape, but with a bad ankle and in the weakened condition in which I was, it was almost out of the question.

One night I came to a ditch about eight or nine feet wide. I thought I was strong enough to jump it and it was worth trying as the discomfort I suffered after wading these ditches was considerable. Taking a long run, I jumped as hard as I could, but I missed it by four or five inches and landed in about two feet of water and three feet of mud. Getting out of that mess was quite a job. The water was too dirty and too scanty to enable me to wash off the mud with which I was covered and it was too wet to scrape off. I just had to wait until it dried and scrape it off then.

In many sections of Belgium through which I had to pass I encountered large areas of swamp and marshy ground and rather than waste the time involved in looking for better underfooting—which I might not have



Diagram Showing How O'Brien Lost Precious Hours by Swimming a River and Later Finding That He Was on the Wrong Side and Had to Swim Back.

found anyway—I used to pole right through the mud. Apart from the discomfort of this method of traveling and the slow time I made, there was an added danger to me in the fact that the "squash, squash" noise which I made might easily be overheard by Belgian and German soldiers and give me the position away. Nobody would cross a swamp or marsh in that part of the country unless he was trying to get

### MYSTERY IN OCEAN CURRENTS

No Scientist Has Been Able to Explain Satisfactorily the Many Vagaries of the Waters.

There are as many vagaries in the waters as in the winds. Why, for instance, should great ocean currents send their warm waters across the wide Pacific and Atlantic? Other and equally mysterious currents exist in well-nigh all parts of the world.

It is on record that the water has run for weeks out of the Java sea, through the Strait of Suda and thence back again for the like period without any perceptible rise and fall during those times.

Then there is the Equatorial current that flows into the Caribbean sea, the ever-flowing current to the eastward around Cape Horn, the cold stream flowing from the icy regions of the north past Newfoundland and Nova Scotia and along the American coast to the extreme end of Florida, the continual current running with a velocity of from four to five knots an hour through the Strait of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean sea, the swift current running across the rocks and shoals of the end of Billiton island, which apparently starts from nowhere and ends nowhere in the vicinity of the same place, and the current which, starting half way up the China sea, runs from two to three knots an hour to the northeast and finally ends abruptly off the north end of Luzon.

Then we have those tidal vagaries known the world over as bores. Those that run up the Hugal and Iravadi rivers, from side to side, till they reach their limit, often tearing the ships from their anchorage, originate nobody knows where or why.

At Singapore it has been observed for days at a time that there has been but one rise and fall in the 24 hours.

### Woman Frozen to Ground.

During a cold snap last winter Mrs. John Baker of Downsville took a bucket of hot water and went into the yard to clean the water around the house. She splashed the water around and used the broom vigorously, when suddenly she realized she could not move. She made determined efforts to move her feet, and experienced a fearful cold chill as thoughts of paralysis flashed into her mind. She screamed loudly for help, and her husband, who came running, found her shoes were frozen to the pavement.

With a vigorous jerk he yanked her loose, almost pulling her out of her shoes. It was a thankful wife he led into the house to warm her feet.

### Strive to Keep Soul Youthful.

My body's old, but that's not my fault. It's not to blame for an old body, but I would be to blame for an old soul. An old soul is a shameful thing.—Margaret Deland.

A new oil-burning apparatus heats and lights the room at the same time.

away from somebody, and I realized my danger but could not get around it. It was a common sight in Belgium to see a small donkey and a common ordinary milch cow hitched together, pulling a wagon. When I first observed the unusual combination, I thought it was a donkey and ox or bull, but closer inspection revealed to me that cows were being used for the purpose.

From that I was able to observe there must be very few horses left in Belgium except those owned by the Germans. Cows and donkeys are now horses and mules. Although I spent nearly eight weeks wandering through Belgium and in all that time I don't believe I saw more than half a dozen horses in the possession of the native population.

One of the scarest things in Germany, apparently, is rubber, for I noticed that their motor trucks, or lorries, unlike our own, had no rubber tires. Instead heavy iron bands were employed. I could hear them come rumbling along the stone roads for miles before they reached the spot where I happened to be in hiding.

When I saw these military roads in Belgium for the first time, with their heavy cobblestones that looked as if they would last for centuries, I realized at once why it was that the Germans had been able to make such a rapid advance into Belgium at the start of the war.

I noticed that the Belgians used dogs to a considerable extent to pull their carts, and I thought many times that if I could have stolen one of those dogs it would have been a very good companion for me and might, if the occasion arose, help me out in a fight. But I had no way of feeding it and the animal would probably have starved to death. I could live on vegetables, which I could always depend upon finding in the fields, but a dog couldn't, and so I gave up the idea.

In Belgium, after weeks of hardships and narrow escapes from recapture, O'Brien finally finds a man whom he believes to be his friend. Cheered by the prospect of final escape, he gains courage to continue his heartbreaking tramp through Belgium. Don't miss the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### PEANUT PUT TO MANY USES

Nutritious Oil and Palatable Butter Derived from the Humble "Goob-er," Beloved of Childhood.

