

Tuckerton Girls Trip To Springfield

WRITTEN BY THEMSELVES

We soon found that we were in a "regular" camp for when we registered we were given three army blankets, a book of meal tickets for the week with the number of our cot on it, and a mess kit which contained a frying pan, two tin pans, a tin cup, a knife, fork and spoon, and a towel on which to dry our dishes.

As not all of the Camp Vailers had yet arrived, the first meal, supper, was rather informal after supper we went to a large tent where there were about two hundred cots. We made up our cots to the best of our knowledge, but later discovered that there is a special way for making up an army cot, which is very unlike the making of an ordinary bed. We were all so very tired that we did not have to be urged to retire. We had not been in bed long, however, before it began to feel quite chilly underneath and soon cries and chattering teeth were heard throughout the camp.

When the bugle sounded at 6:30 the next morning, everyone was already out of bed. We decided that we had never known what it meant to be cold and, down deep in our hearts, we had a longing for "Home, Sweet Home."

After spending another shivering night, one of the merchants of the town furnished thick paper quilts for our cots and this settled the cold problem.

A copy of the daily program was given to each member of the Camp, who was expected to carry it out as far as possible. It read as follows:

6:30 A. M. First Call
7:00 A. M. Roll Call
7:20 A. M. Breakfast
7:50 Assembly
8:00 Educational Tours
9:30 A. M. Demonstrations and Judging Contests
11:45 A. M. Recall
12:00 A. M. Dinner
1:00 P. M. Assembly
1:30 Complete Rest
2:00 P. M. Demonstrations and Judging Contests
5:00 P. M. Recall
5:50 Flag Service
6:00 Supper
7:00 Camp Fire Stories, Songs and Games and the Award Program
8:45 P. M. Quarters
9:15 P. M. Taps.

At roll call it was found that there were about five hundred in our camp. Every one of the North Atlantic States was represented.

Roll call over, we formed one long line and passed along the camp kitchen, where we were served in cafeteria style after which we passed to the mess tent. Each member washed his or her own dishes in wash tubs

placed outside the mess tent. This was the order of all meals.

A Hawaiian quartette furnished music during dinner hours and at the camp fires in the evenings. Some of our girls thought them very "cute."

Educational tours were taken over the Exposition Grounds every day. The Eastern States Exposition is the largest educational exposition of its kind in the United States and is founded by a group of men from ten eastern states who have an appreciation of the possibilities of education through the assemblage of materials, live stock, trained boys and girls, etc. They see in the exposition the greatest opportunity to encourage boys and girls as well as older people to reach higher standards of achievement. It would be almost impossible for us to describe the immense exhibits of horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, chickens, rabbits, fruits, vegetables, flowers, etc. There were also automobile and all kinds of machinery exhibits. The boys and girls had a special building for their exhibits and demonstrations and judging contests. Each state had a booth in the building. New Jersey had a sewing booth and we were representatives in that project. Demonstrations in sewing, baking, canning, house furnishing, chicken raising, etc., were given every day by the boys and girls of different states for practice and competition. Awards were given for the best demonstrations. New Jersey carried home twenty-five prizes, one of which, we are proud to say, was brought to Tuckerton.

The camp fire was always a place of interest. Here we had the pleasure of listening to speeches from a number of prominent men and women. Here, also, the prizes that had been won during the day were announced and the awards presented to the winning teams. Each presentation was followed by the state yell.

9:15 found everyone in bed and the lights out. The boys proved much more obedient than the girls as it was quite difficult to quiet two hundred girls.

Friday was a big day. There was a pageant consisting of floats from each state represented in Camp Vail, also Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, The Jr. Achievement Club and the Newsboys' Club of Springfield. In the evening we were given a "big feed" by the Rotary Clubs of Springfield and the surrounding towns. After supper we were entertained by several prominent speakers, one being the Secretary of Agriculture, Meredith.

At 8:00 o'clock Saturday morning we bade an affectionate farewell to Camp Vail and started on our homeward journey, arriving in Tuckerton about 8:30 that evening.

Did we enjoy it?
Well, I guess!
Camp Vail! Camp Vail!
Yes! Yes! Yes!
The three girls who won this trip were Jobanna Smith, Frances Mosher and Ruth Allen, with Miss Maude Ireland, their teacher, as chaperon.

LOCAL NEWS

Howard Falkenburg, of Barnegat, spent Monday with his parents, Capt. and Mrs. Alexander Falkenburg.

Mrs. R. L. Bragg has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles A. Cranmer in Cedar Run, the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Butler, who have been spending several months in Tuckerton, have moved to Absecon, and will reside in the Butler home-stead, which they recently purchased.

Peter Bird, wife with Mrs. Bird's sister and family, of Absecon visited friends in town on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Pharo, and daughter, Miss Elizabeth, of Haddonfield, visited relatives in town on Sunday.

Mrs. John C. Price has returned from Atlantic City where she has been spending several weeks on account of her health, stopping at the St. Charles Place.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Westervelt, daughter Martina, and Miss Gladys Horner spent Saturday evening in Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O. Metz and son, of Atlantic City, were Sunday visitors with Mrs. Metz' mother, Mrs. Etta Sapp.

Mrs. Mellie Rose of Atlantic City, spent Sunday with relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Pharo, Jr., were visitors with relatives in Manahawkin on Friday last.

I. F. Aehart reported for duty in Philadelphia this week. He re-enlisted in the U. S. Navy and has been in Tuckerton on a months' leave of absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ireland, Francis Parker and Thomas Luker of Philadelphia were Sunday visitors with relatives.

Howard Seaman of West Creek, was a recent visitor with his aunt, Mrs. Calvin E. Parker.

Mrs. Nina Parker spent Saturday in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Annie Gale Parker is spending two weeks visiting in Bristol, Pa.

Mrs. M. E. Burton has returned from a week's visit in Morrestown.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gaskill, of Sandy Hook are visiting the former's father, Josiah Gaskill on South Green street.

Mrs. Barzilla Pullen is visiting her sister, Mrs. Geo. H. Irons, in Lower Bank.

LOCAL NEWS

George Mott, of the U. S. S. New Hampshire, spent the week end and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cox. Mrs. Mary Mott of Trenton, also spent the week end part of this week with Mr. and Mrs. Cox at Grassmere.

Mr. B. D. Kerr, of West Palm Beach, Florida, has been visiting his niece, Miss Marian Dove on the Lake Farm with Miss Mullen.

Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy S. Parker, who recently returned from a vacation at Albany and Lake George, N. Y., were recent guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Howard Kelley. Mr. and Mrs. Parker attended the Shriner's and Knight Templar parades at Atlantic City Friday and Saturday, the former returning to his home in Trenton while Mrs. Parker is extending her visit in Tuckerton.

Mrs. Lottie McCullough of Lakewood and Mrs. Laura Letts of Manahawkin, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ireland on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ireland, Miss Berta Mathis and Raymond Jones spent Sunday at Laurel Springs.

Steel is arriving at Tuckerton, already fabricated and ready to put up for the new towers that are to be erected here at the radio station. There will be several of these towers or masts, although they will not be as tall as the present one, erected by the German Company that built the plant. The present tower is 860 feet high. The new towers will be about 400 feet high. The pieces of fabricated iron are being put together on the grounds at the radio station.

Another change at the radio station is that Atlantic City will furnish the current used. At present all the coal used at the radio must be carted four miles from the Tuckerton railroad to the plant, making it an expensive proposition to carry on. The borough of Tuckerton will also be furnished with electricity and private consumers served by this same current furnished by the Atlantic City company. During the past week several big machines have been taken to the station and the erection of new apparatus is being rushed as fast as possible.

Capt Parker Headley Victim of Apoplexy

Capt. Parker Headley, a well known resident of Tuckerton, died suddenly at the home of his son, George at Wildwood, last Thursday evening—a victim of apoplexy.

With members of his family he had spent the evening at an entertainment and returning they were caught in a shower and hurried some distance to reach home quickly. They had been in the house but a little while when Capt. Headley was stricken and died in a few minutes.

During the past summer he has been in charge of the steamer "Ranger" and sailed from Lewes, Delaware in the menhaden fishing business. He was well known in this industry and was an expert fisherman.

Capt. Headley was a member of the Knights of Pythias Lodge of New Gretna, his former home town and where he spent most of his younger days.

Besides a widow he leaves two daughters and four sons, two sisters and four brothers to mourn his loss. He was sixty-three years of age.

Funeral services were held from his late residence in Tuckerton Tuesday.

MRS. ELTON CRANMER PASSES AWAY

Mrs. Elton H. Cranmer, aged 21 years, died at the home of her parents, Rev. and Mrs. C. S. Ford in Jacobstown on Thursday the 23rd inst., after a lingering illness of tuberculosis. Beside her parents she is survived by a husband and one daughter two years old. Funeral services were held on Sunday at the M. E. Parsonage, Jacobstown, in charge of Rev. G. C. Reynolds, Interment at Cedar Run. Mr. and Mrs. Cranmer with Rev. and Mrs. Ford formerly lived in Tuckerton.

Beach Haven

B. F. Mannion, supercargo on one of the U. S. Shipping Board vessels, and former station agent here, has sent his friends a number of souvenir postal cards from Liverpool, England, in which port he was on September 13th. He saw the giant liner "Baltic" discharge her passengers and among them was Sir Thomas Lipton, "smiling as usual."

Mrs. Jane D. Engle, who has been spending the season at Beach Haven, has returned to her home in Moorestown.

Ocean County Primary Vote

	Congress			Assembly		
	Appleby	Thompson	Herbert	Parker	Cranmer	Hance
Barnegat City	12	18	8	10	2	2
Bay Head	1	39	6	9	36	6
Beach Haven	26	81	12	46	69	2
Beachwood	5	30	7	12	23	6
Berkeley	15	91	3	21	58	27
Brick	30	82	4	38	53	27
Dover, East	81	220	14	121	118	50
Dover, West	105	258	20	155	161	36
Eagleswood	14	135	4	50	107	3
Harvey Cedars	1	6	4	3	6	3
Island Heights	55	49	1	19	66	16
Jackson	14	69	1	12	50	19
Lacey	10	112	5	92	29	8
Lakewood, 1st	82	99	6	89	72	36
Lakewood, 2d	86	150	5	95	115	37
Lakewood, 3d	79	183	12	134	98	39
Lakewood, 4th	50	147	8	112	56	40
Lavellette	8	25	3	8	1	25
Little Egg Harbor	10	19	3	59	13	5
Long Beach	13	80	7	42	57	6
Manchester	2	1	3	3	1	1
Mantoloking	1	30	3	36	3	1
Ocean	13	45	3	23	20	13
Plumsted	16	317	6	76	131	66
Pt. Pleasant	34	93	14	13	31	114
Pt. Pleasant Beach	68	182	13	63	83	124
Seaside Heights	7	54	7	6	55	9
Seaside Park	9	31	5	16	17	12
Stafford	22	192	9	60	184	1
Surf City	1	6	4	4	4	4
Tuckerton	86	255	16	194	175	3
Union	65	166	8	230	34	2
Total	1032	3325	207	1849	1938	749

Thompson over Appleby, 2297
Cranmer over Parker, 89

CANDIDATES FILE THEIR EXPENSE ACCOUNTS

That she received nothing and spent nothing in the campaign is the statement filed by Mrs. Gertrude Sterling Muller, who was nominated for Assembly on the Democratic ticket. W. S. Cranmer states that he spent \$187.70; Ezra Parker, \$98.85; C. V. Hance, \$59.

Neither candidate for Freeholder, Wm. L. Butler, Rep., or Daniel P. McElhinney, Dem., spent anything.

Congressional Expenses
Candidates in the Third district reported expenses as follows: T. Frank Appleby, \$2,784; John W. Herbert, \$2,697.65; Jos. M. Thompson, \$828.28. Republicans; Dr. William E. Ramsey, Democrat, \$300.

J. Holmes Harvey of Point Pleasant is held to be nominated for Coroner on the Republican ticket.

EDITORS PAY VISIT TO MARION STAR AND FIND A REAL PAPER.

"If President Harding is as big a success as Editor Harding he will go down in history in the Hall of Fame," writes J. Gabbert of Riverside, Cal., in an article just published on his return from Marion, where he visited Harding's paper.

"We found just the sort of a paper a future President might be expected to edit," says Mr. Gabbert, "and the visit, to us came nearer to being an editorial conference than a political crusade."

"We found men working for Editor Harding who had been with him for periods varying from 20 to 33 years. We found that Editor Harding follows closely every detail incident to the publication of his paper. He knows what pay the helpers on the floor get, just as he knows the amount he pays his manager. He can handle type like the rest of us, and it would keep my foreman busy to beat him on setting up a stick of 8-point type. He knows how to make up a paper like a veteran and he is just as much at home in the business office looking over the advertising accounts."

SUNDAY AUTO SERVICE

Leave Railroad Depot, at Manahawkin for Tuckerton at 11 A. M.
Leave Lakeside Garage, Tuckerton, for Manahawkin at 4 P. M.
Connecting with Trains to Philadelphia and New York.
KIRKBRIDE PARKER

LOST

Gold wreath stick pin with six pearls. Liberal reward if returned to Beacon Office.

FOR SALE

17 ACRES STANDING HAY
Inquire at
GREIGER'S FARM
Staffordville - New Jersey

Progressive Alaska.
All Alaskan cities have their own schools, and in addition there are 68 schools for natives, under the jurisdiction of the bureau of education of the interior department.

BARNEGAT GIRL AND MANAHAWKIN YOUTH WED. BIG CHURCH WEDDING

One of the social events of the season at Barnegat, N. J., was the wedding of Miss Olive Elizabeth Cranmer and George A. Inman at the M. E. Church on Monday, October 4th at 1:30 P. M. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Pennington Corson, Jr., pastor of Miss Dorothy Chadwick church.

The bride was handsomely gowned in white satin with orange blossoms and veil. The Maid of Honor, Miss Dorothy Chadwick wore blue satin, while the two bridesmaids, Misses Alma Corliss and Margaret Ridgway, were attired in pink satin. Two little flower girls, Dorothy Jones and Alma Breese were dressed in pink and carried baskets of flowers, which were strewn in the path of the bridal couple as they marched down the aisle.

David Conrad, Jr., of Barnegat, was groomsmen.

The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and ferns, the color scheme being pink and light blue. During the ceremony the church was darkened and the lights lighted in the pulpit. The wedding marches were played by Miss Sara Randolph. At the close of the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride.

About one hundred and fifty guests were present to witness the ceremony. Many beautiful and useful presents were received by the young couple, including money. They left by motor for Atlantic City, where they will spend a few days after which they will take a trip to Washington, D. C. They will reside in Red Bank, where the groom has a position with the Standard Oil Company. George is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Inman, of Manahawkin while the bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Cranmer, of Barnegat.

FIRST CLASS MOTION PICTURES AT PALACE THEATRE

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7th
WILLIAM FARNUM in the William Fox production entitled
"The Last of the Duanes"
MUTT AND JEFF CARTOON

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9th
DOROTHY DALTON in an Ince-Paramount production
"The Dark Mirror"
Mack Sennett Comedy, "TREATING 'EM ROUGH"

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12th
NORMA TALMADGE and star cast in the Selznick special
"The Isle of Conquest"
KINOGRAMS

Admission 22c & 11c Shows Start at 8 O'clock
W. C. JONES, MANAGER

Thirteen Years of Successful Banking

Runs to the Credit of
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BARNEGAT

Proving competent, careful officers, sound banking methods, and the confidence of a thriving community including the entire shore section, which it serves.

DEPOSITS OVER HALF A MILLION RESOURCES OVER \$630,000.00

Customers of the First National Bank of Barnegat have absolute safety, courteous treatment, careful advice on all financial questions when wanted, and the continuous use of MODERN BANKING SERVICE.

Wills and U. S. Liberty Bonds kept FREE in our Fire and Burglar Proof Vaults
BOXES FOR RENT \$2.00 AND UPWARDS

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BARNEGAT, N. J.
Ezra Parker, President
Daniel S. Holmes, Vice-Pres.
A. W. Kelley, Cashier

Two Important Things Every Depositor Should Demand

EFFICIENT SERVICE SAFETY.

We insure these vital essentials to our depositors by—
An experience of over thirty-one years, and an earnest desire on the part of each officer and employee to please.
A comfortable capital and surplus, with total resources of over \$700,000.00.
Your account solicited.

THE TUCKERTON BANK TUCKERTON, - NEW JERSEY

AT OUR TWO STORES YOU WILL FIND A NICE STOCK OF

Crockery, Hand Painted China, Glassware, Games, Music Rolls, Victrola Records, Pyrex Oven Ware, Community Silver, Ladies Wrist Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Cut Glass, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Stationery, Confectionery, Kodaks, Cameras, Films, Post Cards, Dennison's Paper Goods, Dinner Sets.

W. C. JONES, Tuckerton, N. J.

The Furrow

News and Views About the Farm

BEE KEEPERS FINED FOR FAILURE TO OBEY LAWS

Bee keepers in the Northern sections of the State, who have failed to heed warnings of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, in properly caring for their bees, have been prosecuted within the past two weeks, fines being imposed in each case.

The charges were principally brought about by failure of the bee keepers to take proper steps where foul brood disease was found in their apiaries. Inspectors of the Bureau of Plant Industry, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture are in the midst of this busy season, rushing through their inspection and supervisory work before the advent of cold weather.

The usual fine for violation of the law covering bee keeping has been \$50 in the last batch of prosecutions ordered, although in one case the defendant escaped with a fine of \$25 and costs.

PENNSYLVANIA INDIVIDUAL CROP SURVEY

The Bureau of Statistics, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, and the Bureau of Crop Estimates, U. S. Department of Agriculture, are now making the second annual survey of the principal field crops of Pennsylvania, jointly.

Twenty thousand schedules are now being mailed to the farmers throughout the State, with the request that they fill out the same promptly.

The great manufacturing and industrial concerns know and appreciate the value of statistics, as they relate to their respective activities. It is important that the industrial world need statistical information to conduct their business economically, why is it not just as important and imperative that all the industries as well as the farmers of this country should have similar information relating to the industry which is fundamental and the base of our national and economic life and directly employ one-third the population of the nation, or approximately 35,000,000 people. The farmers of this country have \$80,000,000 invested in farms and farm equipment. You can take all the railroads in America, all the manufacturing plants, iron, steel, and all the rest—add them all together, and you will have just equalled the capital invested in the business of agriculture. The value of agriculture production in this country last year was approximately \$25,000,000,000.

The co-operative acreage survey is being made in the interest of agriculture and farmers receiving schedules are urged to cooperate with the Departments in order that this important information may be made available.

The Bureau has on hand several hundred thousand cubic centimeters of tested serum for distribution when called for. This serum has passed two tests: First, by the producing firm under Federal supervision, and again by the State as follows: Seven pigs each weighing about 80 pounds and which have not had cholera are selected. Two pigs are injected with hog cholera virus. If the virus is virulent and fit for use, these (virus) pigs should die of cholera within ten days. If they do not contract cholera within that period, the lot of virus, out of which the sample is taken, is discarded. The remaining five pigs are injected with both virus and anti-hog cholera serum (vaccinated) to test the potency of the serum against the virus. If the five pigs do not become sick within 21 days, the serum is regarded potent and may be used with safety.

STATE DISTRIBUTES PURE ANTI-HOG CHOLERA SERUM

Every lot of anti-hog cholera serum and virus distributed by the Bureau of Animal Industry, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, is tested for purity and potency by the Laboratory of the Bureau before being distributed for vaccinating hogs.

The Bureau has on hand several hundred thousand cubic centimeters of tested serum for distribution when called for. This serum has passed two tests: First, by the producing firm under Federal supervision, and again by the State as follows: Seven pigs each weighing about 80 pounds and which have not had cholera are selected. Two pigs are injected with hog cholera virus. If the virus is virulent and fit for use, these (virus) pigs should die of cholera within ten days. If they do not contract cholera within that period, the lot of virus, out of which the sample is taken, is discarded. The remaining five pigs are injected with both virus and anti-hog cholera serum (vaccinated) to test the potency of the serum against the virus. If the five pigs do not become sick within 21 days, the serum is regarded potent and may be used with safety.

In addition to the potency test serum and virus are submitted at the State Laboratory to bacteriological tests for purity. These tests insure the use of pure and potent serum and virus, and are a double check and safeguard to the farmers and hog raisers of the State against a contaminated and useless product.

Such diseases as Foot and Mouth disease, Tuberculosis, etc., may be carried by contaminated serum, hence the importance of these tests.

Anti-hog cholera serum and virus are distributed by the State Bureau of Animal Industry to veterinarians. Hog owners pay 2 cents per c. c. for serum and 1 1-2 cents per c. c. for the virus and the veterinarian's fees for administering the treatment. Hog owners are urged to safeguard their interests and to prevent the occurrence of hog cholera, financial loss and inconvenience by vaccinating against this preventable and wasteful disease.

In its efforts to hold down hog cholera with a reduced force, the United States Department of Agriculture is putting up a new type of poster. In a sense it is a service chart. Its picture says to the farmer, "When your hog looks like this, look out for cholera." The picture of a hog, in colors, shows the visible symptoms of the disease. There is printed on the poster information as to how to proceed.

The lateral branches should also be shortened by cutting them back one to four feet, depending upon the variety and the bud development. The idea is to reduce the amount of fruit to such a quantity as can be properly developed. Up-branches red raspberries should be cut back to a height of four or five feet.

Remove all diseased canes and also any that have been used by the tree cricket in depositing eggs. Burn all prunings to prevent the spread of insects and diseases.

COMMISSIONERS SEEK AID IN DOG LAW ENFORCEMENT

All records for rigid enforcement of the Dog Law of 1917 will be shattered this year, according to reports reaching the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture. Up to date there have been 1538 prosecutions successfully terminated against persons violating the dog law and by the end of the year this number will be increased by many hundreds.

In many of the counties, the commissioners are bending every effort to round up delinquent dog owners. The commissioners of Greene County have asked that a special agent of the Department of Agriculture be stationed in the county for two weeks additional time, the agent having been located there for the past fortnight. Counties in the central section of the State are in line for clean-up campaigns during the latter part of September and October.

RATS COST MILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN PENNA. ANNUALLY

An average of \$2 per year is the levy made by rats upon every man, woman and child in the State of Pennsylvania. In a number of cities of the State, the work of exterminating the rats has been taken up on a large scale, but in the rural communities and on the farms there has been little concerted effort made to drive out these pests.

The Bureau of Plant Industry, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, is constantly receiving letters from farmers asking how to get rid of the rats on their places.

As far as the buildings are concerned they can be made rat proof and the rodents exterminated or driven off in this manner. Cement the walls and floors of all cellars and the outer pinning so that the rats cannot affect an entrance. A good rat dog, small Irish, Scotch or fox terrier will do wonders in keeping the farm free of rats. Cats, as arule are too well fed and lazy to be of much account.

Poison can be used with excellent results. Barium carbonate has a corrosive effect on the mucus membrane of the stomach of the rats and they will run for water. In cases where water is to be found only outside the building, the rats will die away from the structures.

Fumigation of the holes with carbon bisulphide may also help. Soak balls of cotton with carbon bisulphide and place these in the rat holes, closing the holes very tightly with damp earth or rags. The gas will penetrate to the bottom-most portion of the burrow, killing all the rats.

