

TUCKERTON BEACON

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MRS. KARNELL TO SPEAK AT BEACH HAVEN NEXT SUNDAY

GOV. STOKES PLEASED WITH FINANCE PLAN FOR STATE COMMITTEE

Mrs. A. W. Karnell of Philadelphia, the speaker who captures every audience before whom she speaks, and who has spoken in many large pulpits and on prominent platforms throughout this country and in such sections of the foreign countries, will speak at the M. E. Church, at Beach Haven, next Sunday evening, July 24th, at 8 o'clock (daylight saving time), on the subject: "Providing a Reservoir."

Mrs. Karnell spoke to the Sunday School Convention, last October, and left such a lasting impression upon her hearers, who in turn have spread the news of her great address throughout the entire county so that many eyes will naturally be turned toward Beach Haven for next Sunday evening, and there is no doubt that Mrs. Karnell will speak as forceful and present her subject in such a way that the large audience that is expected to greet her, will be carried to sublime heights.

The speaker was for many years connected with the New Jersey State Sunday School Association, as Home Department Superintendent, but on account of removal from this state was compelled to sever her connection therewith. Her field of labor now has been widened, and she embraces the entire nation in the same work of the home department. Her popularity and ability as a speaker, has brought her a host of friends, and many people have been helped and inspired by her thrilling messages.

Many requests have been received for reservations for this evening service, by the pastor, Rev. H. N. Amer, but on account of the great audience that is expected to greet Mrs. Karnell, no such requests can be granted, but simply a suggestion made that all who desire seats should be at the church as early in the evening as possible. Doors will be open at 7:15 sharp.

NOTICE

At the time of the recent fire in the woods, which threatened the town of Tuckerton, the Tuckerton Railroad put out a number of good, new, track shovels. These shovels have not all been returned. Will the parties who have them, kindly send them in to the Tuckerton Railroad roundhouse; or notify the Railroad Company so that they may send after them?

GOVERNMENT TO PAY BIG SUM TO BURLINGTON COUNTY FOR ROADS

The United States Government will have to pay \$400,000 to Burlington County for damage to the roads since Camp Dix was established, and the Board of Freeholders will make an effort to collect the sum through the State Highway Commission. It is claimed that this amount of damage has been done to the roads by trucks still attached to Camp Dix, and the figures are backed with a statement from the county road department that it was not until the camp came that Burlington County's road costs mounted so high that they are almost unbearable.

Burlington County officials show that the first big step toward getting something definite in motion to repair the damage was the issuance of \$400,000 bonds, and since then the roads radiating from Camp Dix have been a continual expense on the part of repairs and reconstruction.

REV. FRANK McDANIELS COMING TO M. E. CHURCH

Trenton, July 18.—State Republican Chairman E. C. Stokes said that the appeal to ten thousand Republicans to finance the State Committee with dollar subscriptions had netted the State Committee to July 1 just \$4155. This sum, the State Chairman said, indicated that forty-one and one half per cent of the people addressed gladly responded to the appeal for popular support of the party.

"I am delighted at the success of the effort this year," said Governor Stokes. "When fully forty-one persons out of each hundred eagerly and willingly respond with \$1 each it shows conclusively that they want to participate in party affairs. I am confident that some good Republicans have laid aside this appeal intending to send in their dollar before we close the books on September 1st. We are still receiving dollars daily. I hope to report fifty per cent paid in when the State Committee meets next week."

The success of this year means that we will vastly expand the appeal next year, and we hope to finance the whole campaign for the State Committee with dollar bills."

BEACH HAVEN

Dan Cupid continues his work here. This time it was James Sprague who entered the married ranks.

The local Fire Co., held its annual meeting last Thursday evening and elected officers for the ensuing year.

Mrs. S. S. Andrew, has returned home after a visit with friends at Trenton.

Dr. Warden of the Episcopal church, preached at the Y. W. C. A. camp at Harvey Cedars Sunday afternoon.

One would conclude that the people of Beach Haven believe in advertising, since there have been several fine signs painted.

According to rumor, Bonds Station House will soon be opened with a new crew.

Mrs. Beer, who has been captain of the Coast Guard Station at Forked River, has been transferred to Sea Haven. Mr. Manus Kelly from Sea Haven to Bonds.

Mrs. M. F. Warrington left Tuesday for a short business trip to St. Petersburg, Fla.

Talk of a short line railroad to Philadelphia has been revived and it is hoped will come to pass.

Rev. and Mrs. Howard N. Amer and daughter, Marion, were entertained recently at the Breakers, by Mr. and Mrs. Q. A. Austin.

The Baldwin Hotel will not be opened this year, but plans are now being made for the opening by the present owners next year, with new and attractive features.

Rev. Josif E. Appleby, of Newark, preached a very forceful sermon in the M. E. Church Sunday evening.

Rev. Daniel Johnson of Tuckerton, is expected to preach next Sunday morning and Mrs. A. W. Karnell, of Philadelphia, Sunday evening.

Ground Purchased By The Tuckerton frequently seen in the possession of local people.

The Beach Haven Ice and Cold Storage plant continues to put away fish in large quantities, in addition to turning out many tons of ice.

CEDAR CREST NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Scatchard attorney at law of Philadelphia, has returned to the Crest, after attending the funeral of his brother-in-law, Ralph Farrelly, who died at the Crest, Saturday evening, July 9th.

Miss Milkelmina Spitzer of New York, was given a supper party at the Crest Hotel in honor of her birthday, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carey and family, of Moore, Pa., are spending the summer at the Crest.

Helen Violette McAdams of New York and Philadelphia, well known in society, is spending several weeks at the Crest hotel.

Sunday's big catch of fish at the Crest Hotel as made by Ellis McMullen and Helen Violette McAdams, the lone fisherwoman of the Crest. They caught several large weak fish and the big fellow, a Ray fish, weighing 46 pounds, and he surely put up a battle almost overturning the boat. Mr. McMullen is a great fisherman for Surf fishing, being a member of the Angler's Club of Ocean City.

Miss Nellie Morris, of Philadelphia, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Henry C. Gifford.

FIRST COUNTY IN U. S. TO HAVE WIRELESS CLUB

A letter of congratulation from the department at Washington, received yesterday by Miss Beatrice Farrall, county leader of boys' and girls' clubs, announced that Ocean County was the first county in the United States to organize a wireless club among the boys and girls of school age, and to get wireless outfits in operation.

The club now has about 40 members, half of whom have outfits erected and in operation. Headquarters are in the office of the Farm Demonstrator, department of boys' and girls' clubwork, at the courthouse, Toms River.

Ocean county boys and girls who visited New Brunswick last week, brought home several honors. On the last night, each county did some stunt, and Ocean county carried off the prize with a series of shadow pictures. The girls from this county were also given the prize for having the cleanest and best kept sleeping room in the college dormitory where they staid. A state federation of boys' and girls' clubs was formed, with Melvin Hyers of Pleasant Plains, the 1920 county pig raising champion, as a member of the committee—N. J. Courier.

Spackman's for prompt prescription service. Next door to Bank. (adv.)

Pompey's Pillar

The famous column stands in the neighborhood of Alexandria, on an eminence about 1,800 feet south of the walls. It is supposed to have been built to commemorate the conquest of Alexandria by Diocletian in 296 A. D.

M. HORNER

FIRST CLASS
SHOE REPAIRING
North Green Street
Tuckerton New Jersey

REDUCTION IN PRICES

Men's Soles Nailed.....\$1.35
Women's Soles Nailed.....1.15
Men's Soles O'Sullivan's Rubber
Heels, Nailed.....1.95

Men's Soles O'Sullivan's Rubber
Heels, Sewed.....2.10

Women's Soles Rubber Heels
Nailed.....1.75

Women's Soles Rubber Heels
Sewed.....1.95

Boys' Soles and Heels.....1.50

Girls' Soles and Heels.....1.35

Men's Leather Heels.....40

Women's Leather Heels.....30

O'Sullivan Rubber Heels, at
tached.....60

BEST OAK LEATHER USED

LOCAL NEWS

REGULAR MEETING OF THE TUCKERTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

The regular monthly meeting of the Tuckerton Chamber of Commerce will be held in Red Men's Hall, on Friday evening, July 22, at 8 P. M.

It is desired that a full attendance will be present as many matters of interest will be taken up.

Come out anyhow, see how we are helping you and the town and enjoy the evening.

The Chamber of Commerce has become a popular organization and your support will help accomplish many improvements for our town.

The above meeting will be especially interesting as there are many important activities in progress.

GRANVILLE M. PRICE, SECRETARY

Mrs. Rae Middleton of Paulsboro, N. J., is spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Sprague.

Misses Florence and Ruth Yarrow, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Norbury at their home in West Tuckerton.

Mrs. Matilda Ford of Millville, N. J., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Bennett.

Prentice Bugbee, remembered by many in Tuckerton and Barnegat, is in a critical condition in the Hospital at Sailor's Snug Harbor, Staten Island, New York, where he has made his home for several years. Mr. Bugbee is a native of Barnegat, living there the greater part of his life, but he has many friends in Tuckerton, who will regret to learn of his serious indisposition.

Between showers the Beacon building has been completed, after a four-weeks' struggle. And when we hang out our new "shingle," done by our townsmen, Geo. M. Lane, we think we will look rather "gay."

Mrs. Wm. H. McGarvey, her mother, Mrs. Emma Brownier and niece, Marjorie Allen of Detroit, Mich., are spending two weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Kohler, while Mr. McGarvey is completing his bungalow at Ferndale, Detroit.

Lipman S. Gerber, Granville M. Price and Walter Entwistle were among the speakers at a meeting and banquet of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows held at Toms River last week.

Rev. Wm. Disbrow, of Oakhurst, in company with Rev. G. W. Southard, of Warstonton, was in Tuckerton on Monday. It seems good to see the faces of those who have dwelt among us. Mr. Disbrow will assist Mr.

Get hot fresh bread at Horner's East Main street store at 4 o'clock every afternoon. (adv.)

A family reunion was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Gale, Sr., last Sunday. Their children, with their families were present as follows: Mr. and Mrs. William H. Gale, Jr., daughter Dorothy and son, Hickam; Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Matthes, daughters Astha and Thelma, of Tuckerton; Mr. and Mrs. C. Alex. Gale, of New York.

PINE TREE INN NEW GRETNNA, N. J.

Open for Boarding or Rooms by Day or Week LAUNCH "PAWNEE" for FISHING PARTIES Phone Tuckerton 38-R 3 or Maloney New Gretna

YOUR BANK ACCOUNT

IS WELCOMED AT THIS INSTITUTION, AND IN ADDITION WE WILL GLADLY ACT IN AN ADVISORY CAPACITY ON ANY BUSINESS BANKING PROBLEM THAT MAY CONFRONT YOU.

WILL BE OPEN FRIDAY EVENINGS 7 to 9
DURING JULY AND AUGUST
FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE
YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED

BEACH HAVEN NATIONAL BANK MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

BEACH HAVEN, N. J.

W. C. JONES PALACE THEATRE

EYES FITTED RIGHT BY REGISTERED OPTOMETRIST

POCKET KNIVES WATCHES CLOCKS CUT GLASS

GLASS AND CROCKERY

VICTROLAS RECORDS

KODAKS AND SUPPLIES

THURSDAY, JULY 21st

TOM MIX in a William Fox production

12th EPISODE "SON OF TARZAN"
MUTT AND JEFF CARTOON

ADMISSION 17c and 28c

SATURDAY, JULY 23rd

A PARAMOUNT SPECIAL

"HELD BY THE ENEMY"

Cast Includes Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, and Wanda Hawley

ADDED ATTRACTION

CHARLES CHAPLIN in "THE VAGABOND"

ADMISSION 17c and 28c

TUESDAY, JULY 26th

Paramount Presents BRYANT WASHBURN in "A Full House"

CHESTER COMEDY

ADMISSION 11c and 22c

Thurs., July 28th—WILLIAM RUSSELL in "The Iron Rider."
Sat., July 30th—A Paramount Production "THE RESTLESS SEX."

WE DO DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

Tuckerton Will Have New Athletic Field

MANAHAWKIN

Roscoe Salmons of Philadelphia, was a Sunday caller with his aunt, Mrs. Lottie Crammer.

Mrs. Angie Bennett is visiting her children for two weeks in Burlington and South Amboy.

W. B. Paul, employee at the Ice & Cold Storage Company of Beach Haven, spent Sunday with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Holland entertained friends from Philadelphia over the week end.

J. T. Letts and wife entertained relatives from Chatsworth over Sunday.

Mrs. Marin Corliss is visiting her daughter in Chatsworth for a while. visitors with relatives in 2-680 Edith and Charles Mathis of Tuckerton were visitors in town for two days last week.

John Corliss of Barnegat has been in town for a few days with his son, J. T. Corliss.

Miss Ruth Paul has returned to her home after spending three weeks in Mantaloking with her cousin.

N. M. Letts and family were over Sunday visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lukens at Harvey Cedars.

Mrs. Ernest Stiles has been on the sick list for the past week.

Mrs. Black and children have gone to Island Heights for the summer. She has rented her house to Mrs. Nellie Jeffreys for two months.

Mrs. Cora Kafer and family of Bordentown, were Sunday visitors with the former's father, Wm. Malsbury.

The blacksmith, employed at the new garage of Earl McNamee, broke his arm while putting gas in an automobile last Saturday.

Jarvis Phare has purchased a new car from M. L. Crammer.



View of Lisbon Harbor.

Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

Portugal, one of the least known and least written about countries of Europe, owes this fact, in part at least, to its language. In spite of the claim made by some Portuguese that their speech is closer to the pure Latin than that of any of the other Romance peoples, students find that many Gothic, Arabic, and even Berber elements have strikingly altered the Latin foundation, making the language unusually difficult for those accustomed to the commoner European tongues.

But Portuguese is predominantly a Romance language, and Roman customs and practices have been just as tenacious in Portugal as the Roman tongue. Agriculture has hardly changed at all since the days when, under the protection of Roman legions, settlers came from Italy to the charming valleys of Portugal and introduced their methods of tilling the soil. The addition of maize to the crops grown in perhaps the one significant change since those days. Oxen are still used

as draft animals, and they supplement the old primitive Roman plow consisting of crooked stick shod with iron and having a single handle. Grapes are trained upon trees as the Romans trained them, and wine is made in the peculiar way in which it was made on the Sabine farms of old Italy before the beginning of the Christian era.

Not Much Like Spain.