The peanut isn't a nut at all, but a member of the pea-bean and clover family. It is a legume and gathers nitrogen from the air. Peanuts do not grow from roots, but on shoots which grow out from the plant above ground, bear a little sterile yellow blossom and then shoot directly into the ground, where they "peg," that is, where peanuts begin to grow on them. The peanuts are pulled from the vines or roots, and the roots are then plowed back into the ground to allow the nitrogen to feed the soil. The peanuts are then taken to peanut factories. In these buildings the peanuts are cleaned and sorted. The largest are saved and put through a rumber, which polishes the shells. These are sold in the shells. Other first grades are shelled and sold for salting; and one big packing company buys only first grades for peanut butter.

If the peanuts are pulled roots and all, the peanuts are dried out by stacking on poles, then pulled off and sold. Broken peanuts are pressed and the oil extracted. Much of this oil is sold as "pure olive oil." In fact, it is quite as rich and nutritious as olive oil. The refuse is pressed into cakes and sold as oil cakes for feeding stock and especially dairy cows.—St. Nicholas.

### DO NOT APPEAL TO VISITOR

Writer Frankly Expresses Feeling of Disappointment at Sight of Buildings Within Kremlin Walls.

To me none of the ten churches within the Kremlin walls is impressive. Ivan Veliki towers the highest, but it is far from imposing, writes Maynard Owen Williams in the Christian Herald. From one side it resembles a tower rather than a church, yet it has no such quiet dignity as one finds in the Kutah Minar, near Delhi, or the towering dome of St. Sophia with its flanking needle minarets. The other cathedrals are dropped around with careless abandon and a nice disregard for the cost of gold leaf, but none of them dominates a vista or gathers about itself the other masses in pleasing array. The Kremlin is a mighty whole, a complex red wall and splendid gates produce an effect of simple strength which cannot be found within their portals.

The interiors are as disappointing as are the groups of domes which distinguish the exteriors. None is large, none is truly intimate. The effect is of surplus gilt and multiplicity of paints which remind one of the gopurams of India. Spindle-shanked saints, whose emaciated figures seem too weak to support their gilt halos, alternate with knights in armor.

### Serving the Commonwealth.

There are many crosses and trials in the life of one who is endeavoring to serve the commonwealth, but there are also two permanent sources of comfort. One is the support and sympathy of honest and reasonable people. The other is the conviction dwelling forever, like a well of living water, in the hearts of all of us who have faith in the country, that all we do in the fear of God and the love of the land, will somehow be overruled to the public good; and that even our errors and failures cannot greatly check the irresistible onward march of this mighty republic, the consummate evolution of ages, called to a destiny grander and brighter than we can conceive, and moving always consciously or unconsciously, along lines of beneficent achievement whose constant aims and ultimate ends are peace and righteousness.—John Hay.

### Bad Language Astonished Horse.

A horse's surprise was recounted in court the other day when a gamekeeper was fined a dollar at Thaxted, Essex, England, for using bad language. A woman who preferred the charge said that a horse near her cottage "hid back its ears and turned its eyes great astonishment toward the swearing gamekeeper."

### To Tell Automobile Thieves an Inventor Has Patented a Metal Curtain

to be drawn down behind the windshield and locked, preventing them from seeing to drive.

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IT.

Specimen of work erected at Tombs River  
Cemetery for Ex-Sheriff Holman.

**An Imitation Takes For Its Pattern the Real Article**

There was never an imitation made of an imitation. Imitators always counterfeit the genuine article. The genuine is what you ask for, because genuine articles are the advertised ones. Imitations are not advertised, but depend for their business on the ability of the dealer to sell you something claimed to be "just as good" when you ask for the genuine, because he makes more profit on the imitation. Why accept imitations when you can get the genuine by insisting?

**Refuse Imitations.**  
**Get What You Ask For!**

**If Your Business**

One of the strongest things in advertising or in printing is that a man will start out with the intention of having the best that he can get. He will find, let us say, that it is going to cost \$100, but that by obtaining a little bit he can get it for \$150. Telling that it is the price and not the quality is just like taking the edge off a knife. You can cut some things with a dull knife, but there are some things you can't cut with it, and you can't cut anything as quickly, smoothly, cleanly and thoroughly as you can with a sharp blade. Advertising ought to have a razor edge, even if it does cost a little bit for grinding. It ought to be keen enough to enter the brain of greatest resistance.

It is the best few dollars that are spent on advertising that give the value. It is the best pound of berry that has the weight. If it takes a strain of 1500 pounds to break a weight, 500 pounds wouldn't do and good. You can spend 500 pounds on it, and have off just where you started. If you want to break that chain you will have to spend those 1500 pounds over again and add the other pound to it after all.

It would have been better to have spent 1500 pounds at the start. It is better to spend \$100 for a thoroughly effective booklet than to spend \$100 for one that is inefficient.—Geo. and Leathur Poon.