Ferrets are only useful when muzzled and used with a dog. Their use is not advised because of the danger of their getting loose and breeding and becoming a prey upon birds and poultry.

LEARN TO RECOGNIZE THE WHORLED MILKWEED—POISONOUS TO CATTLE HORSES AND SHEEP

Stockmen should learn to recognize and avoid the whorled milkweed. It is a plant very poisonous to cattle, horses, and sheep, which grows abundantly in certain sections of southwestern Colorado, southern Utah, and the northern counties of Arizona and New Mexico, according to the United States Department of Agriculture, which has made an investigation of the effects of this plant on stock. Herds should not be given the opportunity to eat any considerable quantity of this plant. It is especially dangerous to trail sheep over a whorled milkweed area, or to bed them down in the immediate neighborhood.

Is a Foothill Plant

The whorled milkweed is a foothill plant, not being found above an altitude of 7500 feet, and sometimes growing with great luxuriance about ditches and in abandoned fields. As small a quantity as 2 1-2 ounces of the green paint will kill a sheep and 2 1-2 pounds may kill a 2 year-old steer. Horses are not likely to eat it, but if they do they are as easily poisoned as sheep.

Frequent cases of poisoning occur when animals are confined to areas where the plant grows and have little else to eat, and under such circumstances heavy losses result. Many animals also have been killed by eating hay containing the plant dried. If they have consumed a sufficient quantity to be affected, they usually die. No remedy that will prevent death in such cases has been found.

Difficult to Eradicate

The whorled milkweed is exceedingly difficult to eradicate, but by cutting it down before the heads are formed much can be accomplished in pastures and along trails. Ordinarily it stands from 1 to 3 feet in height.

Persons interested in securing more information regarding this menace to live stock and illustrations by which it can be easily identified should write the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for a department bulletin entitled "The Whorled Milkweed."

From Switzerland—For Her

From the land of the Alps come new slip-ons and sweaters. They are of wool, are most attractive, are quite new and are all hand knit.

The colors are most attractive, for one may have any number of bluffs from delicate baby blue all through the various shadings to navy blue, rose tones, deeper shades like henna and buff, rich dark browns and others. Usually they are trimmed with white, which is most effective, indeed.

Striking Effects in Fiji Picture

Although Southern California offered as good a place as any for the taking of scenes for the "The Adorable Savage," in which Edith Roberts is starred, the company went to a western sea isle off the coast of California and there the scenes were "shot" in their native atmosphere.

The scene effects are nothing short of marvelous. Some showing a tropical sunset are easily works of art, with nature assisting.

Miss Roberts before starting to make the picture, took lessons in the Hawaiian Hula from Lily Phillips, a real Hawaiian with an Americanized name, so that when she and Miss Phillips had to dance the Royal Hula together you could not tell but what little Edith was native born, so well did she do the difficult steps.

The total loss of savings taken out of this country is estimated at a minimum of \$2,000 for each emigrant.

Paris Uses Fruit to Add Color

Paris is using fruit in all its different varieties to enhance dancing gowns, street frocks and even slippers.

More Interest in Hot Lunches

Teachers and parents are commencing to realize the importance of hot school lunches, and that home demonstration agents sent out by the United States Department of Agriculture and the State colleges are helping to establish hot lunches in communities which are awake to their values. Last year these extension workers, who are trained in home economics, helped establish hot lunches in 2020 schools. The work will be continued this year on an even larger scale. In some counties a wall of prejudice against the innovation has to be broken down before it can be started. Where this is true, the success of the hot lunch in one school, where it has been established is usually followed by a demand for something similar in all the adjacent schools.

Since the beginning of the war goods exported from the United States exceeded the imports by about \$17,000,000,000.

A parasol of batiste was decorated with hazelnuts, while a buttonette of small mangoes accented a tailleur.

Put Your Money to Work

This has been throughout his career from potato digger and bookkeeper to billionaire the key principle of the world's richest man.

Far-sighted Investors are Picking Up Bargain Stocks

Information on any listed securities you desire without charge

SCHMIDT & DEERY

Members Consolidated Stock Exchange of New York

STOCKS & BONDS

1323 Walnut Street

PHILADELPHIA

Keystone, Race 4080

Bell, Walnut 4661

30 Broad Street — NEW YORK — 319 Fifth Avenue

cholerā." The picture of a hog, in colors, shows the visible symptoms of the disease. There is printed on the poster information as to how to proceed.

CIDER VINEGAR SALE MADE EASY UNDER PENNA. LAW

Country cider vinegar, made by the farmers of Pennsylvania, may be sold to the wholesale and retail trade in this State without inspection or permit of any kind. Provided the vinegar has been made from apple juice and contains no added water, drugs or acids, it complies in every way with the pure food laws of the State.

Director James Foust of the Bureau of Foods, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, this week declared that agents from the larger vinegar distilling plants, many of them located outside the State, have been making strenuous efforts to keep the farmers from making and disposing of their own cider vinegar.

These agents have been going up and down the State telling the trade, particularly the small dealer, that he runs a risk of violating the food laws of the State by selling cider vinegar made on the farm.

The recent act of the legislature provides for the interest of the farmers in this particular case. The act provides that there shall be no standard as to solids and acidity for cider vinegar made from apple juice. The act requires, however that the cask or container of such vinegar shall be marked with the name and address of the person making the vinegar. This may be done on any farm with a set of stencils, or a card, containing the information may be attached to the barrel.

Pennsylvania imports great amounts of cider vinegar from New York and Virginia each year. The farmers of Pennsylvania have an excellent opportunity to convert their apples to cider vinegar, realize a good profit and run no risk of running afoul of the prohibition laws. If every excess apple in the State was made into vinegar, the amount would still be insufficient to meet the demand and at the current price of 30 to 35 cents a gallon, cider vinegar returns an excellent investment to the farmer.

PREPARE BERRY PATCHES FOR WINTER'S ARRIVAL

This is an excellent time to prepare berry bushes for the winter, according to the Bureau of Plant Industry, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, which has received a number of requests for information from berry growers. The bushes can be pruned any time in the fall, but the season immediately following the harvesting of the crop is regarded as the best.

If the raspberries or blackberries are in hills, remove all the old canes that fruited during the past season, also all the weak canes, leaving from eight to twelve strong canes in each hill. If the canes are growing in rows, thin them out so that the canes are about eight inches apart. The blackberries require more room than the raspberries, so leave fewer canes. When doing this, be sure to remove all cane that will interfere with cultivation next year.

The lateral branches should also be shortened by cutting them back one to four feet, depending upon the variety and the bud development. The idea is to reduce the amount of fruit to such a quantity as can be properly developed. Up-branches red raspberries should be cut back to a height of four or five feet.

Remove all diseased canes and also any that have been used by the tree cricket in depositing eggs. Burn all prunings to prevent the spread of insects and diseases.

COMMISSIONERS SEEK AID IN DOG LAW ENFORCEMENT

All records for rigid enforcement of the Dog Law of 1917 will be shattered this year, according to reports reaching the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture. Up to date there have been 1538 prosecutions successfully terminated against persons violating the dog law and by the end of the year this number will be increased by many hundreds.

In many of the counties, the commissioners are bending every effort to round up delinquent dog owners. The commissioners of Greene County have asked that a special agent of the Department of Agriculture be stationed in the county for two weeks additional time, the agent having been located there for the past fortnight. Counties in the central section of the State are in line for clean-up campaigns during the latter part of September and October.

RATS COST MILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN PENNA. ANNUALLY

An average of \$2 per year is the levy made by rats upon every man, woman and child in the State of Pennsylvania. In a number of cities of the State, the work of exterminating the rats has been taken up on a large scale, but in the rural communities and on the farms there has been little concerted effort made to drive out these pests.

Vivid Personality

To wipe away some false impressions which seem to be current, says Sidney Colvin in Scribner's Magazine: "I lately found one writer, because Stevenson was thin, speaking of him as having been a 'shadowy' figure; another, because he was an invalid, describing him as 'anaemic,' and a third as 'thin-blooded.' Shadowy! he was indeed all his life a bag of bones, a very lath of leanness; as lean as Shakespeare's Master Slender, or, let us say Don Quixote. Nevertheless when he was in the room you were hardly aware of anybody else. The most robust or ordinary man seemed to turn dim and dull in the presence of the vitality that glowed in the steadfast, penetrating fire of the lean man's eyes, the rich, compelling charm of his smile, the lissom swiftness of his movements and lively expressiveness of his gestures, above all in the irresistible sympathetic play and abundance of talk. Anaemic! thin-blooded! the main physical fact about him, according to the doctors, was that his heart was too big and his blood supply too full for his body. There was failure of nutrition, in the sense that he never could make flesh; there was weakness in the throat and lungs, weakness above all in the arteries, never in the heart itself; nor did his looks, even in mortal illness and exhaustion, ever give the impression of bloodlessness, scarcely even of momentary pallor.

If you want to realize the kind of effect he made, at least in the early years when I knew him best, imagine this attenuated but extraordinarily vivid and vital presence, with something about it that at first struck you as freakish, rare, fantastic, a touch of the elfin and unearthly, a sprite, an Ariel. And imagine that, as you got to know him, this sprite, this visitor from another sphere, turned out to differ from mankind in general not by being less human but by being a great deal more human than they; richer-blooded, greater-hearted; more human in all sense of the word."

Million New Cars Add to Road wear

That the present interest in the construction of new highways should not divert attention from properly maintaining highways already improved is a point which the Bureau of Public Roads, United States Department of Agriculture, has had occasion to emphasize many times in recent months, particularly in view of the enormous increase in motor vehicle traffic which is taking place. The bureau recently completed a compilation of statistics from all the States of the Union showing that there were a total of 7,565,446 registered motor cars (including motor cycles and trucks) in the United States in 1919. This is an increase of 23 per cent of 1,418,829 motor cars over 1918. Such figures indicate that the country's highways are being used far more than in the past, it is pointed out, and in consequence added attention must be given to the repair problem. The increase in the number of cars for 1919 over 1918 represents about 10 per cent more cars than the total number registered in the entire United States for 1913.

Additional use of roads and streets has, of course, been accomplished by additional revenue paid to State and local governments in the form of license fees which in nearly all States are devoted to highway needs. The registration and license fees for automobiles, trucks and motor cycles in use in 1919 totaled \$64,697,255.58—an increase of 20 per cent over 1918. The total revenue for New York and Pennsylvania the past year were about double the revenues received from all motor vehicle registrations and licenses in the entire United States in 1912.

Certain of the States, notably Maryland, have experienced difficulty in securing road-building materials owing to labor shortage, hampered transportation facilities, etc. Maryland has had to make a special appeal to the Interstate Commerce Commission for aid in getting enough material

In the Kitchen

SIMPLE SYSTEM FOR HOUSEWIFE

An Efficient Worker Tells Why, When and How She Accomplishes Things
Lots of my friends wonder why I find time to do the many things I do. I tell them it is because I have my work so well planned. I get up at 7 o'clock every morning. I wear men skirts and smock to work in. They are the easiest things to put on. I have to take my bath at night instead of in the morning as I used to, but I can have a shower if I like. The silver, doilies and electric toaster have been put on the table the night before, just before I go up to bed. I have a little breakfast set in the kitchen and I serve the things right from the stove onto the plates so there are very few breakfast dishes to wash.

Right after breakfast I clear off the table, straighten up the house, dust, clean one room, thoroughly with the vacuum, make the beds, clean the bathroom, wash the dishes, wipe off the stove with old papers and get the inner ready. My week's menu's hang in a hook over the table, and I know just what I am going to have. I do not have to elaborate menus; simple dishes well cooked are better for everyone. I do my marketing myself twice a week. I try to keep my wits about me all the time I am at work and use my head as well as my hands and feet. I have a special classified filing box with menus and recipes that are easily and quickly prepared that use when I go into town shopping to the matinee or to the club.

Keep Up With Times
Buy everything that I can afford. My work lighter and I read the best women's magazines up to date along these lines.

My house is not littered up with things that are a burden to take care of.

Monday night I put the clothes to soak in the laundry for the washerman who comes once a week. I have everything ready for her. I use doilies instead of tablecloths, my everyday underclothes are crepe. I do everything I can to keep the wash as easy as possible. She does the washing and ironing in one day. If she doesn't quite finish, I do the napkins and handkerchiefs myself.

Never Let Work Pile Up
Each day I do one of the things that must be done every week in a cellar, clean the silver, tidy up the cellar, wash the kitchen floor, clean the bathroom, make out the weekly menus, etc. I try never to let my work get too heavy or monotonous.

My house is in order every morning by 10 o'clock, unless something unforeseen happens, and as my husband does not come home to lunch I am at liberty until I go into the kitchen to get dinner. My problem is to fill my time and not to find it. So many women waste time thinking what to do next. A regular schedule fixes this.

APPLE JELLY AND APPLE BUTTER
A heavy apple crop is reported from every apple-growing section of the country. There is a plentiful sugar supply on the market. This means that every housewife can have enough of both for canning and preserving. Crab-apple jelly and apple butter are two favorite dishes for the winter dinner table. There are recipes for both that have been in use for years with great success:

Crab Apple Jelly
Select the red-skinned crab apple. Wash, cut into pieces. Place in preserving kettle, adding one pint cold water to each quart of fruit and boil until tender. Allow three-quarters cup granulated sugar to each cup of juice. Return juice to fire and boil 5 minutes, add sugar and boil until it sheets off. Pour into sterilized glasses; set in an until firm. The pulp can have more water added, stirred well and boil for ten minutes, then strained.

Scant the sugar in this juice, as there will be less pectin, but by reboiling the pulp an extra quantity of jelly is secured.

Apple Butter
1 peck tart apples.
2 quarts cider
3 pounds granulated sugar or less
1-2 teaspoons each of ground allspice and cinnamon.
1-2 teaspoon ground cloves.
Wash, slices and cut apples, place in preserving kettle with cider and cook until very tender, then press through strainer to remove skins, cores and seeds.
Return pulp to fire and boil quickly for a half hour, add sugar and spices and cook until thick, stirring frequently. Can be stored in sterilized jars or crocks.

Use Talcum Powder to Restore Finish
Washable kid gloves are best cleaned by putting them on the hands and washing them in luke warm suds. After that they must be rinsed thoroughly and dried slowly.
Rubbing the talcum powder in after the gloves are dry, will restore the soft finish.

Teach the Child to Appreciate Beauty

Simple Lyrics Kindle an Interest and Arouse the Imagination

Every normal child possesses an instinctive love of beauty. It is seen in the trembling eagerness of the babe to grasp in his tiny hands the daisy or daffodil. In his joy, he tears and destroys the fragile thing, it is only because of ignorance and inexperience, and if wisely taught he soon learns that destruction always brings, as its result, unhappiness and regret.

Later, as he begins to toddle about, the child will bring his mother bits of bright cloth or paper, pebbles or shells. If older eyes see what the child beholds in these apparently insignificant things what wonder would be spread before them?

Magic Winter Time

In the winter time, if the mother is wise and sympathetic, the child will know her his wonderful discovery of snow and frost crystals or the mystery of ice forming on a stream with its shadowy water slipping beneath it. To be able to see with the eyes of a little child is indeed a privilege.

The poet Wordsworth has said "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." How is it if we can lose it if we once possessed the secret of its ownership? How can we be enabled to hold through all the years, the gift with which a wise and loving father endowed us?

Mother Teaching Important

Much depends upon the mother and after upon the teachers of the child. If the inborn love of beauty is wisely fostered and cultivated and the field of observation continually expanded until the trees, the mountains, the sunsets, the clouds and the stars are loved as familiar companions a bulwark will gradually be built up against the disillusionments of life.

One way in which this may be done is to bring to the child's attention bits of verse and poetry in which are expressed sentiments akin to his own or which may arouse in him an interest and kindle his imagination. For example, this bit of verse by an unknown author will appeal to the imagination of a tiny child and be at the same time a simplified botany lesson:

A Grown-Up Flower

Little Apple Blossom, when a baby small,
In a tiny crimson cap peeped out first of all.

Older grown, she used to wear a snowy satin gown
Trimmed with ribbons pale and pink, running up and down.

All her pretty finery she has laid away;
You will find her, if you hunt, in her working dress,
Making you an apple for next winter-time, I guess.

There are literally thousands of Nature poems—from the simplest lyric, singing of flowers, trees, birds and brooks to such poems of philosophic insight and grandeur as Bryant's "Thanatopsis," Wordsworth's "Intimation of Immortality" and Tennyson's "Flower in a Cranial Wall."

If the child learns to love the simple things he will continue to love them as long as he lives, and he will add to these, as he grows older, a host of others to carry the love of beauty through the years and to add to his courage and strength.

A Cat Adopts Coyotes

In addition to an already large family of kittens, a cat which belongs to the M. Brent family of South Fork has adopted two coyote puppies.

Several weeks ago when W. W. Buckbee and R. H. Carter, who lived near the Brent farm, found the den of a coyote on the latter's place they captured several very small coyote puppies, says a western newspaper. When shown at the Brent farmhouse some of the children wanted the little coyotes and paid their captors for two of them.

The little coyotes were placed among the kittens belonging to the old family cat and after a careful scrutiny and a few sniffs the old cat began mothering them the same as her own kittens.

Now the cat's family of kittens and the two adopted coyote puppies are nearly two months old and all live together happily and appear to be making the most of life. The coyotes are getting much bigger than the kittens and are playful and mischievous. In the rough and tumble tussles they are continually staging the coyotes are the stronger, but the kittens are more active, so it is an even match as yet. While the coyotes can easily wallop the kittens in a straight out fight, yet the latter, when on the defensive, will curl up on their backs and keep the coyote puppies at bay by the rapid kicks of hind legs and the scratching of their sharp claws.

Three first airplane to rise from and alight again on the deck of a warship was one of those aboard the Furious while the British fleet was off Vigo recently.

Fruit Value as Human Food

Recent Investigators Conclude That It Is Due to the Vitamins

"Why do we eat fruits?" asks the Journal of the American Medical Association in an article on their well-established great value in the diet. Their caloric value is low, they contain no fats and scarcely any protein, although some contain a certain amount of sugar and starch. They are not valuable contributors to the mineral salts needed by the body, and their laxative organic acids are offset by their indigestible waxes, gums and cellulose.

Value in Vitamins

But Drs. T. B. Osborne and L. B. Mendell, in their recent investigations, an account of which appears in the Journal of Biological Chemistry, have demonstrated that their value lies in their content of vitamins, "that group of as yet ill-defined properties or substances which promote well being in ways that still require elucidation."

Orange, Lemon, Grapefruit

"The fresh juices of the edible parts of the orange, lemon and grapefruit contain the vitamins frequently spoken of as water-soluble B or anti-neuritic vitamins," says the Journal of the American Medical Association.

"It is, indeed surprising to learn that the potency of orange juice, for example, in the water-soluble vitamin is comparable, volume for volume, with that of cow's milk. This must not be understood, of course, to apply to the nutrients as sources of energy, but only to the contents as vitamins. It is even hinted that orange juice may contain some fat soluble vitamin; if so, it will have been demonstrated to yield all the at present known types of vitamins. Little wonder that this citrus fruit has acquired a dietary popularity. The advocates of a national temperance drink may be disappointed in the relatively poorer showing of grape juice as a source of vitamins."

HOME HINTS

The tops of blankets and comforters always soil first. No matter how carefully one may make the bed, turning the top sheet many inches over the rest of the bed clothes, the edges of the covers do seem to get dirty very quickly. An easy and economical way to overcome this is to sew a deep facing of cheese cloth across the ends of the blanket. The facing should be at least six inches deep on both sides of the cover. It's much easier to rip this protector off and wash it once a fortnight or whenever one's house-keeping conscience demands, than it is to wash a whole blanket or comforter.

There is one place in most households where a definite "leak" is ignored. This is in the matter of lights. The strength of the light depends entirely on the number of watts and 60 watts consumes more electricity than 40. In a closet, in a hall, any place, in fact, where a strong, brilliant light is not needed, a considerable amount of "juice" can be saved by an intelligent choosing of electric light bulbs. In a reading lamp, dressing lights and places that need much light, use high-powered bulbs and be sure that they are given all that there is in them to give. Lights burn out and use the same amount of electricity without making the proper light.

BLACK PILLOW COVERS

Black nateen pillow covers are being shown in the smart art needle-gay colorings—and they're most attractive and splendidly serviceable. They come in the favorite round effect, also some in square and oblong styles. Some are worked in cross-stitch, some in French knots—all of them in easy-to-do designs.

The sateen is of a heavy silky quality closely resembling satin and when completed the cushions make stunning additions to the living room pillows—and highly acceptable gifts.

GOOD CHEER CLUB

Brighton men who travel to London every day to business have formed a "traveling colony of good cheer," says the London Mail.

"Some of us grew so tired of traveling with stiff, unsmiling faces," Mr. Johnson, a London merchant, told a reporter, "that we determined to admit to our compartment only those with cheerful faces."

"Smile!"

"We have two placards, one for each window of the compartment. On these the traveler reads:

"Only those who are cheerful travel in this compartment. If you cannot smile you will be out of place."

"It has been effective. Gloom faces appear, read the notice and, wedded to gloom and distrustful cheerful company, pass on and enter another carriage. All the cheerful spirits come to our compartment and form the jolliest traveling colony ever known."

Egyptian Designs

Egyptian influence in jewelry, millinery and hand-bags is noticeable in the newest fashions from Paris. Rich colorings and designs of embroidery or in some cases metal designs of hand-bag frames, suggest the ancient Egyptian art.

Telegraphic Codes

That the recent and universal development of the wireless telegraph will bring about a change from the use of the old Morse code by telegraph companies generally now seems assured, so the experts say.

The Morse system has been in use in this country and Canada ever since the inception of the telegraph. Gradually, however, as time went on, its imperfections were noted.

It was found that a rearrangement of the dots and dashes made for greater simplicity and speed. In other countries these changes were adopted and they made possible the elimination of the spaces.

As has often been the case, America, having led the world in progress and invention in its preliminary stages, has failed to follow up the advantage thus gained, and, as a result, is far behind the race.

At the present time the Continental or Universal system has been adopted by every country in the world with the exception of the United States and Canada. The rules and regulations of the International Telegraph Union are based on the continental code, and are binding on the United States, though Americans have no vote in their preparation.

Just why the adoption of improvements on the old Morse code has not been made is somewhat of a mystery. It is probably largely a matter of sentiment and also of habit.

Once a system has been in general use, it is a great deal easier to put up with its imperfections rather than temporarily handicap efficiency by the retraining of old operators, in spite of the fact that in the long run a much greater degree of efficiency would result.

When the new branch of telegraphy was born, though, unhandicapped by convention and precedent, the advantages of the more modern Continental system were readily appreciated and adopted.

The rapid growth of the wireless in the past few years has, of course, vastly augmented the number of operators in the country using the latter code, and thus prejudice is gradually breaking down.

So marked has become the change of sentiment in the last year or so that many of the old-line telegraphers' organizations are openly advocating the substitution of the Continental code for the Morse as a commercial necessity.