What is now the republic, but was for centuries the kingdom of Portugal, covers the greater part of the old province of Lusitania, one of the rich but hardly won units of the Roman empire. Because of general lack of knowledge in regard to Portugal, there has been a tendency to look on the country as a sort of poor imitation of Spain. Geographically, there is little in common between these two countries which together cover the Iberian peninsula. Much of Spain is a dry, barren tableland; but Portugal, sloping westward to the Atlantic from the east, is well watered, and many of its hills are covered with luxuriant forest growth.

The Romans recognized Lusitania to be fertile and desirable, and colonized it eagerly after the natives were subjugated. After the fall of the Roman empire, Portugal was overrun by the Visigoths from the north and later still by the Moors from the south. The results of the mingling of the blood of these two peoples with that of the inhabitants whom they found in Portugal is evident in the Portuguese of today.

The Tagus river, at the south of which is the beautiful capital and metropolis of the country, Lisbon, forms both an ethnic and economic dividing line. In the region to the north of the Tagus, comprising about three-fifths of the area of the country, are the more typical Portuguese. They are the Celtic, Gothic and Latin mixture with little or none of the Moorish or African strain. This northern region is a country of small farms largely cultivated by the proprietors and their families. The diffusion of the land among many independent owners has created a sturdy yeomanry which has been the backbone of Portuguese nationality. The people are intensely patriotic and have ever been ready to fight against foreign domination.

Famous for Its Wines.

Much of Portugal is hilly, and the little farms of the region north of the Tagus consist of a series of terraces. Near the northern boundary of the country in the valley of the Duero river and its tributaries is the most famous wine country of Portugal. It is estimated that in favorable years more than 20 gallons of wine are pro-

HOME TOWN HELPS

WORTH FAR MORE THAN GOLD

Value of Good Credit Must Never Be Forgotten by the Community or Its Citizens.

The following little story has aroused much interest among Kansas merchants and credit men. It was recently published in the bulletin of the Pittsburgh, Kan., Merchants' association.

"I buy your groceries, your dry goods, your home—everything you use or need."

"I am not money; I am its superior. I buy many times more than all the gold in the world. With me money may be bought."

"I am the very basis upon which the business life of the world has been built, more so in modern times than ever before."

"I am founded upon honesty, and built upon faith in mankind, and woe unto the man or woman who wilfully abuses me."

"I have given men the means to become rich, means which nothing else could place within their reach."

"I am, when rightly used, the greatest means of prosperity and happiness, but when abused, I have brought misery into the lives of men and women."

"I am confidence placed in man's ability and reliability to meet his future obligations."

"I am greater than industry and capital, for I demand industry and capital of others on the strength of ability and disposition to make my promises good."

"I am good credit."

—From the Nation's Business.

GET AFTER THAT BACK YARD

One Unsightly, Neglected Place Will Spoil the Appearance of Otherwise Well-Kept Street.

Back yards are something big city dwellers long for and small town dwellers long to get rid of. But back yards are a geographical condition; the yearning is about as close as a city dweller gets to one, while the small townie finds it hard to dispense with want of something to take its place.

A back yard in some seasons of the year is not exactly an object of beauty. Painted fences are in a more or less acute state of unrepair, tin cans, old shoes and worn out brooms have somehow eluded the garbage can.

Why not get busy and give the back yard a thorough house-cleaning? The exercise will do you good, and the neighbors will rise up and acclaim you.—Montreal Family Herald.

Oklahoma Club Members Feel at Home.

Even at home, "the little piece of home" taken overseas by the Y. W. C. A. for our boys, comes in handy. Out in Oklahoma in building a club-house, Lock Sanders post, No. 59, of the Legion has decided that it will borrow the plans of the Y. W. C. A. hostess house. In camps and overseas it met such a need that now, back in their home town, Hugo, Okla., the boys are building one for themselves. So interested has the whole town become in the scheme that everyone is helping. Citizens are buying boards at one dollar apiece and painters and carpenters are donating a day's work. The plot has been given by the city. The structure will contain an auditorium with a seating capacity of 200, a reading and writing room and an office, all on familiar lines.

To meet the demands, the national board, Y. W. C. A., 600 Lexington avenue, New York city, offers to share with other Legion posts or communities a plan for a delightful clubhouse. Pictures are available.—Exchange.

The Garden Plot.

The range of choice in the location of a city garden must necessarily be somewhat limited. Good drainage, sun-shine and a suitable soil should be kept in mind in selecting a site for the garden. Where fowls and stray stock are likely to interfere ample protection must be provided by a good fence—a problem that must be carefully considered especially in the cultivation of vacation lots. If the soil is poor or very heavy, well rotted stable manure will help correct these conditions. Commercial fertilizers may also be used to furnish plant food where the soil lacks in the necessary elements.

Material for Stone House.

The stone house is very adaptable to all those regions where this material can be secured from the excavation of the cellar or from some neighboring road improvement. Sometimes an old stone wall serves as a source of supply. Because of the native character of this material it will always be in harmony with the landscape.

A Bad Night.

"I worked hard for this money," said the lone pedestrian.

"So did I," growled the footpad. "I've been standing around here for two hours in the rain waiting for a boor like you to come along. There's no telling what the missus will say to me when she finds out I've got my feet wet."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Oh! You Saucy Miss!

Cholle Chaple—I'm not quite myself today.

Miss Kidder—Allow me to congratulate you.

OLD LONDON BELLMEN.

Other bells than those attached to churches used to disturb the slumbers of Londoners. Prior to the institution of watchmen every parish had its bellman, who used to stalk the streets all night. At irregular intervals he would ring his bell loudly and cry out, "Take care of your fire and candle, be charitable to the poor and pray for the dead." If he met any malefactor, he rang unceasingly until the neighborhood was roused to his assistance.

Canada's Big Game.

Throughout Canada from 1,000 to 1,500 moose are killed annually, but the game are protected and are hunted under certain restrictions that are rigidly enforced, so that there is no fear of their extinction.

SPECIALISTS GIVE DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING DOWN EGG SUPPLY



What Is Needed in Preserving Eggs for Winter Supply.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Boys and girls who are members of poultry clubs, or those who are interested in any way in chickens, should learn how to candle and preserve eggs. Canning means the sorting out of bad eggs before a strong light in such a manner that the rays of light come to the eye through the egg so that the contents can be seen and thus prevent cracking.

These directions usually will keep for from six to ten months, and can be used satisfactorily for cooking and for the table. If, however, preserved eggs are to be boiled, a small hole should be made with a pin in the larger end of the shell before placing them in the water, to allow the air in the egg to escape when heated, and thus prevent cracking.

POOLING FEATURE IS MOST FEASIBLE IDEA

Each Grower Receives Same Price for His Products.

Individual Members Amply Protected From Loss Because of Unfavorable Market Conditions of a Temporary Nature.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The pooling of products sold through co-operative organizations is an important feature of co-operative marketing, specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture have found. By pooling is meant averaging the returns received for products sold during a certain period, or for certain shipments, so that each grower having products of the same grade receives the same price. The success of a pooling system depends upon the observance of uniform grading and packing of the products.

This method of operation, it is said, protects the individual member from loss because of unfavorable market conditions of a temporary nature. Some farmers' marketing organizations, especially grain-elevator companies, purchase the members' products outright. Conditions and practices in grain marketing make such a plan feasible, but organizations handling other products usually find it to their advantage to pool shipments and await returns before making payments to the growers.

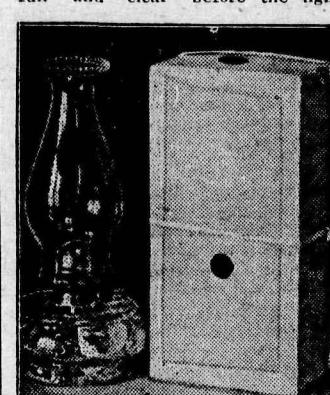
In this way the association is relieved of speculative risks, the avoidance of which is highly desirable. Co-operative creameries, which prorate to the members monthly, in accordance with the amount of butter fat each has delivered the preceding month, the returns received for products sold less operating expenses, are good examples of pooling.

The length of the pooling period varies with the products handled and the local conditions. Thus there are car lot, daily, weekly, semimonthly, monthly, and seasonal pools.

MATERIAL FOUND IN WHEAT

Specialists Define Terms Used in Federal Standards—Dockage Is Easily Removed.

There are two terms in the federal wheat standards which apply to foreign material, explain specialists of the bureau of markets, United States Department of Agriculture—"dockage" and "foreign material other than dockage." The term dockage is applied to the foreign material which can be removed readily from the wheat by the use of appropriate sieves, cleaning devices, or other practical means suited to separate the foreign material present. Foreign material other than dockage is the foreign material that is not separated in the screening and remains in the dockage-free sample and is a factor in the grading, definite percentages being permitted within each numerical grade. Dockage does not affect the grade.



A Shoebox and a Lamp Will Do for Canning Eggs.

There is almost no air cell at the large end and the yolk outline is only faintly visible. A fixed air cell of one-eighth to three-sixteenths of an inch in depth indicates a fresh egg, as eggs run generally. A larger air cell with movable lower line indicates—according to size and fluctuations—a stale egg or one becoming weak and watery. Very small dark spots sometimes seen usually are blood clots. Large dark spots, due to heat and germination, and indicate first stages of decay. An egg that appears very dark or black, except for a large fixed air cell, contains cholk at an advanced stage of incubation.

Fresh eggs, properly preserved, may be kept from six to ten months and be almost as good for household purposes as fresh eggs. Another reason for preserving eggs in water glass, for instance, is the fact that they do not acquire the objectionable "cold-storage taste."

Avoid Three Dozen to Gallon.

To preserve 15 dozen eggs in water glass these directions are given by the specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture:

Select a five-gallon earthen crock, clean it thoroughly, scald, and allow it to dry. Heat ten to twelve quarts of water to the boiling point, and allow it to cool. When the water is cool, measure out nine quarts, put into the crock, and add one quart of sodium silicate, commonly called water glass, which can be bought at any drug store. Stir well, so that the solution becomes thoroughly mixed.

The solution thus prepared is ready for the eggs, which may be put in all at once, or from time to time as they are obtainable. Care should be taken in putting them into the jar not to crack or break the shells; also be sure the solution covers the eggs at all times. Put the crock containing the preserved eggs in a cool, dry place, and cover with a tight lid or waxed paper to prevent evaporation.

To preserve a smaller or larger number of eggs, the solution should be mixed and prepared in the same proportions.

Use Only Clean Fresh Eggs.

If best results are to be obtained the eggs should be clean and fresh, and preferably infertile. For this reason it is always best when possible to candle the eggs carefully before preserving them unless they are known to be strictly fresh. If an egg is only slightly soiled a cloth dampened with vinegar may be used to remove stains, but eggs should never be washed with water or soap and water, as water removes the protective coating on the shell and may tend to cause the contents to spoil. Never use badly-soiled or cracked eggs. They may spoil all the others.

Checkers Played by the Ancients.

The game of checkers is very ancient, being known to the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans. It was played in Europe in the Sixteenth century. An old form of checkers is known in China as "the game of circumvention."

Canada's Big Game.

Throughout Canada from 1,000 to 1,500 moose are killed annually, but the game are protected and are hunted under certain restrictions that are rigidly enforced, so that there is no fear of their extinction.

CUT CLOVER EARLY

Do not delay overmuch in getting off the first crop of clover; often the early cut field will yield a really worthwhile crop in September, and price or no price, clover in the mow is a comforting asset when the winter snows drift over the fields and yards.

Old Fertilizer.

Bone meal is the oldest of phosphate fertilizers and has long been in great demand. In availability it stands between acid phosphate and rock phosphate and is particularly good on fall wheat, clover and alfalfa.

Cut Clover for Seed.

Clover should be cut for seed when most of the seeds have become fully mature, but before the heads are so dry that much shelling will take place while the cutting is being done.

No Flies on Cows.

To keep cows quiet and contented they should be sprayed to keep flies off. A good time to spray is after milking in the morning and before milking time in the afternoon.

Fowls to Cull Out.

Hens that become overfat, or lay eggs with soft shells, or contract diseases, such as feather-pulling or egg-eating, should be eliminated from the flock.

Fresh eggs preserved according to

DARLING BABY

BRIGHTENS HOME

Children's Laughter a Pleasing Sound



Altoona, Pa.—"I am writing to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. We had six children die almost at birth. From one hour to nineteen days is all they have lived. Before my next one was born I took a dozen bottles of your Vegetable Compound, and I can say that it is the greatest medicine on earth, for this baby is now four months old, and a healthier baby you would not want. I am sending you a picture of her. Everybody says 'That is a very healthy looking baby.' You have my consent to show these few lines to anybody."—Mrs. C. W. Benz, 131 3rd Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

Mrs. Janssen's experience of interest to childless wives.

Milwaukee, Wis.—"I want to give you a word of praise for your wonderful medicine. We are fond of children, and for a considerable time after we were married I feared I would not have any. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it strengthened me so I now have a nice, strong, healthy baby girl. I suffered very little at childbirth, and I give all the credit to your medicine, and shall always recommend it highly."—Mrs. H. H. JANSEN, Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. Held of Marinette, Wis., adds her testimonial for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She says:

Milwaukee, Wis.—"I was in a nervous condition and very irregular. My doctor advised an operation. My husband brought me one of your booklets and asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It overcame my weakness so that I now have a healthy baby girl after having been married nine years. I am glad to recommend your medicine, and you may use my letter as a testimonial."—Mrs. H. B. HELD, 330 Jefferson St., Marinette, Wis.

There are many, many such homes that were once childless, and are now blessed with healthy, happy children because Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored the mother to a strong and healthy condition, as it acts as a natural restorative for ailments as indicated by backache, irregularities, displacements, weakness and nervousness.

Women everywhere should remember that most of the commoner ailments of women are not the surgical ones—they are not caused by serious displacements or growths, although the symptoms may be the same, and that is why so many apparently serious ailments readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it acts as a natural restorative. It can be taken with perfect safety and often prevents serious troubles.

Therefore if you know of any woman who is suffering and has been unable to secure relief and is regrettably looking forward to a childless old age, ask her to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it has brought health and happiness into so many homes once darkened by illness and despair.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Aliments Peculiar to Women" will be sent to you free upon request. Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.

Tuckerton Beacon

Established 1890
ROSS MATHER, Editor and Publisher
Subscription Price: \$1.00 per year
Six Months 75 cents.
Advertising Rates furnished on
Application
ed at Post Office at Tuckerton, N. J.
as second-class matter.

Thursday Afternoon, July 21, 1921

Barnegat

Miss Dorothy Conklin of Cedar Run was a visitor with her sister, the past week.

Mrs. Sara B. Hernburg was a Smithville visitor for two days recently.