**Isn't Worth Advertising**

**Advertise It For Sale.**

**Turn Over a New Leaf**

By subscribing for THIS PAPER

**Don't Overlook the MONEY**

# KITCHEN CABINET

True dignity is never gained by place and never lost when honors are withdrawn.

## HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIVE IDEAS.

Three square feet of garden for a lettuce bed will supply the family with crisp nice salad all summer. Head lettuce will take more room but it is worth the time and trouble.

A row or two of peas will keep you supplied with fresh peas if planted every two weeks from July until frost comes.

The spatula or flexible knife has usurped the time-honored forefinger for scraping out dishes. In our grandmothers' day spatulas were unknown. The fear of spreading disease and a knowledge of germ life has made us all more careful about using our fingers and hands in food.

The appetizing horseradish is an addition to any dinner. With a few roots in the garden they may be added to the pickle jar put up for winter. Less butter is used on griddle cakes, so they tell us, if a little butter is added to the hot sirup used on the cakes.

Some people feel that both butter and sirup on cakes is wasteful; however, those who have always used both are learning to conserve.

New green peas are improved by the addition of a teaspoonful of sugar to small bunch of mint cooked with peas.

Beets, corn, carrots, turnips and beets, when they are not naturally sweet, are improved by the addition of a little sugar.

Gum camphor in the silver chest will keep the silver from tarnishing. Clean the painted walls of kitchen or bath room on a damp day or with the room steaming with hot water; this lessens the work by one-half.

A little paraffin rubbed over the kitchen range while it is still warm will keep it shiny and good looking. Always save all the paraffin from jelly; wash it and keep in a clean, dry place to melt up again to cover the jelly.

Muriatic acid (very poisonous) will clean stains from porcelain. Use care to rinse it well after using, or it will eat through the glaze of the porcelain.

We will Hooverize and specialize about the foods we eat; we'll eliminate the sugar and reduce the wheat and meat; we will land corn, rye and barley and other wartime foods, and economize on fuels and all else the law includes.

—Caroline Louise Sumner.

## MORE ABOUT COTTAGE CHEESE.

The modern cold method of preparing cheese is by using one-eighth of a gallon of milk warmed to 80 degrees, then allowed to stand overnight, and is then drained through a heavy unbleached linen cloth to remove the whey. A small, inexpensive thermometer should be used, as guessing at the temperature is not always safe. Let the milk stand in a receptacle in which water is kept at 80 degrees until the curd is formed.

The junket is used the sooner curd is formed. In many places skim milk may be bought at a reasonable price, and this makes most satisfactory cheese with junket. On the farm, where milk is produced in abundance, cottage cheese should be a common dish. To those who object to the sour-milk taste the addition of a bit of soda (from a fourth to a third of a teaspoonful) will neutralize the acid; in fact, this method is often used in cheese dishes for those who imagine they never could like cottage cheese.

A gallon of skim milk makes about a pound and a half of cheese, which is a good substitute for meat, as it furnishes as much body-building material as the same weight of beef, though it is not as rich in its energy supply as meat.

The junket tablet is dissolved in a tablespoonful of cold water, then added to the milk. Because the curd is finer in this method of making cheese a heavy cloth is needed for draining. Do not drain until too dry; then mix with salt, pimentos, cream or any seasoning and flavor desired.

Cottage Cheese Salad.—Take two cups of cottage cheese and one cup of minced pickled beets; mix a few chopped pecans, and add any desired salad dressing.

Another salad combination. Take one cup of chopped cabbage and apples unpeeled (the red peeling adding bit of color to the salad), add a half cup of chopped celery; serve with cottage cheese salad dressing.

Cottage Cheese Salad Dressing.—Take a half cup of milk, one egg, a cup of sour cream whipped, a teaspoonful of salt, a half teaspoonful of mustard, the same of paprika, two teaspoonfuls of corn starch and one and a half tablespoonfuls of butter; cook

the dry ingredients in the butter, then add the other things, and, lastly, a fourth of a cupful of mild vinegar and a cup of cottage cheese; beat until smooth, then fold in the cream.

Let us ever glory in something and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.

REASONABLE GOOD THINGS. For a hot day try one of these new and refreshing punches, made from whey. After preparing cottage cheese the whey, which is rich in mineral salts, is used with various fruit juices and served as punch.

# ALL-WHITE GOWNS

Sheer Organdies, Swisses and Linens Are Used.

Among the New Materials Arlette, With Texture Between Georgette and Crepe de Chine, Is Favored.

Looking at it from a fashion point of view, one realizes that after all there is really nothing more becoming than white, and summer is to see decided prominence given to the all-white costume, says a correspondent. There is a smart morning costume of simple tailored blouse and skirt, usually of linen or one of the new cotton materials; then for afternoon one changes to a more elaborate hand-made frilly blouse of batiste, with just a bit of fine lace, and completes the ensemble by a skirt of silk or satin; and for the summer evening frock nothing is lovelier or more satisfactory than white net or point d'esprit.