MAKING THE BABY SURE OF BOTTLE

Holding Device Keeps It Always Within Reach of His Mouth

When the baby is given his bottle and placed in his crib it is generally the hope of the fond mother that the little one will fall off to sleep in the course of the operation of disposing of the contents of the aforesaid bottle. But sometimes it happens that the bottle will get away from his majesty and then there is a howl which not only startles the household with the fear that something terrible has happened, but it also is the cause of the youngster becoming so thoroughly awake that there is no putting him to sleep again for a while at least.

A bottle holder, easily made with heavy wire, and fastened to the rail of the crib acts as a support for the milk supply so that no such disaster can happen. The bottle is always within reach and the infant has only to reconquer a little and to follow his nose until he has recovered his bottle without creating much of an excitement.

A Twentieth Century Santa

Ten years ago no industry existed that was capable of placing American-grown varieties of European grapes upon the market for the Christmas trade, say marketing experts of the United States Department of Agriculture. Then the department devised a method of packing the grapes in red-wood sawdust in veneered drums, and of handling the product under refrigeration in transit and in storage from the time of harvesting until the period of the holiday markets. Today the industry ships more than 500 carloads of grapes annually.

A few years ago the supply of red-wood was threatened. Once more the Department of Agriculture aided. It experimented with various kinds of wood and demonstrated that spruce could be satisfactorily used. The supply of spruce is practically inexhaustible. To the trade the department's activities mean uninterrupted business; to the consumers, the continuance of a luscious fruit.

The announcement comes from Germany that 140,000 passengers have been carried without an accident in the airplanes which are in operation between Berlin and Stockholm and Bern. This is surely striking proof of the increasing safety and practicability of air travel.

Forest fire patrol performed by the air service of the War Department, with its personnel and equipment, and at the expense of that organization, in three months' uninterrupted service made 475 flights, covering 92,605 miles. Many fires were located and reported.

Should We "Lock Up" or Not "Lock Up"?

To lock up or not lock up our worldly possessions is a question that is always open to debate in most households, and opinion is divided on the subject. Some believe it fosters honesty, others that it prevents it.

Chinese locks were the earliest known, and now after almost uncountable years they are found as good as ever. Egyptian lockmakers were a close second to those of the Chinese, which testifies to the belief in locks held by two great nations.

In the 22d chapter of Isaiah we find, "And the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulders; so he shall open, and none shall shut, and none shall open." Surely this is scriptural sanction in favor of locking up our homes, if not our goods. Matthew also tells of the keys of the "Kingdom of Heaven." All this evidence being quoted to show that locking up is no new idea and has been honorable among nations for thousands of years.

In the first place, we lock up from prying fingers and curious eyes, rather than from the viciously inclined. Locks delay the work of sneak thieves, but little prevail against the depredations of professional burglars.

There is also a certain class of helpers who "borrow" what they need from those who seemingly have more of this world's goods than they think they're entitled to. We would all rather give to those people than have our things "lifted," if they would but go through the formality of asking. But they don't we must lock up or suffer the consequences.

Linens is too dear a possession in these days to take chances with, and there are some persons who are obsessed by a passion for "lifting" it, not only from hotels, but from home closets, trunks or chests of easy access. Sound advice says "Lock it up."

Things that women put away in bureau drawers, trunks or on closet shelves are usually of value, at least to their owners. They are a temptation to the less fortunate for two reasons, personal adornment and salability. Therefore it is the kindness and safeguard to the morality of the weak to lock them up.

Flat silver tempts because it is easy to conceal. Large pieces are rarely taken, for they are difficult to dispose of. But it is better to let it be known that you know just what you have and to lock up what is not in daily use.

It is obvious that we cannot go around reforming the world, but we can look after our own things. Experience has shown that good help prefer households that have fast rules, so that the dole-out foods are plenty, and are always on their mettle when the keys are trusted to them for special reason. If they find there is a system when they arrive and that things aren't just locked away from them, no ugly feelings are aroused. But if the locking up is done as an afterthought, small blame to them if they feel they're under suspicion all the time.

BEST RESULTS IN CO-OPERATIVE MARKETING ARE HAD THROUGH SOUND BUSINESS METHODS

To secure the greatest results, co-operative marketing enterprises must be organized and operated along sound business lines, say experts of the Bureau of Markets, United States Department of Agriculture, who cite two instances to prove their point.

Sees Error of His Ways
A sweet potato co-operative marketing association was formed in a New Mexico county that boasted seven sweet-potato warehouses. Six of these warehouses were ignored in organizing the association. The owner of the seventh warehouse was permitted to hold 51 per cent of the stock. With such a monopoly, this gentleman was able to control the business of the association, with the result that all the sweet potatoes were stored in his warehouse and the other warehousemen faced the threat of being driven out of business. However, the seventh warehouse owner was finally made to see the error of his ways, and through the assistance of the field marketing agent of the United States Department of Agriculture the Association has been reorganized upon a truly co-operative basis.

In the adjoining county were two men who had made a considerable fortune in sweet potatoes, largely through their ability to store their potatoes in their own warehouses. The other sweet-potato growers were able barely to eke out a small profit, because they were compelled to sell their produce immediately. The two warehousemen finally were prevailed upon to interest themselves in the formation of a co-operative association. The association was thereby enabled to negotiate a loan from the bank for the construction of a warehouse to take care of the pooled produce. This was such an encouragement to the farmers that it was soon necessary to construct another building because of a considerable increase in crops.

The two leading sweet-potato men in this association do not hold a majority of the stock. The organization is a co-operative one in the full meaning of the word. Each member is on an equal footing with every other member. At a recent meeting of the association it was announced that through the combined efforts of the

Dog Law Can Be Enforced

Wilkesbarre, Pa.—After 111 years of failure, the State of Pennsylvania has a dog law on its statute books that can be enforced, declared Fred Rasmussen, Secretary of Agriculture of Pennsylvania, in addressing the County Commissioners of the State in annual session, here last week. The Secretary traced the history of dog legislation from 1809, when the first law was enacted, down to the present time, and showed how all efforts to place the enforcement of the dog laws under local supervision had failed.

He declared that the only thing now needed, is to impress upon the dog owners of Pennsylvania, that the dog law is not a dead letter, and that it will be actively enforced without fear or favor, and that within a short time, the licensing of a dog would be regarded in the same light as the licensing of an automobile.

The Secretary, after carefully reviewing the much talked of Dog Law of 1917, urged that the commissioners appoint a committee to confer with him for the purpose of working out amendments to the dog law to be placed before the legislature, next January. The Secretary indicated that more success in enforcing the law, was attained in the counties where special agents were employed during the past year. Among the changes in the dog law suggested by the Secretary were:

Establishment of maximum indemnities for animals killed by dogs, to conform with the present value of livestock.

Provisions for notification of county commissioners and owners of dogs damaging poultry or live stock, of appraisal of damage done.

Provisions for employment of persons to enforce law where there are no constables.

Discussing the functions of the dog law of 1917 Secretary Rasmussen said: "The law is not only for the protection of the sheep industry but for the protection of the poultry industry. It involves the question as to whether the dog clan of the community should have an unchallenged privilege to use your flower beds and newly planted vegetable gardens as a playground; it involves the question of wild life, of birds and game in our fields and forests; it involves the question as to whether your children can pass on the street and play in safety; in fact, the fundamental question of the Dog Law is not based upon any claims of offenses which may be perpetuated by dogs running at large, but upon the broad principle of the protection of life and property to the individual as a member of the community."

Secretary Rasmussen quoted figures to show that during the two years the dog law has been in operation, the sheep growing industry has been increased by 60,308 heads, while during that time 147,053 dogs were killed by constables, peace officers and game protectors. He declared, however, that it was not the intention of the law or the object of the Department of Agriculture, to make the dog pay the penalty for his owner's negligence with his life.

"Wherever a dog is found running at large" said the Secretary, "in violation of the law, or without a license, it is the duty of the officers of the law to kill the dog, but the law also provides very stringent penalties for owning and harboring an unlicensed dog, and it is inhuman to kill the dog and let the master escape."

The matter of enforcing the Dog Law of 1917 was put squarely up to the county authorities. In touching on this, the Secretary said:

"Although the Secretary of Agriculture has general supervision over the licensing and regulation of dogs as prescribed in the Dog Law of 1917, and to that end may employ all proper means for the enforcement of the law, and for this purpose may ask for assistance from other State Departments, it is clearly the intent of the law that the details of the enforcement of the law rest with County Commissioners and other county officers. The State does not receive one penny of the dog license fee, all of which goes to the respective counties. The State should not, therefore, assume the expense in regard to the enforcement of the law while at the same time, thousands of dollars collected for this purpose are turned into the county treasuries."

Boys Win Over Their Elders

It is estimated that only 3 per cent of the cattle in the United States are registered and experts say that an increase of 2 per cent accomplished in from 5 to 10 years is a mark well worth aiming at.

Out in Ustick, near Boise City, the boys have shattered this record, according to a report brought in by a United States Department of Agriculture field worker who recently visited the community. These boys, acting upon their own initiative, and aided by agents of the department and the State College of Agriculture, bought 19 head of pure-bred stock thus increasing the total for their community 25 per cent.

farmers \$40,000 in additional profits had been secured, with all the seed potatoes yet to be sold.

Toys for all the Year Round

All Sorts of Cute Things Waiting to Be Taken Home to Good Children

Someone has recently become conscious of the fact that children enjoy new toys just as much through the year as they do at Christmas, perhaps even more, for with so many new things at Christmas the child is apt to be overwhelmed. The campaign which has recently been started towards keeping the toy market busy during the year, and for the occasional toy treat which can be a reward for especially good behavior, has brought out some interesting new things for children to play with.

There are some new cuddly dolls for the very little folks, all with nice soft bodies that will not break when someone accidentally rolls over on them in bed at night. These vary from the pretty little baby doll that you couldn't help but cuddle, to the series of funny little animals, including a scraggly pup with a necktie bow and a wide old cat of Teddy bear plush. Then there is a cannibal lady of black stuffed material, with gay wool skirt and bead bracelets anklets and chain. She has a bewitching topknot, too. A whole family of Indians, with real blankets and moccasins, come in this same class. And, best of all, is a series of cuddly dolls with radium eyes which shine in the dark.

New Painted Furniture
The little girl who has a doll's house will love some new painted furniture, which comes rather high, but could be given to her one room at a time until her whole house is furnished. This furniture is well made and prettily decorated. It should instill in the young housekeeper a rudimentary idea of interior decoration.

"There is a new sandbox set that is quite interesting for the sand is kept inside the small table, from which the lid can be lifted. A sand set of molds and water toys goes with this, as well as a chair to match the table.

Boys will love a new truck that runs by steam generated from a small kerosene lamp. They will also have hours of fun with the boxing boys, two wooden jointed dolls joined by wires, which are worked by a lever, so that one knocks the other's head off. The outcome of this bout is by no means certain, however.

Educational Toys
There are some fine new educational toys which will supplement the first lessons at school. Who wouldn't love to learn her multiplication table by phonograph? Then there is another record for use on the toy machines or the larger ones with familiar bird-calls, the name of each bird being mentioned after its notes. The language of the various animals are reproduced, too, for very little folks, and for the latest of all there are charming lullabies and nursery songs.

Spelling and arithmetic will both come easier for the many games which can be had to play at home in the evenings.

Old-Fashioned Pork Cake

One-half pound salt pork (chopped fine), one and one-half cups sugar, one half cup molasses, 1 teaspoon soda, one-half pint boiling coffee, one-half pound seeded raisins (chopped fine), one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon ginger, flour to make a stiff batter.

Dissolve soda in water, add molasses and sugar. Mix spices, salt pork and raisins with two cups of flour and combine with liquids. Stir in additional flour to make a stiff batter. Bake in greased loaf pans 45 minutes to an hour.

To Remove Wrinkles From Silk Dress

Wrinkles can generally be removed from a silk dress by hanging it over a bathtub filled with water hot enough to steam and then drying it where nothing will touch it.

The Market Outlook

is decidedly encouraging and justifies our opinion that judicious purchases made at prevailing market should ultimately show generous profits.

WEEKLY LETTER
gives interesting data on BOSTON & MONT. BIG LEDGE MAGMA COPPER INTERC. RUBBER ELK BASIN MARACAIBO OIL and the

DIVIDE STOCKS
We shall be glad to send you a copy, without obligation, upon request to Desk RP-10. Our Statistical Department will cheerfully furnish information on any listed or unlisted securities you hold or contemplate purchasing.

PRICE, GUARD & CO.
430 Wilshire Building Philadelphia, Pa. Locust 5316-7-8-9 Race 5117-8 New York Office—32 Broadway Direct Wires to all Markets

Lucille Gets a Close-Up

A SHORT STORY

By SEWELL FORD

The odd thing to me was how we all seemed to spot her, right off the reel, as someone who didn't belong. Not that she's so freaky, or that there wasn't plenty of other queer ones in the company. Course them big Alice blue eyes of hers was kind of bulgy and starey, and she had sort of a weird do on her ash blonde hair, something like the coiffure effects a head waitress or movie ticket queen will invent. Also that fringed smock affair with all the bead work on it was a bit striking.

But I expect it was her walk that really got me gawpin' after her. Threw her shoulders into every step, as if she was tryin' to put body-English on her stride, or like she was coming over a ploughed field. You know! Mannish. And I remember nudgin' Vee and remarkin'. "Say, who's the young lady husk with the heavy tread?"

"I'm sure I haven't an idea, Torchy," says Vee. "But then, one is liable to see all kinds here."

It's a fact. Anyway, every time I've been favored with an invite to Dunmore Hall, which has been twice before, I've wondered where this Mrs. Oakley Jones collected 'em from. I suppose it's one of her fads. She's a faddy party, Mrs. Jones. She can afford to be, for Oakley is president of the baking powder trust, or something like that. Well, it might be chewing gum or bath tubs, or vacuum sweepers. Don't matter.

But whatever big combine he's the head of it's a dividend producer. You can tell that just by countin' the two butlers and the full chorus of maids floatin' around, even if you didn't notice the deer park and the marble swimmin' pool and the Chinese rugs and the garage that looks like a young city hall. The 400-acre estate that's spread around Dunmore Hall, includin' half a dozen of the Shinnecock Hills, a couple of ponds and a private 9-hole golf course, ought to give you the idea that there was a he-sized income somewhere in the background.

And you'd never suspect, to look at Oakley Jones, that he could connect with a kale harvest like that all by himself. A mild-mannered, soft-talikin' inconspicuous party, Oakley; a short, dumpy gent with watery blue eyes and thin grayish hair. Just as likely as not, too, while the place is swarin' with week-end guests who are pullin' all sorts of interestin' stunts, you'll find him out back of the service wing practicin' mangle shots on the lawn, with maybe a chauffeur as an assistant, gardener retrievin' balls for him. They say he's a perfectly punk golfer, but nobody works harder at it than him. He'll do his three rounds in the mornin' and then spend most of the afternoon tryin' to chip a peck of practice balls over a hedge into a wash-tub. Maybe Bruzinski, the great violinist, is entertainin' a mob in the big hall, or Sothen and Marlowe, or one of the Presidential candidates, or a Russian dancer is holdin' forth inside, but Oakley will dub away with his mangle presistent.

Mr. Oakley Jones, though, will be right in the limelight. Trust her. She'll be floatin' around, smilin' and noddin', introducin' folks here, shooin' a flock of maids there, snappin' her fingers at a butler, and generally stage managin' her Sunday afternoon show. It's no slouch of a job, I'll say. For when you've rounded up three or four celebrities and near-celebrities, and have collected maybe half a hundred guests from all over that end of Long Island, with the idea of keepin' 'em all entertained for three or four hours, as well as provided with food, you can't just sit back and trust to luck. You've either gotta have a good program to follow or else be a shifty improviser.

This tall, willowy lady with the dark brown eyes and the slim, nervous fingers seems to be equal to it, though. She don't start anything she can't finish, Mrs. Oakley Jones. What if the Newport set did try to put up the bars on her a few years back? Ain't she showin' 'em they ain't the only ones that can win space in the society column? I'll tell the jury she is. It was her idea, you can bet, of buyin' an English country house, havin' it taken apart and shipped over here to be set up on the top of this Long Island Hill. And if there's anything outside of England that's more English than Dunmore Hall I'd like to see it. Why, they even celebrate Whit Sunday and Guy Fawkes day on the Jones estate, and have a cricket field for the help. I have heard that Oakley balks at drinking tea for breakfast, but I understand it's always ready in case he should change his mind.

Also these Sunday afternoon affairs are patterned after something Mrs. Oakley Jones got hep to while she was visitin' at some English country house, only she has to sub in opera singers and such for the Prime Minister and the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. But there's one of their kind and in one way or another she seems to get nearly all of us smart setters droppin' in.

Course, the way Vee and me happen to get counted in is through the Robert Ellises, who have a sort of a blanket invitation to bring along any of their friends. Mr. Robert lets on to find these affairs sort of bore-some, but I notice that he drives over every now and then. Maybe it's on ac-

count of the good billiard games he gets there, or it might be because Dunmore Hall is one of the few places where they still serve Scotch and just as reckless as if the 18th amendment had been quashed.

Anyway, it ain't five minutes after I'd remarked about the young lady with the swingin' stride when I drifted along where Mr. Robert was decantin' two fingers of the Haig Brothers' celebrated brew into a tall glass. Having completed the operation, and added a little more for good luck, he's about to press the syphon trigger, when he glances across the terrace.

"Oh, I say!" says he. "Who do you suppose she is, Torchy?"

"Eh?" says I, followin' his stare. "Oh, that one? Just what I was askin' Vee. Odd dazed party, sort of a pacin' racker, eh?"

And as we're watchin' her cross the lawn toward the tennis courts who should float out of the house but Mrs. Oakley Jones.

"Ah, Robert!" says she. "Tell me who is that young woman?"

Mr. Robert shrugs his shoulders. "Sorry, Mrs. Jones," says he, "but I haven't had the pleasure. Not that I mean to reflect on your efficiency as a hostess, but it seems to me you might—"

"Guilty," she breaks in. "And I promise that you shall meet her before you go. That is, if I can find out for myself who she is. On'd would almost think I could, but thus far no one seems to know. And really, I would like to learn a little something about her."

"Quite a pardonable curiosity, I'm sure," admits Mr. Robert.

"Thank's awfully says Mrs. Jones. "You've such a sympathetic nature. And you're so clever at finding things out; almost psychic, aren't you?"

"Absolutely not, Mrs. Jones," says Mr. Robert. "No, the only departed spirits I care to commune with are these," and he indicated the decanter.

She chuckles and taps him playful on the arm. "What a terribly complicated joke!" says she. "Just for that I shall commission you to follow this mysterious young person, find out all about her, and tell me the whole story."

"You really wish to know?" asks Mr. Robert.

She says she does. "Within the last hour," goes on Mrs. Jones, "I have run across her in a dozen different places in the house and about the grounds. And always with those curious blue eyes eagerly looking about, almost as though she had lost something. Several times I have tried to speak to her, but she has looked right through and past me. Not that I think she meant to be rude, but she seemed so absorbed in just gazing around that she didn't see me. I've not seen her speaking to anyone else, though, so I can't feel slighted. And if she doesn't know anyone here it is high time she did. At least, she ought to know me. See, there she is now; down there watching the tennis. Do go and discover her, Robert. Flirt with her if you like."

"Now that's what I call generous," says Mr. Robert, "and if you had not just promised Teddy Royce that I would follow him to the billiard room—"

"So it is," comes back Mr. Robert. "That is why I am delegating my talented private secretary to go, observe and report. I am willing to stake my reputation, and his, that within an hour you will have full information. Eh, Torchy?"

Course, there's nothing for me to do but grin and register modesty. Also to trail off after the unknown ash blonde. I wouldn't say through, that this is the sort of sleuthin' I'm any star at. Not that I'm skirf shy, but it's kind of a delicate piece of work, hallin' a young lady guest at a week-end party and askin' her who and what. It's so easy for 'em to counter with a "Well, what's that to you?"

However, I drifts down where she is wanderin' kind of aimless around the crowd that's watchin' the mixed doubles. She acts like a stranger, all right. By her stride and build she might be a lady tennis shark herself, but if she was she'd be taking some interest in the game, which she ain't. No, she seems to be sizin' up the crowd along the side lines and occasionally listenin' in on the chat. I didn't get any real slant on her until finally I noticed her fish out a little little memorandum pad and jot down something.

"Huh!" thinks I. "Might be stray dressmaker, or maybe a woman reporter collectin' society notes."

That last hunch seems to be worth followin'. Anyway, it was time I made some sort of a break, so I edges in casual until I'm almost at her elbow and then remarks off-hand: "Could I help you any with the names of some of 'em, Miss?"

"I—I beg pardon?" says she, after a nervous little jump.

"Oh, I used to be in the newspaper game myself," says I. "Doin' society stuff, ain't you?"

"So you see I had her goin', almost from the start. After that it was simple. Merely a case of stringin' her along."

"Let's see," says I, "did I get your name right when you came?"

"Lucille Blodgett," says she. "Blodgett?" says I, shakin' my head. "Sorry, Miss, but it ain't on the list." That was a bit raw, I'll admit, but it seems to work. She glances around nervous, to see if anybody's near, and then she grabs by arm.

"Please!" says she. "I'll go right away if it's necessary."

"What makes you think it might be?" I asks.

"Why," says she, "you—you're a detective, aren't you?"

"Not so bad as that," says I. "Only a private sec."

"Oh!" says she, twistin' her fingers in and out. "Then—then you know I'm not really a guest?"

"Since you mentioned it, Miss Blodgett," says I, "I expect I do."

"Well," says she, liftin' her chin defiant, "go ahead. What is it that you usually do to them in—in such cases?"

"Depends a good deal on the case," says I. "Come now, what was the big idea, your crashin' in on a Dunmore Hall function all on your own?"

"I—I simply wanted to see how they did such things," says Lucille.

"That's a little slim," says I, shakin' my head. "Lots of folks are curious about the same thing, but few of 'em have the nerve to rush the inside guard the way you have. Besides, that don't explain the notes."

She lets out a sigh and shrugs her shoulders. "If you will pin me down," says she, "I came to gather material."

"Not dress goods?" says I.

"No," says she. "Fiction. I'm a novelist. At least, I hope I am. Anyway, I have written some short stories that have been published in one of the magazines. Perhaps you've read some of them—about Corinne, the Cow Girl?"

"Must have missed 'em," says I. "But you wasn't looking for that wild and woolly stuff here, were you?"

"I'm bringing Corinne East, you see," says she. "That is, I am writing a novel about her in which she is to marry a very rich New Yorker and live in a wonderful home like this among the—uh—the idle rich."

"Eh?" says I. "The idle rich?"

"The kind of people Robert Chambers writes about in his books, you know," says Lucille. "The sort that say and do such weird and eccentric and—naughty things. Of course, I don't know any such persons, but I had heard of Mrs. Oakley Jones, and I found out where Dunmore Hall was, and so I—I came. I had read about such people being guarded by detectives, but I thought if I just held my head up and was bold enough they wouldn't notice me. I hadn't thought about there being a private secretary, though."

"I suppose you'll put me in now," says I, "red hair and all?"

Miss Blodgett smiles uneasy. "You haven't said what you were going to do to me yet," says she. "Send me home, I suppose; or will you try to put me in jail?"

"Which is nearer?" says I grinnin'.

