

## Council Grants Franchise to Electric Co.

At the regular meeting of Borough Council Monday evening, a franchise was granted to the Atlantic City Electric Company for the purpose of furnishing light and power in the Borough of Tuckerton, a notice of which appears in another column of this issue.

General Manager E. C. Torrey and other representatives of the Company were present and expressed a desire to get started on the erection of the system at once.

The meeting Monday evening was recessed until tomorrow (Friday) evening, when the question of street lighting will be taken up. Officials of the Electric Company will again be present and the manner in which the streets are to be lighted will probably be decided on.

The minutes of both meetings will be published next week.

### RIBBON OF LIGHT ACROSS NEW JERSEY

First Link of Electricity Will Soon Be Installed Near Shore

Atlantic City, Dec. 23.—The first step in the plan to create a "Great White Way" on the White Horse pike between this city and Camden will be taken immediately by the illumination of the five-mile stretch of boulevard between Atlantic City and Pleasantville, using the newly designed three-in-one reflector which has been proclaimed by highway officials and automobile clubs to be the best yet offered for the purpose.

This light, using only a 250-watt Mazda lamp placed from 300 to 400 feet apart, will illuminate the country highway as well as the city street is today lighted.

Autoists passing over the boulevard will be able to turn off their glaring headlights when this "ribbon of light" is installed, thus removing a prolific cause of accident. The work of installing the new lighting system will be begun at once.

**TUCKERTON M. E. CHURCH SUNDAY SERVICES**  
9.30 A. M.—Capt. Wilbur Parker's Class.  
10.30 A. M. Sermon, subject, "New Year's Message."  
12.00 o'clock—Sunday School.  
6.45 P. M. Epworth League.  
7.30 P. M. Preaching by the pastor subject, "Pressing Toward the Mark."

**CENT-A-WORD ADVS FOR SALE**—6 h. p. Gray Marine Motor, Clutch and propeller, price \$55; in first class condition. Harold M. Crowley. 12-29.3tc.  
Other cent-a-word ads on page 7

To my friends everywhere, I extend the compliments and good wishes of the season.

May the New Year build upon the experiences of the old and bring to you three hundred and sixty-five tomorrows filled with the joy of health, prosperity and accomplishment.

S. E. BADANES

**The Tuckerton Bank**  
Organized and began business 1889

☞ We thank our customers for the steadfast support given us during this long period.

☞ We know that your good will has been one of our most important assets and we shall endeavor to serve you so acceptably as to warrant its continuance.

☞ Business advice given gladly if desired.

☞ New accounts are respectfully solicited.

**THE TUCKERTON BANK**  
TUCKERTON, - NEW JERSEY

### MUNICIPAL OFFICIALS TO BE SWORN IN MONDAY

A Christmas gift of an extra day in office is the lot of municipal officials in Sou. Jersey this year by reason of the fact that New Year's day, when all newly-elected municipal office holders are required by law to be sworn in and when city and borough councils are required to reorganize, falls on Sunday so that the old officials will hold over until Monday when the new ones will take their oaths and begin to collect the salaries of their office at noon.

### CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT AT M. E. CHURCH MONDAY EVENING

The annual entertainment held at Christmas time by the Sunday School of the M. E. church was held on Monday night and the parents and friends of the little folks filled the church and enjoyed fully the excellent program prepared by the committee.

Mrs. Archie Pharo, Jr., and Mrs. James Burd drilled the children and they deserve lots of credit for their work.

The church was decorated with cedar trees and cedar and looked quite festive. The program consisted of the following:

Hymn, followed by prayer by the pastor.

Recitation, a Greeting by Edward Mathis.

Recitation, Christmas Collection, by Henrietta Smith

Offering and Notices

Recitations  
Anne Lane, Virginia Driscoll, Helen Burd

Song by Primary, "Christmastide"

Recitation by Seven small girls, "Christmas Emblems"

Recitation, Arvilla Horner

Duet by Myrtle and Olivia Pharo

Recitation, Garnie Ellison

Recitation, Florence Graham

Song by Primary, "Christmas is Here"

Recitation, Abbie Atkinson

Recitation by Seven girls, "A Christmas Doll"

Recitation, Carol Cox

Singing from Hymnal "Joy to the World"

Recitations  
Ray Smith, Mildred Mathis, Eliza Morrison,

Goodnight Recitation, Harold Crowley

Singing "Silent Night"

Christmas gifts in appreciation of faithful services rendered in the past were presented to Rev. Daniel Johnson, Mrs. E. M. Mathis, Supt. J. W. Horner, Recording Secretary Jos. H. Brown and Sexton Harry White.

Candies were distributed to the entire Sunday School.

**Names Derived From Cities.**  
A milliner meant originally one from Milan—a Milaner; just as a "cordwainer" or shoemaker was a worker of leather from Cordova.

### ODD FELLOWS ELECT NEW OFFICERS

Ocean Lodge, No. 38, I. O. O. F., elected new officers at their meeting last night as follows:  
Noble Grand, Granville M. Price;  
Vice-Grand, Robert Toy  
Secretary, Walter A. Entwistle.  
Treasurer, Lipman S. Gerber.  
Trustees, Lewis A. Fiske, Allen L. Seaman and Jos. B. Mathis.

### SERMON BY TUCKERTON BOY

In this week's issue of the Beacon you will find an exceedingly interesting and helpful sermon by one of our Tuckerton boys, who is chaplain in the U. S. Navy, Rev. Haines Lippincott, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Lippincott of Tuckerton.

### WEEK OF PRAYER AT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT NEW GRETTA

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America has sent out to all the evangelical churches in this land a call to prayer, that on the first week of the New Year the Christian people unite in the fellowship of prayer and intercession. Accordingly the New Gretna Presbyterian Church will hold services for praise and prayer at 7.30 on the evenings of Monday to Friday, Jan. 2 to 6, inclusive. The program is arranged as follows:

Monday "Thanksgiving and Confession," leader, Mrs. C. S. Cramer.

Tuesday, "The Church Universal," leader, Mr. E. R. Kutschmer.

Wednesday, "Nations and their Leaders," Mrs. U. J. Allen.

Thursday, "Foreign Missions," Mrs. A. Lamson.

These meetings will all be held in the Church and all the townspeople are invited to participate.

### New Gretna

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Loveland of Atlantic City, were visitors over Christmas with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse A. Loveland.

The Christmas exercises of the Presbyterian Sunday School were held last Saturday evening and were a great success. It was featured by musical and eucoutinary numbers by the Sunday School scholars. The church had been tastefully decorated for the occasion.

Miss Helen Reed and Carlton Mathis returned to their homes here for the Christmas holidays. Both of these young people are making enviable records in their studies in Trenton.

On Christmas Day, at the morning service in the Presbyterian Church the Pastor, Rev. Andrew Richards, preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion. The evening service was given over to the choir, which, under the able leadership of Mrs. H. R. Lindsley, presented the Christmas Cantata "At Bethlehem," to a large congregation. All departments of this church are working together harmoniously and great good is being accomplished.

Miss Adeline Merce of Pedricktown, who taught so acceptably in the public school here last year, visited her friends in New Gretna during the holiday season.

At the evening service on Christmas Day, the Presbyterian Church received as a gift from the pastor and his wife a beautiful two-tray individual Communion service. Elder John S. Mathis, Clerk of the Session, received the gift on behalf of the Church. It was set aside by prayer and dedicated to its intended use.

Miss Louetta Loveland left for a visit in Atlantic City last Tuesday.

Miss Minnie Mathis and Miss Margaret Adams entertained the pupils of their respective rooms at a party on Friday afternoon, before the school closed for the Christmas vacation.

Rev. and Mrs. Andrew Richards left on Monday morning to spend a few days in Trenton and Princeton.

At the morning service, New Year's day, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated at the Presbyterian church; new members will be received and persons baptized. The Session is planning to make this an every member day by having all the members present. Go to church next Sunday.

Horatio Lindsley has returned from Hog Island for the holidays.

### FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH New Gretna, N. J.

Rev. Andrew Richards, Th. B. Sunday Services, Jan. 1, 1922:

10.30 a. m. Sabbath School and Bible classes, John S. Mathis, Acting Superintendent.

11.15 a. m. Morning service: New members will be received and the Sacraments of Baptism and Lord's Supper will be administered.

7.30 p. m. Evening service: "A Good Inheritance"—New Year's service. The new officers of the Christian Endeavor Society will be installed.

During the week:  
Monday to Friday, Jan. 2-6, Week of Prayer. Services every evening at 7.30. Leaders as announced.

### Obituary

**Samuel R. Mathis**  
Samuel R. Mathis, a life long resident of Tuckerton died at his home Down Shore, Wednesday, December 28 of Bright's Disease.

He was the son of the late Sylvester and Hannah Mathis, also Tuckerton residents.

Mr. Mathis lived on his farm Down Shore which consisted of about 200 acres. He was 71 years old and was a member and regular attendant of the Methodist Episcopal church for many years. He was a good Christian man.

He is survived by a brother, Sylvester Mathis, also a resident of Tuckerton.

Funeral services will be held at the M. E. Church on Monday, January 2, at 1.30 P. M.

### Sarah J. Kelley

Mrs Sarah J. Kelley, widow of the late Curtis Q. Kelley, died at Atlantic Highlands Monday, December 26. Mr. Kelley was a brother of James W. Kelley of Tuckerton.

Funeral services were held at noon today from the Tuckerton M. E. Church. Interment at Tuckerton.

### David Y. Robertson

David Y. Robertson died at the home of his son, Charles S. Robertson, at Tenafly, December 5, in his 37th year. He was a veteran of the Civil War and fought in 15 battles.

The Robertson's are well known in Tuckerton as they make frequent visits to their bungalow on South Green street.