The charm of summer frocks lies not so much in anything startlingly new or conspicuous, but rather in exquisite daintiness. Sheer organdies, summery looking swisses and delicate nets and georgettes are all fashioned into the most adorable gowns, and as they are usually put together with the finest of handwork, the result is always distinctive. Among the new materials none is more beautiful than Arlette crepe. The texture is just between georgette crepe and crepe de chine, and there is a cross weave that gives character without in any way detracting from its flimsy, delicate look. The range of colors is very wide, and it may be fashioned into the simplest of morning frocks or the most elaborate of evening creations. In dark shades it is admirably adapted for street wear as it is so delightfully cool.

Foulard and georgette offer unlimited possibilities for combining different materials in interesting ways, and they are so summery and cool-looking even in dark colors that they make ideal frocks for warm days.

What could be more attractive for summer wear than the shirtwaist frock of crepe de chine or georgette made in the simplest fashion with tucks and beautiful collars and cuffs to give an air of immaculate freshness so essential at all times?

A very pretty model is of liberty blue georgette; it has bands of blue and white foulard put on in a very effective way. The collar and waistcoat are of white organdie, beautifully embroidered and an odd touch is given by the bow and ends of lighter blue ribbon. Completing the costume is a hat, very chic and quite unusual. It is made of dark blue taffeta and for trimming has a plaited frill of white batiste.

Organdie or batiste folds are in general use for trimming purposes on cotton and silk dresses. Hats of gingham are mentioned for the little girls. They are usually of the mushroom or poke shapes. Filet lace trimming and hand embroidery are prominent on sheer white voile and organdie summer dresses.

For dressy wear the newest black satin slipper has a narrow collar all the way round, of cut jet and no buckles.

Perhaps the most modish coat collar is the one which is rather wide, softly draped and merging into long revers or an elongated vest front.

Black velvet handbags are to be used this summer with the lingerie dresses. These new bags also come in very dark brown and blue, with ivory frames.

There are many sleeve innovations—some revivals of old fashions that are quaint and pretty, while others are new ideas smartly carried out in new materials.

Pockets on the Decline. Pockets have gone the downward road prognosticated for them some time ago. They still appear on frocks of muslin, silk or satin and in coats and suits. Perhaps they are not quite so usual as they were last autumn, but for that very reason they are more effective. And they are emphasized, not merely placed with a quiet idea that they may be noticed or unnoticed, as chance may direct. On some of the new suits they are emphasized with a hand of fur at the top, and on some of the silk frocks they are quite baglike in shape and size. Of course, the new frock frocks have pockets, some of them, but they are quite prim and flat, bound off, as befits calico pockets, with a bit of the same material, cut bias.

Garden Apron. The necessity of some place to put seeds when making garden gives one this idea: Use any desired material for an apron with a plain bib to pin on dress. Make a large pocket, reaching halfway up the apron and from one side to the other. Sew this into various-sized pockets. An apron made of heavy cotton cloth will last for years and be greatly appreciated by the user.

High Collars Will Come. We are in no mood for it, yet fashion predicts a wave of popularity for high choice collars on coats and suits. Tulle and organdie wired into becoming shapes suggest that the historic De Medici will again be with us.

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For the girls who are following their brothers' lead in helping the land army and doing scout work this costume has been designed. It consists of a cotton khaki waist and skirt. The skirt is circular and opens all the way down the front. It is held in place by suspender straps.

# COSTUME FOR FARMERETTE

For the girls who are following their brothers' lead in helping the land army and doing scout work this costume has been designed. It consists of a cotton khaki waist and skirt. The skirt is circular and opens all the way down the front. It is held in place by suspender straps.



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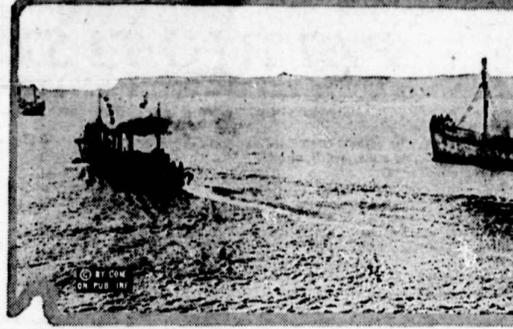
# AMERICAN VESSELS ARRIVING AT BREST, FRANCE

American troops of the Rainbow division in the trenches meeting the German attack with rifle fire and bayonets. 2—French troop train on which is mounted an anti-aircraft gun. 3—Italian wounded recuperating in the Quirinal, the magnificent royal palace in Rome which has been turned into a hospital.



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## AMERICAN VESSELS ARRIVING AT BREST, FRANCE



American vessels under convoy entering the harbor of Brest, France.