Mrs. Herlich and two children of Dunnellen are guests of the former's father, Capt. John Pennington on Main avenue.

N. M. Letts of Manahawkin, was a weekend visitor in town.

Roy Cox was home for the week end.

Mrs. Pennington Corson is very much improved.

Calvin Conklin and wife of Cedar Run, were weekend callers.

Luther Cox is one of the latest folks to get an auto license.

There will be a change in ownership in property in Barnegat in the near future.

The new wrapper factory on Railroad Avenue is being rushed to completion and will soon be ready for opening.

Rev. O. W. Wright officiated at the Presbyterian Church on Sunday last.

Henry A. Tolbert has been seriously ill for the week end but is somewhat improved at this time.

Rev. J. D. Bills, District Superintendent, will preach at the M. E. Church Sunday morning at 10:30.

Class meeting at the M. E. Church Sunday at 9:30 A. M.

Mr. Downs of Germantown, Pa., is to be the new principal of Barnegat High School for the ensuing year.

The services at Harvey Cedars will be held at the Y. W. C. A. Building with Rev. Pennington Corson in charge, at 4:30 P. M. every Sunday. At Barnegat City at 2:30 P. M. every Sunday.

Mrs. Sara B. Hernburg, Mrs. W. H. Cranmer, Miss Elizabeth Edwards, and Mrs. Elmer Cranmer motored to Ocean City for two days the past week.

A few of the members of the John Wesley Taylor Post motored to Toms River Monday evening to attend a meeting of the county members. J. Horace Sprague was a delegate from this Post.

Dr. and Mrs. Thimler Thompson of Seaford, Del., spent a day as guest of Mrs. Elizabeth Woodmansee and daughter on Main street.

Miss Lillian Frazer of Forked River, has been engaged as a teacher at the High School here.

Mrs. W. H. Cranmer will resume her duties as teacher of the Cedar Run school for the coming year.

Freeman W. Sprague Jr., wife and son, of Jersey City, spent Sunday as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Cranmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Peckworth of Jersey City, were in town over Sunday. Mrs. Peckworth will spend the summer with her parents on W. Bay consisting.

Benjamin R. Bowker of Jersey City, spent Tuesday with relatives here.

Joshua Shreve has rented the Hotel Barnegat and will take possession soon. He will cater to fishermen and others.

Howard Falkenburg spent Sunday with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Conrad, daughter, Miss Martha and Lucy, Mrs. Grace Brown and Miss Ratie Matthews are at the Conrad cottage, at Harvey Cedars for two weeks.

Chas. Farley, Forest Carter and wife, Mrs. Catherine Falkenburg and two children, Mrs. L. H. Matthews and daughter, Dorothy, spent Monday evening at Surf City at a Doggie Roast.

BARNEGAT

(Crowned out last week)

Rev. J. F. Weaver and family of Manasquan, are guests of Mrs. Weaver's mother, Mrs. J. Storms.

Mrs. J. Anderson Bugbee was a recent guest of her sister in Atlantic City.

Some of our young men seem to be attracted to Harvey Cedars for some reason or other.

Wm. Cranmer of Beach Haven, spent Sunday in town.

The Barnegat Bank has a new stenographer, a young lady from Forked River.

Rev. G. W. Southard, of Waretown, is seen in town quite often. The annual camp meeting commences next Sunday.

Miss Halet of Waretown was a recent caller in town.

Do you need a first class power boat? See the ads in this issue. A number of Long Beach citizens patronize Barnegat stores.

There is a marked improvement in the appearance of Brook street this summer.

The John Wesley Taylor Post of the American Legion cleared \$301 on the 4th of July at ball games, dinner and supper and evening's entertainment at the Opera House. They wish to thank the Ladies Auxiliary and those who contributed toward the success of that day. Their meeting place is over the American Store, which will be fitted up in proper shape.

Henry Reeves is entertaining company for the month of July.

W. Hayes Cranmer and family were visitors in Beach Haven the past week.

Chas. Helfish of Philadelphia, motored up and spent Sunday with his mother on Brook street.

Walter Perrine has rented his property on Brook street for the month of August.

Rev. O. W. Wright and daughter of Newmarket, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Bunnell on Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Thompson of New Egypt, were recent callers on friends in town.

Era Parker has had a house moved to his lot on Railroad Avenue. He will put it in shape to rent as there is a constant demand for apartments.

Capt. John King has returned from a week's visit with relatives in Jersey City.

Mrs. J. Horace Sprague is a guest of relatives at Bridgeton.

J. Paul Bowker of Jersey City spent a few days with his family and relatives. He was an over sea veteran.

Miss Dorothy Taylor, who spent a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Sara B.

Hernburg, has returned to her home in Jersey City, where she will attend summer session for 6 weeks.

Mrs. L. Chandler, her son Edward and wife are guests of the former's son, Capt. Alex. Chandler on Center street.

Mrs. Sara Bowker spent Monday with Mrs. Eliza Woodmansee.

Miss Sadie Randolph and Miss Tace Taylor motored up from Asbury Park Sunday with George Pierce to attend the special services in the M. E. Church. They are taking lessons in Sunday School at that resort.

At the M. E. Church on Sunday morning, 20 were taken in full membership. Three children were baptized. Sunday is Rev. Corson's busy day. He preaches here at 10:30; Barnegat City 2:30; Harvey Cedars, 4:30 and Barnegat at 7:45—a very busy man.

Edison Carter and K. Brandt are at Harvey Cedars, in camp.

J. Hess of Millville, is a guest at the M. E. Parsonage.

John Lewis Broome and Miss Evelyn Parker of Beach Haven were married by Rev. Pennington Corson on Friday evening last at the M. E. Parsonage.

Mrs. Sara B. Hernburg and Mrs. Eliza Woodmansee motored to Smithville the past week to spend a few days with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Willits of Smithville; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Willits of Riverside; were guests the past week of Mrs. Eliza Woodmansee.

The Conrad property on E. Bay street has been sold.

Lester Malcolm of Brook street is entertaining his sister for a few days. Our Barnegat baker runs all along

Long Beach from Beach Haven to Barnegat City.

Mosquitoes are now on the ramp-

W. H. Spangler is able to attend to business after his recent accident.

Mrs. L. Howell was a week end visi-

tor with Miss Phyllis Rutter.

Mrs. John Russell has returned from an extended visit with her sis-

ter at Manahawkin.

Chas. Cox has received an appoint-

ment as Supervisor of State Road

from Forked River to West Creek.

Mr. Stevenson is making improve-

ments to his property on Main street.

C. B. Corliss is spending a few days with his family.

Our citizens are pleased to hear that

the Barnegat Light is to be returned

by the Lighthouse board.

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</div

TUCKERTON BEACON
TUCKERTON, N. J.

Thursday Afternoon, July 21, 1921

SOCIETIES

MEETS ON CHAPLAIN NO. 54 D. M. S.
Meets every 3rd and 4th Friday evening of the month at 8 o'clock in Masonic Hall corner of Wood and Church streets.

Mrs. Besse Breckenridge, W. M.
Joe H. McEconomy, W. P.

Mrs. Henrietta C. Cole, Secy.
Mrs. Fannie D. Smith, Treasurer.

TUCKERTON LODGE, NO. 4, F. & A. M.
Meets every 2nd and 4th Tuesday evening of each month in Masonic Hall corner of Wood and Church streets.

W. HOWARD KELLEY, W. M.
W. Irving Smith, Secy.

EVERGREEN POST NO. 22, G. A. R.
Meet at Town Hall, every first and third Thursday evening of each month at 7:30 o'clock.

Charles White, Commander.
Ezra A. Gale, Adjutant.

LAKESIDE COUNCIL NO. 24, JR. O.U.A.M.
Meets every Monday night, in Red Men's Hall corner Main and Green streets, at 8 o'clock.

Nicholas Culien, Councilor.
Joseph H. Brown, M. B.

RELANCE COUNCIL NO. 128, D. of L.
Meets every Thursday evening in the Red Men's Hall corner Main and Green streets at 8 o'clock.

Mrs. Helen Gaskill, Councilor

Mrs. L. W. Frazier, Sec'y.

POHATCONG TRIBE NO. 61, IMPD.
O. E. M.

Meets every Saturday. Sleep, 7th Bus, Main Street in Red Men Wigwam, corner Main and Green streets.

Alvin C. Cobb, Sachem.

Geo. Bishop, Jr. of it.

TRUSTEE

W. H. Kelley, W. L. Smith, G. Ira Mathis

TRUSTED WIDOWS AND ORPHANS

Garwood Horner, Joe H. McEconomy

Joseph H. Brown.

OCEAN LODGE NO. 28, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Wednesday Evening in Red Men's Hall

Morgan T. Morris, N. G.

Lipman S. Gerber, Sec'y.

MUTUAL BENEFIT BUILDING LOAN ASSOCIATION

of Tuckerton, N. J.

Meets at P. O. Building on the last Sat.

W. L. Smith, President

T. Wilmer Speck, Secretary.

Joseph H. Brown, Sec'y.

COLUMBIA TEMPLE, NO. 20, L. of G. E.

Meets every Tuesday night in K. G. E. Hall corner Main and Wood streets.

Mrs. Eva Webb, N. T.

Mrs. L. W. Frazier, G. of R.

Phone 3833

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

Specialist in Diseases of Horses,

Cows, Dogs and Cats

Tuberculosis Testing of Cattle

I AM AGENT FOR

E.A. Strout Farm Agency

List your Farms with me and I will sell them quick if bargains

W. S. CRANNER

Lakewood & Cedar Run

FIRST CLASS SHOE REPAIRING

Best of Leather U. d.

At Reasonable Prices

Work Done Promptly

Next Door to J. W. Horner's Grocery

WALTER S. HOEY

F. B. ATKINSON

AUTOMOBILES FOR HIRE

TOURING CARS

For All Occasions at Reasonable Prices

Phone 28-42 Tuckerton, N. J.

Walter Atkinson

AUTOMOBILE LINE

between

TUCKERTON

and

ABSECON

Effective Saturday, May 21, 1921

The Walter Atkinson Auto Stage Line between Tuckerton and Absecon will run on the following schedule until further notice:

Leave Tuckerton daily 7:30 A. M.

Leave Tuckerton daily 1:30 P. M.

Leave Absecon daily 4:00 P. M.

SUNDAYS

Leave Tuckerton 7:30 A. M.

Leave Tuckerton 4:00 P. M.

Leave Absecon 10:00 A. M.

Leave Absecon 6:00 P. M.

SATURDAY NIGHT SCHEDULE

Effective June 1st, 1921

Auto Stage will run Wednesday and Saturday evenings until further notice as follows:

Leave Tuckerton 6:30 P. M.

Leave Atlantic City 11:30 P. M.

(Virginia Avenue Garage)

WALTER ATKINSON

PHILADELPHIA STAGE LINE

between

TUCKERTON and PHILADELPHIA

Effective June 1st, 1921

The new Atkinson automobile line between Tuckerton and Philadelphia bi-weekly will run on Mondays and Thursdays until further notice as follows:

Every week

Lv. Tuckerton Monday 6:45 A. M.

Lv. Tuckerton Thursday 6:45 A. M.

Leave Camden Ferry 4:00 P. M.

Fare one way \$2.16

Fare, round trip (same day) \$3.25

All persons must come to Main road.

Waiting room in the store of my

GARAGE on Main street, opposite

The Tuckerton Bank.

Autos to hire for all occasions at

special prices. A full line of accessories. Ford parts, oils, greases, tires and hardware at rock bottom prices.

PHONE 26

WALTER ATKINSON,

Proprietor.

SHERIFF'S SALE

By virtue of a writ of F. Fa. issued out of the Court of Chancery of the State of New Jersey, and to me directed, I will sell at public vendue on

At the Court House, in the County of Ocean and State of New Jersey, between the hours of 12:00 o'clock m., and 5:00 o'clock p. m., to wit at or before 5:00 p. m. on said day, the following described real estate, formerly occupied by William H. Cranner and running thence (1) South sixty-nine degrees and forty minutes East seven chains and fifty-five links, thence (2) North three chains and twenty-seven links; thence (3) North sixty-nine degrees and fifty-five links, thence (4) South six chains and thirty links, thence (5) South thirty-eight links to a stone, corner to Johnson's land; thence along said Johnson's line (6) North seventy-one degrees and thirty links, thence (7) North fifty-one degrees and thirty links to Martin's corner; thence still in Martin's line (8) South eleven degrees and thirty minutes West nine chains and a half acres, thence (9) South thirty-eight links to a stone, corner to Johnson's land; thence (10) South sixteen chains and thirty links to the middle of the aforesaid road; thence along the middle of said road (11) South twenty-one degrees and fifteen minutes East, thence (12) South fifteen links to the point of beginning, containing fifty-five acres more or less of farm land, woodland and swamp land.

SECOND—A tract of wood and swamp land, adjoining the above described tract, to the East, beginning at a point in the line of Sonneman's Patent and in the "old Bennett road" about one chain northwest from Slab Bridge Road, in the seventh line of the farm tract, and running several courses thereof, Northwest about thirty-seven chains, more or less to the old swamp line; thence along the old swamp line (2) South thirty-five links to a large stone, corner thereof, still in the old swamp line (3) South seventeen chains, more or less to the westward about forty-two chains to the said line of Sonneman's patent; thence along said patent line (4) Northwest about ninety-five links to the point of beginning, containing fifteen acres more or less of five hundredths of an acre, more or less.

THIRD—A tract of pasture meadow adjoining meadow of estate of W. Paul and others near Cedar Creek in said Township of Stafford. Containing seven and a half acres.

FOURTH—The one-half share of a tract of mowing meadow, in said township, being lot No. 2 of Estate of Jas. W. Paul, son of Jas. W. Paul, deceased, containing Turtle Cove and Willits' line. Containing in whole twenty-two acres and seventy-three hundredths of an acre.

FIFTH—A tract of salt mowing meadow, containing sixteen acres and four hundredths of an acre, in said Township, being lot No. 4 of Estate of Jas. W. Paul, son of Jas. W. Paul, deceased, containing Turtle Cove and Willits' line. Receiving the right of way for boats or wagons on or along said Turtle Creek to the Bay.

SIXTH—All that certain lot of land situate in the Township, County and State

Great Sport On

Tuckerton Bay

Numerous Parties Make Fine Catches

Messrs. Harnish and Pharo of Philadelphia and their wives caught twenty fish while fishing on Tuckerton Bay, July 9th, with Capt. Charles E. Jones on the "Uncle Joe."

The approximate amount of the judgment or decree sought to be satisfied by this sale is as follows: Decree for complaint \$1033.00; interest on same \$125.00; costs taxed on \$125.00, \$10.00.