### COLONIAL THEATRE Beach Haven, N. J. SPECIAL NEW YEAR'S DANCE JANUARY 2, 1922 WM. DEBOIS JAZZ BAND of Philadelphia

5-Reel Feature Picture and Comedy Picture starts at 8 P. M. Dance starts at 9:15 P. M. ADMISSION: Adults \$1.00, Children .50c (Including War Tax)

### K. H. ECKARDT AT THE GROVE PLACE West Main Street - Tuckerton

Will Supply you with FRUIT \* \* \* CAKES \* \* \* GROCERIES

Cigars and Tobacco Supplies

Prompt Service, Courteous Attention

## BANKING

WITH AN INSTITUTION WHERE SERVICE DOMINATES, NOT ONLY ASSURES SATISFACTION, BUT MAKES THE TRANSACTION INVOLVED A PLEASURE, RATHER THAN JUST A BUSINESS TURN. INDIVIDUALS AND BUSINESS CONSERNS WILL FIND US ALWAYS WILLING TO CO-OPERATE ON ANY SUBJECT AND WILL APPRECIATE OUR PROMPT AND ACCURATE BANKING.

*We invite you to open an account with us*

### BEACH HAVEN NATIONAL BANK

## W. C. JONES

### JEWELER OPTICIAN

EYES FITTED RIGHT BY REGISTERED OPTOMETRIST

POCKET KNIVES WATCHES CLOCKS CUT GLASS GLASS AND CROCKERY VICTROLAS RECORDS KODAKS AND SUPPLIES

### REMOVAL OF WAR TAX ON EXPRESS SHIPMENTS

The public will save approximately \$1,500,000 a month as a result of the elimination of the War Tax on express shipments, according to George C. Taylor, President of the American Railway Express Company. An announcement to this effect was made today by W. H. Kelley, the local express agent.

The "Revenue Act of 1921" eliminates the War Tax of one cent on every twenty cents and fractions thereof in transportation charges on all express shipments. This tax during the year of 1920 amounted to \$17,502,918. The average transportation charge for each express shipment was approximately \$1.50 and the average War Tax for each shipment was eight cents. The elimination of the tax, therefore, Mr. Taylor states, will virtually amount to a decrease in rates of a little over five per cent. Mr. Taylor believes that this should have a tendency to stimulate business and thereby accelerate the rapidly improving conditions thruout the entire country.

"The American Railway Express Company handles approximately one million shipments a day or nearly four hundred million shipments a year," Mr. Taylor goes on to say. "The elimination of the Tax will relieve the American Railway Express Company of an immense amount of labor which has been involved in calculating, entering on waybills and collection of tax, not to mention the expense of checking and accounting entailed."

"The Treasury Department has requested express carriers to advise all claimants who have claims pending, for overcharges, or who file such claims after December 31st, 1921, that claims for refund of tax should be filed separately on Treasury Department Form No. 46, with the Commissioner of Internal Revenue within four years from the time tax was paid, claim being barred by statute of limitations if received after such time."

Mr. Kelley pointed out that as the Revenue Act becomes effective as the Revenue Act becomes effective January 1st, 1922, the tax on all shipments forwarded "prepaid" on or before December 31st, will be collected. On shipments forwarded "collect" and arriving on or after January 1st, the tax will not be assessed.

Carol W. Stratton, the local agent at Beach Haven, also sent the above notice to the Beacon.

**NOTICE**  
The Tax Duplicate of Bass River Township for the year 1922 will be open to the tax payers at my store, December 30th, 1921.  
C. S. CRAMER, Assessor.

### REDUCTION IN ICE CREAM PRICES

ON and AFTER JANUARY 1st

Our Prices for ICE CREAM will be

QUARTS, 60c  
PINTS, 30c  
PLATES, 13c  
DOUBLE HEADERS, 25c

Same QUALITY and QUANTITY as before

MARSHALL'S ICE CREAM PARLORS  
Main and Green Streets

## W. C. JONES

### PALACE THEATRE

JEWELER OPTICIAN

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29th

Fox Presents **"After Your Own Heart"**  
TOM MIX in "HIS MEAL TICKET"  
Fox Sunshine Comedy—"HIS MEAL TICKET"  
ADMISSION 17c and 28c

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31st

Thos. H. Ince Presents **"Passing Through"**  
Douglas MacLean in "SNEAKERS"  
Mermaid Comedy—"SNEAKERS"  
SELZNECK NEWS  
ADMISSION 17c and 28c

TUESDAY, JANUARY 3rd

Metro Presents **"A Message From Mars"**  
Bert Lytell in "TORCHY'S MILLIONS"  
Educational Comedy—"TORCHY'S MILLIONS"  
ADMISSION 17c and 28c

Thurs., Jan. 5th—Buck Jones in "Straight From The Shoulder"  
Sat., Jan. 7th—A Paramount Production "BURIED TREASURE"

### STATE CHAIRMAN STOKES APPEALS TO REPUBLICANS

State Republican Chairman E. C. Stokes will on January 2nd make a direct appeal to Republicans of the state to solve the main problem of the party by subscribing one dollar each to its treasury. Former Governor Stokes has been working on this problem now for a couple of years and believes heartily in the principle of equalizing the interest of all voters by putting them on a party in party loyalty and support. He says the plan is a success. The State Chairman this year sends out the following appeal to all loyal Republicans.

"Dear Fellow Republican:  
"Small subscriptions to the campaign, total large in aggregate, place every member of the party on an equality and avoid all obligations except to serve the people at large. Last year the responses to my appeal for one dollar indicated that every Republican would say "Yes" this year when a Governor, United States Senator and twelve, maybe fourteen Congressmen are to be elected.

"Your name is found on the selected list of men and women who are anxious that the Party should be under no obligation to anyone but its members. That is why I am addressing you asking you to send ONE DOLLAR for this membership card."

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Same QUALITY and QUANTITY as before  
MARSHALL'S ICE CREAM PARLORS  
Main and Green Streets

## SERVICE PLUS

It means a great deal for a business man to have connections with a financial institution that can take care of his needs in dull times.

All through the past years we have extended accommodations to our clients on the usual liberal terms, although much better rates could have been obtained on outside notes and investments.

If this service is appreciated that is sufficient reward for us.

### THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Member Federal Reserve System  
BARNEGAT, N. J.

## Lower Bank Bridge May Be Opened

Atlantic County Freeholders Responsible for its Weak Condition

The mandamus proceedings threatened against the freeholders of Burlington and Atlantic counties because they closed the county line bridge over Mullica River at Lower Bank last summer, after U. S. Senator Edge and members of his family in a limousine went thru a weakened section and narrowly escaped a serious accident, may be overcome as a result of revelations made at the meeting of the Burlington county freeholders Friday.

When the subject was brought up it was stated that the Burlington county end of the long bridge is considered safe for light travel, such as would restore to Lower Bank residents the convenience they have started to ask the supreme court to give, and that it was the Atlantic end that partly collapsed and was at the request of Atlantic county that the barricading of the structure was done.

After Senator Edges' accident, the Burlington county end was examined and repaired, but Atlantic county has done nothing. Capt. George S. Maxwell, who is interested in having the bridge reopened, said yesterday he had occasion to go over the bridge for convenience, and he made the trip in his car in safety after removing the barricade, which he replaced.

As a result of these statements, the officials of the two counties will have a meeting some time this week and settle upon a plan for the accommodation of light traffic. If this is done there will be no further action in the mandamus proceedings rule to show cause made returnable on January 19 and supported by Lower Bank residents.

**Dickens' Versatility.**  
The works of Charles Dickens contain 1,425 different characters.

### TUCKERTON PHARMACY

DISINFECTANTS  
CHICKEN, DOG and HORSE REMEDIES  
TOILET ARTICLES  
PATENT MEDICINES  
RUBBER GOODS  
STATIONERY  
DENNISON'S PAPER GOODS  
BELLE MEAD SWEETS  
KYANIZE  
ENAMELS AND VARNISHES

WE DO DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

# Times Change and We With Them



IT WAS a farm house of the colonial time, built before the architects were about. It was broad at the bottom, but broader at the top, with eaves where the swallows could nest in communal force. And the eaves reached down so low to the ground that I have myself ridden off the rear slope from the big chimney and dashed into a snowdrift—and none the worse for it. There were snow piles in those days! Almost to the eaves themselves! And under those eaves—

God bless them!—there were warm hearts; and there were also doughnuts in huge piles, and pumpkin pies in rows; and there were other comforts, for no one had then discovered bacteria, and we were in no danger from eating good food. When we got cold outdoors we could go inside and be warmed internally. The house was painted red, for that was the warm color, like the fire in the chimney, and I know no other reason why all old-time farm houses were of that color. Only the front was white, and there were green blinds—I think it was the fashion, and the time never was when anyone would be out of fashion—innovators and radicals excepted. Fashion, you must know, is simply doing what others do, and not bothering your head about it, and believing what others believe, with just a little trouble to yourself. It is a beautiful way of keeping us all alike, for what might come of it if no two ever did the same thing, or believed the same thing, or wore the same coat, or for that matter, loved the same person? The old-time people had a reason for the catechism. It was a good one. It kept them all together, like a regiment. Nowadays there are some who would even throw away the dictionary and spell the Lord knows how—just as each one pleases.

Over the double door reached the big arms of a great butternut. Do you know there is no tree in all the world so homelike as a butternut? Its arms are like those of a father, and it has not a stingy trait about it. Then you should lie, as I have, in September, and hear of a night the nuts falling off, one, or two, or three at a time on the roof. Rat, rat, rat, until our dreams were full of the joys of the morning; or, for that matter, even of the puddings, which should come of it when the meats were enough to fill a big bowl. Yes, indeed! a butternut pudding, with a plenty of cider, is good even in dreamland. To the back of the house was an orchard, where Spitzenbergs and Pearmaines grew. Some of the trees leaned so that we could walk up them, and sit with the birds. I, when a boy, knew a robin so well that she built her nest within five feet of me, while I whistled and talked to her. To the side of the orchard stood a fine grove of basswood, in which were fifty hives of bees, in two long houses—two rows in each house. There is nothing so wonderful in the world as an apple orchard in blossom. It is fit for worship. The trees are friendly and hearty. Their arms come low down to the ground, as if reaching after us. What wealth of blossom! There is no suggestion of niggardliness. Ah, even now I see the old grandmother in her chair, when the petals came down in a great shower and laid lovingly on her white hair. And the blessed mother beside her also. Nature loved them. There was a sweet fitness, and when we boys came to their side and brought the ripest Pearmaines and Lady Sweets, and otherwise identified them with the fruit, it was out of our hearts. But how shall I ever get to New Year's at this rate, for I am not yet half around the house, and my soul will not let me hurry on. To see things and hear things when they happen is well enough; but, ah, to have them in one's self and be able to call them out of the memory, that is worth the while. 'Tis better than any phonograph.