## JOSEPHUS AND JOSEPH DANIELS



Josephus Daniels, secretary of the navy, and Joseph Daniels, his aide. The similarity in names is a coincidence which is not responsible for the aid's present assignment, for he has been overseas throughout the war with Admiral Sims, and his viewpoint is much respected. Daniels, the aid, is one of the most conspicuous examples of the success of Secretary Daniels' plan of promotions from the ranks in the navy. Having entered in the enlisted personnel at the age of seventeen as a third-class apprentice boy, he has been promoted steadily through all the grades to commander.

## WOMAN WORKER INSPECTING GRENADES



Woman worker inspecting Mills hand grenades in an English factory in which before the war cotton-spinning machinery was made.

## INTERESTING ITEMS

John Paul Jones died in Paris and was buried there, but a few years ago his body was brought to the United States and buried at Annapolis. Peter Chase of Newbury, Vt., in driving his car through the other day, drove the car through the side of his barn and emerged unscathed. The largest and fastest battle cruiser in the world is being built by the United States. It will have 150,000 horse power and a speed of 35 knots. Italy is experimenting with seed pulp remaining after the extraction of oil, rice hulls and sawdust for use as fuel. To convert an ordinary bicycle into a motorcycle a motor driven wheel to replace its front wheel has been patented. A seed culture union has been formed in Norway which plans to produce all the seeds needed in that country at home. Handles resembling those on scissors operate through gearing the sharpening disk of a new household knife sharpener.

Danish inventors have perfected motors that are claimed to work well with peat gas as fuel instead of benzine or gasoline. A patent has been granted for a griddle hinged in the center so it can be turned over to bake a cake on both sides at once. Alaska is still under a territorial form of government with officers appointed by the president and laws made by congress. Persons living in the territories do not vote for president. To insure accuracy a Chi-go inventor has electrically connected a revolution counter for machinery and a stop watch. The increase in capital invested in American chemical industries was, in 1915, \$65,565,000; in 1916, \$90,244,000; and up to September, 1917, \$65,861,000 over 1916. A Pittsfield (Mass.) employer examines the lead pencils of his employees to determine whether or not they are "on the job." If the pencils remain at about the same length he concludes that his employees are not keeping busy.

A Sense of Delicacy. "You don't carry a gun any more." "No," replied Broncho Bob. "With all that artillery in action across the water what you can do with an ordinary gun in a neighborly way isn't worth noticing. And I've got too much respect for a six-shooter to make it look like a toy." Way to Fix It. Bud—Say, wot yer got your stock-inz wrong side out for? Spud—Cause there's a hole on thuh other side.

# BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

## BOY SCOUTS AND RELIGION

Scouting presents greater opportunities for the development of the boy religiously than does any other movement instituted solely for the boys. Its aim to develop the boy physically, mentally and morally is being realized very widely.

The movement has been developed on such broad lines as to embrace all classes, all creeds, and at the same time to allow the greatest possible independence to individual organizations, officers and boys.

The Boy Scouts of America maintain that no boy can grow into the best kind of citizenship without recognizing his obligation to God. As an organized body, therefore, it recognizes the religious element in the training of a boy, but it is absolutely nonsectarian in its attitude toward that religious training. If he be a Roman Catholic boy scout, the church of which he is a member is the best channel for his training. If he be a Hebrew boy, then the synagogue will train him in the faith of his fathers. If he be a Protestant, no matter to what denomination of Protestantism he may belong, the church of which he is an adherent or a member should be the proper organization to give him an education in the things that pertain to his allegiance to God.

And again, the observance of the scout law, the tremendous collective volume of "daily good turns," and the creation of better feeling among millions of scouts of our own and other lands constitute a latent but powerful and rapidly growing factor for universal good will and peace.

## PERSHING'S COUSIN A SCOUT.

Dr. James E. Pershing, a scoutmaster of Troop No. 1 of Oklahoma City, has been chosen to act as scout executive there. Dr. Pershing is a cousin of General Pershing of the United States army.

Dr. Pershing has gone to National headquarters in New York with this letter from his local scout council:

"Make possible to him every avenue of education that will be of help to him in better preparing him for the office, the duties of which he is to take up. He has had many years of practical education, gained from actual experience in the work with boys, and what he will probably need from your office most is that help that will more particularly apply to the duties of a scout executive.

"He is coming to your city for this direct training at the instance of some of our most prominent business men and they will appreciate your efforts in his behalf. They have every confidence in him and feel that he has the making in him of the best scout executive in our country."

## SCOUT LEADERS NOT EXEMPT.

This question has come up several times. Recently the chief scout executive received a telegram from the president of a local council, as follows: "Scout executive called to the colors. In your opinion would he not be able to serve his country better as scout executive than as a private soldier? If so, please use your influence to have him transferred to class B or C. There is no other man available that can carry on the work at this time."

Mr. James E. West replied as follows: "Sincerely regret inability to do as you request. We have followed policy of not asking special consideration of any scout official, regardless of local conditions. Farmanum need at this moment a man who can serve, and the danger of establishing precedents is so great that it would prove embarrassing to government for us to make a request for any special consideration."