"Why," says she, "I live in Sloux City."

"Some ways off, isn't it?" says I.

Know Jack Lyons, do you?"

"No," says she. "And probably I wouldn't know any of the people there that you have met. You see, Dad's—a labor union official. He's an organizer."

"Oh," says I. "Pulls off strikes, eh?"

"Sometimes," says Lucille. "He oes around and makes speeches to the miners."

"About the idle rich?" I asks.

Lucille nods. "He really doesn't know much about them, except what he's read," says she. "Neither do I. That's why I wanted to see for myself. And I've been here only such a little time. I wish I didn't have to be sent away now."

"It might be fixed," says I. "That is, if you'd do your part."

"My part?" she echoes.

"Haven't you any speciality," says I, "any stunt that you do that might be entertainin'?"

"Why," says she, "nothing but broncho riding and a little trick rope throwin' that I learned summers up at Cody."

"Wild West acts?" says I. "Fine! Say, Lucille, I think we can use you right away and get you right in with the idle richers. Are you game?"

"I've traveled nearly two thousand miles for that particular purpose," says she. "I'll do anything you say that's reasonable. I haven't a rope, though, or any sort of riding costume."

Maybe we can dig up something of the sort," says I. "You stick around while I have a talk with Mrs. Oakley Jones."

So it ain't half an hour before I'm hunting up the lady with a full report.

"Really!" says Mrs. Oakley Jones. "A lady novelist who means to Robert Chambers us? How utterly delightful! Any you have bullied her into performin'?" You inspired young person! Of course we can fit her out. My dear brother once made a collection of cowboy things; saddles, horsehair lariats, silver mounted bridles and so on. It's

all stored in one of the attic rooms, just as he left it, poor boy. And there are two or three bronchos around the place somewhere. The assistant superintendent rides them. Bring on your Miss Blodgett. Down on the golf course would be a good place for the event, wouldn't it? I will announce it for half an hour from now and have an audience ready. If she can do anything worth while I shall ask her to stay until Monday with us."

She's some hustler, Mrs. Oakley Jones is. Almost before Lucille Blodgett had time to make half a dozen more notes she was being towed to a room where a couple of maids helped her shed her Sloux City costume and climb into a fringed buckskin shirt, riding breeches and woolly chaps, and she'd picked out a quirt and a raw hide rope that suited her. And while that was goin' on Mrs. Jones had rounded up everybody from her verandas, tennis courts and the swimmin' pool, and herded 'em down to the first fairway of the course.

Lucille was no quitter, either. She was right there with her act. Also she had the right idea of how to pull it off, for she makes her entrance unexpected and dramatic. Uh-huh! Dashes out from a clump of shrubbery in front of the crowd, stands up in the stirrups with a big revolver in one hand and her rope in the other and lets out a few Yi-yi-yips that brought the spectators up on their toes. Then after she has put her biscuit colored broncho over a bunker a couple of times, and fired a few rounds from the young cannon, she proceeds to rope a scared caddie on the fly, make her mount jump through the whirlin' loop and do a few other tricks that would almost qualify her to travel with a big top.

Course, she's well warmed up by the time she has finished, for it's a sultry afternoon; and having jolted out all her hairpins, that ash blonde coiffure creation has been wrecked beyond repair, but Mrs. Oakley insists on introducin' her just as she is to about two dozen prominent people.

"Isn't it a shame Oakley missed all this," says Mrs. Jones. "I just know he would be thrilled to see you ride like this, Miss Blodgett. He must see it, too. Somebody go find him, please, and tell him to come right here. You don't mind doing it again, do you, my dear?"

"Course, she don't," I speaks up, winkin' significant at Lucille.

And so when Oakley shows up five minutes later, she has to go through the whole act again.

"I suppose you don't ride, do you?" she asks me, as I helps her off and she limps toward the house.

"Me?" says I. "Not a lively hay burner like that."

"Then you can hardly appreciate what it means," says she, "when I tell you I haven't been on a horse for more than a year."

"Well, you made a hit anyway," says I, "and you'll have all night to rest up in. You're a reg'lar guest now, you know. But here's Mrs. Oakley Jones coming after us. Wonder what she wants now?"

She told us right away. "Oh, Miss Blodgett," says she. "Would you rather have your plunge in the pool now, or do you wish to play a few sets of tennis first?"

"If you please, Mrs. Jones," says Lucille, brushin' some of the damp hair off her flushed brow. "I—I would like to go somewhere and lie down; in a bed, if I might."

"Oh, very well," says Mrs. Oakley. "Will you tell Parker, Torchy, that Miss Blodgett is to have one of the small suites in the south wing and that she is to have some supper sent up about 8.30?"

"Of course," says Miss Blodgett, as I turned her over to a maid, "I haven't seen much as yet, but it seems to me that these people are rather an active lot. I don't suppose they keep it up all the time, do they?"

"Mostly," says I. "I've knowed 'em to play golf and tennis and motor and swim and so on all day, and dance and play bridge more'n half the night and get up and go at it again next mornin', every day for a week."

"I'm sure I couldn't stand that long," says Lucille. "Nor could the average working girl. She'd be a wreck. But these women and girls all look so fresh and fit. The men, too. And yet they call them the idle rich!"

"Oh, they put a lot of bunk in them society novels," says I. "Chiefly, I expect, because they write from guess work. But you'll be able to give us the true dope in yours, eh?"

I'm waitin' to see that book. But my guess is that Chapter I won't be started for a few days yet. Not unless she can find a desk she can stand up to.

A Lack

"I don't know," sighed Dubbs. "Sometimes I am afraid I lack a real sense of humor, although I have been able, in time, to see the funny side of it when I knocked down a hornet's nest I thought wasn't loaded; when a waiter split hot soup down my back at a banquet; when I sat down on a newly painted park bench while wearing my new white flannels; when I was kicked over a fence by a mule and when I got horribly seasick on my wedding trip."

Again Dubbs sighed.

"But, at the final test, I always fall short. I'll be jiggered if I can laugh then or afterward when my hat blows off and I have to chase it down the middle of a crowded street."

Factory's That Make 100 Pounds of Milk—Net Cost Varies Slightly With Season

A two-year study of the cost of milk production undertaken co-operatively by the United States Dairy Division and Purdue University, on a number of dairy farms in northwestern Indiana, has resulted in figures on the requirements of producing 100 pounds of milk in winter and in summer. To give permanent value to the results, these requirements were determined in pounds of feed, hours of labor, etc., and by substituting present costs and values for the various items a farmer can determine very closely what it is costing him to produce 100 pounds of milk at the present time.

Reduced to Figures
In the summer months the requirements for 100 pounds of milk were as follows: Concentrate, 20 pounds; dry roughage, 27.4 pounds; silage and other succulent roughage, 60.1 pounds; hauling and grinding concentrates, \$0.014; pasture, 0.04 acre; human labor, 2.2 hours; horse labor, 0.2 hour; overhead and other costs, \$0.393.

In the winter months the requirements for production were: Concentrates, 38.6 pounds; dry roughage, 66.8 pounds silage and other succulent roughage, 147.6 pounds; hauling and grinding concentrates, \$0.03; bedding, 20.3 pounds; human labor, 2.5 hours; horse labor, 0.3 hour; overhead and other costs, \$0.385.

It has been generally believed that the cost of producing milk was considerably higher in winter than in summer; and while this holds true as far as the gross cost is concerned, the figures obtained in this investigation show that the net cost of producing 100 pounds of milk from November to April was only 1.3 percent higher than the cost from May to October, inclusive, and that the total cost varied only slightly from month to month within each of these seasons. This small difference between net costs of production is largely due to the greater credit allowed for manure during the winter season.

Prices Fluctuate
The price received for the milk, however, fluctuated sharply from month to month.

Further details on requirements for milk production, including such factors as cost of keeping a cow for one year, cost of keeping a bull, proportion of work performed by each class of labor, percentage relation of various factors in the cost of production, and other details are presented in Department Bulletin 858, Requirements and Cost of Producing Market Milk in Northwestern Indiana, which may be obtained from the United States Department of Agriculture on request.

Slates and Slate Pencils

If all the slates used by schoolboys and schoolgirls in this country were put together they would suffice to roof a good sized city.

But ordinary roofing slate would not serve for school purposes. For such use only the finest quality is demanded; and the same may be said of slate blackboards for which great slabs are cut and smoothed. Blackboards of this material are expensive but preferable to any substitute, being wear-proof and taking white chalk-marks better.

In Europe slate pencils are usually made by hand, but in this country they are turned out by machinery. There is in Pennsylvania a quarry famous for the fine quality of its slate, which yields many millions of pencils annually. The rough material is first sawed into suitable pieces and then each piece is cut to standard length, 5 1/2 inches.

The machinery produces the pencils in the form of cylindrical rods of that length, which are pointed on emery wheels by boys who handle them by two and three with great dexterity and rapidity. Finally they are put up in pasteboard boxes of 100 each.

The River Niger, in Africa, is five miles wide at the mouth.

How Beetles Travel

In considering the case of a ferocious beetle, imported not long ago for the purpose of wiping out a destructive caterpillar, much was held to depend upon the ability of its larva, or grub, to travel a long distance in search of food.

The question was on the "staying power," on which largely hung the prospect of survival and successful distribution of the species.

To decide it, resort was had to a novel expedient, a vigorous young grub being placed upon a roll of paper spread on a table, and allowed to walk as it wished, though prevented from getting off the roll at the sides by a cardboard fence. The roll was so arranged as to be rolled back and forth the table by turning spools at each end.

As the grub traveled, its every movement was followed with a lead pencil, so that its track was continuously marked. So fast and far did it go that the paper roll had to be replaced with a fresh one again and again, eleven rolls in all being used.

The grub kept going for seventy-two hours, at the end of which it lay down and died of fatigue and starvation, after traveling nearly a mile and three-quarters. Its greatest speed was five feet a minute. The test was deemed successful, proving the insect to be a first-class "stayer."

Serve Breakfast With System

The secret of getting breakfast in a hurry is to have everything so well systematized that every move counts for something. In the first place, one must know what one is to have for breakfast the minute one comes into the kitchen. It has all been planned the day before. Many women waste time hunting around for something to get. It saves much valuable time and isn't a bit more trouble to lay the table just before going up stairs to bed. Put on the dollies, silver and napkins, and if there is to be toast have the toaster in place, although it shouldn't be connected, of course. If you are particularly systematic you have every day's breakfast menu written on a slate and hanging on the wall over the table.

As to Grinding
Of course, the first thing to do is to grind the coffee, and you will grind it yourself rather than let them do it at the store if you really want good coffee. There is a coffee mill that fastens to the wall with a glass jar to hold the coffee and a measuring cup to catch it as it is ground that is very useful in saving time.

Every Minute Counts
Figure to yourself the difference in time consumed in opening the cabinet door and getting out the coffee, getting a spoon and measuring it into the mill and grinding it, or in simply going to the wall and turning the crank till there is enough in the cup, then pouring it into the pot. And every minute counts. Set the coffee boiling, then take the tray to the refrigerator and pile onto it the things that you will need. Have a little breakfast set in the kitchen and that you can get at easily and quickly. Willow ware is very good for this, and very inexpensive. Suppose you are having fruit, cereal, scrambled eggs, toast and coffee. Prepare the fruit and put it on plates, take up the cereal which should be in the cooker if it is the cooked variety, in the small dishes, cut the butter and put all this on a tray, or better yet, a wheeled tray and take it to the table. Now scramble the eggs and take them up on plates, pour the coffee, cut the bread and make the second trip and breakfast set in the kitchen you are you are done.

Just try this and see if it isn't better than flying about the kitchen hot and excited, doing this and that with no system, while hubby stands, watch in hand, wondering if he is going to get more than a cup of coffee this morning.

THE WHISKER VOTE
For the first time in living memory, histories one of our reminiscent clients, all four candidates are clean shaven. He wonders where the mustache and whiskers vote will go—New York Post.

A Fortune in Cats Fur

In the old ragsy story of "Fagin-Boots" a clever cat made his master's fortune and turned him from a poor miller into a rich man who married the king's daughter.

Today it almost seems as if puss, whether clever or not, is again in a position to make her owner a wealthy person, for nowadays, when all furs are mounting so rapidly in price, that of our household pet is worth quite a respectable sum.

Black skins are the best valuable. Those of ordinary house cats bring from 6s to 13s (\$1.50 to \$3.25 normally) each, and the demand for them can be estimated from the fact that one catalogue alone, of all those issued by different furriers for the recent big London fur sales, offered twenty thousand house cat skins.

The fur for our domestic pet is, in fact, extensively used for coat linings. No wonder cat stealing is a remunerative form of crime, and one often hears of whole neighborhoods being deprived of all their cats by the depredations of thieves with an eye to money making.

One cannot help feeling that if the value of pussey were better known people would make haste to stop drowning all but one or two in every litter of kittens, and would take good care, when they moved, or went on a holiday, not to leave their family pet to the tender mercies of the streets. For she is, or could easily be, a very valuable commodity.

Her fur is not her only asset. The rat plague is one of the terrors of the moment; its extension is causing widespread consternation; and in this connection the household cat is almost worth her weight in gold.

The damage done by rats is almost incredible. It is calculated that their ravages cost Great Britain something more than 250 million dollars a year. Rats are exceedingly rapid breeders, and multiply at an almost incredible rate, and they can gnaw their way through brick walls and everything short of concrete. One rat will consume 50 pounds of grain in a year.

In a period of fortnight rats carried away seventy-one dozen eggs from a certain merchant's premises—think what eggs cost at the present time. Every cargo ship that sails bears its complement of scores of rats and they are a great menace.

Cats would multiply rapidly if they were cared for in a scientific way, instead of being so often put out of the world almost as soon as they enter it. We cannot afford to neglect the little animal which offers us two distinct possibilities—warmth for the cold weather and the preservation of our none-too-plentiful food supplies against the voracious rats.

There is room for a new and flourishing industry in the breeding of cats for profit. The enterprising may make the old fairy tale come true, and discover that puss can bring a fortune to his owner in real life as well as in fable.

Early Picking Worth \$57 an Acre

Ten acres of cotton picked at the proper time in the fall from October 1st to November 1st may yield as much as 15 acres on the same cotton picked in January, according to the specialists who have been conducting farm studies in the South for the United States Department of Agriculture.

On a farm in Arkansas an acre of Boykin cotton harvested in the period between October 1st and November 1st is worth \$12 for line and seed. In January an acre of an equally good crop of the same variety was worth only \$106. Express cotton gave \$193 per acre in October, but in January the crop was worth only \$112.

The result of delayed picking is chiefly a deterioration in grade and quality. For example, in a case where October first cotton rated as "strict low middling," while on January 21st the same variety classed as "good ordinary" only.

Interest charges on the present debts of the world amount to \$9,000,000,000 a year.

The United States national debt has risen from \$11 for each inhabitant in 1913 to \$225 at present.

4 PER CENT. PER ANNUM ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

WHEN the purchasing power of the dollar returns to normal, the dollar you deposit NOW will greatly increase in value.

You Cannot Afford to Neglect Your Savings Account

and you are invited to avail yourself of the courteous, efficient service of this depository. Write to Us.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$4,000,000

WEST END TRUST CO.

Broad St., and So. Penn Sq. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Trade Mark, Reg. MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER

The only treatment that will remove permanently all Superfluous Hair from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. Removes entire hair roots and destroys the hair duct. No electric needle, burning caustics or powders used.

One application of Mi-Rita will quickly and completely remove all undesirable hair, leaving the skin soft and smooth.

Every woman who is troubled with superfluous hair should know that Mi-Rita will permanently destroy the most stubborn growth of hair, and this treatment can be used successfully at home.

Send for Free Beauty Book listing our exclusive preparations for beautifying the skin and hair.

DR. MARGARET RUPPERT

Dept. R.—1112 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. U. S. A. Established 22 years

When Steel Breaks Like Glass

"Look out, or you will drop that chisel!" Before the sentence was finished the tool had slipped from the hand of my assistant and, striking upon some bar iron, flew into pieces as if it had been glass instead of steel.

This reads like a bit out of "Alice in Wonderland," but in sober fact, as told by an American formerly engaged in various enterprises at Dawson, in the Yukon territory.

It is interesting to learn what happens at 60 degrees below zero, a temperature not uncommon in the Yukon. For example, the gentleman mentioned tells of one stretch of such cold in January, a spell that endured two weeks. The temperature ranged from 44 degrees below zero (the warmest) down to 68 degrees below. Some of the outlying Yukon police stations reported 80 degrees below. The cold wave alternates with warmer periods of 10 degrees below.

At such temperatures as these strange manifestations appear. One is the way a fire burns in the stove. It roars and crackles like a great forge, and wood in the stove seems to dissolve in the flames like a chunk of ice; the wood is gone and one wonders where the heat went.

At 60 degrees below every stovepipe throws out a great white cloud of smoke and vapor, resembling a steamboat in its whiteness, and this cloud streams away for from 50 to 100 feet, mingling with the other white-gray mist of haze that remains permanent in the atmosphere of the town like a great fog when it is 40 degrees or more below zero. This white-gray fog is not fog as we know it, but is froz-fog, and every man, woman, child and even the fire that is throwing out moisture into the air is immediately turned into a cloud of frozen vapor that floats and remains visibly suspended in the air. Very slowly this settles to earth; and in the morning, about the steps and any protected place, one can see a very fine film of flourlike dust deposited, which is composed of frozen vapor.

Exposed cars, hands and noses freeze at this temperature in going the distance of about one city square. The breath roars like a mild jet of steam, while a dipper of boiling water thrown out into the air emits a peculiar whistling as its drops circle through the frosty atmosphere.

Prospectors, in attempting to boil a dish of rice or beans upon a camp fire unprotected from the weather, find that the side of the dish that is in the fire will boil, while the part of the dish exposed to the weather

has frozen. To remedy this, the dish is set completely into the fire.

In such temperatures one must be very careful about touching things with unprotected hands. It is dangerous to take hold of a door knob when it is 60 degrees below zero or thereabouts with the uncovered hand, unless one is careful instantly to release his hold, for if he does show this carelessness the inner palm of his hand will be frozen in five seconds. The result is the same as though he had touched a red-hot stove.

Great spikes, used in constructing the frames of buildings, when subjected to this frigid temperature contract when embedded in the wood, and when the clinging fiber of the wood can no longer control the contraction, the shrinking spikes give a great jump in the wood, this being accomplished by a loud booming sound like the firing of heavy gun, or that of a building struck with a sledge there is, therefore, not one but many of these explosions, which resemble the sounds from a target range.

Coal oil begins to thicken at 40 degrees below, and at 60 and 70 degrees below becomes as thick as lard and looks very much like that substance, only a little darker. It can then be cut out of the can with a knife the same way that one cuts lard or butter. A lighted lamp or lantern left exposed in this temperature will freeze up and go out in about 80 minutes.

To offset the effect of the strike of telegraphic employes, an airplane postal service has been organized between the principal cities of Italy by the Italian government.

Recently detectives in Berlin in an airplane chased and apprehended three money traffickers who, with 11,000,000 silver rubles, were en-route to Frankfurt by train. The pursuers reached Frankfurt before the train and nabbed the traffickers as they were in the act of transferring the money to accomplices in a hotel.

The American Bar Association and the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association have united in urging the passage of Federal laws regulating aerial traffic in harmony with the international air code.

A squawk happened to wander by the tent of a party of city hunters one night. One of the Nimrods raised himself upon his elbow and glanced about. "Oh, Lord! Every other man sound asleep, so that I'll have to smell it all alone!"

The American Bar Association and the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association have united in urging the passage of Federal laws regulating aerial traffic in harmony with the international air code.

Cutting Down Home Waste

People of average means can hardly afford in these days to keep servants. Households which formerly kept two or three now get along with one maid. Many manage with half a servant, sharing her with a neighbor. Not a few housewives have been driven to the necessity of doing their own cooking and sending the washing to a laundry.

This has meant to deal a discomfort, but there has been an incidental gain. Waste is enormously reduced.

Servants make nearly all the waste of a household. Many housewives, deprived of "lady help," have been astonished to observe a shrinkage of their food bills, notwithstanding the present doubled and trebled prices.

When a domestic establishment employs half a dozen servants the waste is enormous. Nearly always in a house run on that scale the butler and cook "stand in" with the butcher and grocer, and their rake-off increases with the amount of food they throw away.

Recent investigations by the New York Health Department proved that the average family living in a private house with one or more servants, throws away a pound and a quarter of perfectly good food every day. It was found that the average apartment house family throws away only one-fifth as much—largely, doubtless, because such families reduce domestic service to a minimum.

In the tenement districts of New York one garbage can usually suffices to hold the food refuse of 20 families. But in the "private house districts" it was found that 163 families had 175 garbage pails, or more than a pail apiece.

Examination of the 175 pails revealed 18 pounds of bread and rolls, 50 pounds of meat, 35 pounds of potatoes, 16 pounds of cereals and large quantities of perfectly fresh vegetables.

Always the amount of food waste varies directly with the number of servants employed. As a matter of fact the full garbage pail seems hitherto to have been regarded in this country as a manifestation of prosperity. Not until very recently have people begun to think that possibly this was a foolish idea.

One area of shale on the Colorado-Utah boundary is estimated to contain 36,000,000,000 barrels of oil. In the first four months of this year 62,509 Italians came to this country. An ounce of asbestos can be spun into a string more than a hundred yards long.

Drying Fruits and Vegetables

Dried fruits and vegetables, used in greater quantities since the rising price of sugar made canning an expensive matter have proved that they retain their native flavor as well as the canned article. They have but one disadvantage—that unlike the canned article they cannot be served at once from the jar, but require extra cooking or overnight soaking.

This, however, is a minor inconvenience, when you remember how much more dried food can be packed away in comparatively small space than the canned goods. It is true that rows of well filled shelves are a delight to the eyes of the thrifty housewife who takes this advantage of summer to say aside for the winter.

But what can the flat dweller do? In the average city flat there is scarcely enough space for current food supplies. Canned goods take up space far in excess of the amount of food value they yield.

But you can pack away enough dried food for the winter's needs of a small family on one or two shelves. It does not pay to dry lima beans or in fact any of the bean family. These are such staple articles that they can be bought cheaply enough to make it unnecessary to do the drying at home. But berries, apricots, peaches, pears and other small fruits should be dried if there is not space or equipment for canning. Dried tomatoes also are a great convenience, taking up less space than the cans, and yielding much more pulp and flavor at a smaller price.

The Italians have long had dried tomatoes, but the article is still more of a rarity with the American families. Their method is to stew fresh tomatoes very slowly without any water being added whatever. This is done until most of the water content of the vegetables has evaporated and only the pulp remains in the saucepan. This must be stirred frequently, of course, to prevent burning, and should simmer over a slow flame very gently. Finally, the pulp is squeezed through a colander, the liquid being used for soup making or other immediate purposes.

The pulp is spread out on boards and left to dry in the sunshine. When perfectly dry these strips of tomatoes are packed tightly in jars or crocks and sealed. Thus they keep indefinitely, and one or two tablespoons will season as richly as a small can of tomatoes.