Seized as the property of Edward J. Moberg, et ux, et al., were taken

into custody at suit of Stephen P. Parker, administrator of the estate of Barnard Pastor, complainant and to be sold by

HAROLD CHAFAY, Sheriff

Dated July 5, 1921.
M.J. LEON BERRY,
Solicitor of Complainant,
Toms River, N. J.
Pr's. fee, \$83.88.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Borough of Beach Haven

Notice is hereby given that bids will be received on Thursday, July 21, 1921, at 8 P. M. by the Mayor and Council of the Borough of Beach Haven for the painting of the Water Tank and Steel Supports. Paint will be furnished by the Borough. Full particulars can be had by applying to Borough Clerk.

A. P. KING,
Borough Clerk.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Borough of Beach Haven

Bids will be received on Thursday, July 21, 1921, at 8 P. M. by the Mayor and Council of the Borough of Beach Haven, for the drilling of a new 10 inch Artesian Well.

Full particulars can be had by applying to Borough Clerk.

A. P. KING,
Borough Clerk.

TYPEWRITERS!

All makes and all styles \$16 up. Some that were used and released by the U. S. Govt. Bargain State your needs as we will do the same and quote.

The LINOWITER is a fine office typewriter, color 754 delivered. Give name and model. Carbor paper \$13 100 sheets \$1.95 deliv'd.

Empire Type Foundry, Mfg., Wood Type, Metal Type, Printers Supplies, Buffalo, N.Y.

Thermo-Seal Inner Linings

It Heats
It Ventilates
It Satisfies

Less Price
More Heat

Mr. and Mrs. John Abendschein, Mr. and Mrs. R. John Mellinoff, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Stagner of W. Collingswood, caught 20 fish while on Tuckerton Bay, July 9th, with Capt. James Bird's yacht, "Dorothy C."

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A MAN FOR THE AGES

A STORY OF THE BUILDERS OF DEMOCRACY

BY IRVING BACHELLER

COPYRIGHT IRVING BACHELLER.

THE SLAVES.

Synopsis.—Samson and Sarah Traylor, with their two children, Joe and Betsey, travel by wagon from their home in Vergennes, Vt., to the West, the land of plenty. Their destination is the Country of the Slaveholders, where they are. First, they meet John McNeil, who also decides to go to the San-gamon country. Sarah's ministrations in the care of the slaves, and he accompanies the Traylors. They reach New Salem, Illinois, and are welcomed by young Abe Lincoln. Joe and Betsey's pretty daughter, Elm, sixteen years of age, and others. Samson decides to stay and raises his cabin. Led by Jack Armstrong, rowdies make trouble. Harry Needles strikes Bap McNeil. Harry is attacked by McNeil and his gang, and Bim drives them off with a shotgun. McNeil is marksmen at this time. Ann Rutledge, Lincoln is in love with Ann, but has never had enough courage to tell her so. Harry loves Elm.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

John McNeil kissed Ann Rutledge that evening and was most attentive to her, and the women were saying that the two had fallen in love with each other.

"See how she looks at him," one of them whispered.

"Well, it's just the way he looks at her," the other answered.

At the first pause in the merriment Kelso stood on a chair, and then silence fell upon the little company.

"My good neighbors," he began, "we are here to rejoice that new friends have come to us and that a new home is born in our midst. We bid them welcome. They are big-boned, big-hearted folks. No man has grown large who has not at one time or another had his feet in the soil and felt its magic power going up into his blood and bone and sinew. Here is a wonderful soul and the inspiration of wide horizons; here are broad and fertile fields. Where the corn grows high you can grow statesmen. It may be that out of one of these little cabins a man will come to carry the torch of Liberty and Justice so high that its light will shine into every dark place. So let no one despise the cabin—humble as it is. Samson and Sarah Traylor, I welcome and congratulate

Bemidji. Whatever may come, you can find no better friends than these, and of this you may be sure, no child of the prairies will ever go about with a hand organ and a monkey. Our friend, Honest Abe, is one of the few rich men in this neighborhood. Among his assets are 'Kirkinham's Grammar,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' the 'Lives of Washington and Henry Clay,' 'Ham-



He and His Boys Were Busy Selling Sausages."

let's Soliloquy,' 'Othello's Speech to the Senate,' 'Marc Anthony's Address' and a part of 'Webster's Reply to Hayne.' A man came along the other day and sold him a barrel of rubbish for two bits. In it he found a volume of 'Blackstone's Commentaries.' Old Blackstone challenged him to a wrestle and Abe has grappled with him. I reckon he'll take his measure as easily as he took Jack Armstrong's. Lately he has got possession of a noble asset. It is 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' by Robert Burns. I propose to ask him to let us share his enjoyment of this treasure."

Abe, who had been sitting with his legs doubled beneath him on a buffalo skin, between Joe and Betsey Traylor, rose and said:

"Mr. Kelso's remarks, especially the part which applied to me, remind me of the story of the prosperous grocer of Joliet. One Saturday night he and his boys were busy selling sausages. Suddenly in came a man with whom he had quarreled and laid two dead cats on the counter."

"There," said he, "this makes seven today. I'll call Monday and get my money."

"We're doing a good business here making fun. It seems a pity to ruin it and throw suspicion on the quality of the goods by throwing a cat on the counter."

"We're here to ask you for help," said the negro. "We're high wine out with cold an' hungah, sub, 'deed we be."

Samson asked them in and put wood on the fire, and Sarah got up and made some hot tea and brought food from the cupboard and gave it to the strangers, who sat shivering in the firelight. They were a good-looking pair, the young woman being almost white. They were man and wife. The latter stopped eating and moaned and shook with emotion as her husband told their story. Their master had died the year before and they had been brought to St. Louis to be sold in the slave market. There they had escaped by night and gone to the house of an old friend of their former owner who lived north of the city on the river shore. He had taken pity on them and brought them across the Mississippi and started them on the north road with a letter to Elijah Lovejoy of Alton and a supply of food. Since then they had been hiding days in the swamps and thickets and had traveled by night. Mr. Lovejoy had sent them to Erastus Wright of Springfield, and Mr. Wright had given them the name of Samson Traylor and the location of his cabin. From there they were bound for the house of John Lovejoy of Alton and a supply of food.

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John Cameron sang "The Sword of Bunker Hill" and "Forty Years Ago, Tom." Samson played while the older people danced until midnight. Then, after noisy farewells, men, women and children started in the moonlit road toward the village. Ann Rutledge had Abe on one arm and John McNeil on the other.

CHAPTER VI.

Which Describes the Lonely Life in a Prairie Cabin and a Stirring Adventure on the Underground Railroad About the Time It Began Operation.

When Samson paid Mr. Gollaher, a "detector" came with the latter to look at the money before it was accepted. There were many counterfeits and bills good only at a certain discount of face value going about those days and the detector was in great request. Directly after moving in, Samson dug a well and lined it with a hollow log. He bought tools and another team and then he and Harry began their fall plowing. Day after day for weeks they paced with their turning furrows until a hundred acres, stretching half a mile to the west and back with the north of the house, were black with them. Fever and ague descended upon the little home in the early winter.

In a letter to her brother, dated January 4th, 1832, Sarah writes: "We have been longing for news from home, but not a word has come from you. It doesn't seem as if we could stand it unless we hear from you or some of the folks once in a while. We are not dead just because we are a thousand miles away. We want to hear from you. Please write and let us know how father and mother are and all the news. We have all been sick with the fever and ague. It is a beautiful country and the soil is very rich, but there is some sickness. Samson and I were both sick at the same time, never knew Samson to give up before. He couldn't go on, his head ached so. Little Joe helped me get the fire started and brought some water and waited on us. Harry Needles had gone away to Springfield for Mr. Offutt with a drove of hogs. Two other boys are with him. He is going to buy a new suit. He is a very poor boy. Joe and Betsey got back with the doctor at nine. That night Abe Lincoln came and sat up with us and gave us our medicine and kept the fire going. It was comical to see him lying beside Joe in his trundle bed, with his long legs sticking over the end of it and his feet standing on the floor about a yard from the bed. He was spread all over the place. He talked about religion and his views would shock most of our friends in the East. He doesn't believe in the kind of Heaven that the ministers talk about or any eternal hell. He says that nobody knows anything about the hereafter, except that God is a kind and forgiving father and that all men are His children. He says that we can only serve God by serving each other. He seems to think that every man, good or bad, black or white, rich or poor, is his brother. He thinks that Henry Clay, next to Daniel Webster, is the greatest man in the country. He is studying hard. Expects to go out and make speeches for Clay next summer. He is quite severe in his talk against General Jackson. He and Samson agree in politics and religion. They are a good deal alike. He is very fond of Samson and Harry—calls them his partners. We love this big awkward giant. His feet are set in the straight way and we think that he is going to make his mark in the world."

"You said you would come out next spring to look about. Please don't disappoint us. I think it would almost break my heart. I am counting the days. Don't be afraid of fever and ague. Sapington's pills cure it in three or four days. I would take the steamboat at Pittsburgh, the roads in Ohio and Indiana are so bad. You can get a steamer up the Illinois river at Alton and get off at Beardstown and drive across country. If we know when you were coming Samson or Abe would meet you. Give our love to all the folks and friends."

"Yours affectionately,
Sarah and Samson."

It had been a cold winter and not easy to keep comfortable in the little house. In the worst weather Samson had used to get up at night to keep the fire going. Late in January a wind from the southeast melted the snow and warmed the air of the midlands so that, for a week or so, it seemed as if spring were come. One night of this week Samson awoke the family with his barking. A strong wind was rushing across the plains and roaring over the cabin and walling in its chimney. Suddenly there was a rap on its door. When Samson opened it he saw in the moonlight a young colored man and woman standing near the doorstep.

"Is dis Mistris Traylor?" the young man asked.

"It is," said Samson. "What can I do for you?"

"Mas'r, de good Lord done foched



Up the Road to the North in the Night.

came he covered them with hay. About eight o'clock he came to a frame house and barn, the latter being of unusual size for that time and country. Above the door of the barn was a board which bore the stenciled legend: "John Peasley, Orwell Farm."

As Samson drew near the house he observed a man working on the roof of his woodshed. Something familiar in his look held the eye of the New Salem man. In half a moment he recognized the face of Henry Brimstead. It was now a cheerful face. Brimstead came down from the ladder and they shook hands.

"Good land o' Goshen! How did you get here?" Samson asked. Brimstead answered:

"Through the help of a feller that looks like you an' the grit of a pair o' horses. Come down this road early in September on my way to the land o' plenty. Found Peasley here. Couldn't fit. Saw his name on the barn. Used to go to school with him in Orwell. He offered to sell me some land with a house on it an' trust me for his pay. I liked the looks o' the country and so I didn't go no further. I ain't got around to it yet. Ain't forgot what you done for us, I can tell ye that."

"Well, this looks better than the sand plains—a lot better—and you look better than the fleet farmer back in York state. How are the children?"

"Fat an' happy an' well dressed. Mrs. Peasley has been a mother to 'em an' her sister is goin' to be a wife to me." He came close to Samson and added in a confidential tone: "Say, if I was any happier I'd be scart. I'm like I was when I got over the toothache—so scart for fear it would come back. I was kind o' miserable."

Mr. Peasley came out of the door. He was a big, full-bearded, jovial man. "I've got a small load o' hay for you," said Samson.

"I was expecting it, though I supposed 'twould be walkin'—in the dark o' night," Peasley answered. "Drive in on the barn floor."

When Samson had driven into the barn its doors were closed and the negroes were called from their place of hiding. Samson writes:

"I never realized what a blessing it is to be free until I saw that scared man and woman crawling out from under the dusty hay and shaking themselves like a pair of dogs. The weather was not cold or I guess they would have been frozen. They knelt together on the barn floor and the woman prayed for God's protection through the day. Peasley brought food for them and stowed them away on the top of his haymow with a pair of buffalo skins. I suppose they got some sleep there. I went into the house to breakfast and while I ate Brimstead told me about his trip. His children were there. They looked clean and decent. He lived in a log cabin a little further up the road. Mrs. Peasley's sister waited on me. She is a fat and cheerful looking lady, very light complexioned. Her hair is red—like tomato ketchup. Looks to me a likely, stout-armed, good-hearted woman who can do a lot of hard work. She can see a

joke and has an answer handy every time."

For details of the remainder of the historic visit of Samson Traylor to the home of John Peasley we are indebted to a letter from John to his brother Charles, dated February 21, 1832. In this he says:

"We had gone out to the barn and Brimstead and I were helping Mr. Traylor hitch up his horses. All of a sudden two men came riding up the road at a fast trot and turned in and came straight toward us and pulled up by the wagon. One of them was a slim, red-cheeked young feller about twenty-three years old. He wore top boots and spurs and a broad-brimmed black hat and gloves and a fur waistcoat and party linen. He looked at the tires of the wagon and said: 'That's the one we've followed.'

"'Which o' you is Samson Traylor?' he asked.

"'I am,'" said Traylor.

"The young feller jumped off his horse and tied him to the fence. Then he went up to Traylor and said:

"'What did you do with my niggers, you dirty sucker?'

"Men from Missouri hated the Illinois folks then days and called 'em Suckers.

"'Hain't you a little reckless, young feller?' Traylor said, as cool as a cucumber. He stood up nigh the barn door, which Brimstead had closed after we backed the wagon out."

"The young feller stepped close to the New Salem man and raised his fist for a blow. Quick as lightning Traylor grabbed him and threw him in the barn door, keewhaw! He hit so hard the boards bent and the whole barn roared and trembled. The other feller tried to get his pistol out of its holster, but Brimstead, who stood beside him, grabbed it, and I got his boss by the bits and we both held on. The young feller lay on the ground shakin' as if he had the ague. Ye never see a man so spylt in a second. Traylor picked him up. He hit so hard the boards bent and the whole barn roared and trembled. The other feller tried to get his pistol out of its holster, but Brimstead, who stood beside him, grabbed it, and I got his boss by the bits and we both held on. The young feller lay on the ground shakin' as if he had the ague. Ye never see a man so spylt in a second. Traylor picked him up. He hit so hard the boards bent and the whole barn roared and trembled. 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Selling Lane Incorporated

By FREDERICK HART

smote him. He had not gotten her address!

Vainly he watched for her in the crowd that left the train at Grand Central, but there was no sign of her. And as he sought his hotel bed that night his thoughts were more concerned with the charming person he had met and lost than with the problem of how to sell Lane Incorporated on the morrow.