## THE BOY SCOUT.

O, little boy scout! so slim and trim, In khaki suit and campaign hat, You're helping to win the great world war And doing better than most at that. You've a packet of war stamps put away In a handkerchief box for a rainy day, And a garden spaded to plant with greens, Corn, potatoes and lima beans.

But, little boy scout, there's more to do; One year the war and you'll be old. For the sake of the flag you love, and serve Follow the trail of the Teuton spies. Over the country and through the town Watch and listen and track them down. And for every one you land in the pen You'll see the lives of a thousand men. —MINNA IRVING, in New York Sun.

## GOOD TURNS BY SCOUTS.

The boys in Troop No. 2 of Gless Falls, N. Y., got busy with their scout axes on old packing boxes and supplied fuel for many homes in the city. It took the assistance of all the boy scouts of Natick, N. J., to help the firemen subdue a stubborn forest fire that threatened a group of houses.

"Christian Geisler saved the life of a baby who had fallen into a sewer. Was lowered into it on a rope by fireman." This is the modest report of a Cincinnati scoutmaster. The school buildings and grounds are kept from objectionable defacement by a troop of scouts in Lima, O.

Howard W. Kennel, a boy scout in Cleveland, O., was detailed to carry his country's flag in a Liberty bond parade. Early that day his right arm was broken in a crowd and he was taken to a hospital. He refused an anesthetic while the arm was set. Returning downtown he joined his comrades and marched at the head of his troop, carrying up flag with his left hand. His parents knew nothing about it until he returned home that night.

While boys were moving a school piano at Decatur, Ill., it fell over on the hand of one of the boys, splitting it and cutting an artery. A boy scout was right on the job, and in a few seconds he had a handkerchief tourniquet correctly placed so as to stop the flow of blood and then led his patient to a doctor. "If that hadn't been out in the country where a doctor could not have been reached some time, it would have meant the saving of the boy's life," said the doctor.

**3 CENT-A-WORD**  
No Advertisement inserted in this column for less than 15 cents.

**SOR RENT**—6 room house, on Otis Avenue. Apply to J. C. Burton, 720 Federal St. Camden.

**FOR SALE**—Power garvey, Victor motor. Apply to Beacon Office.

**FOR SALE**—Lot at Beechwood, N. J. 80x120 ft. \$80.00. J. A. Nugent, Washington Bridge Post office, New York City 8-14 4t

**FOR SALE**—Chevrolet runabout with delivery body. First class condition. H. Ellis Stager, Manahawken, N. J.

After July 20th, I will have peaches and vegetables for sale in large or small quantities on my farm at New Gretna. Winfield Allen Phone No. 39 R 12.

**FOR SALE**—2 Sails 17 1/2 by 17 1/2 by 28. C. E. Gerhard, Beach Haven, N. J.

**CAT YACHT FOR SALE**—With fixtures. Mrs. William Carhart.

**FOR SALE**—Team of Work horses. E. E. Haines, Beach Haven Terrace, N. J.

**PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR**  
STATE OF NEW JERSEY  
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

WHEREAS, WILLIAM HUGHES was at a joint meeting of the Legislature of the State of New Jersey, held on the twenty-ninth day of January, A. D. one thousand nine hundred and thirteen, declared elected a member of the United States Senate from the State of New Jersey, and subsequently duly qualified himself as such member of the United States Senate, and on the thirtieth day of January, A. D. one thousand nine hundred and thirteen, departed this life, thereby causing a vacancy to exist in the representation of this State in the Senate of the United States;

THEREFORE, I, WALTER E. EDGE, Governor of the State of New Jersey, pursuant to law do hereby issue this proclamation, directing that an election be held according to law in the State of New Jersey, on Tuesday, the fifth day of November, next, ensuing the date hereof, for the purpose of electing a member of the United States Senate, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the said WILLIAM HUGHES.

GIVEN under my hand and the Great Seal of the State of New Jersey, this sixteenth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eighteen, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and forty-third.

(L. S.) WALTER E. EDGE  
GOVERNOR

By the Governor,  
THOMAS F. MARTIN  
SECRETARY OF STATE  
Endorsed:  
Filed Jul. 16, 1918  
THOMAS F. MARTIN  
SECRETARY OF STATE

STATE OF NEW JERSEY  
DEPARTMENT OF STATE  
I, THOMAS F. MARTIN, Secretary of State of the State of New Jersey, DO HEREBY CERTIFY that the foregoing is a true copy of Proclamation by the Governor, and the endorsement thereon, as the same is taken from and compared with the original filed in my office on the sixteenth day of July, A. D. 1918, and now remaining on file therein.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at Trenton, this thirtieth day of July, A. D. 1918.

(L. S.) Thos. F. Martin  
Secretary of State

Consider Others.  
Look pleasant, even though you are behind your own face and can't see it.