For drying berries, be sure to use only the good ripe ones. Spread three layers on a baking tin and place on back of the stove or leave in a slow oven until the scalding point is reached. Then leave in a warm place to let the moisture evaporate slowly. This may take from 36 to 48 hours. Then replace all the berries in a hot oven to come to boiling point. This is simply done to sterilize completely. Pack tightly in small pails or tins and cover the top of the can with several thicknesses of newspaper before clanking on the lid. It should, of course, be tightly sealed.

Spinach, string beans and many other available vegetables may be left to dry in a slow oven, but always there should be only enough heat to dry them slowly—not sufficient to burn or start cooking. During the heating process the fruit or vegetables should be watched and stirred occasionally.

By writing to the Department of Agriculture at Washington you may obtain complete information in Bulletin No. 341 called "Drying Fruits and Vegetables in the Home with Recipes for Cooking Appended."

APPLES PLENTIFUL; NOW FOR JELLIES

With enough apples in sight this year for everybody in the United States to have almost a bushel each, housewives can plan on putting up a plentiful supply of apple jelly and apple butter. Not only is there an unusually heavy crop forecast (the Department of Agriculture estimates it at 97,764,000 bushels) but a shortage of barrels will prevent the usual quantity of apples from going into cold storage. This will probably result in more apples going on the market as they are picked, thus lowering the price. In some apple producing centers, growers are offered only 40 cents a bushel. At such prices, housewives will be able to preserve apples this fall in large quantities.

Apples are one of the most desirable fruits for jelly-making. Crab apple jelly is always a favorite dish and other varieties make jelly which may be flavored with other fruits or spices. If the apples are acid it is not necessary to use any flavoring. To make jelly that will not crystallize, the right proportion of sugar must be added to the fruit juice.

Another condiment is apple butter. This is made a little later in the apple season when farmers begin to make cider. It can easily be made at home by boiling cider and ground apples with the proper amount of sugar.

IMPRESSIVE FEATURE

"You have doubtless admired monuments in the old world."
"I have," replied the traveled person.

"And what impressed you most about the pyramids?"
"So far as I could judge from a rather hasty inspection, they were quite free from all advertising matter."

Hunting a New Position

There is a right way and a wrong way to go about everything and the girl who goes out to hunt a new position should go about it in the right way if she expects to be successful. First of all, do not go hunting new employment late in the afternoon or when you are tired. The affairs of that day and the fatigue are sure to be reflected in your manner, and you will not appear at your best or be able to convince the new employer of your true ability.

The newspapers offer no end of ideas for the girl who wants to do something different or improve the line she already follows. Advertisements to the girl who wants to go ahead, but sometimes the best opportunities are not advertised and are found only through a friend or the employment agencies, so that it is well to register in several places and give a full history of your ability. Very often a girl who has followed one special line of work for some time hesitates to branch out in those sister departments which demand special work along that particular line and fail to mention their ability to do this work at the time they register. If all the various lines of work and the special training to each girl is recorded the unusual position is surer to find its way to you than if you simply register as a clerk or stenographer.

In paying off a very efficient girl who was going to a better position an employer remarked, "You know, Miss Brown, if you had told me when you came that you could do this work I would have paid you much more, but you were not sure, and, of course, took you at your word." That girl ever forgot the statement, and since then has always thought out carefully all the possible work she could do before starting out, and then, when questioned, answered firmly and certainly every question. The result has been that instead of taking small tasks to do with small pay, she has steadily climbed upward, taking on more and more difficult work, and giving more satisfactory service.

Most girls are afraid of themselves and hesitate to extol their own possibilities. Of course, there are some girls who do nothing but boast, and we all know they are usually the class who are constantly hunting a new position because their last was too large for them. They looked so much and thought so much of their own perfection that they failed utterly to realize that the employer did not see them with the same eyes.

There are a few girls dressed plainly and in such a manner as to make one think of no special part of that dress but to remember only the general neatness and suitability, with shoes blacked and straight of heel, hair netted and not blowing heedless, hands neatly gloved, who are bound to attract the business man. Having been attracted, he looks next at the eyes and much is determined by this feature. Clear, strong wide-awake eyes convince the most prejudiced, for men of the business world are not paying giddy girls to adorn their offices. They may want these giddy ones later on to amuse them, but in the office, where much depends upon the mind and hands of the girls, he wants a girl who can think in an emergency if necessary. And the girl whose eyes are interested and wide-awake is sure to have that quality which is so dependable in tests.

As the girl talks to the possible employer she gains many points if she talks to the point and makes clear statements. An evasive answer will make him suspicious of your ability—a sure answer given without bravado causes him to feel sure of you and that you are worth his employing.

Make up your mind what is a just and fair salary before the interview and state that salary without hesitation. It may seem strange, but it is often the case, that the girl who timidly suggests a low wage, fails to get the position where the girl who demands the larger salary gets it. There is a great deal of psychology in that—the girl with the timid wage makes the employer believe that she has a poor thing to offer, something cheap; whereas, the other girl who states a larger wage and sticks to it is apt to give the impression of worth and ability. And, since he is looking for the best on the market, he employs the girl at the larger salary. Of course, the girl who is just starting out must expect to take time to adjust herself—to find her place, and she cannot expect to receive large salaries until she has become accustomed to the business world.

The new position should not be picked for just a moment, but with careful thought as to what the work will do for you as well as what the girl can do for it. She must not work blindly as something which means only wasted hours. Each task should have its place toward training to better things. And we often wonder just what, wasted hours are.

Airplanes are to be used to carry mail and funds to American relief workers in the interior of Syria who have not been heard from for more than a month, according to a cable message received recently in New York by the Near East Relief.

Porter Wins

The mayor of Riverside has been re-elected to office. And it is a strange case. In the betting ring the odds would have been 1000 to 1 against him.

This mayor presided over the town of Riverside during the "flu" epidemic, says the Los Angeles Times. In order to set up an additional preventive against the spread of the disease he issued an edict that there should be no kissing in that town. He made it unlawful for a man to kiss his own wife. You "wouldn't dare" kiss the prettiest girl in Riverside, and that's a big word, for Riverside is just literally jammed with pretty girls.

If you were to see the prettiest girl in Riverside you would risk the "flu," lumbago, mumps, Charley horse and every other misery to kiss her. You would walk a tight rope across Niagara Falls on a windy day to do it.

But, if you did, and it was when the "flu" was rampaging around there, Mayor Porter's policeman would slam you into the calaboose and all the lawyers in California couldn't get you out.

"This is the last time he will ever be Mayor," was what they all said. And certainly it looked like it. Everybody was mad.

Yet, here comes along another election, and there is the honorable mayor just where he was, booked for another term, his same old chair waiting nice and cozy for him in the city hall.

It is indeed a true saying that politics is like a cat. "No one can tell which way it will jump. But there must be something more than that back of the re-election of Mayor Porter. There must be something unusual about the man himself."

The Latest Gossip Among the Vitamines

Every month we have a few more disconcerting facts about the vitamines. For example: A fresh young carrot has over three times as much anti-scorbutic vitamine as a fresh but old carrot. Both the age and the method of cooking a food may have much effect on this valuable food item.

Dried milks keep their vitamine value and may be used for children if orange juice is fed. Condensed milk, on the other hand, supplies very little anti-scorbutic.

Potatoes may or may not guard against scurvy, according to how they are cooked and how much is eaten. It is "thumbed down" for the boiled potato, especially with the skin off. Too high temperatures and too long cooking are death to the vitamine that may, however, survive cooking under less strenuous conditions. For example, of four pigeons on the same ration of corn and barley and peas, the two whose food was heated in a pressure cooker at 15 pounds pressure for 25 hours died in 40 days, but the two whose food was heated only 35 minutes were doing well after 280 days.

There is nothing momentous about vitamines. Each little vitamine has habits of its own. Glittering generalities are their abhorrence. And furthermore the same food varies not only with age and the treatment it has received, but with its production—vegetables with the soil and animal food with feeding of the animal. But, the great purveyor of growth-promoting vitamines, varies in this regard with the feeding of the cow, in standing, and on pasturization.

The humble cabbage eaten raw, carrots, fresh milk and yeast are all notable sources of these "protective foods." Our scientists are hot on the trail of the vitamine, but the end is not yet, not apparently for a long time yet. All this appears from the work of Marguerite Davis of the Home Economics Laboratory of the University of Wisconsin, as set forth in a recent number of the Journal of Home Economics.

Treasurer John E. McDougald of the San Francisco treasury department will use an airplane for taking the payroll from City Hall up the Sierras, journey from the different locations at the various tunnelmouths, saw-mills and dam sites, as well as to the men at outlying points at Lake Eleanor and Hetch Hetchy proper. It is a long journey by boat, train and motor, but an airplane can go and return in a day.

To Help Business Use New Discoveries

Commercial and industrial concerns will be helped to apply new processes and discoveries of chemists in the United States Department of Agriculture by an Office of Development Work just created by the Secretary of Agriculture in the Bureau of Chemistry.

The staff of the new service will be made up of engineers rather than chemists. David J. Price, chief engineer in the dust explosion investigations conducted by the department, will be in charge of the new work.

Dr. Carl L. Alsberg, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, in a letter to the Secretary stated that such a service is urgently needed to translate the work of the Bureau into terms that could be understood and applied by the manufacturer and investor. Every year valuable discoveries are made concerning the utilization of manufacturing waste, or a new food is found,

Let's Go!

Put one hundred men on an island where fish is a staple article of sustenance. Twenty-five of the men catch fish. Twenty-five others clean the fish. Twenty-five hunt fruit and vegetables. The entire company eats what thus is gathered and prepared.

So long as everybody works there is plenty. All hands are happy.

Ten of the allotted fish catchers stop catching fish.

Ten more dry the hide part of the fish they catch.

Five continue to catch fish, but work only part of the day at it.

Fewer fish go into the kitchen. But the same number of men insist upon having the same amount of fish to eat as they had before.

The fifty men who formerly cleaned and cooked the fish have less to do owing to the under supply of fish. But they continue to demand food.

Gradually greater burdens are laid upon the fruit and vegetable hunters. They insist upon a larger share of fish in return for their larger efforts in gathering fruit and vegetables. It is denied them and soon twenty of the twenty-five quit gathering fruit and vegetables.

But the entire one hundred men continue to insist upon their right to eat.

The daily food supply gradually shrinks. The man with two fish demands three bananas in exchange for one of them. The man with two bananas refuses to part with one for fewer than three fish.

Finally the ten men remaining at work quit in disgust. Everybody continues to eat. The hidden fish are brought to light and consumed. Comes a day when there is no food of any kind. Everybody on the island blames everybody else.

What would seem to be the solution? Exactly! We thought you would guess it.

For we repeat that you can't eat, buy, sell, steal, give away, hoard, wear, use, play with or gamble with WHAT ISN'T.

History of a Button

The demands of today are trivial and unworthy of the talent inherent in the agile fingers of the Japanese people, say the author of an article on Japanese Woodcarvers in "Asia" for July. Many wood carvers have turned to making netsuke. Netsuke are the little buttons of carved wood or ivory fastened by a cord to the tobacco punch and the pipe case to prevent them from slipping through the sash. A whole school of netsuke carvers sprung up at the end of the seventeenth century, and it has been the ambition of every Japanese gentleman from that time to this to fasten his tobacco outfit by a netsuke that bears the name of a celebrated artist.

The descendants of Unkel have devoted themselves to art in miniature, but they have drawn from the whole world for their tiny buttons. Religion, history, folklore and numerous incidents of daily life all furnish material for the netsuke carver. Many of the woodcarvers have today gone into the field of ivory-carving, principally for the foreign market. These ivory carvings are for the most part intricate and photographic, lacking the genius that illuminated all the great woodcarvings of Japan. Still others have become sculptors of the ultra-modern school. They have studied in Europe and work in marble and bronze, as well as wood. They often do interesting work, but it reels too much imitation of the western models and not enough inspiration derived from native sources to place the stamp of real achievement on their work.

It is a phase that will pass. The art instinct is too deeply rooted in Japanese national life not to find adequate expression in some permanent and worth while form—unless one is pessimistic enough to believe that machinery and all the by-products of modern industrialism have set their death mark on Japan's artistic door.

or a new dye, glue or preservative. Without the service of a business office such as is now provided the value of these discoveries is greatly reduced through the discoverer's inability to present his proposition in terms which the business man can understand, and the public runs the risk of losing a much-needed material. Under the new organization the engineers will look after the product as soon as it has passed beyond an experimental or laboratory stage and will prepare estimates for the convenience of the manufacturers.

Mr. Price and his associates will furnish data upon raw material supply, cost of production, and the uses to which the product is adopted—in short, they provide an unbiased practical prospectus to show the public exactly what may be expected from the new material or process on a quantity-production scale. It is believed this co-operation will develop many neglected sources of public and private profit.

Spanish immigrants have been coming to this country in large numbers with the object of taking up farming.

The United States holds \$58,000,000 of Polish bonds, taken in exchange for food, clothing, arms and equipment.

HATS TRIMMED FREE OF CHARGE

Lit Brothers

Market Eighth One Yellow Trading Stamp With Every 10c Purchase All Day Filbert Seventh

\$90,000 Half-Price Sale Extraordinary!

America's Most Magnificent Talking Machine

Involving the purchase of the entire three months' output of a renowned musical instrument factory whose product is known and famous throughout the talking machine industry.

The Harmona

---has universal tone arm---plays all makes of records without any extra attachment. ---is justly noted for its superior tone quality, beauty of design, and rich finish.

The \$135 Harmona \$65
The \$150 Harmona \$75
The \$185 Harmona \$95

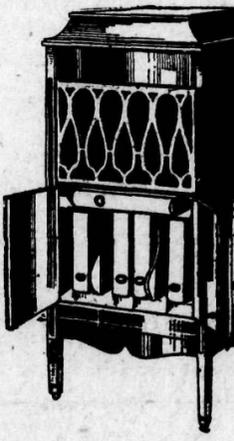
Finished in walnut or mahogany Finished in mahogany Finished in mahogany

See these superb instruments tomorrow; hear their marvelous sweetness of tone, note the fidelity with which they interpret the music of the world's most famous artists.

\$5 Sends the Harmona to Your Home
Balance may be cleared in small sums, arranged to suit your convenience

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY
LIT BROTHERS, PHILADELPHIA
Gentlemen—Please send me full particulars of your special half-price introductory offer on the Harmona—\$5 down.
Name _____
Address _____
Wk. 10-4-20

Also Included in This Phenomenal Purchase—Three Hundred Stratford and Majestic Talking Machines. Every One Fully Guaranteed.
[Fifth Floor]



Lucille Gets a Close-Up

A SHORT STORY

By SEWELL FORD

The odd thing to me was how we all seemed to spot her, right off the reel, as someone who didn't belong. Not that she's so freaky, or that there wasn't plenty of other queer ones in the company. Course there big Alice blue eyes of hers was kind of bulgy and starey, and she had sort of a weird do on her ash blonde hair, something like the coiffure effects a head waitress or movie ticket queen will invent. Also that fringed smock affair with all the bead work on it was a bit striking.

But I expect it was her walk that really got me gawpin' after her. Threw her shoulders into every step, as if she was tryin' to put body-English on her stride, or like she was coming over a ploughed field. You know! Mannish. And I remember nudgin' Vee and remarkin'. "Say, who's the young lady husk with the heavy tread?"

"I'm sure I haven't an idea, Torchy," says Vee. "But then, one is liable to see all kinds here."

It's a fact. Anyway, every time I've been favored with an invite to Dunmore Hall, which has been twice before, I've wondered where this Mrs. Oakley Jones collected 'em from. I suppose it's one of her fads. She's a faddy party, Mrs. Jones. She can afford to be, for Oakley is president of the baking powder trust, or something like that. Well, it might be chewing gum or bath tubs, or vacuum sweepers. Don't matter.

But whatever big combine he's the head of it's a dividend producer. You can tell that just by countin' the two butlers and the full chorus of maids floatin' around, even if you didn't notice the deer park and the marble swimmin' pool and the Chinese rugs and the garage that looks like a young city hall. The 400-acre estate that's spread around Dunmore Hall, includin' half a dozen of the Shinnecock Hills, a couple of ponds and a private 9-hole golf course, ought to give you the idea that there was a he-sized income somewhere in the background.

And you'd never suspect, to look at Oakley Jones, that he could connect with a kale harvest like that all by himself. A mild-mannered, soft-talikin' inconspicuous party, Oakley; a short dumpy gent with watery blue eyes and thin grayish hair. Just as likely as not, too, while the place is swarin' with week-end guests who are pullin' all sorts of interestin' stunts, you'll find him out back of the service wing practicin' mashie shots on the lawn, with maybe a chauffeur as an assistant gardener retrievin' balls for him. They say he's a perfectly punk golfer, but nobody works harder at it than him. He'll do his three rounds in the mornin' and then spend most of the afternoon tryin' to chip a peck of practice balls over a hedge into a wash-tub. Maybe Bruzinski, the great violinist, is entertainin' a mob in the big hall, or Sothem and Marlowe, or one of the Presidential candidates, or a Russian dancer is holdin' forth inside, but Oakley will dub away with his mashie presistent.

Mr. Oakley Jones, though, will be right in the limelight. Trust her. She'll be floatin' around, smilin' and noddin', introducin' folks here, shooin' a flock of maids there, snappin' her fingers at a butler, and generally stage managin' her Sunday afternoon show. It's no slouch of a job, I'll say. For when you've rounded up three or four celebrities and near-celebrities, and have collected maybe half a hundred guests from all over that end of Long Island, with the idea of keepin' 'em all entertained for three or four hours, as well as provided with food, you can't just sit back and trust to luck. You've either gotta have a good program to follow or else be a shifty improviser.

This tall, willowy lady with the dark brown eyes and the slim, nervous fingers seems to be equal to it, though. She don't start anything she can't finish. Mrs. Oakley Jones. What if the Newport set did try to put up the bars on her a few years back? Ain't she showin' 'em they ain't the only ones that can win space in the society column? I'll tell the jury she is. It was her idea, you can bet, of buyin' an English country house, havin' it taken apart and shipped over here to be set up on the top of this Long Island Hill. And if there's anything outside of England that's more English than Dunmore Hall I'd like to see it. Why, they even celebrate Whit Sunday and Guy Fawkes day on the Jones estate, and have a cricket field for the help. I have heard that Oakley balks at drinking tea for breakfast, but I understand it's always ready in case he should change his mind.

Also these Sunday afternoon affairs are patterned after something Mrs. Oakley Jones got hep to while she was visitin' at some English country house, only she has to sub in opera singers and such for the Prime Minister and the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. But there's unique of their kind and in one way or another she seems to get nearly all of us smart setters droppin' in.

Course, the way Vee and me happen to get counted in is through the Robert Ellinnes, who have a sort of a blanket invitation to bring along any of their friends. Mr. Robert lets on to find these affairs sort of bore-some, but I notice that he drives over every now and then. Maybe it's on ac-

count of the good billiard games he gets there, or it might be because Dunmore Hall is one of the few places where they still serve Scotch and just as reckless as if the 18th amendment had been quashed.

Anyway, it ain't five minutes after I'd remarked about the young lady with the swingin' stride when I drifted along where Mr. Robert was decantin' two fingers of the Haig Brothers' celebrated brew into a tall glass. Having completed the operation, and added a little more for good luck, he's about to press the syphon trigger, when he glances across the terrace.

"Oh, I say!" says he. "Who do you suppose she is, Torchy?"

"Eh?" says I, followin' his stare.

"Oh, that one? Just what I was askin' Vee. Odd gaited party, sort of a pacin' racker, eh?"

And as we're watchin' her cross the lawn toward the tennis courts who should float out of the house but Mrs. Oakley Jones.

"Ah, Robert!" says she. "Tell me who is that young woman?"

Mr. Roberts shrugs his shoulders.

"Sorry, Mrs. Jones," says he, "but I haven't had the pleasure. Not that I mean to reflect on your efficiency as a hostess, but it seems to me you might—"

"Gully," she breaks in. "And I promise that you shall meet her before you go. That is, if I can find out for myself who she is. One would almost think I could, but thus far no one seems to know. And really, I would like to learn a little something about her."

"Quite a pardonable curiosity, I'm sure," admits Mr. Robert.

"Thank's awfully says Mrs. Jones. "You've such a sympathetic nature. And you're so clever at finding things out; almost psychic, aren't you?"

"Absolutely not, Mrs. Jones," says Mr. Robert. "No, the only departed spirits I care to commune with are these," and he indicated the decanter.

She chuckles and taps him playful on the arm. "What a terribly complicated joke!" says she. "Just for that I shall commission you to follow this mysterious young person, find out all about her, and tell me the whole story."

"You really wish to know?" asks Mr. Robert.

She says she does. "Within the last hour," goes on Mrs. Jones, "I have run across her in a dozen different places in the house and about the grounds. And always with those curious blue eyes eagerly looking about, almost as though she had lost something. Several times I have tried to speak to her, but she has looked right through and past me. Not that I think she meant to be rude, but she seemed so absorbed in just gazing around that she didn't see me. I've not seen her speaking to anyone else, though, so I can't feel slighted. And if she doesn't know anyone here it is high time she did. At least, she ought to know me. See, there she is now; down there watching the tennis. Do go and discover her, Robert. Flirt with her if you like."

"Now that's what I call generous," says Mr. Robert, "and if you had not just promised Teddy Royce that I would follow him to the billiard room—"

"So it is," comes back Mr. Robert. "That is why I am delegating my talented private secretary to go, observe and report. I am willing to stake my reputation, and his, that within an hour you will have full information. Eh, Torchy?"

Course, there's nothing for me to do but grin and register modesty. Also to trail off after the unknown ash blonde. I wouldn't say through, that this is the sort of sleuthin' I'm any star at. Not that I'm skirf shy, but it's kind of a delicate piece of work, hallin' a young lady guest at a week-end party and askin' her who and what. It's so easy for 'em to counter with a "Well, what's that to you?"

However, I drifts down where she is wanderin' kind of aimless around the crowd that's watchin' the mixed doubles. She acts like a stranger, all right. By her stride and build she might be a lady tennis shark herself, but if she was she'd be taking some interest in the game, which she ain't. No, she seems to be sizin' up the crowd along the side lines and occasionally listenin' in on the chat. I didn't get any real slant on her until finally I noticed her fish out a little little memorandum pad and jot down something.

"Huh!" thinks I. "Might be stray dressmaker, or maybe a woman reporter collectin' society notes."

That last hunch seems to be worth followin'. Anyway, it was time I made some sort of a break, so I edges in casual until I'm almost at her elbow and then remarks off-hand: "Could I help you any with the names of some of 'em Miss?"

"I beg pardon?" says she, after a nervous little jump.

"Oh, I used to be in the newspaper game myself," says I. "Doin' society stuff, ain't you?"

"No—not exactly," says she. "I'm not a reporter."

"Oh!" says I. "My error. But I saw you taking notes, didn't I?"

"No, no!" says she, starin' at me panicky. "At least, not the kind you mean. Really, I wasn't."

So you see I had her goin', almost from the start. After that it was simple. Merely a case of stringin' her along.

"Let's see," says I, "did I get your name right when you came?"

"Lucille Blodgett," says she.

"Blodgett?" says I, shakin' my head. "Sorry, Miss, but it ain't on the list."

That was a bit raw, I'll admit, but it seems to work. She glances around nervous, to see if anybody's near, and then she grabs by arm.