There was an offset in the turf, just beyond the harvest pear; and this was where the little mother had her pinks, and poppies, and bachelor buttons, and cinnamon roses, and Johnnie-Jump-ups. It was a place of marvelous beauty, and of marvelous work—of that I can testify. But it was delicious in the early morning, before the day was on a gridiron—and again after sundown. You should have seen the little mother and Granny Williams, or some other one, going about this treasure island in the midst of the world. "Ah, this!" and "Ah, that!" "It smells like a fresh young babe," said Granny Williams. "Indeed," said the little mother, "but I had not thought of that; but, as likely as not, for it has a soft pinkish yellow color." Then she would snuff at it, like any professor examining a new chemical mixture.

All the time she was gathering in her apron dropped rose leaves and poppy leaves to press between the leaves of the big Bible.

A little down the slope lay the vegetable garden of my father, full of long, narrow beds, all turned over each year by the spade and the spade. Oh, Lord! but yet I have the memory of it in my back. Why had they not thought of gardens to be furrowed by horsepower? But they had not. I think because they were yet too full of Old England, and a Yankee was, after all, the most imitative creature in the world. He shook his fist, and wagged his tongue like the great bell at Moscow at the world Englishman, but for all that he was himself English, both in his stomach and in his head. He not only spared his gardens, but he took his snuff like an Englishman, and he built his fence after an English pattern. What else could explain why he had so many little yards about our house, and built our house close down by the road? As if we were crowded into a little island, and had not room enough to turn around in. We are more independent now, and really are getting some notions of our own. But then our house stood only a stone's throw from the highway, and there was a little box of a yard in front, and this was full of locust trees and honeysuckles, and there at night the honey moths would come and play high-spy in the blossoms. George III, our great gray cat, would sit down to look at one that came too near—for what was it?—a bird or a butterfly? And like all of us, he was a bit of a naturalist. He liked very much to classify the world, but never hesitated to put the choicest specimens in his stomach, which is, I see, the way with other scientists. They will eat a megalothoroid as quick as a pig.

But you should have seen the "sturtions," as they grew in rows all about the vegetable beds, for our father also had an eye to beauty. Did he not set hollyhocks all about his corn fields? Then, when the great stalks of crimson and gold stood up in summer, and the folk that went by to church stopped to look with admiration, he said, "Truly, one shall not live by bread alone." And he liked best those neighbors who looked the longest, as the little mother liked best those who ate most of her goodies. The saffron, and dill, and the rue and rosemary, and caraway, and fennel, and the mints, grew by the brook that ran down back of the house and garden; and, indeed, there were also more of these herbs that stood always in the place of a family doctor. Indeed, you may look; but it was not so bad an exchange. And as for the notions, they may have been no worse than the guesses of the profession nowadays.

There is no good living where there are no brooks, and this was a brook of the first water. It bubbled out of a rocky hollow, some little secret cavern, and then it laughed and tumbled for half a mile before it got over its fun. The little mother in summer would walk with us there, and she would sometimes say, "Now, let us go father over to the gen, where the bigger brook is, and the ferns, and the witchhazel and the yellow birch, and the beechdrops." Oh, it was glorious fun! But at night, after work, the dear father would come early from the field, and say, "Now, let us all go for strawberries." Then—ah, how can I tell you such delicious joys! You know nothing of wild strawberries, much less do you know the delight of creeping about the meadows and down by the stumps in the pastures, while the hobnob whistles, and the brooks gurgled, as we gathered the long stems that lay lovingly against the grass.

Where are we? I had no business out of season and in midwinter to take you through snow banks to pick strawberries. But 'tis such tricks the memory plays. We will get at once back to the house. The front door, as you see, opens just in the middle in halves, and from that the hall runs back as straight as a Puritan's nose, right through everything, till it lands in the big kitchen. And the two halves of the door swing open separately. I know not why it was, unless it were an inheritance from pioneer days, when it was well to be able to look out and parley a little before opening the way for an Indian rush. So, at any rate, all the doors in those days were cut across the middle. In the big yard was the woodshed, and that was full of piles of wood as dry as tinder. It was the comfort of winter, and the very right arm of a successful home. From the woodshed we all went, kicking first the dirt from our boots, into the great living room, where we were all together. Over this door was twined with care a great bittersweet, and all over the stone curb of the well was a wild white-flowering clematis.

"Father," said the little priestess, "tis as well to cultivate the beautiful and enjoy it. Why

should it all be shut up in books?" "It is so," said my father. "God made the world, and he put the flowers here as well as the potatoes. I have no patience with those who do not follow God." "To be sure," said my little mother, "and the weeds are here to teach us diligence and patience." "But the quack," said my father, "that might as well be left out." "And the burdocks," said she, "are excellent for beer, and the leaves are good for draughts." "Perhaps, if we could see it," said he, "all things are good." "Tis for us to make the best of everything," said she. And as our Jim came up, she put her hand on his arm and on mine, and then said slowly: "Tis a world in which we can make beautiful boys and girls—if first we ourselves are right. What more could we ask?"

And the birds, ah, but you should have seen how they nested about that house. "They will eat all the cherries," said my Uncle George, and he rapped his cane lustily on the floor of the porch. But our father smiled and said, "Let us count them all into our family, and plant for them also when we plant." So he put in a few rows of peas more, and said, "They are for the orioles." And a dozen cherry trees down by the fence were for the robins. And for the cedar birds who have a cherry tooth. Then he went up to the wood's edge, nearby the big beeches, where there were wild cherries, and into these he put scions of finer sorts: "for the birds, my boys." So the robins, and the bluebirds, and the wrens, and indigo birds, and the goldfinches, and the catbirds, and all other sorts of thrushes and finches, and I can't tell you how many more, came to us; and they filled the trees with nests, and they paid for all they took in song and helpful labor. And a robin built its nest in the window seat of his bedroom and sang to him in the morning, while he lay in his bed. Ah, yes, they worked well together, my father and the birds.

The barn was not far away. "Tis not decent," said the little mother. "There should be shade for the cows and the pigs and the hens." "You are right, little mother," said my father; and he brought a load of willow sticks; and he planted them all the way around the barn and its yard. And these grew and thrived mightily, and at last they were a great grove, that hung all over the barn and hid it. The little mother said, "Did I not tell you?"—and then she drew the breath coolly through one corner of her mouth, as she surveyed the transformation. "Indeed, you did, little mother—you said it—and no one would have done it, had you not." And the hens cackled their delight, and the cows at night lay down facing the moon, as it sifted in between the leaves, and all day they were nicely comforted from the sun. And when old Daisy went to the tub to drink she would look up between sips, as if to say, "The Lord be praised for this shady yard." A true barnyard is a delightful place, full of peace and love. Lillah, the colle, comes and puts her head through the gate once an hour, and surveying matters, says, "Yes, all is as it should be; all is correct; then she goes back to run along where Jim and I and our father are at work in the orchard. Or if it be—and it really is—or it ought to be, New Year's day, she looks in at the kitchen window, and waits till we open the door that she may curl up by the fire. But George III gets up on his hind feet to the door latch and rattles it, and then waits till we let him in. A true cat is half human. Ah, if but—if they could once get articulation, what would come of it? It is well that they cannot for they would rout out and dispossess half or more of the human sort. So with quack and thistles, and talking cats, and collie dogs, we should be made either wiser or killed off.

"Come," said my uncle George, "let us make our New Year's call!" In those days it was not yet forgotten to be neighborly, and once a year we all expected to look in on each other, and break bread, or at least cut cake. And we sat down to a bit of gossip and exchanged news; and when it was over everybody knew all about everybody else, and there was no need at all to print it. But I shall tell you nothing at all about it. It was our own business and we were simple folks, and you who live today have your big notions and your new ways and you laugh too easily. So our New Year's day went by in its own homey way, and we had our calls; and we went home at night and rubbed our hands and our stomachs and were content. Not one of us envied your telephones and telegraphs and other knick-knacks—or ever gave them a thought. Bless the Lord, enough is enough, and it is not likely you have any more idea of what will be about a hundred years from now. Indeed I think they will call you savages. Pish, but what a world of conceit it is.

# Magazine Department

Interesting Features for Home Reading

## The Right Thing at the Right Time

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

### WITH THE SPOON

"Many things happen between the cup and the lip."

ARE you quite sure that you hold your spoon in the correct manner? It does seem a funny thing that so much depends on such an apparently unimportant matter. But you know yourself that if you see a person holding a spoon as you would a screwdriver or a garden spade, with the palm of the hand over the top and the thumb and fingers clasped on the reverse side, you would immediately put him down as lacking in good breeding. On the contrary, if you see a man or woman holding a spoon in an extremely mincing manner, with the little finger and ring finger held as far away from the other fingers as possible, you immediately assume that that person is trying to impress you with his extreme daintiness.

Properly, the spoon should be held between thumb and first finger, resting on the middle finger. Be careful not to hold it too far down toward the bowl.

Always raise the spoon to your mouth so that the side of the bowl touches the mouth, and not the point of the spoon. To do this one has to bring the spoon up at right angles, in a very awkward manner. Remember that you should never drink or sip from the tip of the spoon. Liquids should be taken from the side of the spoon, without sipping them and without actually putting the entire spoon into the mouth. Solids should be taken by laying the spoon between the lips and taking the contents into the mouth without the polishing process that is characteristic of children when they especially enjoy what they are eating.

Soft-boiled eggs are eaten with a spoon from the shell. It is a good idea to have bone egg spoons that do not discolor with the action of the egg, as do silver spoons.

Bouillon, when served in cups; tea, coffee and other beverages served in cups, should be taken with the spoon only enough to make sure that they are properly seasoned and that they are cool enough to drink. It is extremely bad form to consume the entire cupful with sips of the spoon.