**AN ORDINANCE RELATING TO TAXES FOR THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN.**

BE IT ORDAINED by the Township Committee of the Township of Long Beach, in the County of Ocean, and State of New Jersey, that there shall be assessed, raised by taxation and collected for the fiscal year 1918 the sum of Two Thousand, five hundred and fourteen dollars and fifty-two cents (\$2,514.52), for the purpose of meeting the appropriations set forth in the following statement of Resources and Appropriations for the fiscal year 1918:

RESOURCES	
1 Surplus Revenue Appropriated	
(a) Unexpended balance 1917 appropriations	\$ 5190.84
(b) Excess revenues, applicable to specific purposes:	
(1) Balance from sale of Bay Avenue Improvement bonds	170.64
	\$370.48
2 Miscellaneous Revenues (franchise tax)	65.00
3 Amount to be raised by Taxes (as stated in budget)	2514.52
	\$ 7050.00
APPROPRIATIONS	
1 Budget	\$ 7050.00
This Ordinance shall take effect immediately.	

**NOTICE**  
The foregoing ordinance was read in its final form, and passed first reading at a regular meeting of the Township Committee of the Township of Long Beach, in the County of Ocean and State of New Jersey, held on Saturday, July 27, 1918, and will be called on second and third reading for consideration of final passage, at the next regular meeting of said body, at the Township Hall, at North Beach Haven, New Jersey, on Saturday, August 10, 1918, at eight P. M.

A. L. KEHL  
Township Clerk

**Beach Haven**

The popular Breakers Hotel is enjoying one of the best seasons in its history and has large bookings ahead for August. The sailing on the bay is all that could be desired and the fishing was never better. Some large catches of bass, weakfish etc. have been reported.

A merry sailing party from the Breakers in charge of Captain Lane, of Tuckerton, took a trip to Atlantic City last Wednesday. The affair was arranged by Miss Mary Jane Thoroughgood and included Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Cornell and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Conner, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Michaelson, Mr. Gus Benkhart, and daughter, Mrs. V. O. Grieves and daughter, Helen and Mrs. W. H. Wharton.

A delightful children's party was held at the Breakers on Friday morning. The youngsters sang songs and gave an international patriotic spectacle in which dances of all the Allied nations were executed. Gladys Cornell interpreted America; Miriam Benkhart, France; Eleanor Cornell, England; Sandro Torelli, Italy; and Arthur Brogden, Uncle Sam. The patronesses were Mrs. Borden, Miss Helen Grieves and Mrs. Torelli while Miss Thoroughgood had charge of arrangements.

Rev. Dr. Orr, a retired minister, of Lansdowne, and family are spending some time at this hotel.

Miss R. M. Van Trump, a retired artist, with her nephew, Mr. E. R. Van Trump and Mrs. Allen Speakman and Harold Dorsey spent a week at the Breakers.

Grafton S. Wilcox, in charge of the Washington Bureau of the Chicago

Tribune; Harold E. Austin, son of the proprietors of the Breakers and party of friends; Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Cornell and daughters; Lieut. Egerly W. Austin, of Co. 1, 305th Infantry, France; Mr. J. P. Borden and wife, of Bala; J. J. Gordy, a prominent coal merchant of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Leland Austin, and daughter, of New York; Miss Georgia Hollingsworth of Indiana, and the Misses Lane, of Detroit, Mich. are at the Breakers.

**Barnegat**

Miss Bessie Conklin, of Cedar Run, was in town on business the past week. Ship Bottom has over 600 people, that and Beach Arlington, which adjoins them. The two make up quite a considerable crowd when they get together.

Mrs. Annie Mathews spent a day at her home here. Improvements are being made to the butcher shop of Gray and Rutter. Joseph McLaughlin and family are enjoying their auto.

Calvin Conklin and family, of Cedar Run, were week end visitors, coming up in his Briscoe.

J. A. Bugbee spent Thursday and Friday at Atlantic City, Egg Harbor and other points.

Joseph Predmore spent from Friday to Monday at his home here.

Capt. Henry King, of E. Bay St. is entertaining his daughter and her

children of Jersey City.

Mrs. Alvin Bowker, of Brook St. and her son are spending the week at Barnegat City.

Mrs. S. B. Herberg and her mother, Mrs. M. E. Bowker, have returned from an enjoyable trip to Jersey City, which time was spent with Mrs. Bowker's daughter.

Good old summer time is now here and the wealth of golden days, its cucumbers, string beans and green corn, Baseball games, fragrant flowers and humidity. Ice cream and other things that impart gladness to the hearts of us all as well.

C. G. Conrad, of Maple Avenue, has one of the finest patches of green corn in the place.

The Boy Scouts, since Rev. Thos. H. Hicks, removed from our place, have lost interest. It is too bad that no one seems to take any interest in this organization. The Rev. Mr. Smith is not able, owing to ill health.

Miss Ridgway, of Center St., has been spending a few days among friends at Jersey City.

M. L. Cranmer, of Mayetta, spent Sunday in town.

Alton Falkenburg, of Camden, spent Sunday with his mother on Main St.