But next morning his thoughts were back on business. He had an appointment with the directors of the company at ten. At nine-fifty-nine he handed in his card, and as the clock struck the hour he was shown into the directors' room. And he had hardly said "Good morning, gentlemen," when he stood in stunned surprise. At the head of the table sat the girl of the train!

One of the men was speaking. He heard him as in a daze.

"Mr. Connors, we have decided to accept your motor. Our secretary and treasurer, Miss Guernsey, tells us that she talked with you on the way down and that you have convinced her that this company needs the product of Grimes & Hannaford in its business. If you will give us the specifications for a complete installation—"

As in a dream John Connors found himself giving facts and figures. In a dream he shook hands with the directors of Lane, Inc., and very much as in a dream he found himself face to face with the secretary and treasurer, Miss Isabel Guernsey.

"I'm afraid I deceived you a little last night," she laughed. "I saw your initials and your firm name on your sample case and I knew that you must be the man who was to see us this morning. So I introduced myself to get you to tell me about your motor as though you weren't selling it to me then and there!"

"Well, there's nothing for me to say except thank you, and—will you let me take you to lunch?"

"Oh, I am going to take you to lunch. I owe you a meal, anyway. That's fair, isn't it?"

"Very well—on one condition, that you'll take dinner with me some time very soon."

There was a pause. Finally she said in a low voice, "Any time you wish, John Connors."

Many Own Their Homes.

More than 6,000,000 families have come through nation-wide economic depression and widespread unemployment still owning their homes. Preliminary census returns indicate. More home owners now live in the United States than in any other country, says a Washington dispatch to the New York Herald. An aggregate investment of approximately \$30,000,000,000 is represented by the owned homes of the United States, assuming that the average home value is \$5,000. At 5 percent, American home owners, therefore, are paying out about \$1,500,000,000 a year for the privilege of possessing their titles. This means that approximately 30,000,000 persons in the United States—five to a family—are getting shelter for \$50 a year each, plus taxes and repairs. More than 15,000,000 families live in rented homes, but the number is decreasing continually.

"My name is Isabel Guernsey. Won't you tell me yours?"

"W—why," said Connors, completely taken aback. "I'm John Connors. I'm—" She cut him short.

"I'm so glad to meet you, Mr. Connors. I thought I would introduce myself at once, as I wanted to talk to you."

John Connors did some fast thinking. This was indeed an adventure! The appearance of the girl across the aisle precluded any possibility of her being other than what she looked—a sweet lady in every respect. He was truly blessed of the gods that she had been so unconventional as to speak to him. He did not inquire the reason, but took the gift in the spirit in which it was sent.

"Do you live in Poughkeepsie?" he inquired.

"No; I was visiting an aunt there over the week end." In ten minutes they were fast friends.

It grew dark. Connors suggested dinner, and they sought the dining car. He ordered for her, and over the pleasant meal their intimacy grew. Before he knew what he was doing he found himself telling her all about his coming effort to sell Lane Incorporated his motor. He grew enthusiastic; he dilated on the good points of the motor, and explained to her in detail. She seemed blessed with understanding, and asked several questions that showed an intelligent interest. It was not till the meal was ended that remorse seized him.

"Great Scott!" he said penitently. "I've been doing nothing but talk it myself and my troubles. I must bore you to death!"

"Indeed you didn't," she replied. "You say the motor ran on alter-current or direct?"

"Designed for either," replied Connors. "But don't let's talk about the silly motor any more. Tell me about yourself."

"Thee's not much to tell," she began when the porter called "One hundred 'n' Twenty-first street; Next stop Gran Cenral!"

"Oh! I must get my luggage ready!" she cried.

"But I'll see you again, won't I?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, indeed. Soon, I hope. Thank you so much for telling me about the motor." And she had gone to superintend the placing of her baggage checks.

John Connors meditated on the wonder of her having spoken to him and thought to himself: "She's the most wonderful girl I've ever seen. The way she understood about the motor was marvelous! I wonder when I'll see her again—a sudden thought

EGGS MUST MATCH IN COLOR

Best City Restaurants Will Pay Good Prices for Those Which Conform to Requirements.

Eggs in the winter time are likely to have pale yolks. A popular impression prevails that they indicate poor feeding of the hens. This is denied by the government bureau of animal husbandry, which declares that lack of green feed is the cause.

Most people think that eggs with pale yolks have less flavor than eggs with richly colored yolks. This is probably true; but the housewife's notion that they impart less richness to cakes and custards is contradicted by the experts—though, of course, they do contribute less color.

Egg whites are often slightly yellowish or greenish. But high-class restaurants and hotels demand eggs whose yolks shall be when cooked as pure white as possible. Furthermore, it is particularly important that two or more eggs served with an order shall match in color. Inasmuch as such eggs command an extra-high price, it is

Half They Have to Abused Pets

Brother and Sister in Kansas City, Kan., Give Money and Time in Humane Work.

DOGS, CATS AND PARROTS

All Are Tenderly Cared For in the Little Bowered Cottage and Put Out of Their Misery if Too Sick to Recover.

Kansas City, Mo.—Would you be willing to give more than half of your modest income to make life less rigorous for suffering or neglected animals?

Such is the sacrifice being made by Miss Sarah and H. H. Jacobs of Kansas City, Kan., across the river from here. And it is no mere passing hobby, they have been doing this for the last quarter century. The Jacobs are nationally known for their unusual work.

Living in a little cottage, surrounded by rose bushes, bird houses, flower beds and fruit trees, these two have consecrated their lives to ameliorating the hardships visited upon man's often neglected and abused companions.

H. H. Jacobs provides the income by working as a bookkeeper on the Missouri side, while Miss Sarah looks after the home and its numerous pets.

And there are many dogs in the Jacobs home—ten dogs, two score cats, and two parrots. The care of these pets, however, represents only a minor part of the activities of the two workers. Both are officers in the Wyandotte County Humane society and labor incessantly to benefit animal life through that source.

With all this the Jacobs are not unmindful of the needs of unfortunate children, and even adults of their city, as they are active in the Associated Charities.

Miss Sarah, who was found at home busy with her charges, said that her first instruction in humane work was when she was a little girl and her father taught her that it was just as easy to step around an anthill as to crush it with her heel.

Chloroform to Diseased.

While thoroughly orthodox in their theology, the Jacobs believe firmly that most of the sin and suffering in the world has followed man's habit of killing and abusing animals. There is nothing mawkish about their views, however. Miss Sarah, as president of the Humane society, has personally chloroformed hundreds of diseased, deformed and homeless animals.

"It sometimes is expedient," she said, "to remove them to avert further suffering. When it is necessary to put an animal to sleep, I always utter a word of prayer, taking full responsibility for the act."

Most of the pets in the Jacobs home have been brought there by persons

Says Farmers Go Crazy for Lack of Recreation

Washington.—One of the reasons why you "can't keep 'em down on the farm" was explained here at the seventy-seventh annual convention of the American Institute of Homeopathy.

More farmers go crazy every year in the United States than any other class of citizenship, Dr. J. M. Lee of Rochester, N. Y., told the convention. Work, worry and lack of recreation are the causes.

Professional men—clergymen, physicians and lawyers—are less likely to go crazy, Dr. Lee said.

However, Dr. Lee warned, don't be too sure of yourself, for insanity is slowly but steadily increasing.

In either case he would be followed and his plans thwarted.

The People and Government.

I am not one of those who think the people are never in the wrong. They have been so, frequently and outrageously, both in other countries and in this. But I do say that in all disputes between them and their rulers, the presumption is at least upon a par in favor of the people. Experience may perhaps justify me in going further. When popular discontents have been very prevalent, it may well be affirmed and supported, that there has been generally something amiss in the constitution, or in the conduct of government.—"Thoughts of the Cause of the Present Discontents," Edmund Burke.

Fair Warning.

"Are you a competent bookkeeper?" "I've had twenty years' experience, sir."

"I think you'll do, but we have a questionnaire for you to fill out, just as a matter of form."

"All right, sir, but I'll have to tell you in advance that I don't know where we get most of our sponges."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

LOST: AUTOMOBILE WHEEL

Unescorted Nocturnal Tourist Gives Police of Chicago Some Real Worry.

Chicago.—A wheel rolled out in front of the automobile of Fred W. Brunts, 550 Surf street, and hopped along at a merry clip northward in Soul Mich. Mr. Brunts laughed. It was peculiar to see a wheel wandering about at that time of night unescorted by any automobile.

We Should Worry.

There are six footmen in attendance at the main entrance to Buckingham palace throughout the day until 7 o'clock, when the number is reduced to four.

Women Should Worry.

There are six footmen in attendance at the main entrance to Buckingham palace throughout the day until 7 o'clock, when the number is reduced to four.

who have found them suffering in the streets or were too poor to look after them. Many carry a story of human interest, with sometimes a tragedy.

There is Cinderella, who has been brutally wounded. The Jacobs decided to chloroform the animal to relieve its intense suffering. Finally it struggled over to the open fireplace and curled up in the warm ashes. Soon it showed signs of rallying and they concluded it should live. It did recover. The incident reminded them of the fairy story of the little girl sitting in the ashes and who later was able to wear the glass slipper, and the spotted hound became Cinderella.

Miss Jacobs told of a cat that saved their lives. A leaky gas jet had filled the house with fumes while they slept. The cat mewed in vain and finally leaped upon the bed and scratched Miss Jacobs' to a waking position and a realization of their danger.

Cat's Interesting Career.

Yarrow, a cat with an interesting career, was named after Mary Craige Yarrow, a noted humane worker of Philadelphia. This cat once was a companion to a little boy. The boy died and on the night of his funeral the animal was carried away and locked in a freight car bound for Arkansas. A fortnight later the cat returned home nearly starved. The boy's mother took it to the Jacobs.

Some of the animals of other days, especial favorites who had earned some mark of distinction, are buried in the flower garden. There are no markers, save a stone border around the grave of Hermano (Mexican for brother), long in the family. Hermano had saved Miss Jacobs' life in Texas

Dog Howled by His Dead Master's Side 2 Months

New York.—Almost nightly for two months a dog has been howling and whining for his master, who lay dead in a small furnished room and no one went near to find out what was the trouble.

The man who had died there and been forgotten was John J. Moore, pardoned criminal. When repair men, in going to fix a leaky pipe, found it necessary to get into the room and break down the door they came upon Moore lying on the bed wrapped in blankets. The dog had gone. The animal howled long the night before and it may have been that he had decided at last no one would come to his master's aid and there was nothing more to be done.

when a big rattler was about to strike her. The dog pounced upon the snake and received the poisonous bite. He became blind, but lived many years.

Asked about the cost of pursuing their humane work, Miss Jacobs said it amounted to \$600 or \$700 a year. She insisted, however, that this did not constitute a sacrifice, that they derived pleasure from it and preferred to spend their money in this way, even if it forced them to give up many comforts.

Girl Must Return His Ring.

Ashbury Park, N. J.—When a couple in New Jersey agree to break an engagement the man is entitled to the ring he gave.

That delicate point was settled by Judge Lawrence of the Court of Common Pleas, in the case of a Trenton man who resorted to the law to get back the circlet he had given a girl, who then married another man,

when he gave it to a white-faced girl who came wearily up the walk.

"Where do you live when you are at home, Freda?" said the newly awakened Natalie, "when you are not working at the hotel as waitress?"

Freda's pathetic blue eyes gazed wonderingly. "I live," answered Freda, "in a crowded part of the city that you would not know, where many families crowd in tenements. The visiting doctor found me this place to work during August, because my health was so poor. He was very kind. But in September I have to go back—the hotel then closes."

Freda half turned away.

"It must be nice," she added shyly, "to do as one pleases."

Natalie jumped to her feet.

"What an easy happiness to give," she said.

"I want to pass on some of my good fortune," Natalie explained. "And I did not know how to go about it. This is really my first good impulse. You must let me help to make your wish come true." It was doubtful as weeks passed, which of the two, mistress or maid, were beneficiary. For so Freda became, and in her rapidly returning strength was gratefully willing to return the kindness daily given. Natalie, again an unwilling eavesdropper, heard herself discussed. "She is beautiful and has undoubtedly charm," Wayne Southwick, the admired bachelor, was saying, "but most società women are like that—no heart or stability beneath. I fight shy—don't want to run the risk of taking unto myself a wife of that class."

"More valuable time was lost in an exchange of cablegrams asking what they meant, per garment or per suit. The result was that I wired an English firm. My answer from it was complete just what I wanted. The telegram gave the price per suit, weight of shipment, probable date of delivery and everything that I wanted to know. The English firm got the order and took the cash in the New York bank.

"When I write American firms for catalogs, I get catalogs without prices. I suppose they think it is undignified to print them. Then I write for price lists and get price lists without catalogues."

Print Complete Catalogs.

"German or British firms print complete catalogs, giving just what one wants to know. They save valuable weeks of mail correspondence and get the orders."

Another American in trade in Riga showed the correspondent a cablegram from one of the biggest oil companies in America, in reply to his telegram which said: "Quote me price refined coal oil delivered Riga." The answer read: "Crude oil has gone up 20 cents a barrel."

"Now," said this American dealer, "I don't want to know about crude oil and I haven't time to figure out what effect a rise in its price would have on coal oil that was badly wanted by my buyer."

"In many of such ridiculous cases I have telephoned directly to the heads of firms in America explaining the situation. But I haven't the time to write all of them. So the Germans and English get the orders."

Incidentally, perhaps half of the letters sent by American firms to the Baltic states bear only 2-cent postage stamps, causing indignant prospective buyers to dig down in their pockets to pay postage due in rubles or marks or whatever the unit happens to be.

Outside the door, later, she told the returning physician about her patient.

"She is always trying to share happiness," Freda said, "so she carries food and clothing to those people who are now sick. Every day she wishes to talk to you about helping me on to the nurse's profession. Please—begged the grateful Freda, "let us, you and I, make her well of this dread disease."

When the doctor looked up from the patient's blotted face, he actually laughed.

"Dread disease," he laughed; "this is chicken pox. It is prevalent in this section. But we will take care of her all right," the doctor added, with tenderness in his tone.

"To think," the fully restored Natalie told him some weeks later, "of all the good that came to me from my one good impulse." Freda, willing to risk her life in caring for me through what might have been a desperate sickness. And now—you here—" her voice broke in emotion.

"To have and to hold forever," the doctor finished cheerfully.

Had Him Guessing.

"It is a question in my mind," remarked the dentist who had got up from a warm bed to respond to a cry from his baby. "If a fellow makes most noise when his teeth are coming, or when they are going?"—Yonkers Statesman.

It was discovered that the mysterious wheel was part of the rear equipment of his own car. It had hopped over the curb in Randolph street into the plate glass window of the Shayne company, setting off the burglar alarm.