No vegetables should be taken with a spoon that can possibly be eaten with a fork. To be sure, such things as

thin-stewed tomatoes, served in side saucers, cannot very easily be managed with a fork. Perhaps the right way to prepare them for the table is in solid enough form so that they can be managed without a spoon. Peas should not be eaten with a spoon, and for that reason it is no longer considered best to serve them cooked in milk. Many persons insist that ice cream is a fork food, and not spoon food. However, if spoons are served with this dainty, do not hesitate to use them. There is really nothing very bad form about using a spoon, and a great many persons do who are beyond reproach in table manners.

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PROUD  
"Why don't you pay a visit to the old home town?"  
"I went away in a filver."  
"Well?"  
"I'm waiting until I can go back in a limousine."

Billie Dove



The charming Billie Dove, popular musical show girl, has made her screen debut in a big motion picture. The winsome little dancer has a reputation of being a tireless worker. Very few actresses can appear on the legitimate stage at night and then work before the camera during the day. Miss Dove was an artist's model before going on the stage.

## "What's in a Name?"

Facts about your name: its history, meaning, whence it was derived, significance, your lucky day and lucky jewel

By MILDRED MARSHALL

### OLIVE

OLIVE, the sign of peace and joy, is one of the few feminine names which has no early Greek or Latin origin. It first appears in Italy, the land of the olive tree, whose branches have come to be the symbol of peace and harmony. Etymologists claim that, though it is closely associated with the Italian Oliviero, it would never have achieved popularity as a name but for the Teutonic Olaf (forefather's relic).

Oliviero, the paladin of Charlemagne, was most frequently in use among all those of the circle of paladins, and gave rise to the saying which

has since become a proverb, "giving a Rowland for an Oliver." English knights of high, chivalrous repute frequently bore the name of Oliver until the eminence of the Protector made "Old Noll" a word of hate among the cavaliers.

The feminine form, Olive, which was invented in Italy, was brought to England by the influx of Italian literature in the Tudor reign. Its form was then Olivia, and as such it still has great vogue, especially in literature and poetry. Goldsmith calls the unfortunate daughter of his inimitable "Vicar of Wakefield" Olivia, and many other heroines of that literary period bore the same name.

It is only of recent years that Olive gained preference over Olivia. The change came about in England, but was not long in reaching this country, and now Olive is a popular and fashionable name here.

The fire opal is the gem assigned to her. Its glowing, ever-changing heart promises good fortune to her for whom it is intended as an ornament and a talisman. The chrysanthemum is her flower. Wednesday is her lucky day and three her lucky number.

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## THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"ACADEMY"

IN THE days when Athens was regarded as the seat of learning for the entire world, the suburb, Akademia—so-called because it was supposed originally to have belonged to the Attic hero, Akademos—was used by the citizens as a gymnasium and conference ground. It was here that Plato purchased a small garden, in which he opened his school and taught his philosophy for more than 50 years, his scholars receiving the name of "Academics." Because of this, other public places designed for the gathering of the learned and the teaching of the young have been known as academies.

Cicero also had a villa or country-seat near Puteoli, which he called Akademia, in memory of the suburb of Athens, and it was this name which inspired him to name his famous work, "Questiones Academicæ." Possibly because of this fact Italy has had the honor of founding more academies of world-wide renown than any other nation, though the Academie Francaise, founded by Cardinal Richelieu in 1635, stands at the top of the list today.

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forgot to play dead. He just stood still and stared, but in a jiffy down he tumbled on the floor.

"We were in Mr. Coon's house when they opened the bag, but he did not stop. Out of the door he flew, and when I stopped laughing Mr. Possum was gone also. But I don't care; it was the funniest sight I ever saw, and I was well paid. And any time you want any help, Mr. Bear, I shall be glad to oblige you."

Mr. Bear thanked him, and when he went to sleep that night he said to himself: "I guess Mr. Coon and Mr. Possum have had a lesson that will last them awhile and a fellow can sleep in peace, even if he has a pantry filled with preserves."

(Copyright)



### MR. BEAR'S TRICK

MR. BEAR had been bothered a great deal by having his vegetables and fruits that he had preserved stolen from his pantry while he slept.

He felt quite sure it was Mr. Possum and Mr. Coon that helped themselves, but he had never been able to keep awake and catch them.

Often he had tried, but every time he had fallen asleep, and when he awoke they had been there and taken with them some of his stores.

Mr. Bear was a good-natured fellow and he disliked to harm anyone, so he set to work to think of a plan by which he could punish them and stop them from taking his preserves without catching them himself.

But, think as he would, there was only one plan that came to his mind, and while it was dangerous for Mr. Possum and Mr. Coon if they did not get away, he decided to risk it, or rather, let them take the risk.

One night Mr. Bear awoke, hearing some one running, and up he jumped from his hiding place, where he had again fallen asleep, and ran off in the direction he had heard the noise.

But instead of catching anyone he stumbled over a big bag of goodies which Mr. Possum and Mr. Coon had dropped when they heard him coming, and then it was that Mr. Bear made up his mind to try his scheme.

He went out of the woods and over to the farm not far away, and there he hid under some bushes and waited for Mr. Dog to come that way.

"Mr. Dog," he said, when he came along, "I have never harmed you and I shall not now, but you must do something for me tonight or I shall be very cross."

Mr. Bear had one paw on Mr. Dog and his teeth were not the sort Mr.

Dog wished to test as to their sharpness, so he meekly asked what it was that Mr. Bear wished him to do and said he was always willing to oblige a friend.

"I want you to do something that will give you a great deal of sport as well as help me, if you follow my plan," said Mr. Bear, as he walked away with Mr. Dog tucked under one arm.

All day he kept Mr. Dog in his house, but he was so polite and gave him such nice things to eat that Mr. Dog was glad he had carried him off.

When it was dark Mr. Bear took Mr. Dog to the place in the woods



Up He Jumped and Ran Off.

where Mr. Coon and Mr. Possum had dropped the bag and put him inside with some stones which he had wrapped well, so Mr. Dog would not be hurt.

"Now, do not move or bark until they untie the bag," cautioned Mr. Bear, "and if you do not see two astonished faces when you jump out my name is not Johnnie Bear."

Mr. Bear trotted off home and pretty soon along came Mr. Possum and Mr. Coon looking for the bag. "If he did not find it," said Mr. Possum, "it will be along here somewhere."

"Here it is," said Mr. Coon, spying the bag, and picking it up, he tossed it over one shoulder and off they ran.

"Did you catch either of them?" asked Mr. Bear the next day when Mr. Dog went around to tell him about it.

"No, I laughed so long that when I stopped they were both gone," said Mr. Dog. "Mr. Coon's mouth flew open with surprise and he tumbled over backward as I jumped out when he untied the bag. Mr. Possum almost

## Viewing the Future

Learn to see the future with unbleared eyes. Learn to think in terms of honest, unbiased thought and mountains will sink to molehills over night. Barring the times will not change the facts for the better. Every doubt breathed by you will breed doubts in others. Poisoned air injures all classes of beings. The world has had enough of the indigo philosophy, and knife and gun reformation. Such

things never get you anywhere. If your philosophy of life is what you claim it to be tell others about it. —Grit.

### Analyzing Quality.

"I know men who regard politics as a sort of sporting institution, like horse racing." "So do I," said Senator Sorghum; "only they don't usually give the candidates in an election nearly the conscientious and discriminating scrutiny that they apply to the entries for a turf event."

## Farewell, Old Year

The hours speed on, the night is late, Beside Time's open door I wait— A friend is passing and I bow To kiss his white and furrowed brow, And think of all his deeds, how true, The dearest friend I ever knew! He brought me peace, then health; then love, The sweetest gift all else above. He brought me smiles in place of tears And restful faith for troubled fears. This year that in the vernal spring Taught me pale lips to softly sing; This year that in the summer's shine

Brought roses to these cheeks of mine; This year that in the autumn's gold Taught my lone heart love's story old, Time's portals close, twelve strikes the bell. Farewell, old year. Farewell! Farewell! —Ruth Raymond.

### Distinction of Two Presidents.

Martin Van Buren, the eighth President, was the first President born after we had declared our independence of England, and John Tyler was the first born after the formation of the United States.



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Only on "Appro." In one of our ancient towns which has recently been the scene of a pageant, a party of Americans was being conducted over the admirable abbey. The age of this part and that were pointed out by a learned attendant, and, at length: "That arch," said he, "may possibly go back to Alfreda and Edward." "Don't you like it?" said a guest promptly. The attendant explained that he did not understand. "Why are you sending it back, anyway? Doesn't it suit you?" Called to Order. Father (sternly, at breakfast the next morning): "You are not under the impression that you are living in Norway, are you?" His Son and Heir—Er—no. W-what makes you ask me? Father—Nothing; only from the time you got in last night I concluded you thought this was the land of the midnight sun. See that you are not out later than ten tonight, or you will hear from me.

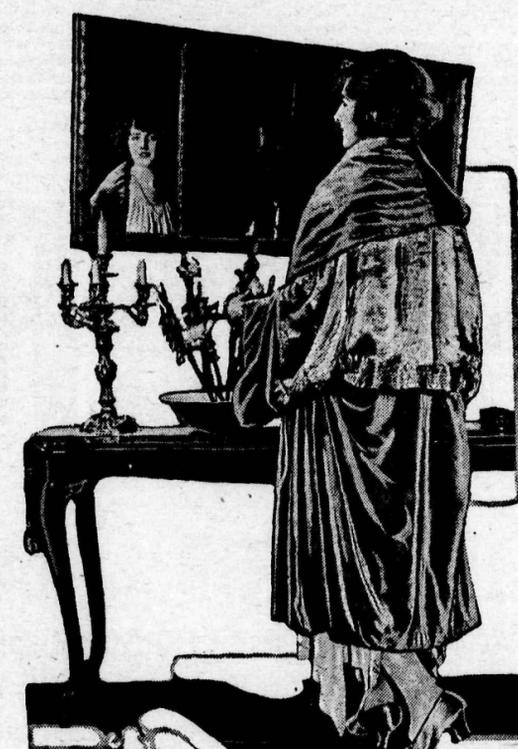
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INDOOR AND OUTDOOR FROCKS; VARIETY IN EVENING WRAPS



For Outdoor and Indoor.