"Please!" says she. "I'll go right away if it's necessary."

"What makes you think it might be?" I asks.

"Why," says she, "you—you're a detective, aren't you?"

"Not so bad as that," says I. "Only a private sec."

"Oh!" says she, twistin' her fingers in and out. "Then—then you know I'm not really a guest?"

"Since you mentioned it, Miss Blodgett," says I, "I expect I do."

"Well," says she, liftin' her chin defiant, "go ahead. What is it that you usually do to them in—in such cases?"

"Depends a good deal on the case," says I. "Come now, what was the big idea, your crashin' in on a Dunmore Hall function all on your own?"

"I—I simply wanted to see how they did such things," says Lucille.

"That's a little slim," says I, shakin' my head. "Lots of folks are curious about the same thing, but few of 'em have the nerve to rush the inside guard the way you have. Besides, that don't explain the notes."

She lets out a sigh and shrugs her shoulders. "If you will pin me down," says she, "I came to gather material."

"Not dress goods?" says I.

"No," says she. "Fiction. I'm a novelist. At least, I hope I am. Anyway, I have written some short stories that have been published in one of the magazines. Perhaps you've read some of them—about Corinne, the Cow Girl?"

"Must have missed 'em," says I. "But you wasn't looking for that wild and woolly stuff here, were you?"

"I'm bringing Corinne East, you see," says she. "That is, I am writing a novel about her in which she is to marry a very rich New Yorker and live in a wonderful home like this among the—the idle rich?"

"The kind of people Robert Chambers writes about in his books, you know," says Lucille. "The sort that say and do such weird and eccentric and—and naughty things. Of course, I don't know any such persons, but I had heard of Mrs. Oakley Jones, and I found out where Dunmore Hall was, and so I—I came. I had read about such people being guarded by detectives, but I thought if I just held my head up and was bold enough they wouldn't notice me. I hadn't thought about there being a private secretary, though."

"I suppose you'll put me in now," says I, "red hair and all?"

Miss Blodgett smiles uneasy. "You haven't said what you were going to do to me yet," says she. "Send me home, I suppose; or will you try to put me in jail?"

"Which is nearer?" says I grinnin'.

"Why," says she, "I live in Sioux City."

"Some ways off, isn't it?" says I. "Know Jack Lyons, do you?"

"No," says she. "And probably I wouldn't know any of the people there that you have met. You see, Dad's—a labor union official. He's an organizer."

"Oh," says I. "Pulls off strikes, eh?"

"Sometimes," says Lucille. "He oes around and makes speeches to the miners."

"About the idle rich?" I asks.

Lucille nods. "He really doesn't know much about them, except what he's read," says she. "Neither do I. That's why I wanted to see for myself. And I've been here only such a little time. I wish I didn't have to be sent away now."

"It might be fixed," says I. "That is, if you'd do your part."

"My part?" she echoes.

"Haven't you any speciality," says I, "any stunt that you do that might be entertainin'?"

"Why," says she, "nothing but broncho riding and a little trick rope throwing that I learned summers up at Cody."

"Wild West acts?" says I. "Fine! Say, Lucille, I think we can use you right away and get you right in with the idle richers. Are you game?"

"I've traveled nearly two thousand miles for that particular purpose," says she. "I'll do anything you say that's reasonable. I haven't a rope, though, or any sort of riding costume."

"Maybe we can dig up something of the sort," says I. "You stick around while I have a talk with Mrs. Oakley Jones."

So it ain't half an hour before I'm hunting up the lady with a full report.

"Really!" says Mrs. Oakley Jones. "A lady novelist who means to Robert-Chamber us? How utterly delightful! Any you have bullied her into performin'?"

"You inspired your person! Of course we can fit her out. My dear brother once made a collection of cowboy things; saddles, horsehair lariats, silver mounted bridles and so on. It's

all stored in one of the attic rooms, just as he left it, poor boy. And there are two or three bronchos around the place somewhere. The assistant superintendent rides them. Bring on your Miss Blodgett. Down on the golf course would be a good place for the event, wouldn't it? I will announce it for half an hour from now and have an audience ready. If she can do anything worth while I shall ask her to stay until Monday with us."

She's some hustler, Mrs. Oakley Jones is. Almost before Lucille Blodgett had time to make half a dozen more notes she was being towed to a room where a couple of maids helped her shed her Sioux City costume and climb into a fringed buckskin shirt, riding breeches and wooly chaps, and she'd picked out a quirt and a raw hide rope that suited her. And while that was goin' on Mrs. Jones had rounded up everybody from her verandas, tennis courts and the swimmin' pool, and herded 'em down to the first fairway of the course.

Lucille was no quitter, either. She was right there with her act. Also she had the right idea of how to pull it off, for she makes her entrance unexpected and dramatic. Uh-huh! Dashes out from a clump of shrubbery in front of the crowd, stands up in the stirrups with a big revolver in one hand and her rope in the other and lets out a few Y-I-yips that brought the spectators up on their toes. Then after she has put her biscuit colored broncho over a bunker a couple of times, and fired a few rounds from the young cannon, she proceeds to rope a scared caddie on the fly, make her mount jump through the whirlin' loop and do a few other tricks that would almost qualify her to travel with a big top.

Course, she's well warmed up by the time she has finished, for it's a sultry afternoon; and having jolted out all her hairpins, that ash blonde coiffure creation has been wrecked beyond repair, but Mrs. Oakley insists on introducin' her just as she is to about two dozen prominent people.

"Isn't it a shame Oakley missed all this," says Mrs. Jones. "I just know he would be thrilled to see you ride like this, Miss Blodgett. He must see it, too. Somebody go find him, please, and tell him to come right here. You don't mind doing it again, do you, my dear?"

"Course, she don't," I speaks up, winkin' significant at Lucille.

And so when Oakley shows up five minutes later, she has to go through the whole act again.

"I suppose you don't ride, do you?" she asks me, as I heave her off and she limps toward the house.

"Me?" says I. "Not a lively hay burner like that."

"Then you can hardly appreciate what it means," says she, "when I tell you I haven't been on a horse for more than a year."

"Well, you made a hit anyway," says I, "and you'll have all night to rest up in. You're a reglar guest now, you know. But here's Mrs. Oakley Jones coming after us. Wonder what she wants now?"

She told us right away. "Oh, Miss Blodgett," says she. "Would you rather have your plunge in the pool now, or do you wish to play a few sets of tennis first?"

"If you please, Mrs. Jones," says Lucille, brushin' some of the damp hair off her flushed brow, "I—I would like to go somewhere and lie down; in a bed, if I might."

"Oh, very well," says Mrs. Oakley. "Will you tell Parker, Torchy, that Miss Blodgett is to have one of the small suites in the south wing and that she is to have some supper sent up about 8.30?"

"Of course," says Miss Blodgett, as I turned her over to a maid. "I haven't seen much as yet, but it seems to me that these people are rather an active lot. I don't suppose they keep it up all the time, do they?"

"Mostly," says I. "I've knowed 'em to play golf and tennis and motor and swim and so on all day, and dance and play bridge more'n half the night and get up and go at it again next mornin', every day for a week."

"I'm sure I couldn't stand that long," says Lucille. "Nor could the average working girl. She'd be a wreck. But these women and girls all look so fresh and fit. The men, too. And yet they call them the idle rich!"

"Oh, they put a lot of bunk in them society novels," says I. "Chiefly, I expect, because they write from guess work. But you'll be able to give us the true dope in yours, eh?"

I'm waitin' to see that book. But my guess is that Chapter I won't be started for a few days yet. Not unless she can find a desk she can stand up to.

A Lack

"I don't know," sighed Dubbs. "Sometimes I am afraid I lack a real sense of humor, although I have been able, in time, to see the funny side of it when I knocked down a hornet's nest I thought wasn't loaded; when a waiter split hot soup down my back at a banquet; when I sat down on a newly painted park bench while wearing my new white flannels; when I was kicked over a fence by a mule and when I got horribly seasick on my wedding trip."

Again Dubbs sighed.

"But, at the final test, I always fall short. I'll be jiggered if I can laugh then or afterward when my hat blows off and I have to chase it down the middle of a crowded street."

Factories That Make 100 Pounds of Milk—Net Cost Varies Slightly With Season

A two-year study of the cost of milk production undertaken co-operatively by the United States Dairy Division and Purdue University, on a number of dairy farms in northwestern Indiana, has resulted in figures of the requirements of producing 100 pounds of milk in winter and in summer. To give permanent value to the results, these requirements were determined in pounds of feed, hours of labor, etc., and by substituting present costs and values for the various items a farmer can determine very closely what it is costing him to produce 100 pounds of milk at the present time.

Reduced to Figures

In the summer months the requirements for 100 pounds of milk were as follows: Concentrate, 20 pounds; dry roughage, 27.4 pounds; silage and other succulent roughage, 60.1 pounds; hauling and grinding concentrates, \$0.014; pasture, 0.04 acre; human labor, 2.2 hours; horse labor, 0.2 hour; overhead and other costs, \$0.393.

In the winter months the requirements for production were: Concentrates, 38.6 pounds; dry roughage, 66.8 pounds silage and other succulent roughage, 147.6 pounds; hauling and grinding concentrates, \$0.03; bedding, 20.3 pounds; human labor, 2.5 hours; horse labor, 0.3 hour; overhead and other costs, \$0.385.

It has been generally believed that the cost of producing milk was considerably higher in winter than in summer; and while this holds true as far as the gross cost is concerned, the figures obtained in this investigation show that the net cost of producing 100 pounds of milk from November to April was only 1.8 per cent higher than the cost from May to October, inclusive, and that the total cost varied only slightly from month to month within each of these seasons. This small difference between net costs of production is largely due to the greater credit allowed for manure during the winter season.

Prices Fluctuate

The price received for the milk, however, fluctuated sharply from month to month.

Further details on requirements for milk production, including such factors as cost of keeping a cow for one year, cost of keeping a bull, proportion of work performed by each class of labor, percentage relation of various factors in the cost of production, and other details are presented in Department Bulletin 858, Requirements and Cost of Producing Market Milk in Northwestern Indiana, which may be obtained from the United States Department of Agriculture on request.

Slates and Slate Pencils

If all the slates used by schoolboys and schoolgirls in this country were put together they would suffice to roof a good sized city.

Ordinary roofing slate would not serve for school purposes. For such use only the finest quality is demanded; and the same may be said of slate blackboards for which great slabs are cut and smoothed. Blackboards of this material are expensive but preferable to any substitute, being wear-proof and taking white chalk-marks better.

In Europe slate pencils are usually made by hand, but in this country they are turned out by machinery. There is in Pennsylvania a quarry famous for the fine quality of its slate, which yields many millions of pencils annually. The rough material is first sewed into suitable pieces and then each piece is cut to standard length, 5 1/2 inches.

The machinery produces the pencils in the form of cylindrical rods of that length, which are pointed on emery wheels by boys who handle them by two and three with great dexterity and rapidity. Finally they are put in pasteboard boxes of 100 each.

The River Niger, in Africa, is five miles wide at the mouth.

How Beetles Travel A Fortune in Cats Fur

In considering the case of a feline beetle, imported not long ago for the purpose of wiping out a destructive caterpillar, much was held to depend upon the ability of its larva or grub, to travel a long distance in search of food.

The question was on the "staying power," on which largely hung the prospect of survival and successful distribution of the species.

To decide it, resort was had to a novel expedient, a vigorous young grub being placed upon a roll of paper spread on a table, and allowed to walk as it wished, though prevented from getting off the roll at the sides by a cardboard fence. The roll was so arranged as to be reeled back and forth the table by turning spools at each end.

As the grub traveled, its every movement was followed with a lead pencil, so that its track was continuously marked. So fast and far did it go that the paper roll had to be replaced with a fresh one again and again, eleven rolls in all being used.

The grub kept going for seventy-two hours, at the end of which it lay down and died of fatigue and starvation, after traveling nearly a mile and three-quarters. Its greatest speed was five feet a minute. The test was deemed successful, proving the insect to be a first-class "stayer."

Serve Breakfast With System

The secret of getting breakfast in a hurry is to have everything so well systematized that every move counts for something. In the first place, one must know what one is to have for breakfast the minute one comes into the kitchen. It has all been planned the day before. Many women waste time hunting around for something to get. It saves much valuable time and isn't a bit more trouble to lay the table just before going up stairs to bed. Put on the dollies, silver and napkins, and if there is to be toast have the toaster in place, although it shouldn't be connected, of course. If you are particularly systematic you have every day's breakfast menu written on a slate and hanging on the wall over the table.

As to Grinding

Of course, the first thing to do is to grind the coffee, and you will grind it yourself rather than let them do it at the store if you really want good coffee. There is a coffee mill that fastens to the wall with a glass jar to hold the coffee and a measuring cup to catch it as it is ground that is very useful in saving time.

Every Minute Counts

Figure to yourself the difference in time consumed in opening the cabinet door and getting out the coffee, getting a spoon and measuring it into the mill and grinding it, or in simply going to the wall and turning the crank till there is enough in the cup, then pouring it into the pot. And every minute counts. Set the coffee boiling, then take the tray to the refrigerator and pile onto it the things that you will need. Have a little breakfast set in the kitchen and that you can get at easily and quickly. Willow ware is very good for this, and very inexpensive. Suppose you are having fruit, cereal, scrambled eggs, toast and coffee. Prepare the fruit and put it on plates, take up the cereal which should be in the cooker if it is the cooked variety, in the small dishes, cut the butter and put all this on a tray, or better yet, a wheeled tray and take it to the table. Now scramble the eggs and take them up on plates, pour the coffee, cut the bread and make the second trip and breakfast set in the kitchen you are you are done.

Just try this and see if it isn't better than flying about the kitchen hot and excited, doing this and that with no system, while hubby stands, watch in hand, wondering if he is going to get more than a cup of coffee this morning.

THE WHISKER VOTE

For the first time in living memory, histories one of our reminiscent clients, all four candidates are clean shaven. He wonders where the mustache and whiskers vote will go—New York Post.

In the old nursery story of "Puss-in-Boots" a clever cat made his owner's fortune and turned him from a poor miller into a rich man who married the king's daughter.

Today it almost seems as if puss, whether clever or not, is again in a position to make her owner a wealthy person, for nowadays, when all furs are mounting so rapidly in price, that of our household pet is worth quite a respectable sum.

Black skins are the best valuable. Those of ordinary house cats bring from 6s to 13s (\$1.50 to \$3.25 normally) each, and the demand for them can be estimated from the fact that one catalogue alone, of all those issued by different furriers for the recent big London fur sales, offered twenty thousand house cat skins.

The fur for our domestic pet is, in fact, extensively used for coat linings. No wonder cat stealing is a remunerative form of crime, and one often hears of whole neighborhoods being deprived of all their cats by the depredations of thieves with an eye to money making.

One cannot help feeling that if the value of pussies were better known people would make haste to stop drowning all but one or two in every litter of kittens, and would take good care, when they moved, or went on a holiday, not to leave their family pet to the tender mercies of the streets. For she is, or could easily be, a very valuable commodity.

Her fur is not her only asset. The rat plague is one of the terrors of the moment; its extension is causing widespread consternation; and in this connection the household cat is almost worth her weight in gold.

The damage done by rats is almost incredible.

It is calculated that their ravages cost Great Britain something more than 250 million dollars a year. Rats are exceedingly rapid breeders, and multiply at an almost incredible rate, and they can gnaw their way through brick walls and everything short of concrete. One rat will consume 50 pounds of grain in a year.

In a period of fortnight rats carried away seventy-one dozen eggs from a certain merchant's premises—think what eggs cost at the present time. Every cargo ship that sails bears its complement of scores of rats and they are a great menace.

Cats would multiply rapidly if they were cared for in a scientific way, instead of being so often put out of the world almost as soon as they enter it.

We cannot afford to neglect the little animal which offers us two distinct possibilities—warmth for the cold weather and the preservation of our none-too-plentiful food supplies against the voracious rats.

There is room for a new and flourishing industry in the breeding of cats for profit. The enterprising may make the old fairy tale come true, and discover that puss can bring a fortune to his owner in real life as well as in fable.

Early Picking Worth \$57 an Acre

Ten acres of cotton picked at the proper time in the fall from October 1st to November 1st may yield as much as 15 acres on the same cotton picked in January, according to the specialists who have been conducting farm studies in the South for the United States Department of Agriculture.

On a farm in Arkansas an acre of Boykin cotton harvested in the period between October 1st and November 1st is worth \$12 for line and seed. In January an acre of an equally good crop of the same variety was worth only \$106. Express cotton gave \$193 per acre in October, but in January the crop was worth only \$112.

The result of delayed picking is chiefly a deterioration in grade and quality. For example, in a case where October first cotton rated as "strict low middling," while on January 21st the same variety classed as "good ordinary" only.

Interest charges on the present debts of the world amount to \$9,000,000,000 a year.

The United States national debt has risen from \$11 for each inhabitant in 1913 to \$225 at present.

4 PER CENT. PER ANNUM ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS 4

WHEN the purchasing power of the dollar returns to normal, the dollar you deposit NOW will greatly increase in value.

You Cannot Afford to Neglect Your Savings Account

and you are invited to avail yourself of the courteous, efficient service of this depository. Write to Us.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$4,000,000

WEST END TRUST CO.

Broad St., and So. Penn Sq.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Trade Mark, Reg.

MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER

The only treatment that will permanently all Superfluous Hair from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. Removes entire hair roots and destroys the hair duct. No electric needle, burning caustics or powders used.

One application of Mi-Rita will quickly and completely remove all undesirable hair, leaving the skin soft and smooth.

Every woman who is troubled with superfluous hair should know that Mi-Rita will permanently destroy the most stubborn growth of hair, and this treatment can be used successfully at home.

Send for Free Beauty Book listing our exclusive preparations for beautifying the skin and hair. DR. MARGARET RUPPERT Dept. R-1112 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. U. S. A. Established 22 years

When Steel Breaks Like Glass

"Look out, or you will drop that chisel!" Before the sentence was finished the tool had slipped from the hand of my assistant and, striking upon some bar iron, flew into pieces as if it had been glass instead of steel.

This reads like a bit out of "Alice in Wonderland," but in sober fact, as told by an American formerly engaged in various enterprises at Dawson in the Yukon territory.

It is interesting to learn what happens at 60 degrees below zero, a temperature not uncommon in the Yukon. For example, the gentleman mentioned tells of one stretch of such cold in January, a spell that endured two weeks. The temperature ranged from 44 degrees below zero (the warmest) down to 68 degrees below. Some of the outlying Yukon police stations reported 80 degrees below. The cold wave alternates with warmer periods of 10 degrees below.

At such temperatures as these strange manifestations appear. One is the way a fire burns in the stove. It roars and crackles like a great force, and wood in the stove seems to dissolve in the flames like a chunk of ice; the wood is gone and one wonders where the heat went.

At 60 degrees below every stovepipe throws out a great white cloud of smoke and vapor, resembling a steamboat in its whiteness, and this cloud streams away for from 50 to 100 feet, mingling with the other white-gray mist of haze that remains permanent in the atmosphere of the town like a great fog when it is 40 degrees or more below zero. This white-gray fog is not fog as we know it, but is froz-fog, and every man, woman, child and even the fire that is throwing out moisture into the air is immediately turned into a cloud of frozen vapor that floats and remains visibly suspended in the air. Very slowly this settles to earth; and in the morning, about the steps and any protected place, one can see a very fine film of flourlike dust deposited, which is composed of frozen vapor.

Exposed cars, hands and noses freeze at this temperature in going the distance of about one city square. The breath roars like a mild jet of steam, while a dipper of boiling water thrown out into the air emits a peculiar whistling as its drops circle through the frosty atmosphere.

Prospectors, in attempting to boil a dish of rice or beans upon a camp fire unprotected from the weather, find that the side of the dish that is in the fire will boil, while the part of the dish exposed to the weather

Cutting Down Home Waste

People of average means can hardly afford in these days to keep servants. Households which formerly kept two or three now get along with one maid. Many manage with half a servant, sharing her with a neighbor. Not a few housewives have been driven to the necessity of doing their own cooking and sending the washing to a laundry.

This has meant to deal a discomfort, but there has been an incidental gain. Waste is enormously reduced.

Servants make nearly all the waste of a household. Many housewives, deprived of "lady help," have been astonished to observe a shrinkage of their food bills, notwithstanding the present doubled and trebled prices.

When a domestic establishment employs half a dozen servants the waste is enormous. Nearly always in a house run on that scale the butler and cook "stand in" with the butcher and grocer, and their rake-off increases with the amount of food they throw away.

Recent investigations by the New York Health Department proved that the average family living in a private house with one or more servants, throws away a pound and a quarter of perfectly good food every day.

It was found that the average apartment house family throws away only one-fifth as much—largely, doubtless, because such families reduce domestic service to a minimum.

In the tenement districts of New York one garbage can usually suffices to hold the food refuse of 20 families. But in the "private house districts" it was found that 163 families had 175 garbage pails, or more than a pail apiece.

Examination of the 175 pails revealed 18 pounds of bread and rolls, 50 pounds of meat, 35 pounds of potatoes, 16 pounds of cereals and large quantities of perfectly fresh vegetables.

Always the amount of food waste varies directly with the number of servants employed. As a matter of fact the full garbage pail seems hitherto to have been regarded in this country as a manifestation of prosperity. Not until very recently have people begun to think that possibly this was a foolish idea.

One area of shale on the Colorado-Utah boundary is estimated to contain 36,000,000,000 barrels of oil.

In the first four months of this year 62,509 Italians came to this country.

An ounce of asbestos can be spun into a string more than a hundred yards long.

Drying Fruits and Vegetables

Dried fruits and vegetables, used in greater quantities since the rising price of sugar made canning an expensive matter have proved that they retain their native flavor as well as the canned article. They have but one disadvantage—that unlike the canned article they cannot be served at once from the jar, but require extra cooking or overnight soaking.

This, however, is a minor inconvenience, when you remember how much more dried food can be packed away in comparatively small space than the canned goods. It is true that rows of well filled shelves are a delight to the eyes of the thrifty housewife who takes this advantage of summer to lay aside for the winter.

But what can the flat dweller do? In the average city flat there is scarcely enough space for current food supplies. Canned goods take up space far in excess of the amount of food value they yield.

But you can pack away enough dried food for the winter's needs of a small family on one or two shelves. It does not pay to dry lima beans or in fact any of the bean family. These are such staple articles that they can be bought cheaply enough to make it unnecessary to do the drying at home. But berries, apricots, peaches, pears and other small fruits should be dried if there is not space or equipment for canning. Dried tomatoes also are a great convenience, taking up less space than the cans, and yielding much more pulp and flavor at a smaller price.

The Italians have long had dried tomatoes, but the article is still more of a rarity with the American families. Their method is to stew fresh tomatoes very slowly without any water being added whatever. This is done until most of the water content of the vegetables has evaporated and only the pulp remains in the saucepan. This must be stirred frequently, of course, to prevent burning, and should simmer over a slow flame very gently. Finally, the pulp is squeezed through a colander, the liquid being used for soup making or other immediate purposes.

The pulp is spread out on boards and left to dry in the sunshine. When perfectly dry these strips of tomatoes are packed tightly in jars or crocks and sealed. Thus they keep indefinitely, and one or two tablespoons will season as richly as a small can of tomatoes.