Mr. Brunts was allowed to go home

A GOOD IMPULSE

By MOLLIE MATHER.

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

Listeners, it is said, seldom hear good of themselves. But Natalie had no intention to listen. She had merely come up from the hot beach to rest before dressing for dinner. Neither was it Natalie's fault that the corner of the veranda had a jutting wall making a second secluded corner nearby. Here sat two rocking old ladies.

"It is too bad," old Mrs. Gunther said, "that Natalie Brooks hasn't a thought in the world beyond her own good looks and good times. That girl seems to just dance through the world, and somebody, usually, pays the piper."



5 MAN FOR THE AGES

A STORY OF THE BUILDERS OF DEMOCRACY

BY IRVING BACHELLER

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THE SLAVES.

Synopsis.—Samson and Sarah Traylor, with their two children, Josiah and Betsey, travel by wagon from their home in Vergennes, Vt., to the West, the land of plenty. They drive their team through the Sangamon in Illinois. At Niagara Falls they meet John McNeil, who also decides to go to the Sangamon country. Samson's ministrations save the life of Harry Needles in the last stages of fever, and he accompanies the Traylor's. They reach New Salem, Illinois, and are welcomed by young Abe Lincoln, Mr. Kelso and his pretty daughter Blim, sixteen years of age, and others. Samson decides to stay and raises his cabin. Led by Jack Armstrong, rowdies make trouble. Lincoln, the Army, and Harry Needles strike Bap McNeil. Harry is attacked by McNeil and his gang, and Blim drives them off with a shotgun. Lincoln is markedly attentive to Ann Rutledge. Lincoln is in love with Ann, but has never had enough courage to tell her so. Harry loves Blim.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

John McNeil kissed Ann Rutledge that evening and was most attentive to her, and the women were saying that the two had fallen in love with each other.

"See how she looks at him," one of them whispered.

"Well, it's just the way he looks at her," the other answered.

At the first pause in the merriment Kelso stood on a chair, and then silence fell upon the little company.

"My good neighbors," he began, "we are here to rejoice that new friends have come to us and that a new home is born in our midst. We bid them welcome. They are big-boned, big-hearted folks. No man has grown large who has not at one time or another had his feet in the soil and felt its magic power going up into his blood and bone and sinew. Here is a wonderful soil and the inspiration of wide horizons; here are broad and fertile fields. Where the corn grows high you can grow statesmen. It may be that out of one of these little cabins a man will come to carry the torch of Liberty and Justice so high that its light will shine into every dark place. So let no one despise the cabin—humble as it is. Samson and Sarah Traylor, I welcome and congratulate."

Benjamin F. Hunter may come, you can find no better friends than these, and of this you may be sure, no child of the prairies will ever go about with a hand organ and a monkey. Our friend, Honest Abe, is one of the few rich men in this neighborhood. Among his assets are 'Kirkham's Grammar,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' the 'Lives of Washington and Henry Clay,' 'Ham-



"He and His Boys Were Busy Selling Sausages."

let's Soliloquy,' 'Othello's Speech to the Senate,' 'Marc Anthony's Address' and a part of 'Webster's Reply to Hayne.' A man came along the other day and sold him a barrel of rubbish for two bits. In it he found a volume of 'Blackstone's Commentaries.' Old Blackstone challenged him to a wrestle and Abe has grappled with him. I reckon he'll take his measure as easily as he took Jack Armstrong's. Lately he has got possession of a noble asset. It is 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' by Robert Burns. I propose to ask him to let us share his enjoyment of this treasure."

Abe, who had been sitting with his legs doubled beneath him on a buffalo skin, between Joe and Betsey Traylor, rose and said:

"Mr. Kelso's remarks, especially the part which applied to me, remind me of the story of the prosperous grocer of Joliet. One Saturday night he and his boys were busy selling sausages. Suddenly in came a man with whom he had quarreled and laid two dead cats on the counter."

"There's," said he, "this makes seven today. I'll call Monday and get my money."

"We were doing a good business here making fun. It seems a pity to ruin it and throw suspicion on the quality of the goods by throwing a cat on the counter."

This raised a storm of merriment, after which he recited the poem of Burns, with keen appreciation of its quality. Samson repeatedly writes of his gift for interpretation, especially of the comic, and now and then lays particular stress on his power of mimicry.

John Cameron sang "The Sword of Bunker Hill" and "Forty Years Ago, Tom." Samson played while the older people danced until midnight. Then, after noisy farewells, men, women and children started in the moonlit road toward the village. Ann Rutledge had Abe on one arm and John McNeil on the other.

CHAPTER VI.

Which Describes the Lonely Life in a Prairie Cabin and a Stirring Adventure on the Underground Railroad About the Time It Began Operations.

When Samson paid Mr. Gollaher, a "detector" came with the latter to look at the money before it was accepted. There were many counterfeits and bills good only at a certain discount of face value going about those days and the detector was in great request. Directly after moving in, Samson dug a well and lined it with a hollow log. He bought tools and another team and then he and Harry began their fall plowing. Day after day for weeks they plowed with their teams furrows until a hundred acres, stretching half a mile to the west and well to the north of the house, were black with them. Fever and ague descended upon the little home in the early winter.

In a letter to his brother, dated January 4th, 1832, Sarah writes: "We have been longing for news from home, but not a word has come from you. It don't seem as if we could stand it unless we hear from you or some of the folks once in a while. We are not dead just because we are a thousand miles away. We want to hear from you. Please write and let us know how father and mother are and all the news. We have all been sick with the fever and ague. It is a beautiful country and the soil is very rich, but there is some sickness. Samson and I were both sick at the same time. I never knew Samson to give up before. He couldn't go on, his head ached so. Little Joe helped me get the fire started and brought some water and waited on us. Harry Needles had gone away to Springfield for Mr. Ofut with a drove of hogs. Two other boys are with him. He is going to buy a new suit. He is a very proud boy. Joe and Betsey got back with the doctor at nine. That night Abe Lincoln came and sat up with us and gave us our medicine and kept the fire going. It was comical to see him lying beside Joe in his trundle bed, with his long legs sticking over the end of it and his feet standing on the floor about a yard from the bed. He was spread all over the place. He came covered them with hay. About eight o'clock he came to a frame house and barn, the latter being of unusual size for that time and country. Above the door of the barn was a board which bore the stenciled legend: 'John Peasley, Orwell Farm.'

As Samson drew near the house he observed a man working on the roof of a woodshed. Something familiar in his look held the eye of the New Salem man. In half a moment he recognized the face of Henry Brimstead. It was now a cheerful face. Brimstead came down from the ladder and they shook hands. "Good land o' Goshen! How did you get here?" Samson asked. Brimstead answered:

"Through the help of a feller that looks like you an' the grit of a pair o' horses. Come down this road early in September on my way to the land o' plenty. Found Peasley here. Couldn't help it. Saw his name on the barn. Used to go to school with him in Orwell. He offered to sell me some land with a house on it an' trust me for his pay. I liked the looks o' the country and so I didn't go no further. I was goin' to write you a letter, but I hadn't got around to it yet. Ain't forgot what you done for us, I can tell ye that."

"Well, this looks better than the sand plains—a lot better—and you look better than the flea farmer back in York state. How are the children?"

"You said you would come out next spring to look about. Please don't disappoint us. I think it would almost break my heart. I am counting the days. Don't be afraid of fever and ague. Sapington's pills cure it in three or four days. I would take the steamboat at Pittsburgh, the roads in Ohio and Indiana are so bad. You can get a steamer up the Illinois river at Alton and get off at Beardstown and drive across country. If we knew when you were coming Samson or Abe would meet you. Give our love to all the folks and friends."

"Yours affectionately,
Sarah and Samson."

It had been a cold winter and not easy to keep comfortable in the little house. In the worst weather Samson had used to get up at night to keep the fire going. Late in January a wind from the southeast melted the snow and warmed the air of the midlands so that, for a week or so, it seemed as if spring were come. One night of this week Sambo awoke the family with his barking. A strong wind was rushing across the plains and roaring over the cabin and wailing in its chimney. Suddenly there was a rap on its door. When Samson opened it he saw in the moonlight a young colored man and woman standing near the doorstep.

"Is dis Mistah Traylor?" the young man asked.

"It is," said Samson. "What can I do for you?"

"Mas'r, de good Lord done foched

us here to ask you fo' help," said the negro. "We be nigh won out with cold an' hungah, sub, 'deed we be."

Samson asked them in and put wood on the fire, and Sarah got up and made some hot tea and brought food from the cupboard and gave it to the strangers, who sat shivering in the firelight. They were a good-looking pair, the young woman being almost white. They were man and wife. The latter stopped eating and moaned and shook with emotion as her husband told their story. Their master had died the year before and they had been brought to St. Louis to be sold in the slave market. There they had escaped by night and gone to the house of an old friend of their former owner who lived north of the city on the river shore. He had taken pity on them and brought them across the Mississippi and started them on the north road with a letter to Elijah Lovejoy of Alton and a supply of food. Since then they had been hiding days in the swamps and thickets and had traveled by night. Mr. Lovejoy had sent them to Erastus Wright of Springfield, and Mr. Wright had given them the name of Samson Traylor and the location of his cabin. From there they were bound for the house of John Peasley in Hopedale, Tazewell county.

Lovejoy had asked them to keep the letter with which they had begun their travels. The letter stated that their late master had often expressed his purpose of leaving them their freedom when he should pass away. He had left no will and since his death the two had fallen into the hands of his nephew, a despotic, violent young drunkard of the name of Biggs.

Samson was so moved by their story that he hitched up his horses and put some hay in the wagon box and made off with the fugitives up the road to the north in the night. When daylight



Up the Road to the North in the Night.

came he covered them with hay. About eight o'clock he came to a frame house and barn, the latter being of unusual size for that time and country. Above the door of the barn was a board which bore the stenciled legend: "John Peasley, Orwell Farm."

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"It is," said Samson. "What can I do for you?"

"Mas'r, de good Lord done foched

joke and has an answer handy every time."

For details of the remainder of the historic visit of Samson Traylor to the home of John Peasley we are indebted to a letter from John to his brother Charles, dated February 21, 1832. In this he says:

"We had gone out to the barn and Brimstead and I were helping Mr. Traylor hitch up his horses. All of a sudden two men came riding up the road at a fast trot and turned in and came straight toward us and pulled up by the wagon. One of them was a slim, red-cheeked young feller about twenty-three years old. He wore top boots and spurs and a broad-brimmed black hat and gloves and a fur waistcoat and pantaloons. He looked at the tires of the wagon and said: 'That's the one we've followed.'

"'Which o' you is Samson Traylor?' he asked.

"'I am,' said Traylor.

"The young feller jumped off his horse and tied him to the fence. Then he went up to Traylor and said:

"'What did you do with my niggers, you dirty sucker?'

"Men from Missouri hated the Illinois folks them days and called 'em Suckers.

"'Hain't you a little reckless, young feller?' Traylor said, as cool as a cucumber. He stood up nigh the barn door, which Brimstead had closed after we backed the wagon out.

"The young feller stepped close to the New Salem man and raised his whip for a blow. Quick as lightning Traylor grabbed him and threw him ag'in in the barn door, keewhaw! He hit so hard the boards bent and the whole barn roared and trembled. The other feller tried to get his pistol out of his holster, but Brimstead, who stood beside him, grabbed it, and I got his boss by the bits and we both held on. The young feller lay on the ground shakin' as if he had the ague. Ye never see a man so spylt in second. Traylor picked him up. His right arm was broke and his face an' shoulder bruised some. 'Ye'd a thought a steam engyne had blowed up while he was puttin' wood in it. He was kind o' limp and the mad had leaked out o' him.'

"I reckon I better find a doctor," he says.

"You get into my wagon and I'll take ye to a good one," says Traylor.

"Just then Stephen Nuckles, the circuit minister, rode in with the big bloodhound that follows him around.

"The other slaver had got off his boss in the scrimmage. Traylor started for him. The slaver began to back away and suddenly broke into a run. The big dog took after him with a kind of a lion roar.

"We all began yelling at the dog. We made more noise than you'd hear at the end of a hoss race. It scartit the young feller. He put on more steam and went up the ladder to the roof of the woodshed like a chased weasel. The dog stood barkin' as if he had treed a bear. Traylor grabbed the ladder and pulled it down.

"'You stay there till I get away an' you'll be safe,' said he.

"The man looked down and swore and shook his fist and threatened us with the law.

"Mr. Nuckles rode close to the woodshed and looked up at him.

"'My brother, I fear you be not a Christian,' he said.

"'He swore at the minister. That settled him. I reckon he better stay till tht he gits a little o' God's grace in his soul,' says the minister.

"Then he says to the dog: 'Ponto, you keep 'im right thar.'

"The dog appeared to understand what was expected of him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VULTURES ON THE GANGES

Scavenger Birds Perform Function That Is in High Degree Repulsive to Westerners.

On December 2, 1920, writes a correspondent, I was in the vicinity of the Massacre Ghats, of evil repute in the Mutiny of 1857, and saw a vulture over the Ganges. This scavenger bird was apparently on the surface of the water, and was flapping its huge wings, for all the world as if a small crocodile had gripped its talons and was trying to drag it under. Then I observed a white object come to the surface momentarily and bob under again. My interest was aroused at the strange proceedings which followed. The vulture flapped its wings as the weight of the floats told on its strength. Again the white broke the surface and as it did so the huge bird, with fully opened wing, appeared to be using itself in the manner of a sail, and, with the help of the breeze, which was blowing, stirred its prey out of the mid-stream, flapping every now and then, till at last it ran the white object right up on a gently sloping shelf of sand on the near bank. By this time the air was thick with birds, and no sooner had the vulture in question beached its capture than a cluster of like birds swooped down, and the whole commenced an orgy of feasting and fighting. The next day a human skeleton remained.

"Well, this looks better than the sand plains—a lot better—and you look better than the flea farmer back in York state. How are the children?"

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CONDENSED CLASSICS

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

By LEWIS CARROLL
Condensation by Newton Newkirk



Lewis Carroll (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) was born in the village of Daresbury, Cheshire, England, Jan. 27, 1832. He was a mathematician, as well as author, and

Selling Lane Incorporated

By FREDERICK HART

1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

John Connors was worried. As he bore him nearer and nearer to New York he went over again in his mind the prospects that awaited him. And he was bound to admit that they were slender as far as his success was concerned. His firm had sent him to produce their latest product, a motor that would use less current and deliver more power than that of any of their competitors, to one of the biggest manufacturing firms in the city. The face of things he should have been confident, for the Grimes & Hannaford motor was all that was aimed for it; but the firm he was going to see was old-line and conservative; they had the "what-was-good-enough-ten-years-ago-is-good-enough-now" attitude, and so far all efforts to sell them had failed.