FASHION has turned away from the vogue for all-black and severely simple styles. It has lost patience with "the little black rag" of a dress, which captivated womankind in the summer time and showed a disposition to linger long in the lap of winter. Sedate colors touched up with lively ones have replaced it. For street wear nothing is so popular just now as dark blue, and for afternoon both dark and strong blues are favorites. Black frocks are touched up with royal blue and this color is highly considered for evening in gowns and wraps. For all-day wear, dark blue dresses, embroidered in self-color are livened with facings and pipings of georgette, in emerald green, henna, scarlet, American Beauty or in quieter tones, as sand and beige. An all-day dress, as pictured here, is made of navy blue Poiret twill and satin.



Handsome Wrap From Paris

with silk embroidery in the same color. Crepe de chine or any of the various crepe weaves might be chosen to make the indoor dress pictured, but it is shown in a combination of crepe and satin. It is a fine model to choose for a made-over frock, since a little new material matching the made-over dress in color and fashioned like the picture will provide a pretty and up-to-the-minute dress. A foundation skirt is covered with alternating folds of satin and crepe, and an underbodice of satin has an emplacement of crepe with pleated edges at the back and front. With the average woman the talk is not often of gorgeous evening wraps, but when it is we find much in the way of variety to discuss. In these wraps, as in millinery for dress occasions, the designer may indulge a love for color. Or he may show his resourcefulness

Dress Accessory. One of the newest fancy dress ornaments is the basket lavalliere. This is a metal basket, gracefully shaped and filled with flowers or fruits enameled in color. The lavalliere is hung on a slender chain. A Wrap of Crepe. While the cool weather has brought out wool wraps, a smart shopper wore a loose one of fine black Canton crepe, trimmed near the bottom with a lattice insert, evidently made from the silk. Leather. Equal parts of boiled linseed oil and vinegar will clean leather. Shake them together well and pour a little on a flannel, rub into the leather and polish with a soft cloth. To Remove Tar From Clothes. To remove tar from clothes rub butter or lard over the tar spots, then wash with soap and water. Apply oil of turpentine, let remain for one hour and wash again.

TIGHT WINDOWS SAVE COAL BILL

To Keep Home Comfortable It Will Be Found That Stopping Up Cracks Helps Greatly.

LEAKAGE BIG ON WINDY DAYS

Ordinary Felt Weather Stripping Helps to Keep Out Cold Air and Reduces Fuel Cost—Also Keeps Out Dirt and Smoke.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Stopping up cracks around doors and windows is an important factor in cutting down the coal bill and keeping the rooms comfortable, according to Farmers' Bulletin 1194, Operating a Home Heating Plant, published by the United States Department of Agriculture. More fuel invariably is consumed in a house with loosely fitted windows than in one where the cracks are protected. In the windward rooms of some houses on particularly cold, windy days the



Make Windows Tight With Weather Stripping.

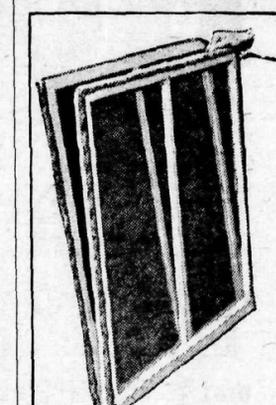
leakage about window and door framing will be so great that the rooms can not be heated to a comfortable temperature, even by forcing the furnace to its limit.

Small Cracks Let in Much Air.

Light-fitting windows, says the bulletin, are essential if leakage losses are to be kept down. Ordinary felt weather stripping helps to reduce this loss. Metal weather stripping is still better and aids materially in saving fuel. Tests have demonstrated that it is possible, by the use of metal weather stripping, to reduce by 88 per cent the leakage through a 1-32-inch crack when the wind is blowing 15 miles an hour and by 83 per cent with a 30-mile wind.

The condition of the windows in a building, whether tight, loose or just loose enough to rattle plays a very important part not only in the comfort derived from a heating plant but more noticeably in the annual cost of operation. Suitable metal weather stripping frequently reduces by 15 to 20 per cent the radiation required.

The prevention of window leakage means a saving of heat and a lessening



Putting Weather Strips on Windows.

of dirt blown into the house. In a certain apartment house, says the bulletin, situated near a railroad station in a large city, during the first season of its occupancy the heating system supplied sufficient heat with a reasonable economy of fuel, but smoke and dust were a nuisance. Metal weather stripping was applied before the next heating season, and as a result the temperature of the rooms was too high.

Big Fuel Saving.

A fuel saving of 15 to 25 per cent appears possible by equipping windows and doors with metal stripping. If, therefore, metal stripping is put in when a house is built, it is possible to reduce the size and cost of the heating plant in proportion to the reduction in radiation surface made possible. The cost of metal weather stripping may frequently be offset by the reduction in the cost of the heating plant.

Copies of the bulletin may be had upon request of the department at Washington, D. C.

Restoring Colors.

The color can be restored to lavender or pink wash shirtwaists by soaking for ten minutes in cold water to which a half cupful of vinegar has been added to every quart. Wring out and iron while slightly damp.

Heating the Raisins.

To keep the raisins in a cake from sinking to the bottom set them into the oven in a shallow pan and allow them to plump up and become heated through before adding to the batter. Then stir them in lightly the last thing.

HOT LUNCHES SERVED IN COUNTRY SCHOOLS

Midday Meal Presents Big Problem in Some Cases.

Offers Favorable Opportunity to Inculcate Habits of Cleanliness and to Teach Children Sanitation and Simple Cookery.

While the carrying of lunches is by far the most common practice, taking country and town together, there are few cases in which it is not desirable for the school to share with the home the responsibility for the noonday meal. In some places the task for the school may be hardly more than that of providing clean and safe places for lunch baskets, where the food will not be likely to become dirty or spoiled. In others it may be practicable to provide by one means or another a hot dish with which to supplement foods brought from home. In still others, particularly where large attendance and many teachers and other workers make subdivision of labor a comparatively easy matter, it may be possible for the school to establish and maintain lunch rooms.

It is in the small country school with only one teacher that the midday meal presents the most difficult problems. The common custom is still for the pupils to bring their lunches, but there is a growing tendency to try the experiment of preparing part of the meal at school, and of allowing time for serving it carefully. If rightly handled, the meal, even under the unusual difficulties presented in the rural school, may offer the most favorable of all opportunities to inculcate habits of cleanliness and to teach sanitation and simple cookery. The situation, however, requires a tenacity of ingenuity and of enthusiasm for her work.

The simplest of equipments includes a large kettle suitable to be used on the stove that heats the schoolhouse, measuring cup and spoons, paring knife, mixing spoon, dish pans, and towels. It will usually be possible for the boys to make a set of shelves for the dishes, using box lumber if no other is available, and for the girls to make curtains or other coverings for protecting the dishes from dust. The pupils will, as a rule, be found willing to bring plates, cups, bowls and spoons to keep down expenses. A fireless cooker is convenient for meat steews, meat and bean soups, cereal mushes, and many other dishes that require long cooking.

The recipes for the dishes cooked for lunch may be given to the older girls in school, discussed in class, and tried at home. The special dish for the day, which in winter is usually hot and in summer cold, can be prepared and served at noon by the girls in turn, working in groups, suggest home economics specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. It will often be necessary to serve the food to the children at their seats, a practice which is not especially objectionable if the schoolhouse is clean and well ventilated, the desks carefully cleaned before meals, and the building thoroughly screened to keep out flies.

GIVE BRUSHES PROPER CARE

One Used for Oil Paint or Stain Should Be Thoroughly Washed in Turpentine.

Brushes for applying stain, varnish, paint, and oil are manufactured in various sizes and qualities. In general, a wide brush of good quality will be found most convenient and economical, and if properly cared for can be used over and over again, it is pointed out in Farmers' Bulletin 1219, Floors and Floor Coverings, recently issued by the United States Department of Agriculture.

A varnish brush may be kept in the varnish in which it is used, or in case of shellac varnish, in alcohol; but brushes used in oil paint and oil stain, unless they are to be used again within a few days, should be thoroughly washed in turpentine or kerosene, rinsed in gasoline or benzine, washed again in warm soapsuds, thoroughly shaken, and hung up to dry with the bristles down. Paint brushes that are to be used again the next day may simply be wrapped in several thicknesses of paper, or they may be kept for several days with the bristles submerged in turpentine or kerosene. If kerosene is used, the brush must be shaken and rinsed in turpentine before it is put into paint again. Brushes used in water stain may be washed and rinsed in clear water.

All Around the House

Never favor a boiled custard until cold. If soap is allowed time to harden it will last twice as long. A little curry powder added to soups or stews makes the dish quite different in taste. An orange, apple or lemon put in the box with sweet cakes gives a delicious flavor. A tablespoonful of vinegar added to the last rinsing water in which silk, crepe de chine and ribbons are washed freshens the colors. Do not put much garnish on a dish which has to be carved. Cooking in a casserole is economical, labor-saving, thorough and cleanly. The secret of good pastry is to be niggardly with water as if it cost a dollar a drop. Fancy cake tins, whether large or small, should be well greased with melted butter and dusted with a mixture of flour and castor sugar.

FLATLY REFUSED TO "SLIDE"

Elderly Lady's Dignity Was Hurt by Request Made to Her by Fellow Passenger.

She was one of those fussy little old women, all primed and with her hair in a curl. When she got aboard the street car several men—yes, there are some who still respect gray hairs on a street car—got up and offered a seat. She accepted one gentlemanly proffer, but didn't keep the seat long. When she had finally found repose a woman next to her said: "Would you mind sliding over just a bit, please? Then another lady can have a seat."

Her gray-haired majesty rose to lofty heights. "Slide? Slide?" she sputtered. "I will not slide. I will arise and take my body elsewhere."

And, sulking her actions to her word, she arose and took her body up to the front of the car, where her dignity would not be assaulted by a request to slide.—Indianapolis News.

DIDN'T HAVE TO HAVE PROOFS

Colored Lady Had Confidence in the Ability of Witnesses to Sustain Her Charge.