For drying berries, be sure to use only the good ripe ones. Spread three layers on a baking tin and place on back of the stove or leave in a slow oven until the scalding point is reached. Then leave in a warm place to let the moisture evaporate slowly. This may take from 36 to 48 hours. Then replace all the berries in a hot oven to come to boiling point. This is simply done to sterilize completely. Pack tightly in small pails or tins and cover the top of the can with several thicknesses of newspaper before clanking on the lid. It should, of course, be tightly sealed.

Spinach, string beans and many other available vegetables may be left to dry in a slow oven, but always there should be only enough heat to dry them slowly—not sufficient to burn or start cooking. During the heating process the fruit or vegetables should be watched and stirred occasionally.

By writing to the Department of Agriculture at Washington you may obtain complete information in Bulletin No. 341 called "Drying Fruits and Vegetables in the Home with Recipes for Cooking Appended."

Hunting a New Position

There is a right way and a wrong way to go about everything and the girl who goes out to hunt a new position should go about it in the right way if she expects to be successful. First of all, do not go hunting new employment late in the afternoon or when you are tired. The affairs of that day and the fatigue are sure to be reflected in your manner, and you will not appear at your best or be able to convince the new employer of your true ability.

The newspapers offer no end of ideas for the girl who wants to do something different or improve the line she already follows. Advertisements to the girl who wants to go ahead, but sometimes the best opportunities are not advertised and are found only through a friend or the employment agencies, so that it is well to register in several places and give a full history of your ability. Very often a girl who has followed one special line of work for some time hesitates to branch out in those sister departments which demand special work along that particular line and fail to mention their ability to do this work at the time they register. If all the various lines of work and the special training to each girl is recorded the unusual position is surer to find its way to you than if you simply register as a clerk or stenographer.

In paying off a very efficient girl who was going to a better position an employer remarked, "You know, Miss Brown, if you had told me when you came that you could do this work I would have paid you much more, but you were not sure and, of course, took you at your word." That girl ever forgot the statement, and since then has always thought out carefully all the possible work she could do before starting out, and then, when questioned, answered firmly and certainly every question. The result has been that instead of taking small tasks to do with small pay, she has steadily climbed upward, taking on more and more difficult work, and giving more satisfactory service.

Most girls are afraid of themselves and hesitate to extol their own possibilities. Of course, there are some girls who do nothing but boast, and we all know they are usually the class who are constantly hunting a new position because their last was too arge for them. They looked so much and thought so much of their own perfection that they failed utterly to realize that the employer did not see them with the same eyes.

There are a few girls dressed plainly and in such a manner as to make one think of no special part of that dress but to remember only the general neatness and suitability, with shoes blacked and straight of heel, hair netted and not blowing heedless, hands neatly gloved, who are bound to attract the business man. Having been attracted, he looks next at the eyes and much is determined by this feature. Clear, strong wide-awake eyes convince the most prejudiced, for men of the business world are not paying giddy girls to adorn their offices. They may want these giddy ones later on to amuse them, but in the office, where much depends upon the mind and hands of the girls, he wants a girl who can think in an emergency if necessary. And the girl whose eyes are interested and wide-awake is sure to have that quality which is so dependable in tests.

As the girl talks to the possible employer she gains many points if she talks to the point and makes clear statements. An evasive answer will make him suspicious of your ability—a sure answer given without bravado causes him to feel sure of you and that you are worth his employing.

Make up your mind what is a just and fair salary before the interview and state that salary without hesitation. It may seem strange, but it is often the case, that the girl who timidly suggests a low wage, fails to get the position where the girl who demands the larger salary gets it. There is a great deal of psychology in that—the girl with the timid wage makes the employer believe that she has a poor thing to offer, something she is not sure of and would sell cheap; whereas, the other girl who states a larger wage and sticks to it is apt to give the impression of worth and ability. And, since he is looking for the best on the market, he employs the girl at the larger salary. Of course, the girl who is just starting out must expect to take time to adjust herself—to find her place, and she cannot expect to receive large salaries until she has become accustomed to the business world.

The new position should not be picked for just a moment; but with careful thought as to what the work will do for you as well as what the girl can do for it. She must not work blindly as something which means only wasted hours. Each task should have its place toward training to better things. And we often wonder just what, wasted hours are.

Airplanes are to be used to carry mail and funds to American relief workers in the interior of Syria who have not been heard from for more than a month, according to a cable message received recently in New York by the Near East Relief.

Porter Wins

The mayor of Riverside has been re-elected to office. And it is a strange case. In the betting ring the odds would have been 1000 to 1 against him.

This mayor presided over the town of Riverside during the "flu" epidemic, says the Los Angeles Times. In order to set up an additional preventive against the spread of the disease he issued an edict that there should be no kissing in that town. He made it unlawful for a man to kiss his own wife. You "wouldn't dare" kiss the prettiest girl in Riverside, and that's a big word, for Riverside is just literally jammed with pretty girls.

If you were to see the prettiest girl in Riverside you would risk the "flu," lumbago, mumps, Charley horse and every other misery to kiss her. You would walk a tight rope across Niagara Falls on a windy day to do it.

But, if you did, and it was when the "flu" was rampaging around there, Mayor Porter's policeman would slam you into the calaboose and all the lawyers in California couldn't get you out.

"This is the last time he will ever be Mayor," was what they all said. And certainly it looked like it. Everybody was mad.

Yet, here comes along another election, and there is the honorable mayor just where he was, booked for another term, his same old chair waiting nice and cozy for him in the city hall.

It is indeed a true saying that politics is like a cat. "No one can tell which way it will jump. But there must be something more than that back of the re-election of Mayor Porter. There must be something unusual about the man himself.

Let's Go!

Put one hundred men on an island where fish is a staple article of sustenance. Twenty-five of the men catch fish. Twenty-five others clean the fish. Twenty-five hunt fruit and vegetables. The entire company eats what thus is gathered and prepared.

So long as everybody works there is plenty. All hands are happy.

Ten of the allotted fish catchers stop catching fish.

Ten more dry the hide part of the fish they catch.

Five continue to catch fish, but work only part of the day at it.

Fewer fish go into the kitchen.

But the same number of men insist upon having the same amount of fish to eat as they had before.

The fifty men who formerly cleaned and cooked the fish have less to do owing to the under supply of fish. But they continue to demand food.

Gradually greater burdens are laid upon the fruit and vegetable hunters. They insist upon a larger share of fish in return for their larger efforts in gathering fruit and vegetables. It is denied them and soon twenty of the twenty-five quit gathering fruit and vegetables.

But the entire one hundred men continue to insist upon their right to eat.

The daily food supply gradually shrinks. The man with two fish demands three bananas in exchange for one of them. The man with two bananas refuses to part with one for fewer than three fish.

Finally the ten men remaining at work quit in disgust. Everybody continues to eat. The hidden fish are brought to light and consumed. Comes a day when there is no food of any kind. Everybody on the island blames everybody else.

What would seem to be the solution? Exactly! We thought you would guess it.

For we repeat (till you can't eat, buy, sell, steal, give away, hoard, wear, use, play with or gamble with WHAT ISN'T).

The Latest Gossip Among the Vitamines

Every month we have a few more disconcerting facts about the vitamines. For example: A fresh young carrot has over three times as much anticorbatic vitamine as a fresh but old carrot. Both the age and the method of cooking a food may have much effect on this valuable food item.

Dried milks keep their vitamine value and may be used for children if orange juice is fed. Condensed milk, on the other hand, supplies very little anticorbatic.

Potatoes may or may not guard against scurvy, according to how they are cooked and how much is eaten. It is "thumbs down" for the boiled potato, especially with the skin off.

Too high temperatures and too long cooking are death to the vitamine that may, however, survive cooking under less strenuous conditions. For example, of four pigeons on the same ration of corn and barley and peas, the two whose food was heated in a pressure cooker at 15 pounds pressure for 25 hours died in 40 days, but the two whose food was heated only 35 minutes were doing well after 280 days.

There is nothing momentous about 'vitamines. Each little vitamine has habits of its own. Glittering generalities are their abhorrence. And furthermore the same food varies not only with age and the treatment it has received, but with its production—vegetables with the soil and animal food with feeding of the animal. But, er, the great purveyor of growth-promoting vitamines, varies in this regard with the feeding of the cow, its standing, and on pasturization.

The humble cabbage eaten raw, carrots, fresh milk and yeast are all notable sources of these "protective foods." Our scientists are hot on the trail of the vitamine, but the end is not yet, not apparently for a long time yet. All this appears from the work of Marguerite Davis of the Home Economics Laboratory of the University of Wisconsin, as set forth in a recent number of the Journal of Home Economics.

Treasurer John E. McDougald of the San Francisco treasury department will use an airplane for taking the payroll from City Hall up the Sierras, journey from the different locations at the various tunnelmouths, saw-mills and dam sites, as well as to the men at outlying points at Lake Eleanor and Hetch Hetchy proper. It is a long journey by boat, train and motor, but an airplane can go and return in a day.

Without Assistance

A squawk happened to wander by the tent of a party of city hunters one night.

One of the Nimrods raised himself upon his elbow and glanced about.

"Oh, Lord! Every other man sound asleep, so that I'll have to smell it all alone!"

The American Bar Association and the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association have united in urging the passage of Federal laws regulating aerial traffic in harmony with the international air code.

History of a Button

The demands of today are trivial and unworthy of the talent inherent in the agile fingers of the Japanese people, say the author of an article on Japanese Woodcarvers in "Asia" for July. Many wood carvers have turned to making netsuke. Netsuke are the little buttons of carved wood or ivory fastened by a cord to the tobacco punch and the pipe case to prevent them from slipping through the sash. A whole school of netsuke carvers sprung up at the end of the seventeenth century, and it has been the ambition of every Japanese gentleman from that time to this to fasten his tobacco outfit by a netsuke that bears the name of a celebrated artist.

The descendants of Unkel have devoted themselves to art in miniature, but they have drawn from the whole world for their tiny buttons. Religion, history, folklore and humorous incidents of daily life all furnish material for the netsuke carver. Many of the woodcarvers have today gone into the field of ivory-carving, principally for the foreign market. These ivory carvings are for the most part intricate and photographic, lacking the genius that illuminated all the great woodcarvings of Japan. Still others have become sculptors of the ultra-modern school. They have studied in Europe and work in marble and bronze, as well as wood. They often do interesting work, but it reeks too much imitation of the western models and not enough inspiration derived from native sources to place the stamp of real achievement on their work.

It is a phase that will pass. The art instinct is too deeply rooted in Japanese national life not to find adequate expression in some permanent and worth while form—unless one is pessimistic enough to believe that machinery and all the by-products of modern industrialism have set their death mark on Japan's artistic door.

or a new dye, glue or preservative. Without the service of a business office such as is now provided the value of these discoveries is greatly reduced through the discoverer's inability to present his proposition in terms which the business man can understand, and the public runs the risk of losing a much-needed material. Under the new organization the engineers will look after the product as soon as it has passed beyond an experimental or laboratory stage and will prepare estimates for the convenience of the manufacturers.

Mr. Price and his associates will furnish data upon raw material supply, cost of production, and the uses to which the product is adopted—in short, they provide an unbiased practical prospectus to show the public exactly what may be expected from the new material or process on a quantity-production scale. It is believed this co-operation will develop many neglected sources of public and private profit.

Spanish immigrants have been coming to this country in large numbers with the object of taking up farming.

The United States holds \$58,000,000 of Polish bonds, taken in exchange for food, clothing, arms and equipment.

IMPRESSIVE FEATURE

"You have doubtless admired monuments in the old world."

"I have," replied the traveled person.

"And what impressed you most about the pyramids?"

"So far as I could judge from a rather hasty inspection, they were quite free from all advertising matter."

HATS TRIMMED FREE OF CHARGE

Lit Brothers

Market Eighth One Yellow Trading Stamp With Every 10c Purchase All Day Filbert Seventh

\$90,000 Half-Price Sale Extraordinary!

America's Most Magnificent Talking Machine

Special Offer
\$5 DOWN
Balance in small sums weekly or monthly

Involving the purchase of the entire three months' output of a renowned musical instrument factory whose product is known and famous throughout the talking machine industry.

The Harmona

---has universal tone arm---plays all makes of records without any extra attachment.

---is justly noted for its superior tone quality, beauty of design, and rich finish.

The \$135 Harmona The \$150 Harmona The \$185 Harmona

\$65 \$75 \$95

Finished in walnut or mahogany Finished in mahogany Finished in mahogany

See these superb instruments tomorrow; hear their marvelous sweetness of tone, note the fidelity with which they interpret the music of the world's most famous artists.

\$5 Sends the Harmona to Your Home

Balance may be cleared in small sums, arranged to suit your convenience

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
LIT BROTHERS, PHILADELPHIA:
Gentlemen—Please send me full particulars of your special half-price introductory offer on the Harmona—\$5 down.

Name
Address

Also Included in This Phenomenal Purchase—Three Hundred Stratford and Majestic Talking Machines. Every One Fully Guaranteed.

[Fifth Floor]

APPLES PLENTIFUL; NOW FOR JELLIES

With enough apples in sight this year for everybody in the United States to have almost a bushel each, housewives can plan on putting up a plentiful supply of apple jelly and apple butter. Not only is there an unusually heavy crop forecast (the Department of Agriculture estimates it at 97,764,000 bushels) but a shortage of barrels will prevent the usual quantity of apples from going into cold storage. This will probably result in more apples going on the market as they are picked, thus lowering the price. In some apple producing centers, growers are offered only 40 cents a bushel. At such prices, housewives will be able to preserve apples this fall in large quantities.

Apples are one of the most desirable fruits for jelly-making. Crab apple jelly is always a favorite dish and other varieties make jelly which may be flavored with other fruits or spices. If the apples are acid it is not necessary to use any flavoring. To make jelly that will not crystallize, the right proportion of sugar must be added to the fruit juice.

Another condiment is apple butter. This is made a little later in the apple season when farmers begin to make cider. It can easily be made at home by boiling cider and ground apples with the proper amount of sugar.

IMPRESSIVE FEATURE

"You have doubtless admired monuments in the old world."

"I have," replied the traveled person.

"And what impressed you most about the pyramids?"

"So far as I could judge from a rather hasty inspection, they were quite free from all advertising matter."

APPLES PLENTIFUL; NOW FOR JELLIES

With enough apples in sight this year for everybody in the United States to have almost a bushel each, housewives can plan on putting up a plentiful supply of apple jelly and apple butter. Not only is there an unusually heavy crop forecast (the Department of Agriculture estimates it at 97,764,000 bushels) but a shortage of barrels will prevent the usual quantity of apples from going into cold storage. This will probably result in more apples going on the market as they are picked, thus lowering the price. In some apple producing centers, growers are offered only 40 cents a bushel. At such prices, housewives will be able to preserve apples this fall in large quantities.

Apples are one of the most desirable fruits for jelly-making. Crab apple jelly is always a favorite dish and other varieties make jelly which may be flavored with other fruits or spices. If the apples are acid it is not necessary to use any flavoring. To make jelly that will not crystallize, the right proportion of sugar must be added to the fruit juice.

Another condiment is apple butter. This is made a little later in the apple season when farmers begin to make cider. It can easily be made at home by boiling cider and ground apples with the proper amount of sugar.

IMPRESSIVE FEATURE

"You have doubtless admired monuments in the old world."

"I have," replied the traveled person.

"And what impressed you most about the pyramids?"

"So far as I could judge from a rather hasty inspection, they were quite free from all advertising matter."

APPLES PLENTIFUL; NOW FOR JELLIES

With enough apples in sight this year for everybody in the United States to have almost a bushel each, housewives can plan on putting up a plentiful supply of apple jelly and apple butter. Not only is there an unusually heavy crop forecast (the Department of Agriculture estimates it at 97,764,000 bushels) but a shortage of barrels will prevent the usual quantity of apples from going into cold storage. This will probably result in more apples going on the market as they are picked, thus lowering the price. In some apple producing centers, growers are offered only 40 cents a bushel. At such prices, housewives will be able to preserve apples this fall in large quantities.

Apples are one of the most desirable fruits for jelly-making. Crab apple jelly is always a favorite dish and other varieties make jelly which may be flavored with other fruits or spices. If the apples are acid it is not necessary to use any flavoring. To make jelly that will not crystallize, the right proportion of sugar must be added to the fruit juice.

Another condiment is apple butter. This is made a little later in the apple season when farmers begin to make cider. It can easily be made at home by boiling cider and ground apples with the proper amount of sugar.

IMPRESSIVE FEATURE

"You have doubtless admired monuments in the old world."

"I have," replied the traveled person.

"And what impressed you most about the pyramids?"

"So far as I could judge from a rather hasty inspection, they were quite free from all advertising matter."

APPLES PLENTIFUL; NOW FOR JELLIES

With enough apples in sight this year for everybody in the United States to have almost a bushel each, housewives can plan on putting up a plentiful supply of apple jelly and apple butter. Not only is there an unusually heavy crop forecast (the Department of Agriculture estimates it at 97,764,000 bushels) but a shortage of barrels will prevent the usual quantity of apples from going into cold storage. This will probably result in more apples going on the market as they are picked, thus lowering the price. In some apple producing centers, growers are offered only 40 cents a bushel. At such prices, housewives will be able to preserve apples this fall in large quantities.

Apples are one of the most desirable fruits for jelly-making. Crab apple jelly is always a favorite dish and other varieties make jelly which may be flavored with other fruits or spices. If the apples are acid it is not necessary to use any flavoring. To make jelly that will not crystallize, the right proportion of sugar must be added to the fruit juice.

Another condiment is apple butter. This is made a little later in the apple season when farmers begin to make cider. It can easily be made at home by boiling cider and ground apples with the proper amount of sugar.

IMPRESSIVE FEATURE

"You have doubtless admired monuments in the old world."

"I have," replied the traveled person.

"And what impressed you most about the pyramids?"

"So far as I could judge from a rather hasty inspection, they were quite free from all advertising matter."

APPLES PLENTIFUL; NOW FOR JELLIES

With enough apples in sight this year for everybody in the United States to have almost a bushel each, housewives can plan on putting up a plentiful supply of apple jelly and apple butter. Not only is there an unusually heavy crop forecast (the Department of Agriculture estimates it at 97,764,000 bushels) but a shortage of barrels will prevent the usual quantity of apples from going into cold storage. This will probably result in more apples going on the market as they are picked, thus lowering the price. In some apple producing centers, growers are offered only 40 cents a bushel. At such prices, housewives will be able to preserve apples this fall in large quantities.

Apples are one of the most desirable fruits for jelly-making. Crab apple jelly is always a favorite dish and other varieties make jelly which may be flavored with other fruits or spices. If the apples are acid it is not necessary to use any flavoring. To make jelly that will not crystallize, the right proportion of sugar must be added to the fruit juice.

Another condiment is apple butter. This is made a little later in the apple season when farmers begin to make cider. It can easily be made at home by boiling cider and ground apples with the proper amount of sugar.

IMPRESSIVE FEATURE

"You have doubtless admired monuments in the old world."

"I have," replied the traveled person.

"And what impressed you most about the pyramids?"

"So far as I could judge from a rather hasty inspection, they were quite free from all advertising matter."

APPLES PLENTIFUL; NOW FOR JELLIES

With enough apples in sight this year for everybody in the United States to have almost a bushel each, housewives can plan on putting up a plentiful supply of apple jelly and apple butter. Not only is there an unusually heavy crop forecast (the Department of Agriculture estimates it at 97,764,000 bushels) but a shortage of barrels will prevent the usual quantity of apples from going into cold storage. This will probably result in more apples going on the market as they are picked, thus lowering the price. In some apple producing centers, growers are offered only 40 cents a bushel. At such prices, housewives will be able to preserve apples this fall in large quantities.

Apples are one of the most desirable fruits for jelly-making. Crab apple jelly is always a favorite dish and other varieties make jelly which may be flavored with other fruits or spices. If the apples are acid it is not necessary to use any flavoring. To make jelly that will not crystallize, the right proportion of sugar must be added to the fruit juice.

Another condiment is apple butter. This is made a little later in the apple season when farmers begin to make cider. It can easily be made at home by boiling cider and ground apples with the proper amount of sugar.

IMPRESSIVE FEATURE

"You have doubtless admired monuments in the old world."

"I have," replied the traveled person.

"And what impressed you most about the pyramids?"

"So far as I could judge from a rather hasty inspection, they were quite free from all advertising matter."

APPLES PLENTIFUL; NOW FOR JELLIES

With enough apples in sight this year for everybody in the United States to have almost a bushel each, housewives can plan on putting up a plentiful supply of apple jelly and apple butter. Not only is there an unusually heavy crop forecast (the Department of Agriculture estimates it at 97,764,000 bushels) but a shortage of barrels will prevent the usual quantity of apples from going into cold storage. This will probably result in more apples going on the market as they are picked, thus lowering the price. In some apple producing centers, growers are offered only 40 cents a bushel. At such prices, housewives will be able to preserve apples this fall in large quantities.

Apples are one of the most desirable fruits for jelly-making. Crab apple jelly is always a favorite dish and other varieties make jelly which may be flavored with other fruits or spices. If the apples are acid it is not necessary to use any flavoring. To make jelly that will not crystallize, the right proportion of sugar must be added to the fruit juice.

Another condiment is apple butter. This is made a little later in the apple season when farmers begin to make cider. It can easily be made at home by boiling cider and ground apples with the proper amount of sugar.

IMPRESSIVE FEATURE

"You have doubtless admired monuments in the old world."

"I have," replied the traveled person.

"And what impressed you most about the pyramids?"

"So far as I could judge from a rather hasty inspection, they were quite free from all advertising matter."

APPLES PLENTIFUL; NOW FOR JELLIES

With enough apples in sight this year for everybody in the United States to have almost a bushel each, housewives can plan on putting up a plentiful supply of apple jelly and apple butter. Not only is there an unusually heavy crop forecast (the Department of Agriculture estimates it at 97,764,000 bushels) but a shortage of barrels will prevent the usual quantity of apples from going into cold storage. This will probably result in more apples going on the market as they are picked, thus lowering the price. In some apple producing centers, growers are offered only 40 cents a bushel. At such prices, housewives will be able to preserve apples this fall in large quantities.

Apples are one of the most desirable fruits for jelly-making. Crab apple jelly is always a favorite dish and other varieties make jelly which may be flavored with other fruits or spices. If the apples are acid it is not necessary to use any flavoring. To make jelly that will not crystallize, the right proportion of sugar must be added to the fruit juice.

Another condiment is apple butter. This is made a little later in the apple season when farmers begin to make cider. It can easily be made at home by boiling cider and ground apples with the proper amount of sugar.

IMPRESSIVE FEATURE

"You have doubtless admired monuments in the old world."

"I have," replied the traveled person.

"And what impressed you most about the pyramids?"

"So far as I could judge from a rather hasty inspection, they were quite free from all advertising matter."

APPLES PLENTIFUL; NOW FOR JELLIES

With enough apples in sight this year for everybody in the United States to have almost a bushel each, housewives can plan on putting up a plentiful supply of apple jelly and apple butter. Not only is there an unusually heavy crop forecast (the Department of Agriculture estimates it at 97,764,000 bushels) but a shortage of barrels will prevent the usual quantity of apples from going into cold storage. This will probably result in more apples going on the market as they are picked, thus lowering the price. In some apple producing centers, growers are offered only 40 cents a bushel. At such prices, housewives will be able to preserve apples this fall in large quantities.