John Connors was not a salesman; he was one of the vice presidents of Grimes & Hannaford, and the entire responsibility of the sale had been placed on his shoulders. He knew that if Lane Incorporated could be sold on the new motor the entire New York territory would fall into line. If he succeeded he was a made man; if he failed—but he did not like to dwell on that subject.

The train halted at Poughkeepsie. Two or three passengers alighted and more entered the car. Connors watched them with the idle interest of a man on a journey till suddenly his interest focused on the figure of a girl who had entered the car and was being guided by the porter to the seat directly across the aisle from him.

She was good to look upon—a trim little figure, brown hair showing under the modish hat, and a pair of the most distracting eyes in the world. She glanced impersonally at John Connors, settled herself in her seat and readily accepted the last-minute attentions of the porter. John let his eyes rest on her for a minute, and then an amazing thing happened. The girl turned toward him, leaned from her seat and said calmly, as though such things were the most ordinary in the world:

"My name is Isabel Guernsey. Won't you tell me yours?" "W—why," said Connors, completely taken aback. "I'm John Connors. I'm—" She cut him short.

"I'm so glad to meet you, Mr. Connors. I thought I would introduce myself at once, as I wanted to talk to you."

John Connors did some fast thinking. This was indeed an adventure! The appearance of the girl across the aisle precluded any possibility of her being other than what she looked—a real lady in every respect. He was truly blessed of the gods that she had been so unconventional as to speak to him. He did not inquire the reason, but took the gift in the spirit in which it was sent.

"Do you live in Poughkeepsie?" he inquired.

"No; I was visiting an aunt there over the week end." In ten minutes they were fast friends.

It grew dark. Connors suggested dinner, and they sought the dining car. He ordered for her, and over the pleasant meal their intimacy grew. Before he knew what he was doing he found himself telling her all about his continuing effort to sell Lane Incorporated his motor. He grew enthusiastic; he dilated on the good points of the motor, and explained it to her in detail. She seemed blessed with understanding, and asked several questions that showed an intelligent interest. It was not till the meal was ended that remorse seized him.

"Great Scott!" he said penitently. "I've been doing nothing but talk myself and my troubles. I must bore you to death!"

"Indeed you didn't," she replied. "You say the motor ran on alter-current or direct?"

"Designed for either," replied Connors. "But don't let's talk about the silly motor any more. Tell me about yourself."

"The e's not much to tell," she began when the porter called "One hundred 'n' Twenty-first street; Next stop Gran Cennal!"

"Oh! I must get my luggage ready!" she cried.

"But I'll see you again, won't I?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, indeed. Soon, I hope. Thank you so much for telling me about the motor." And she had gone to superintend the placing of her baggage checks.

John Connors meditated on the wonder of her having spoken to him, and thought to himself: "She's the most wonderful girl I've ever seen. The way she understood about the motor was marvelous! I wonder when I'll see her again—" a sudden thought

made him. He had not gotten her address.

Valley he watched for her in the crowd that left the train at Grand Central, but there was no sign of her. And as he sought his hotel bed that night his thoughts were more concerned with the charming person he had met and lost than with the problem of how to sell Lane Incorporated on the morrow.

But next morning his thoughts were back on business. He had an appointment with the directors of the company at ten. At nine-fifty-nine he handed in his card, and as the clock struck the hour he was shown into the directors' room. And he had hardly said "Good morning, gentlemen," when he stood in stunned surprise. At the head of the table sat the girl of the train!

One of the men was speaking. He heard him as in a daze.

"Mr. Connors, we have decided to accept your motor. Our secretary and treasurer, Miss Guernsey, tells us that she talked with you on the way down and that you have convinced her that this company needs the product of Grimes & Hannaford in its business; if you will give us the specifications for a complete installation—"

As in a dream John Connors found himself giving facts and figures. As in a dream he shook hands with the directors of Lane, Inc., and very much as in a dream he found himself face to face with the secretary and treasurer, Miss Isabel Guernsey.

"I'm afraid I deceived you a little last night," she laughed. "I saw your initials and your firm name on your sample case and I knew that you must be the man who was to see us this morning. So I introduced myself to get you to tell me about your motor as though you weren't selling it to any one. And you sold it to me then and there!"

"Well, there's nothing for me to say except thank you, and—will you let me take you to lunch?"

"Oh, I am going to take you to lunch. I owe you a meal, anyway. That's fair, isn't it?"

"Very well—on one condition, that you'll take dinner with me some time very soon."

There was a pause. Finally she said in a low voice, "Any time you wish, John Connors."

Many Own Their Homes.

More than 6,000,000 families have come through nation-wide economic depression and widespread unemployment still owning their homes, preliminary census returns indicate. More home owners now live in the United States than in any other country, says a Washington dispatch to the New York Herald. An aggregate investment of approximately \$30,000,000,000 is represented by the owned homes of the United States, assuming that the average home value is \$5,000. At 5 per cent, American home owners, therefore, are paying out about \$1,500,000,000 a year for the privilege of possessing their titles. This means that approximately 30,000,000 persons in the United States—five to a family—are getting shelter for \$50 a year each, plus taxes and repairs. More than 15,000,000 families live in rented homes, but the number is decreasing continually.

Why He Sauntered.

Senator Pittman of Nevada walks briskly, but he says there was a time when he didn't dare do so. In the days when he was a miner and lawyer up in the Alaska gold fields no one walked rapidly; they just sauntered casually, because it was unsafe to walk as if headed toward any particular destination.

"If a man was seen walking fast," says Pittman, "every one would jump to the conclusion that he had either discovered a new place where gold could be found or else a storekeeper who had just received a consignment of plug tobacco."

In either case he would be followed and his plans thwarted.

The People and Government.

I am not one of those who think the people are never in the wrong. They have been so, frequently and outrageously, both in other countries and in this. But I do say, that in all disputes between them and their rulers, the presumption is at least upon a par in favor of the people. Experience may perhaps justify me in going further. When popular discontents have been very prevalent, it may well be affirmed and supported, that there has been generally something found amiss in the constitution, or in the conduct of government.—"Thoughts of the Cause of the Present Discontents," Edmund Burke.

Fair Warning.

"Are you a competent bookkeeper?" "I've had twenty years' experience, sir."

"I think you'll do, but we have a questionnaire for you to fill out, just as a matter of form."

"All right, sir, but I'll have to tell you in advance that I don't know where we get most of our sponges."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

EGGS MUST MATCH IN COLOR

Best City Restaurants Will Pay Good Prices for Those Which Conform to Requirements.

Eggs in the winter time are likely to have pale yolks. A popular impression prevails that they indicate poor feeding of the hens. This is denied by the government bureau of animal husbandry, which declares that lack of green feed is the cause.

Most people think that eggs with pale yolks have less flavor than eggs with richly colored yolks. This is probably true; but the housewife's notion that they impart less richness to cakes and custards is contradicted by the experts—though, of course, they do contribute less color.

Egg whites are often slightly yellowish or greenish. But high-class restaurants and hotels demand eggs whose yolks shall be when cooked as pure white as possible. Furthermore, it is particularly important that two or more eggs served with an order shall match in color. Inasmuch as such eggs command an extra-high price, it is

Half They Have to Abused Pets

Brother and Sister in Kansas City, Kan., Give Money and Time in Humane Work.

DOGS, CATS AND PARROTS

All Are Tenderly Cared For in the Little Bowered Cottage and Put Out of Their Misery If Too Sick to Recover.

Kansas City, Mo.—Would you be willing to give more than half of your modest income to make life less rigorous for suffering or neglected animals?

Such is the sacrifice being made by Miss Sarah and H. H. Jacobs of Kansas City, Kan., across the river from here. And it is no mere passing hobby, they have been doing this for the last quarter century. The Jacobs are nationally known for their unselfish work.

Living in a little cottage, surrounded by rose bushes, bird houses, flower beds and fruit trees, these two have consecrated their lives to ameliorating the hardships visited upon man's often neglected and abused companions.

H. H. Jacobs provides the income by working as a bookkeeper on the Missouri side, while Miss Sarah looks after the home and its numerous pets.

And there are many dogs in the Jacobs home—ten dogs, two score cats, and two parrots. The care of these pets, however, represents only a minor part of the activities of the two workers. Both are officers in the Wyandotte County Humane Society and labor incessantly to benefit animal life through that source. With all this the Jacobs are not unmindful of the needs of unfortunate children, and even adults of their city, as they are active in the Associated Charities.

Miss Sarah, who was found at home busy with her charges, said that her first instruction in humane work was when she was a little girl and her father taught her that it was just as easy to step around an anthill as to crush it with her heel.

Chloroform to Disease.

While thoroughly orthodox in their theology, the Jacobs believe firmly that most of the sin and suffering in the world has followed man's habit of killing and abusing animals. There is nothing mawkish about their views, however. Miss Sarah, as president of the Humane Society, has personally chloroformed hundreds of diseased, deformed and homeless animals.

"It sometimes is expedient," she said, "to remove them to avert further suffering. When it is necessary to put an animal to sleep, I always utter a word of prayer, taking full responsibility for the act."

Most of the pets in the Jacobs home have been brought there by persons

Says Farmers Go Crazy for Lack of Recreation

Washington.—One of the reasons why you "can't keep 'em down on the farm" was explained here at the seventeenth annual convention of the American Institute of Homeopathy.

More farmers go crazy every year in the United States than any other class of citizenship, Dr. J. M. Lee of Rochester, N. Y., told the convention. Work, worry and lack of recreation are the causes.

Professional men—clergymen, physicians and lawyers—are less likely to go crazy, Dr. Lee said.

However, Dr. Lee warned, don't be too sure of yourself, for insanity is slowly but steadily increasing.

From San Francisco to Venezuela



From continent to continent by airplane on a business trip was the purpose with which James Otis and two others soared from the Marina flying field, San Francisco, and headed out for Venezuela. Five thousand miles lie between the three intrepid men and their destination. Otis is making a trip to his plantation near Caracas, the Venezuelan capital. William Morris is the pilot and C. F. West the mechanician.

LOST: AUTOMOBILE WHEEL

Unescorted Nocturnal Tourist Gives Police of Chicago Some Real Worry.

Chicago.—A wheel rolled out in front of the automobile of Fred W. Brunks, 550 Surf street, and hopped along at a merry clip northward in Boulevard. Mr. Brunks laughed. It was peculiar to see a wheel wandering about at that time of night unescorted by any automobile.

We Should Worry.

There are six footmen in attendance at the main entrance to Buckingham Palace throughout the day until 4 o'clock, when the number is reduced to four.

Dog Howled by His Dead Master's Side 2 Months

New York.—Almost nightly for two months a dog has been howling and whining for his master, who lay dead in a small furnished room and no one went near to find out what was the trouble.

The man who had died there and been forgotten was John J. Moore, pardoned criminal. When repair men, in going to fix a leaky pipe, found it necessary to get into the room and break down the door they came upon Moore lying on the bed wrapped in blankets. The dog had gone. The animal howled long the night before and it may have been that he had decided at last no one would come to his master's aid and there was nothing more to be done.

when a big rattler was about to strike her. The dog pounced upon the snake and received the poisonous bite. He became blind, but lived many years.

Asked about the cost of pursuing their humane work, Miss Jacobs said it amounted to \$800 or \$700 a year. She insisted, however, that this did not constitute a sacrifice, that they derived pleasure from it and preferred to spend their money in this way, even if it forced them to give up many comforts.

Grief Must Return His Ring.

Asbury Park, N. J.—When a couple in New Jersey agree to break an engagement the man is entitled to the ring he gave.

That delicate point was settled by Judge Lawrence of the Court of Common Pleas, in the case of a Trenton man who resorted to the law to get back the circlet he had given a girl, who then married another man.

Unbelievable Ignorance Is Costing Them the Trade of the New States Over There.

FAIL TO GET BIG ORDERS

British, German and Dutch Firms Are Getting Millions of Dollars Because They are Better Informed Than the American Business Men.

Riga, Latvia.—Millions of dollars in ready cash are going to English, German and Dutch firms from the Baltic states because of the almost unbearable unfamiliarity of even the largest American firms with foreign trading conditions, and even geography, say Americans here.

Dozens of big orders for which cash was actually in the banks in New York have been lost to America because of what American representatives in Baltic states term absolute stupidity.

"It is said," said one of these Americans in Riga, who has had to place many orders in Germany and in England, when America could have had them, "that the heads of American firms realize what the subordinates in charge of their foreign trading departments are doing to them."

"Most of them, brought up on so-called American efficiency systems that may work well at home but are absolutely hopeless abroad, try to do business in Europe according to 'form 22' or 'form 24' or whatever form they would apply to similar deals in America."

"To illustrate, not long ago I had an urgent cash order for 40,000 suits of underclothing for a Baltic state. I telephoned to a big American firm.

"What your price 40,000 suits heavy underwear cash against documents New York?"

"Two or three days later, when some

bright young credit man had tried to digest this telegram, I received a cable saying: 'Wire your credit rating and references.'

"Now, I suppose his 'form 22' required him to do that, but I wired back, 'My credit references are cash in New York bank. What are your prices?'

"Some days later I received a telegram saying: 'Price dollar twenty,' or something like that.

"More valuable time was lost in an exchange of cables asking what they meant, per garment or per suit. The result was that I wired an English firm. My answer from it was complete, just what I wanted. The telegram gave the price per suit, weight of shipment, probable date of delivery and everything that I wanted to know. The English firm got the order and took the cash in the New York bank."

"When I write American firms for catalogs, I get catalogs without prices. I suppose they think it is undignified to print them. Then I write for price lists and get price lists without catalogs."

"Print Complete Catalogs."

"German or British firms print complete catalogs, giving just what one wants to know. They save valuable weeks of mail correspondence and get the orders."

Another American in trade in Riga showed the correspondent a telegram from one of the biggest oil companies in America, in reply to his telegram which said: "Quote me price refined coal oil delivered Riga." The answer read: "Crude oil has gone up 20 cents a barrel."

"Now," said this American dealer,

"I didn't want to know about crude oil and I haven't time to figure out what effect a rise in its price would have on oil coal that was badly wanted by my buyer."

"In many of such ridiculous cases I have telegraphed directly to the heads of firms in America explaining the situation. But I haven't the time to write all of them. So the Germans and English get the orders."

Incidentally, perhaps half of the letters sent by American firms to the Baltic states bear only 2-cent postage stamps, causing indignant prospective buyers to dig down in their pockets to pay postage due in rubles or marks or whatever the unit happens to be.