A southern magistrate had before him as a complaining witness a colored woman who had caused to be held a man on the charge that he had attacked her with a pair of scissors. "He mighty neah gouged my eye out, Jedge," she said. "He poked me in the face with them scissors, Jedge, not once, but fo' or five times. He jest cut up my face like it was a yard of ribbon. There ain't no mo' dangerous man alive, Jedge."

The magistrate looked her over. She had a wide, smooth, yellow face that did not have a mark on it. He told her to repeat her story, and she went through it again, telling how the man had slashed her face with that pair of scissors. "But," said the judge, "there isn't a mark on your face."

"Marks!" she exclaimed indignantly. "Marks! What I care fo' marks, lemme ask yo' that? I got witnesses, I tell you!"

OLD SAYING PROVED UNTRUE

For Once, at Least, a Physician Was Willing to Take His Own Medicine.

"They say," remarked George L. Fallon, the noted aeronaut, on the Aquitania, "that doctors never take their own medicine, and in my youth I believed that lie.

"Once, however, I made a very stormy passage across the Atlantic, and got frightfully seasick. The ship's doctor, a genial young chap, prescribed champagne for me, a half bottle twice a day, and say, I wish you could have seen the perfect and unfailing regularity with which that young medico would drop in at the appointed hour and join me in carrying out his prescription.

Blessings of Obscurity.

"Doesn't it make you discontented to read about movie stars getting \$2,000 a week?" "Sometimes it does," said the citizen whose income is \$3,000 a year, "but, on the other hand, it is a lot of satisfaction for me to know that I don't have to tell an inquisitive public what I eat, what I wear, how I amuse myself in my leisure moments and the exact state of my affections from day to day."

Pulled Through.

"Your son has settled down to hard work." "Yes," said the proud father. "I'm glad now that I had confidence in the boy. When he took to playing the ukulele and 'stepped on the gas' when he wasn't dancing, I got a bit discouraged, but I kept telling mother not to worry, that he'd make a man out of himself yet."

Foolish Question.

Careless like—Any of you fellows see a pair of leggings around here? Boston Mike—Well, as there are about two hundred men in this company and they all wear leggings, I don't suppose it would surprise them any if they did see a pair.—The Leatherneck.

Conserving Her Energy.

Mr. Constant Knagg—You don't mean to tell me your wife allows you to interrupt her lectures? Mr. Henry N. Peck—Along toward the finish she gives me a slight chance while she gathers her breath for the last word.

Just So.

"All the world's a stage." "And there's only room for a few end men."

MOTHER! MOVE

CHILD'S BOWELS WITH CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

Hurry, mother! Even a sick child loves the 'fruity' taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. If constipated, bilious, feverish, fretful, has cold, colic, or if stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember a good cleansing of the little bowels is often all that is necessary.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.—Advertisement.

COMPANION KNEW "OLD BIRD"

Inquiry Brought Instant Response Considerably Embarrassing to Youthful New Teacher.

I was just out of college and had gone for the first time to teach in a high school. I had not yet lost my college girl propensity for seeking to extract fun out of everything, whether serious or comic. A formal meeting of the faculty of the city was in progress, with the prominent school men—superintendent, commissioners, and principals—seated on the platform. Among them was a severe-looking old pedagogue with a long white, flowing beard.

Next to me sat a sedate woman whom I rashly had taken to be a new member of the faculty. I turned to her with what I supposed to be an infectious burst of confidence and giggled: "Who's the old bird with the whiskers?"

The woman turned her face directly toward me, looked me up and down, with an expression that congealed the blood within me, and said, curtly: "My father!"—Chicago Tribune.

No Interference.

"Didn't you see Jimmy?" demanded Mrs. Jones. "I did," said Mr. Jones. "He was playing ball, and when I saw him he was on second base."

"Well, why didn't you bring him home?"

"My dear, I wasn't in the game. It was up to the batter to bring him home."—Chicago Herald.

Nature Studies.

Mrs. Porcupine—I understand that all the great nations of the earth are considering disarmament. Mr. Porcupine—Well, they can talk about disarmament all they've a mind to, but these here quills of mine are going to stick right on my back.

Colorful.

"Your narrative is too highly colored," remarked the editor, returning the bulky manuscript. "In what way?" inquired the disappointed author.

"Why," replied the editor "in the very first chapter you make the old man turn purple with rage, the villain turn blue with cold."—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Page Mr. Edison.

"I've heard that the new talking machines have an automatic self-stopping device." "Huh! Then my wife must be an old model."

Not Normal.

Bernard—Been fishing? Peters—Yes. "Caught anything?" "No; even the fish refuse to return to their prewar bait."—London Answers.

Coming to a Showdown.

Jennie—"Do you approve of knickerbockers for women?" Lizzie—"Not if they're any longer than skirts."

Great Expectations.

"The manager paid Sybil a great compliment." "How so?" "He offered her a thinking part!"

Doubtful.

"Maud appears to be well preserved." "Oh, yes; but I hardly think she would stand a chemical analysis."—Boston Transcript.

Slumped.

Madge—He used to tell her that the world was his if she'd only love him. Marjorie—Now they're married he can't even get an apartment.—New York Sun.

An Interested Party.

First Turkey—Believe in disarmament? Second Turkey—Certainly; I'd start with the ax. Conscience enables people to feel sorry when they are found out.

Advertisement for Bayer Aspirin. Includes the Bayer logo and the text: 'Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN. Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer." WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 24 years and proved safe by millions for Colds, Toothache, Earache, Headache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Pain, Pain. Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoclonalacetate of Salicylic Acid.

Tuckerton Beacon

Established 1889
E. MOSS MATHIS, Editor and Publisher
Subscription Price: \$1.50 per year.

Thursday Afternoon, Dec. 29, 1921

Have Faith in God

A Sermon for Thoughtful People
by
Chaplain H. H. Lippincott, A. B.
S. T. B., A. M., U. S. Navy

"Man loves to investigate what can be investigated and silently adores the things that cannot be explained."

The best things in life are characterized by simplicity, at least, this is so, as far as all practical requirements are concerned. Religion, in an abstract interpretation, may have its questions, it may be complex, or indeed it may be distasteful and repulsive—to love God with all our soul and our neighbor as ourself—this is clearly within the reach of every man.

A man's relation to the best things in life determines his worth or worthlessness. If he passes up moral values, he stands a moral fool. If he ignores the sweet and Holy challenge of virtuous commandments, he becomes, or rather is, a faithless degenerate. If he spurns the transforming appeal of Religion, the mightiest and Holiest incentive in life, he loses the finer things, starves out the life of his soul, and at last drifts off into the remorseful shadows of the grave to pay full toll of eternal shipwreck.

Heaven pity the man that God gives seventy years of opportunity—opportunities, the reach of which, may go out to the sublime delights of Eternity's Forever—I say may a kind heaven have mercy on the soul of the man that wastes the time that God entrusts him with, that squanders in riotous living the life that is his, and who, when life wears on, and the years come when the nerves are dead to everything but pain, looks back with nothing but regret for the life that he has led. Such a man slips out into quiet of life's tomorrow with grave forebodings hanging o'er his soul, with fearful misgivings concerning the justified rewards that must be his, and with heart-shaking helplessness weighing heavily upon him.

If life has the possibility of a worthy character and its equivalent destiny it is equally true that it holds the possibility of failure and shipwreck, with a corresponding destiny. The critical matter in the situation swings on human choice. It is here that we either make good or blunder, here that we succeed or fail, and here that we become eternal beings or temporary creatures. Our destiny is decided within us and not without. Will and Idea is the explanation of our life and the interpretation of the world we live in. Out of these stuffs we build either an immortal career or a wasted life. Back beyond Will and Idea there is a strong disposition in our human hearts that seeks to silently adore the things that cannot be explained. Let this tendency, this Divine spark, this incentive, as an unerring compass set your course. Keep alive your sense of wonder, be reverent, and nourish and develop your instinctive worship for your Maker. Have faith in God! Nothing will pass away, new orders will come, but a man's faith, if well grounded, sticks by him. It fires him with appealing ideals in youth, steadies him in the heat and toil of middle life, comforts and consoles him as he creeps slowly but surely toward the grave, and in the end, rewards him with hopes fulfilled and life eternal.

When the immortal Longfellow died, Emerson, his life long friend was asked to pay a tribute to the great poet by saying a few words at

the funeral. There are few incidents more pathetic than the scene that followed. Emerson, with the burdens of age weighing heavily upon him stood up to speak. Surely something could be said that would well benefit the occasion for few minds in that generation could equal the gigantic intellect of that world-famed New Englander. Emerson began, "The gentleman that lies here was a very beautiful soul—but I have forgotten his name." It was not the Emerson of other days, he had changed, time had cut deeply in upon him, his mind that had stood him in good stead so many years went back on him—he had forgotten Longfellow.

Things pass away, life fades out, and circumstances constantly shift one way and another. "Religion" only "is the first and last thing." Have faith in God! This is the ideal this is the meaning of life, beyond this no man can go, at least, it does not seem necessary to go further. Faith is the hope that drags us over into tomorrow, aye, the next hour is only ours by believing. We reach out beyond ourselves only by this "Will to Believe" that is ours. So back into our faith in God roots all the worth in human life. Take this away and there would be a universal reign of hideous pessimism. This is why I speak to you about this theme which lies so closely to my heart. Have faith in God!

Of course, a world like ours, complex and strange as it is, always finds its negative to every positive. Profound thought is answered with the hidings of the foolish. Goodness is condemned by those who follow evil. Believers are put over against the skeptics.

In like manner, as I come to you, I realize that over against this challenge to "have faith in God" there is put the sordid backwash of empty thought. Words, however, are cheap. Anybody can use them and they don't wear out. The blatant ignoramus soils them or makes them speak but folly. The prophetic seer, with a

MODERN DAY MIRACLES

American Chemists Have Accomplished the Wonders Which Ancient Chemists Strived for by the Utilization of Coal Tar By-Products

(Told in Eight Sketches)
By JOHN RAYMOND

No. IV THE ALCHEMIST'S DREAM

Through the literature of the ancients runs the absorbing story of the alchemist's patient search for the touchstone which would transform all base metals into pure gold, and the never-ending quest for the elixir which would restore youth to the aged and would cure all human ills. The alchemist, driven from cellar to garret and often put to death, had an elemental knowledge of chemistry and vaguely dreamed that it could be made to perform wonders.