Mrs. Lucy A. Hazelton is a guest this week of Miss Clark, Syracuse, N. Y., one of the High School teachers, the past year. She is also visiting friends at Jersey City and Morristown.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Hayes Cranmer motored to Toms River and Island

Heights on Sunday.

By the ruling of the Fuel Administrator from Toms River down we will have to fall back on wood, and if no wood can substitute the oil stove, which, no doubt, will receive a warm welcome in many a home, notwithstanding its odiferous smell, which is a cross between and old farmer's lantern and a skunk. It inherits luminosity from the lantern and its aroma from the skunk.

Miss Dorothy Taylor, of Jersey City, is spending the summer with her grandmother on Brook St.

The M. E. Sunday School will picnic at Surf City on August 8, going in autos.

Miss H. Price, of Somerville, is a guest of her aunt, Mrs. Ruth Lewis on Maple Avenue.

Gordon Ridgway is at home with an injured hand.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Parker, of Brookville, attended church services at the M. E. Church Sunday, motoring down.

Miss Beulah Gaskill, of Island Heights, is a guest of her sister, Mrs. Harold D. Cox spent Monday at Beach Haven.

Mrs. John Predmore, of Maple Ave., is confined to her home with rheumatism.

George E. Cranmer has purchased the Elmer E. Bennett property of 25

acres on E. Bay Street.

Mr. Nesbitt, representing a can house at New York City, is in town on business.

Thomas Gee and Thomas King, both of Jersey City, were over Sunday guests of Capt. James King on E. Bay St.

Abraham Harris, of Jersey City, was an over Sunday guest in town.

Roy Frazer, of the Barnegat Bank, is absent on his vacation.

Spader Storms, of New York, spent Sunday with his family who are stopping with his mother on Main St.

Miss Ruth Gray has a position in the Barnegat Bank.

Rev. J. S. Weaver and wife, of the Presbyterian church, is absent on his vacation.

Ezra Parker, president of the Barnegat Bank, has a new 8 cylinder auto.

Barnegat is set down by the Fuel Administration to use wood instead of coal the coming winter. Wood at the present price would almost be prohibitive to the ordinary class as last winter it was selling for 10 to 12 dollars a cord and hard to get at that. Our citizens are up in arms on the order and see no reason why other towns in the upper end of the county should be given coal when they have as much and even more wood than we have here.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Cranmer, of East Orange, spent Tuesday with relatives on E. Bay St.

Mrs. Hayes Cranmer and daughter Reba, were Philadelphia visitors this week.

The Cedar Run auto magnate has been confined to his home for a few days but is around again and even paid the piratical town a visit where he has many warm friends of days gone by.

**West Creek**

Mrs. Lewis Schuyler, of Mount Holly, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Jamison on Main St.

Mrs. E. P. Brown and Miss Marion are spending a few days with friends in Philadelphia.

F. E. Cox, of Bayone, and R. P. Shinn, of Philadelphia, are spending their vacations here.

The name of Raymond Ely was included in a recent list of prisoners having been taken by the Germans. He is a nephew of Mrs. Martha Holloway and often visited here, having many friends among the young people. His home was in Jersey City where he enlisted in the Signal Corps of the N. G. and was sent to France in the winter. We hope he will find considerate treatment, and live to return with his countrymen.

Paul Cramer, of the U. S. N., was home from Cape May for a brief furlough last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. A. Grover of Philadelphia and Atlantic City, motored up from the later resort and called on friends here one day last week.

Miss Alma Salmons, Messrs. Harry Chambers, Jos. Collins and J. W. Salmons motored here from Atlantic City, on Sunday and called on friends. J. W. was driving his new Briscoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Harker, of Brown's Mills, were recent visitors at

Mrs. T. C. Kelleys.

Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Mott entered for the week end, Mr. and George Rosengarten and W. Mott, of Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Stevens family, of Philadelphia, are occupying James H. Kelley's cottage for summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pleasant daughter, of Merchantville, were recent visitors with Mrs. Edna Horne.

Mrs. Charity Kelley, of Philadelphia, is spending the summer with children here.

A. T. Kelley and family, of Bank, motored down and spent week end with Mrs. R. W. Kelley.

Chester Cranmer has the agency the Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

**Mayetta**

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Jamison, Point Pleasant, were in town on Sunday visiting their sister, Mrs. A. Wallace and father, Job E. Craun.

Mrs. Harvey Cranmer and daughter Madeline, of Manahawken, have been visiting Mrs. Cranmer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis A. Cranmer.

Timothy Parker, of Atlantic City was a Sunday guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Cranmer.

H. L. Lamson spent Sunday home. He is employed at Elwood.

Master Harold Traxler is spending a few days at North Beach Haven with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Stevens.

Mrs. Ruth A. Gaskill has returned from the Beach after spending a week there.

A forest fire started her on Saturday afternoon but was put out after night by fire fighters. The origin of the fire is unknown.

P. H. Cranmer has disposed of his Chevrolet car to parties in New Egypt.

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