Some of them bear fantastic addresses, such as "Riga, Russia, via the Pacific." One letter in reply to request to ship for cash a big consignment of goods from New York to Riga said the firm was sorry, "but had no shipping facilities on the Pacific."

CENT-A-WORD COLUMN
No Advertisement inserted in this Column for less than 25 cents

FOR SALE
FOR SALE—1 Haul Gill net, 75 fathoms long, 100 mesh deep, 2½ in. mesh. Reasonable. A. H. Jones, West Creek. 7-212.

FOR SALE—Sneak box with engine, 15 feet, like new. Cheap. E. N. Black, Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa. 2tc7-28

FOR SALE—House with 8 rooms, bath, nice cellar and attic, Lovely yard. Terms Reasonable. Mrs. Hannah Marshall, 387 S. Green St. 1tp.

BOATS FOR SALE—26-ft. Garvey with large cabin built by Thos. Cowperthwaite one year ago. Also foot sea skiff with Palmer Engine. Both can be seen at Smires boat works, Forked River. Also inquire of Thos. Cowperthwaite at Tuckerton. Herbert E. Williams, D. S. D., 120 Broad street, Red Bank, N. J. 7-2112

FOR SALE—Milch Cows, Chickens and Late Potatoes, Fulton Farm, Down Shore, Tuckerton. 1tp.

WANTED—To sell 7-passenger Cadillac Touring car in good condition or exchange for smaller car. Apply to Lakeside Garage. 8-4 4tp

FOR SALE—Cruiser, 27 feet long, Electric lighted, 52 h.p. Frisbie engine. Everything brand new. Joshua Shreve, Barnegat, N. J. 7-289

FOR SALE—Cabin cruiser 8 ft. long, 8 ft. beam, 8 h.p. Eagle 4-cycle engine. All in good order and just overhauled. Apply to Chas. Murray, Tuckerton. 2tp. 4-2

WANTED—Man and wife, middle-aged, on small farm as housekeeper and caretaker for refined, aged

lady. Must be Christian and have first class reference. Man's time practically his own. May have full profits from farm. No children. Man who can drive auto preferred. Address Box No. 16, Beacon, giving reference, and if satisfactory interview will be arranged. 6-1972

WANTED—Energetic, reliable man to follow up trade and solicit new business in this section; full or part time, permanent position at good wages to successful man; experience unnecessary; knowledge of farming helpful. 600 acres in numerous. Established 67 years. Write HOOPES, BRO. & THOMAS COMPANY, Stephen Girard Building, Philadelphia, Pa. 4tp. 7-28

NOTICE
NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the partnership lately existing between George W. Grant and Firman H. Cranmer, of Beach Haven, Ocean County, New Jersey, under the firm name of Grant and Cranmer, was dissolved on the ninth day of July, A. D. 1921, by mutual consent.

NOTICE IS HEREBY FURTHER GIVEN that all of the assets of said firm of Grant and Cranmer have been taken over by Firman H. Cranmer, who will hereafter continue to conduct the contracting, lumber, coal and building material business, at Beach Haven, Ocean County, New Jersey, as heretofore conducted by the said firm of Grant and Cranmer, and that the said Firman H. Cranmer has assumed all of the debts and liabilities of the firm of Grant and Cranmer and will settle all debts due to and by said firm of Grant and Cranmer.

Dated, July 9th, 1921.
GRANT & CRANMER
George W. Grant
Firman H. Cranmer

FOR SALE

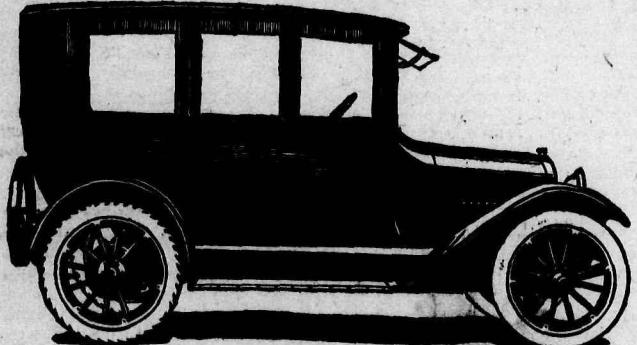
TWO 3½ TON

HURLBURT TRUCKS

IN GOOD CONDITION

NO USE FOR THEM REASON FOR SELLING

JAMES W. PARKER
Tuckerton, N. J.



CHEVROLET

Big Reduction

NEW PRICES ON CHEVROLET CARS EFFECTIVE JULY 15, 1921

MODEL 490 TOURING CAR	\$625.00
MODEL 490 ROADSTER	625.00
MODEL 490 LIGHT DELIVERY	645.00
MODEL 490 SEDAN	975.00
MODEL 490 COUPE	975.00
MODEL F. B. 50 TOURING	1575.00
MODEL F. B. 30 COUPE	1575.00
MODEL F. B. 40 SEDAN	1995.00
1-TON T TRUCK CHASSIS	1225.00
1-TON TRUCK CHASSIS EXPRESS BODY	1345.00
1-TON TDUCK OPEN EXPRESS BODY, 8-POST TOP	820.00
MODEL G ½-TON TRUCK CHASSIS	895.00
MODEL G ½-TON TRUCK CHASSIS WITH CAB	930.00
MODEL G ½-TON TRUCK CHASSIS EXPRESS BODY	995.00
MODEL G ½-TON TRUCK CHASSIS Express Body and Top	

(All Prices F. O. B. Flint, Mich.)

All Cars Fully Electrically equipped.

Arrangements can be made for time payments on any of above Models.

M. L. CRANMER

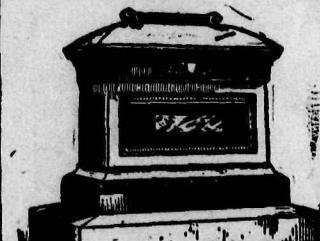
Telephone
Barnegat 3-R-14
Mayetta, N. J.

MONUMENTS

Headstones, Markers, Sills, Corner Posts

MEMORIALS OF DIGNITY AND DISTINCTION

Designed, cut and erected with particular regard for individual requirements



You can choose from the largest and finest stock of materials ever collected—standard granites and marbles from quarries famous for the quality of their product.

We specialize in Designing and Manufacturing Mausoleums, Public and Private Memorials

Carfare Paid to all Purchasers
MAIN OFFICE AND YARD
Pleasantville, N. J.
Opp. Atlantic City Cemetery
Bell Phone, Pleasantville 1

CAMDEN YARD
Opp. Harleigh Cemetery
Bell Phone 2737
REPRESENTATIVES
O. J. Hammell, Pres., 11 S. Somerset Avenue, Ventnor
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, Gloucester and Burlington Counties
W. D. DuBois, Clayton, N. J., for Clayton and vicinity
H. B. Hale, Cherrington, Va., for State of Virginia

O. J. HAMMELL CO.
PLEASANTVILLE, N. J.

PARKERTOWN

Merrill Shourds of Trenton is spending his vacation at the home of his aunt, Mrs. James Ayer Parker. Mr. and Mrs. John Schamm of Riverside, have returned to their home after spending a week at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Ayer Parker.

Edith Schramm of Riverside is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ayer Parker.

Capt. Timothy Parker, Mrs. Susanna Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Jay C. Parker and children and Mrs. Atmore Homan motored to Hammonton Saturday and attended the Italian celebration.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Parker had for their guests recently, Mrs. Estelle Walton and Frank and Albert Paine of Trenton.

Foster Lamson is spending several weeks with relatives in Bordentown. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Brown and family were recent visitors at the Forge.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Reeves and son Elbert; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Parker attended the Italian celebration at Hammonton on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. A. Parker Jr., spent the week end at Barnegat at the home of the latter's grandmother, Mrs. Rebecca Couch. They were accompanied home by the latter who will spend some time here.

Geo. Fauser of Cedar Run, was a Tuesday caller at the home of his daughter, Rose.

At a meeting of the townspeople

Friday evening last to discuss the advisability of opening the school for the 6th, 7th and 8th grades or send same pupils to Tuckerton. There were 38 votes for and six against the opening.

PARKERTOWN

(Crowded out last week)
Rev. J. A. Glenn of Medford and a party of friends motored here one day last week and called on Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Parker and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Parker. Needless to say he received a warm welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Parker entertained the latter's father, T. L. Shourds and daughter, Miss Edna, and a party of friends all of Trenton.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Parker entertained at their home on Hillsdale Farm over the week end Mr. and Mrs. Kelly Parker and sons, Edward and Benjamin, Mrs. Smith, son and daughter, Marshall and Ray and Mr. Shepherd and a party of friends all of Camden.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilson spent the 4th at Riverton at the home of the former's brother.

Evelyn Cummings has returned to her home after spending several days with her mother in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Parker Sr., recently entertained over the week end, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Martin, Harry Robertson, Mrs. Baker and daughter, Edie all of Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Parker, Jr., were recent visitors in Cedar Run.

Mr. and Mrs. Sol. Homan entertained over the 4th Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Chandley and Mr. and Mrs. Phil. Buch of Philadelphia.

Thos. Laudenberger of Philadelphia spent a few days recently at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Harvey Parker.

Adam Price of this place and Miss Leon Handley of Philadelphia were united in marriage June 1 last by Rev. D. Y. Stephens of Manahawkin. We wish them much joy.

Mr. and Mrs. Burnell Adams of New Gretna are rejoicing over the birth of a son, which arrived about two weeks ago. Mrs. Adams was formerly Miss Ruth Parker of this place.

Mrs. Lester Mott and son were special guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cummings.

Mrs. Margaret Parker is entertaining her nieces Margaret and Ella May Cloud of Thorndale, Pa. She also entertained Jos. White of Bridgeton on the 4th.

Mrs. John Cranmer entertained Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Anderson of Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Parker and son of Mt. Holly, spent a week here recently at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Saul Parker. On their return they were accompanied by his brother, Lawrence, who will spent two weeks at their home.

The following officers were installed in the D. of L. Lodge of West Creek Monday last by the State Deputy, Mrs. Bella Parker, Councilor, Gladys Horner, Vice Councilor, Helen Homan, Asso. Councilor, Alice Sprague, Asso. V. C., Charlotte Morton, Guide, Anna Smythe, Inside Guard, Emma Cobb, Outside Guard, Blanche Cranmer, Ass't Rec. Secretary Cynthia Cummings, Trustee, Julia Holman, Pianist, Blanche Cranmer.

REWARD

of \$50.00 will be paid for information leading to the arrest and conviction of persons defacing and destroying public and private property in the Borough of Surf City.

EDWARD J. CALLAHAN, Mayor.

\$50.00 REWARD

for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who broke the window of St. Thomas Catholic Church, Surf City, N. J., during the week, July 3rd to 10th.

The same reward will be paid for the arrest and conviction of anyone caught committing vandalism or any further defacement against said above church.

Rev. Neil Mooney, Rector.

Oil of Apples.

Chemists have newly succeeded in extracting from apple parings, by means of ether, an essential oil, yellowish, and of a somewhat gummy consistency, which possesses in high degree the characteristic and delicious odor of fresh apples. Crabapple parings yield more of this oil than those of ordinary apples. It is likely to be turned to useful account for flavoring purposes and conceivably for perfumes.

Poison Obtained From Dead.

The favorite poison used by the Australian bushmen in warfare is obtained from certain portions of a putrefying corpse. It is said that a man wounded with a war-shaft poisoned with this awful venom dies of lock-jaw almost immediately.

BAD MONEY TALE WINS LENIENCY

Hobos Heave Thankful Sigh When They Get Thirty Days Instead of Five Years.

SAY "JUSTICE AIN'T BLIND"

"Buffalo Ike's" Sportive Dispensation of Some \$75,000. Gets Six Hobos Into Trouble—Bartender Finds "Old Hickory's" Eyes Crossed.

Chicago.—"Shoestring" Doyle and his five companions heaved a thankful sigh as they gazed at the patched moonlight on the floor of the county jail.

For "Shoestring" and his mates only had 30 days to think of instead of five years—thanks to the ineffable hospitality of one "Buffalo Ike" and his sportive dispensation of some \$75,000.

One morning "Shoestring" and his five partners, "Slim" Roach, "Blackie" Steps, "Spuds" Miller, "Dude" Smith, and "Texas" Durst, climbed wearily from the rods of a box car in one of lower Chicago's numerous freight yards.

Start Out to "Do the Town."

It wasn't warm that day, and "Shoestring's" shoes leaked as they plodded toward town. They headed for the Hobo college for a feed. Then they got to Madison and Halsted.

"You see," they chorused later to Judge Landis, "we were standin' there givin' the town th' sign and wishin' for a drink, when a fellar comes along an' bumps into us."

"Hello, Jack," he sez to me. "Want a drink?"

"Now, honestly, judge, them's no words to say to me on a cold day—ain't I right?"

"What did I say? I said. 'Sure—where is it?'

"Then what do you t'ink dat fellar did? He pulled out two double handfuls of bills outta his pockets and he says: 'Wheel! Looks me! I'm Buffalo Ike of Leadville, Colorado! I'm a wild wolf, an' I'm a-howlin'! An' den he gives a handful of dem bills to me and my podiners. They was \$50 bills, too."

"Now dis fellar was lit up some and us folks figgered it was time to beat it after we got th' jack, 'cause he mighta wanted it back. D'y'a get me, judge?"

"Well," Shoestring continued, "we ducked aroun' th' block and when we seen he wasn't comin' in we headed for a dump dat sells booze. In we went an' up to th' bar."

"We asked for booze and we got it. It had an awful kick—for th' next thing I knew th' cops was shakin' me up."

But—

"We ain't counterfeitors, judge," the "Shoestring" appealed. "We didn't know the jack was queer. We're just the fall guys for 'Buffalo Ike,' dat's all. He gives us dat jack—an' now we've got to stand th' stretch for it. It ain't fair, is it, judge?"

"We-e-l!" drawled the judge, "I'll be easy on you fellows. Thirty days a piece!"

Out in the hallway the quintet grinded at each other:

"Ain't that a right guy?" jubilated "Shoestring." "There he mighty givin' us a fiver a piece and he hands out just 30 days. Ain't he th' best doge judge in th' judiciary? I'll tell th' world he is."

"Justice ain't blind, is it?" one was heard to say.

AN ORDINANCE

An ordinance amending an ordinance entitled "An Ordinance to establish and regulate a Police Department in the Borough of Tuckerton and adopting rules for its government."

Be it ordained by the Mayor and Council of the Borough of Tuckerton, Ocean County, New Jersey:</