It was Ben Jonson's alchemist, Subtle, back in the early seventeenth century who planned "to change all that is in my house to gold, and early in the morning to send to all the plumbers and pewterers and buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury for all the copper. And more than that, by means of this magic elixir, in eight and twenty days he planned to transform an old man of four score into a prattling child.

Certainly, chemistry has not succeeded in performing these marvels. The philosopher's stone still is an unknown quantity to science, buried, perhaps, with the pot of gold at the rainbow's end, and the elixir of youth is as deeply hidden as on that far-off day when De Soto set forth so bravely from Spain to find it in the new world. But chemistry has accomplished wonders by the utilization of coal tar by-products which contribute to every phase of our daily life. Take the fairy glass of the chemist and look into this rather uninteresting substance—coal.

We put a kettle of it over a fire and we see leaving at various times what the chemist calls the Crudes—benzene, toluene, xylene, naphthalene, phenol, anthracene, carbazol, and some others. But these are the most important. Some are clear liquids, some are beautiful crystals, but all are brought out of the black coal tar by the magician's wand, which is simply fractional distillation; that is, catching and condensing the vapors given off at various temperatures.

Now, what of the crudes? Add nitric acid, or any one of hundreds of chemicals, and either heat or cool as the case may be, and we get a host of other compounds, described as intermediates. Although some of the crudes and many of the intermediates are useful as such, the real development begins with the chemical treatment of the intermediates. With many of these intermediates, one line of treatment will produce drugs, another high explosives, another poison gases, still other perfumes, food flavors and photographic materials. Some have varying peace and war time uses without further treatment. It should be noted that some of these crudes require as many as fifteen manipulations to produce a given compound and in each manipulation a by-product is produced which again must be made into something useful in order to avoid waste.

It is because of this treatment and retreatment of coal, crudes and intermediates that it is so easy to convert a dye plant into a factory for the production of high explosives or poisonous gases almost overnight.

Germany was indeed farsighted, back in 1859, when she took advantage of Perkin's discovery, and began the development of a gigantic dye industry so that she might never be without the crudes and intermediates so essential to success in war or peace. Germany developed the synthetic dye industry, just as she developed other industries, to create employment and wealth for her millions. But through these developments she learned the value of chemistry, of chemicals, and of chemists themselves. She realized early how dependent her peace development was on chemistry and she soon saw the value of chemical industries to war. Germany saw that the manufacture of dyes required much chemical research and also that dye making made use of the waste products from the coke ovens, themselves a necessity to her iron and steel industry. She saw its value in the production of explosives, gases and fertilizers for her fields. This foresight gave Germany a forty year start on the United States, and the rest of the world.

subtle and far reaching insight plans up an ideal, strains it through the prism of his own spiritual experiences, and then breathes into words immortal ideas and thoughts divine. The worth of words is measured by the values they express. For instance Kipling wrote a bit of sentiment about cigars. For pastime reading it fills in quite well—but no one ever turns to its lines when life is shadowed with some appalling sorrow. When war broke out, the British Empire sent her soldiers to the front amidst the reverberating echoes of "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," "But when the conflict in Flanders Field, like a faithful dream, burst into a mud and blood reality in actual life, when the staggering toll of the dead and missing was reported back, and when the future looked so doubtful, the popular song gave way to a national prayer and all England picked up the strains of Kipling's finer verse and sang "Lord God, be with us yet, Lest we forget, Lest we forget." So, crowded into the four words "Have faith in God!" lie meanings, hopes, and eternal worth and no sordid backwash of empty thought can prove it otherwise.

A man's actions, with unerring accuracy, generally bespeak his inner worth. Just as chaff is blown about by winds there are men who foolishly and aimlessly drift about in life. They intimate that they need no God and they are right—their little life is not big enough to harbor such great thoughts. They have no faith in God, consequently, they live a life in keeping with the shallow and meaningless creed they profess to hold.

As Calculus means nothing to the benighted and suspicious savage, just so God often has no meaning for a man whose life lacks the equipment necessary to respond to such great things. The ether about us is charged with intelligent communications, whispering all around us there are continuous electric signals, they come from Central Europe, from the Med-

DYE WORKS

FOR PERKIN'S DISCOVERY
WARR

Have faith in God! This, notwithstanding what is said to the contrary, is a reasonable procedure. The mathematics of its logic is convincing to the intellect and satisfying to the heart. Reflection on the meaning of

life instills within us a quest for what is real. In the everchanging flux of speeding-centuries we long for some permanent and immutable ideal upon which we can pin our hopes. For the thinker, all things, sooner or later come down to the reign of law, which in turn is reduced to an activity that expresses a backlying agency. Law itself means nothing except as it, with 3 letters from a common alphabet, gives a name to activity that we find. When we ask what activity, it changes spontaneously to the question of whose activity, and the answer, after 7,000 years of thinking, comes to us from the most profound it is agency. Now the only real agent that we know is wrapped up in personality. If there is something greater it is beyond us. At any rate then, back of the world as the final and sufficient cause lies a personality or a super personality, either of which justifies our faith in God. Nor can there be more than one adequate cause, for the settled fact that the unity and harmony in this world of all activities is only possible thru the all embracing and eminent activity of the theistic and all inclusive One.

Nor can we forget the insistence of the human heart as a justifiable ground for our faith in God. A babe with its little pink and untrained fingers clings to its mother's neck long before it has any knowledge of the relationship that exists. In the short and mysterious adventure of life we too are babes with instincts that remain compelling spiritual powers that keep us clinging to a God. To condemn us for this universal longing and conviction would be just as reasonable as condemning a new born child for clinging to its mother for protection and sustenance. Whether it be true or not, there lies buried in our deeper self a faith in God.

Are these sublime and lofty hopes nothing more than tantalizing bubbles that will one day burst forever? "I will not believe" says Sir Oliver Lodge, the greatest living physicist, "that it is given to man to have higher and nobler thoughts than the real truth of things." This is the keen and heart shaking insistence of the heart—if we disregard the dictates of our hearts, life will not be a very exalted program. When sorrow comes we do not need to know the full explanation, we will be satisfied if we can only know that there is an explanation. The logic of the heart is greater than the mechanics of our creeds. What it dictates, if we are to keep the finer and deeper things of life, we must believe. Against this conviction atheists have thundered their anathemas, skeptics have hurled their defiance, and fools have poked their fun, but today the human heart with its restlessness helplessly hangs on to its God, aye, there comes times when even the blatant infidel is forced to speak what smolders in his soul. Renan in such a moment said,

"man in his best hours is always deeply religious." Donald Hankey in the trenches wrote that it is a safe gamble to bet one's life there is a God—he took the bet and made the supreme sacrifice and who will dare to say he lost? The heart within you stands a warrant for a full, vigorous, and convincing faith in God.

That faith in God is a reasonable procedure the profound and virtuous thinking in every age attests. Beginning with the ancient Book of the Dead of the early Egyptians, scholars have always claimed this conviction. It may not be demonstrable like a chicken dinner or a football game—its subtle character and essence does not hang on such temporary threads—rather it roots back through the spiritual mystery of our inner selves into the invisible. As our world revolves under the influences of forces that lie beyond it, we live our lives under the spell of things unseen. All that is of pre-eminent value in life grows with, or grows out of, the adorable faith that links us up with the Eternal.

In these things we believe first "as Columbus did" and then find new worlds because what faith first suggested a great adventure has confirmed." At least this is the record of the outstanding thinkers whose profound thought dragged their backward generations forth in progress. Call the roll of the philosophers, of the founders of ethical systems, of the pioneer scientists, and you will find that in proportion to the profundity of thought runs the conviction in regard to having faith in God. Listen to John Muir's spiritual proclamation when in a fit of ecstasy he sets his eyes for the first time on some such marvel of nature as Snow-capped Mt. Ranier or Plato, the immortal prophet expounding dreams of things ideal. Faith in God is no makeshift, it is the pillar upon which the foundations of all worthwhile life is built. Have faith in God!

In the code of life, the rules of the road most emphatically emphasize the fact that righteousness points Godward. Its the good man that believes in God. Whether he believes in God because he is a good man, or is a good man because he believes in God, may be a question, but one thing is sure, and that is, that believing in God and being good are inseparably tangled up together in all our life. And indeed retarded and belated judgments may suggest their problems in this regard, but eternity is not timed with our little cog-wheeled clocks. God is not in a hurry—even if we sometimes are—at least, it often seems that we are. However the man whose qualities we value most is never paid on Saturday night—he sets his course by the gleam of righteousness' far off star and contentedly plies his career with a patience that must wait until the "far off Divine event" brings him his justified reward. All that we know, and all that

we need to know is that goodness of life gravitates eternally toward our God. Take it any way you will, then, faith in God is a reasonable procedure. (Continued on opposite page)

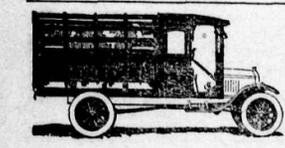
TUCKERTON RAILROAD CO.
operating Philadelphia and Beach Haven
IN EFFECT SEPTEMBER 26, 1921
Trains from New York and Philadelphia to Tuckerton, Beach Haven and Barnegat City

Table with columns: STATIONS, Daily, Mon. Wed. and Fri. only, Daily, Sun. only, Daily, Sun. only. Rows include NY, PRR, Trenton, Philadelphia, Camden, Mt. Holly, Whiting, etc.

Trains from Tuckerton, Beach Haven, and Barnegat City to Philadelphia and New York
Table with columns: STATIONS, Daily, Mon. Wed. and Fri. only, Daily, Sun. only, Daily, Sun. only. Rows include NY, PRR, Club House, etc.

Indicates flag stations
Commencing Monday, October 3rd, 1921, Trains leaving Beach Haven at 7:00 A. M., and Tuckerton at 7:17 A. M., will connect at Whiting (Monday only) with the Central R. of N. J. train, arriving at New York Liberty Street 10:40 A. M. West 23rd Street at 10:58 A. M.