Apples are one of the most desirable fruits for jelly-making. Crab apple jelly is always a favorite dish and other varieties make jelly which may be flavored with other fruits or spices. If the apples are acid it is not necessary to use any flavoring. To make jelly that will not crystallize, the right proportion of sugar must be added to the fruit juice.

Another condiment is apple butter. This is made a little later in the apple season when farmers begin to make cider. It can easily be made at home by boiling cider and ground apples with the proper amount of sugar.

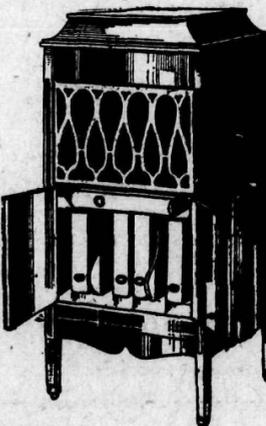
IMPRESSIVE FEATURE

"You have doubtless admired monuments in the old world."

"I have," replied the traveled person.

"And what impressed you most about the pyramids?"

"So far as I could judge from a rather hasty inspection, they were quite free from all advertising matter."



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

Manahawkin

FOR SALE—FIRE WOOD. Best quality pine and hard wood sawed up and delivered. Wm. P. Rutter, West Creek, N. J. 10-7 tf

FOR SALE—One sea skiff and one hunting cabin launch. Apply to A. J. Rider's Sons on Tuckerton Creek 1tp.

FOR SALE—Pine and cedar lumber at Giberson's Mill, Mayetta, N. J. Apply to Oliver Giberson, Tuckerton or Harry Giberson, Manahawkin. 9-23 tf

FOR SALE—One Hupmobile, second hand roadster \$750.00. One Dodge Touring car, \$600.00. Cars will be demonstrated. M. L. Ranmer, Mayetta, N. J. 9-30 tf.

FOR SALE—51 cords good dry oak wood for sale. Apply E. A. Shinn, Manahawkin, N. J. 2tc 9-23

FOR SALE—Ice Cream, Restaurant and pool room business and all fixtures, including outbuilding with ice cream manufacturing outfit and engine. Will be sold reasonable. Call and see it. Frank Gifford, Grove Place, Tuckerton. 7-8-tf.

WANTED—Sloop or Cat boat. Hull not less than forty feet length nor twelve foot beam. John A. Lucey, 28 N. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 3tc.10-21

WANTED—To hire a piano for 4 or 5 months. Also good saddle horse. Apply Beacon Office.

CARPENTER WORK and jobbing done promptly. Reasonable prices. Estimates given. H. A. Miller, 138 Otis avenue. 4tp.7-22

WANTED—To rent by week or month, sewing machine, first class condition. W. M. Lewis. Box 241. 1tp.

A. J. RIDER'S SONS
Now open for Business on Tuckerton Creek
Boats For Sale
MACHINE WORK
Full Line of
MARINE PAINTS AND
MARINE HARDWARE
Motor Boat Accessories.

MRS. C. L. SCHRODER
MODEL HATS and
MILLINERY NOVELTIES
Ladies' own Material made up
Lake House Manahawkin, N. J.

Phone 2391 W
DR. DAVID M. SAXE
VETERINARY SURGEON
21 N. Virginia Ave.
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
INOCULATE YOUR HOGS
WHILE YOUNG
Prompt Attention to Out of Town Calls
Specialist in Diseases of Horses, Cows, Dogs and Cats

ATKINSON'S AUTO LINE
Saturday Night Schedule
to Atlantic City
Beginning on Saturday, May 15, 1920, we will run a regular Saturday night auto schedule to Atlantic City. Leave Tuckerton at 6.30 P. M. Returning, leave Atlantic City, Virginia Ave., Garage at 12 o'clock, midnight.

Notice To The Public
ALWAYS THE BEST THE FAMOUS D. & W. CREAM LINIMENT. RELIEVES ALL ACHES, PAINS, SORENESS, SORE THROAT, COLDS ON CHEST, SPRAINS, BRUISES & ETC.
AT YOUR DEALERS OR SENT POSTPAID. PRICE 25 cts. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.
D. W. Holdzkom & Co.
419 N. Massachusetts Avenue,
Atlantic City, N. J.

MEMORIALS
OF BEAUTY AND DURABILITY
Finely hammered, exquisitely carved and polished—lettered and finished according to your own taste.
500 MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, MARKERS, CORNER POSTS, SILLS, ETC., TO SELECT FROM
on display in our show yards at Pleasantville and Camden. They represent the largest and finest stock of memorials ever collected together by one concern. They have been cut from standard granites and marbles that were purchased before prices advanced to the present figures.
WE SPECIALIZE IN DESIGNING, MANUFACTURING AND ERECTING MAUSOLEUMS, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE MEMORIALS.
CAMDEN YARD
Opp. Harleigh Cemetery.
Bell Phone 2737
MAIN OFFICE AND YARD
Pleasantville, N. J.
Opp. Atlantic City Cemetery
Bell Phone Pleasantville 1
REPRESENTATIVES
O. J. Hammell, Pres., 117 N. Cornwall Ave., Ventnor, for Atlantic City.
A. L. Hammell, Vice Pres., Absecon, N. J., for Cumberland, Cape May, Burlington, Ocean and Atlantic Counties.
F. Haight, Camden, N. J., for Camden, Salem and Gloucester Counties.
W. DuBois, Clayton, N. J., for Clayton and vicinity.
H. B. Hale, Cherriton, Va., for State of Virginia.
O. J. HAMMELL CO.
PLEASANTVILLE, N. J.

The anniversary of the Manahawkin M. E. Church will be celebrated with a two weeks' series of meetings. A full program appears in another column of this issue.
Misses Edna Hazelton, Helen Letts and Myrtle Leiford won the trip to Trenton Fair by Club work in the school. They had a fine time.
Mrs. John T. Letts and Mrs. Lottie McCullough were Tuckerton visitors on Tuesday, stopping at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ireland.
Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Inman are spending a week in Washington, D. C. and Philadelphia.
Byram Bennett and wife of South Amboy, have returned to their home, after spending several days with the former's mother, Mrs. Angie Bennett.
An account of the wedding of Geo. A. Inman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Inman and Miss Olive E. Cranmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Cranmer, of Barnegat will be noticed in another column of this issue of the Beacon. Quite a number of folks from Manahawkin attended the wedding. We wish the young couple many years of happy wedded life.
Mr. and Mrs. William Parsons of Atlantic City spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Johnson.
Lewis Rushton and wife have returned to their home in Haddon Heights after spending two weeks at their house boat at Bay View.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Paul of Moorestown, were over Sunday visitors with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Paul.
Mr. and Mrs. William Ford and son of Sea Isle City, have returned to their home after a few days' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Stacy Johnson.
Mrs. Harry Crane is spending a week in Philadelphia with her son Edward, who is in the hospital having his eye treated. He fell catching a hook through the eyelids. Fortunately the sight was not hurt.
Raymond Cranmer and wife and Stanley Cranmer of Trenton, spent the week end with their mother, Mrs. M. A. Cranmer.
Mrs. Fannie Harris of Camden, has been visiting Samuel Johnson.
Arch Pharo, Jr., and wife, of Tuckerton, were Friday visitors with Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Paul.
Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Paul and Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Jones have moved from the beach for the coming winter and will occupy their homes here.
Benjamin Haines and wife were over Sunday visitors in town.
W. A. Crane of Jersey City, was in town on Election Day.
Mrs. Fannie Inman entertained her mother from Parkertown at her home recently.
Paul Cranmer and wife of Trenton, have been visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cranmer. Chas. Cranmer has sold his house on Bay avenue to a party in Cape May and he has purchased the Jos. Cranmer property.
Mrs. J. T. Letts is entertaining her sister from Lakewood for a few days.
Mr. and Mrs. George Letts and son, of Camden, are visiting the former's parents.
Miss Adelaide Adams, of Philadelphia, has been visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Adams.

COUNTY BANKS TAKE COUNTY FIVE PER CENT BONDS AT PAR
Through the efforts of County Solicitor Maja Leon Berry, the issue of \$75,000 of five per cent. bonds, with which the county is to build the new county jail, have been taken by the banks of the county at par. At the session of the board on September 21, there were no bids for these bonds, as five per cent. bonds at par go begging. There was one offer of a bond house to take them, if the county would pay a commission for their sale, which was equivalent to selling them below par. This the Freeholders

would not do as they considered it, and were advised by their solicitor, that it would be an evasion of the law. The various banks of the county were approached and asked to take a portion of the issue. The response was as follows:
Ocean Co. Trust Co. \$15,000; Lakewood Trust Co., \$10,000; Tuckerton Bank, \$10,000; 1st National Bank of Barnegat, \$10,000; Beach Haven National Bank, \$5,000; Peoples National Bank, Lakewood, \$5,000; Ocean Co. National Bank, Pt. Pleasant, \$5,000; 1st National Bank, New Egypt, \$5,000; 1st National Bank, Toms River, \$10,000. Total \$75,000.
This puts the county in the unique shape of being able to market five per cent. bonds at par when much larger cities and counties are compelled to pay five and a half and six per cent. on bonds in order to sell them; and also saves about \$14,000 in interest charges compared with what the county would have to pay on six per cent. bonds.

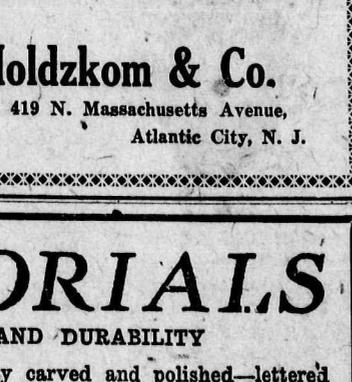
COUNTY COMMITTEES
County Committeemen for the two parties were elected as follows:
Republican
Barnegat City, Wm. T. Bailey.
Bay Head, Elbert Wilbert.
Beach Haven, Herbert Willis.
Beachwood, Frank J. Perry.
Berkeley, William Britton.
Brick, Walter Havens.
Dover, East, A. W. Brown, Jr.
Dover West, U. S. Grant.
Eagleswood, Chas. H. Cox.
Harvey Cedars, J. B. Kinsey.
Island Heights, J. Ed. Johnson.
Jackson, Frank T. Holman.
Lacey, Malcolm Dunn.
Lakewood, 1st, H. Ely Havens.
Lakewood, 2d, Joseph L. Holman.
Lakewood, 3d, Arthur B. Clute.
Lakewood, 4th, Chas. S. Wiley.
Lavellette, W. J. Shedwick.
Little Egg Harbor, Peter Parker.
Lone Beach, H. Earl McConnell.
Manchester, Wm. H. Crusier.
Ocean, Harry Brown.
Ocean Gate, Wm. Exall.
Point Pleasant Beach, T. A. Wardell.
Plumsted, Geo. Hartshorn.
Seaside Heights, A. C. Hiering.
Seaside Park, E. M. Brower.
Stafford, Samuel L. Johnson.
Surf City, O. C. Inman.
Tuckerton, E. Moss Mathis.
Union, J. Howard Ferrine.
Democrats
Barnegat City, Sylvanus Patterson.
Berkeley, B. F. Butler.
Dover, East, E. C. Disbrow.
Dover, West, Geo. H. Irons.
Eagleswood, C. D. Kelley.
Harvey Cedars, Hugh Bolton, Sr.
Island Heights, A. B. Ayers.
Jackson, Gilbert Clayton.
Lakewood, 1st, Geo. L. Sherman.
Lakewood, 3d, Fred Cummings.
Lakewood, 4th, C. A. Grant.
Little Egg Harbor, Atmore Homan.
Manchester, Fred Forcanser.
Ocean, Isaiah Stackhouse.
Plumsted, A. U. Moore.
Seaside Park, H. S. Lippincott.
Stafford, Henry Hazelton.
Union, L. H. Matthews.

NOTICE!
Notice is hereby given that I will not be responsible for any debts unless contracted by myself.
THOMAS H. CRANMER,
Manahawkin, N. J., Sept. 30, 1920.

The Moon and the Horizon.
According to astronomers it is owing to the atmosphere and the fact that lying low in the line of the earth it is unconsciously compared with other objects, that makes the moon look larger. Just as soon as the moon rises in the heavens and we look up to it without intervening or surrounding objects, it diminishes in apparent size.

Bee as Good Example.
If you would add to your wealth, and contribute a delicious, healthful product to the world of consumers consider the busy bee.—Exchange.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IN PEACE TIME
Junior Red Cross



About 12,000,000 boys and girls, composing nearly half the school population of the United States, are members of the Junior Red Cross, which is helping the children of Europe, while at the same time it is doing an important work here at home. Kaitan Chetwolf, who wears the engaging smile shown in this picture, is the son of an Indian guide and trapper. He is the youngest Junior living in the neighborhood of Juneau, Alaska—and he sends greetings to fellow Juniors of the United States.

U. S. AND BOROUGH UNITE TO SAVE BARNEGAT LIGHT

A united effort to save Barnegat light is now to be made by the federal government and the Borough of Barnegat City, the federal Lighthouse Bureau taking up the work that the borough began at the lighthouse and carrying it on to completion, thus leaving the borough money with which to build further jetties.
The jetties already constructed at borough expense on the east and west of the lighthouse, have resulted in the sand building out some 300 feet and covering four acres of what was deep water last May when these jetties were started. This accretion is to the north and east of the lighthouse, and has given back to the government all the lighthouse reservation, at the expense of the borough. The federal government, will, it is understood, however, return to the borough all the money it spent to save the lighthouse,

Tintinnabulating Tambourines Doomed to Minor Salvation
The American of the old fashioned tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.
And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is gone; it's all ended. Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?
It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.
And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies.
Suspenders have gone, too. And

sidered it, solicitor, of the law, he county to take a response

000; Lake-Tuckerton Bank of Haven Naves Nation-Ocean Co. nt, \$5,000; w Egypt, Toms Ri-0, the unique market five when much re compell-and six per sell them; 00 in inter-with what pay on six

EEES or the two lows:

Bailey. rt. Willis. rry. on.

wn, Jr. nt. ox. insey. Johnson. an.

avens. Holman. Clute. Wiley. Wick. ar Parker. Connell. user.

A. Wardell rn. Hering. rower. hnson. n. this. ne.

s Patterson.

brw. ons. ey. olton, Sr. yers. n. Sherman. mmings. rant. ore Homan. anser. ise.

pincott. ton. s.

that I will y debts un-RANMER, 30, 1920.

Horizon. ers it is ow-and the fact of the earth red with othe- moon look- moon rises look up to it surrounding apparent size.

imple. your wealth, ous, healthful of consumers -Exchange.

CAN IN ME

JOY

and girls, com-school popula- s, are members which is help- rope, while at g an important lltan Chetwolf, g smile showa son of an In- r. He is the n the neighbor- and he sends ors of the Unit-

I UNITE EGAT LIGHT

ave Barnegat by the federal ough of Bar- cal Lighthouse work that the lighthouse and pletion, thus money with jetties. constructed at east and west resulted in the e 300 feet and what was deep n these jetties etion is to the lighthouse, and government all ion, at the ex- The federal is understood, ough all the the lighthouse,

Tintinnabulating Tambourines Doomed to Minor Salvation Role



A SALVATION LASSIE

TAMBOURINES AT SALVATION ARMY HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK CITY

THE America of the old fashioned Americans is gone; it's all ended. Some still cling to primrose hopes, but with the recent announcement that the Salvation Army lassies have given up their tambourines for street collecting—pshaw! What's the use?

It started with the buffaloes. Some New York traveling men, dressed in the latest spring styles, ventured out West. The buffaloes took one squint, lay down on their spinal cords, closed their eyes, groaned and died.

And then there came about the passing of another beloved American institution—the front yard. Home life hasn't been the same since. With the advent of skyscraper tenements and flats front yards vanished. Now the heads of households when they come home at night worn out with arguing golf at the office all day have to sit on the front doorsteps or go to the movies. Suspenders have gone, too. And gone are 50 cent Sunday table d'hote dinners, and family surreys, and all-day suckers.

And now the time honored role of the Salvation Army lassie's tintinnabulating tambourine is doomed. You will find these once popular musical collection boxes piled up by the hundreds at Salvation Army headquarters.

The lassies, heartened by the country's approval of their overseas war service, have found it unnecessary to waste effort in tambourine solicitations, and they devote the time thus saved to actual slum work and general service to all distressed humanity. So they've called off the year-round tambourine collecting and appeal to the nation annually for financial approval. The 1920 Appeal is scheduled for May 10th to 20th.

The lassies will still beat the tambourines in the Salvation Army praise services, however. They quote a number of Psalms as authority. Here is Psalm 149, 3:

"Let them sing praises unto Him with the timbrel and harp." The "timbrel" is the ancients' name for the modern Salvation Army tambourine. Well, goodbye, old tambourine. We'll miss your cheering tinkle and the acknowledging smile of your mistress, but you did your bit.

Beat Drum—Spent Night in Prison



BY hitting a big bass drum just one resounding whack for which she spent a night in jail, a resolute black eyed girl changed the police classification of Salvation Army drumming from "petty nuisance" to "music."

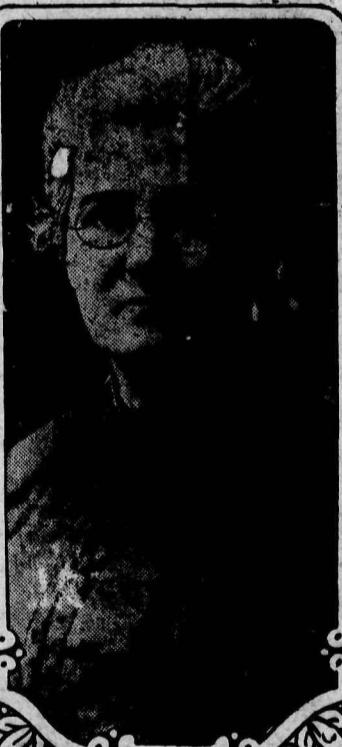
That was twenty-two years ago, and the black eyes have grown more gentle in years of service for the poor since those battling days, but they still twinkle when the story is told.

It was Mrs. Adam Gifford, wife of the colonel now commanding the New England forces of the Salvation Army, who wielded the drumstick and struck defiance at the Pennsylvania blue coated policeman of the town where she and her husband were then stationed.

Irate citizens had complained bitterly of the Salvation Army and its street corner meetings and musical services, but particularly of the bass drums of the band. Night after night the drums had been confiscated by the police, but to no effect. Finally a police order went out, to "arrest anyone attempting to beat a drum."

Following this Colonel Gifford in an effort to test the constitutionality of the order advertised that upon a certain evening a monster meeting would be held and that upon that occasion Mrs. Gifford would beat the drum.

As anticipated, a record breaking crowd was turned out. The police reserves were called upon to quell the riots which might ensue. At a given signal Mrs. Gifford gave the drum a resounding thump and the meeting was



MRS. COLONEL ADAM GIFFORD, Salvationist.

under way. Immediately the frail little Salvation Army lassie was placed under arrest and escorted by a crowd of amused but sympathetic onlookers to the patrol wagon and thence to the local jail, where she spent the night.

The case was taken before the supreme court of the state, where eventually the contention of the "Army" was sustained.

Following the decision the entire corps, led by Colonel Gifford, marched to the city hall to demand the drums that had been confiscated by the police. Twenty-eight of the offending "prisoners" were released in the custody of the corps. From that date to the present none of the meetings of the Salvation Army has been disturbed by the police. Furthermore, the precedent established has been maintained in nearly every state in the Union.

and will further spend \$14,000 in building the east jetty out in deep water. Richard Meyer, Mayor of the borough and manager of the Larkin fish pounds at Barnegat City, has this contract.

With the assurance that the federal government will look after the lighthouse property, the borough is making a desperate effort to hold the territory to the south and east of the lighthouse, which was cut away by

the storm-tides and ebb-tides during the past eighteen months. For this purpose the borough is putting out an issue of six per cent. bonds, amounting to eighteen thousand dollars, and the banks of the county are taking the bonds at par. The money will be used to build a series of jetties, planned by Prof. Lewis M. Haupt, the borough engineer, who designed the jetties at the lighthouse. These jetties will run down the beachfront from the

Lighthouse to the Barnegat Coast guard station, and it is believed that they will result in replacing all the sand lost in the past year or so, on the ocean front.

Where the west jetty was started last May, the water had cut into the sandhills, and it was a straight drop from the top of the hills into water at high tide. The jetty was built out into the channel into ten feet of water. Now at low water the sand is a long distance out beyond the sea end of the jetty. The east jetty is out to the stone pile which the government built a year ago, in its effort to save the

lighthouse, an effort that proved fruitless.

Up to the present time the wrecking of the lightkeeper's quarters at the lighthouse, which was done last spring, just after the big February storm, shows up as a wanton waste of government property. As they stood, the three houses represented an investment of some \$12,000 to \$15,000, and could not have been replaced for \$20,000. The price they sold for was \$126. The buildings, had they been left, would be standing today, with several acres of sand around them.—N. J. Courier.

STRANGERS WITHIN OUR GATES

Who may be charged with the burial or transportation of some relative or friend fallen by the way, will find every consideration and adequate provision for their needs, in skilled and careful preparation of the deceased, either for interment or shipment.

Then, too, our Funeral Chapel offers the privacy, convenience and comfort of any service which may be desired before the burial, or the journey to the burial place of the departed.

THE JONES' SERVICE

Embalmer, Funeral Director and Sanitarian
Bell Phone Calls at Residence of Mrs. Mary E. Smith
133 E. Main Street Phone 27-R 3 Tuckerton, N. J.

Copyrighted 1919, Esco Advertising Service.

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Out of the more than 3,000,000 Ford cars now in use, about sixty percent have been sold to farmers. Probably no other one thing has brought to the farm so much of comfort and profit as has the Ford car. It has enlarged the social life, doubled the facilities for marketing, brought the town next door to the farm, multiplied for the farmer the pleasures of living. A family car without an equal in low cost of operation and maintenance. We solicit your order for one now because the demand is large and continually increasing.

TUCKERTON GARAGE
TUCKERTON, N. J.
Phone 26



SECOND HAND LUMBER PLUMBING MATERIAL ELECTRICAL FIXTURES

New and Second Hand Sash and Doors

We have purchased 63 buildings at AMATOL, ARSENAL, N. J. From the Government and they must be cleaned up at once. This is your chance to buy good second hand material at cheap prices.

GIBBS, MUELLER COMPANY

Real Estate Trust Bldg., Philadelphia, Penna. Telephone Walnut 1020
Banere Building Hammonton, N. J. Telephone

STORAGE BATTERY Service Station

ALL MAKES RECHARGED, REPAIRED AND REPLACED
SERVICE BATTERIES ON HAND

CHESTER CRANMER

Phone: Barnegat 3-R 14 MAYETTA, N. J.

MONROE Valve in Head Motor

Classiest Car on the Market for the Money
Demonstrations Cheerfully Given

FOR SALE BY

MATHIS BROTHERS, New Gretna, N. J.
Phone Tuckerton 2-R 3