HORNER'S CASH STORES
PRE-INVENTORY SALE
TAKE ADVANTAGE of this MONEY SAVING opportunity. January 1st, we take inventory of every item of merchandise in stock, and to simplify matters we have decided to give our customers the advantage of reduced prices. Read carefully every item and save money this week.
List of products and prices: 29c MIXTURES, 25c MIXED NUTS, 25c HARD CANDY, 25c PEANUT BRITTLE, 29c POP CORN, 37c Almonds and Walnuts, 25c Lemon and Orange Peel, 5c SAFETY MATCHES, Clover Bloom Butter 50c, Excelsior Coffee 25c, Meats of All Kinds, White Flour 49c, Fruits and Vegetables, Condensed Milk 5c, Hot Bread 7c loaf.



Best Body for Hauling Stock

This new rack is the latest in stock body design and has many superior features. It has a loading chute with a floor that folds up and forms rear door to rack. Enables you to load stock anywhere.

TUCKERTON GARAGE
Authorized Ford Dealers
TUCKERTON, N. J.

TYPEWRITERS!
All makes and all styles fit up. Some that were used and released by the U. S. Gov't. Bargains. State your needs and we will describe and quote. The LINOWRITER, a printing office necessary! Ribbons any color 7/8 delivered. Give name and model. Carbon paper 8x11 100 sheets \$1.95 deliv'd. Empire Type Foundry, Mfg. Wood Type, Metal Type, Printers Supplies, Buffalo, N. Y.

Be Ready for Cold Snaps!

Warms the room where it stands and circulates surplus Hot-Water to Radiators in other rooms. Repays its costs in fuel-savings. Running water not necessary.

IDEAL-Arcola Radiator-Boiler

Requires no cellar and warms comfortably four or five rooms by the superior hot-water heat. Easy to care for, and uses surprisingly little coal. Clean, good-looking and absolutely safe; no fire risk. IDEAL HEATING PLANT FOR SMALL BUILDINGS. Get estimate today without any obligation to you. C. H. ELLISON PLUMBING & HEATING TUCKERTON



LOCAL NEWS

SOCIETIES

TUCKERTON CHAPTER NO. 54 O. E. S. Meets every 2nd and 4th Friday evening...

TUCKERTON LODGE NO. 4, F. & A. M. Meets every 2nd and 4th Tuesday evening...

LAKESIDE COUNCIL NO. 53, O. E. S. Meets every 2nd and 4th Friday evening...

RELIANCE COUNCIL NO. 155 D. of L. Meets every Thursday evening in the Red Men's Hall...

FOHATONG TRIBE NO. 61, I. M. P. D. Meets every Saturday night in Red Men's Hall...

OCEAN LODGE NO. 53, I. O. O. F. Meets every Wednesday evening in Red Men's Hall...

FUTUAL BENEFIT BUILDING LOAN ASSOCIATION Meets at P. O. Building on the last Saturday evening of each month...

COLUMBIA TEMPLE, 40, 50, L. of G. E. Meets every Tuesday night in K. of G. E. Hall...

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

FOR SALE—Small boat. Apply to George O. Hickman, Tuckerton.

FOR SALE—All kinds of Lumber. Cheap. Delivered anywhere. American Construction Company, Toms River. Phone 219 & 34W. 1tc.

FOR SALE—Five good tires 34x4 inner tubes; demountable rim attached. In very good shape. Will sell for \$25 per tire. Carol W. Stratton, Beach aven, N. J. 12-22 tf

FOR SALE—Brass force pump with faucet. Also 22 white leghorn hens and 1 rooster, trap nested and Barron strain. Jack Palmer, West Main street, Tuckerton. 12-8tf

FOR SALE—Sneak box and decoys. Apply to J. E. Updike, Wading River, N. J. 12-29 3tc.

TRUCKING and HAULING of every description. Anytime and anywhere. Jack Palmer, West Main Street, Tuckerton. 12-8tf

FOR SALE—One small Cook Stove, size No. 7; nearly new, only 2 months old; iron bricks; burns either wood or coal. Reason for selling—no hot water connections. For particulars apply to M. Grant, Box 33, Beach Haven, N. J. 12-10tf

FOR SALE—Ford Touring Car, 1913 Model. New style body. Good rubber tires. Fine Motor. Price \$150. C. A. Cramer, Cedar Run. 11-17tf.

FOR SALE—One second hand Chevrolet touring car, 1920 model, \$300. 1 second hand Chevrolet touring car 1918 model, \$225. One second hand Ford touring, self-starter, \$200. One Hudson touring, 7-passenger, \$400. M. L. Cranmer, Mayetta, N. J. Phone Barnegat, 8-R-1-4.

FOR SALE—One Delco Light Plant, 3 K. W. 32 Volt. First class condition. Cash or terms. Apply Traco Theatre, Toms River, N. J. 8-25tf.

NOTICE OF MEETING Notice is hereby given, that the annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Beach Haven National Bank, Beach Haven, N. J., will be held on Tuesday, the tenth day of January, 1922, at one P. M., for the election of Directors to serve for the ensuing year. Polls to close at 2 P. M. J. E. CRAMER, Cashier.

STOCKHOLDERS MEETING The annual meeting of the stockholders for the election of directors for the ensuing year will be held in the banking house between the hours of two and four p. m., on Tuesday, January 10th, 1922. First National Bank of Barnegat A. W. KELLEY, Cashier.

NOTICE OF MEETING The annual meeting of stockholders of the Tuckerton Bank for the election of Directors, and for the transaction of other legitimate business will be held at its banking house, on Tuesday, January 10, 1922, between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock of the said day. GEO. F. RANDOLPH, Cashier.

F. B. ATKINSON AUTOMOBILES for HIRE TOURING CARS For All Occasions at Reasonable Prices Phone 28-R4 Tuckerton, N. J.

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

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Price went to Trenton last week to spend Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. Kenneth Lanning. Mr. Price returned on Tuesday but Mrs. Price will remain for a longer visit.

Mrs. Joseph E. Sapp spent Tuesday in Philadelphia.

T. P. Price was a Tuesday visitor in Trenton.

Mrs. Arthur Butler of Atlantic City, spent Christmas at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Sapp.

Engineer Arch Pharo is enjoying his annual week's vacation.

Mrs. Archie Pharo spent Tuesday in Philadelphia visiting Mrs. Lena Fowler in the Lankenau Hospital. Mrs. Fowler will be able to leave the hospital in a few days. The operations for cataracts on her eyes have proved successful and her eyesight is restored.

Two sportsmen while gunning recently near Camden ran across two wolves. Both shot at the animals, one of which was killed. It is rather a mystery how wolves happened to be in this locality, but it is stated that the veracity of the gunners is not to be questioned.

Mrs. Sydney Downs and Mrs. Daniel S. Susmond of Atlantic City, were recent visitors with relatives here.

Charles H. Wood spent Friday in Philadelphia on a business trip.

Mrs. O. C. Inman of Surf City, was a recent visitor at the home of her sister, Mrs. Albert Sprague.

Armstead Elherson of Atlantic City, was in town for a brief visit last week.

Miss Hilda Quinn of Trenton, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Quinn.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jones are visiting their daughter, Mrs. William Vanderveer at Trenton.

Warner Rider of Ship Bottom was at his home here for Christmas.

James Stiles of Sea Haven, was a visitor at his home here over Sunday.

Adam Ware of Sea Haven spent Christmas at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Gange of Atlantic City spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Copwerthwaite.

Annie Jones of Atlantic City is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Jones.

Miss Emily Stevens of Atlantic City is visiting her parents and grandparents here.

W. C. Lippincott of Atlantic City is visiting Mrs. Sue Cox.

Mrs. Elias Stiles is visiting her brother in Philadelphia over the holidays.

In a round up of beggars in the theatre district of New York City during the last week the police discovered a mendicant who says he has been making \$60 a day, five days a week, and going to Atlantic City over the week ends. Many others boasted of taking of \$20 to \$40 day, and several had purchased expensive fur overcoats. The majority of them are able-bodied men.

Miss Ethel Johnson is visiting her brother Dr. Fenimore Johnson, in Norfolk, Va.

Miss Eleanor Conover of Pleasantville, called on friends in town on Tuesday.

Mrs. Marion Falkinburg is spending the holidays in Atlantic City.

Little Emily Speck is confined to her home on account of injuries received while playing on Monday. It was thought her shoulder was dislocated but investigation proved it to be a fractured collar bone.

Miss Ruth Allen, who is attending the Montclair State Normal School and Foster Allen who is a member of the Coast Artillery Band at Fort Monroe, Old Point Comfort, are spending the Christmas holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Allen.

Several houses in Tuckerton are all wired up ready for the electric current.

Mrs. Lydia Garrison of Atlantic City, visited relatives here and at West Creek last week.

William and John Adams of New Gretna, were recent visitors at the home of their sister, Mrs. Samuel Jones of Wood street.

Mrs. O. C. Inman of Surf City, spent a part of last week with her sister, Mrs. Albert Sprague.

J. Allen Mott was home from Philadelphia to spend Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Mott.

James Parker of Norfolk, Va., is at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Parker.

George Jones, who is now serving

in the U. S. Navy, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hazelton Jones. (Continued on last page)

HAVE FAITH IN GOD (Continued from opposite page)

The best man that ever lived said nothing more pregnant with meaning than "have faith in God." And every great and good man throughout the reaches and stretches of human history has continued to say the same thing. To have faith in God is a conviction that burns in every good man's soul. Have faith in God—even if you stand alone. William Carey was denounced as a lunatic by the British House of Commons because he wished to bury his life as a missionary in pagan India. He went, tackled the task without a dollar's support, put a royal faith in God to work, and those that know the story envy him his immortal career. The English had condemned him but three generations after he was dead an Englishman wrote the sublime annals of his life. Ridley and Latimer were burned in the public square but by faith in God they started fires that day that kindled themselves into transforming powers that were destined to remake all the world. Someone has said that a saint is a man with convictions who has been dead a hundred years, canonized now but canonized then. Have faith in God even if you are in the minority—remember always that it was the "popular majority that burned the Salem witches, stoned the prophets, built the scaffolds for the martyrs and that crucified the Saviour of the world." Have faith in God!

There is no magic elixir that will explain the meanings of the world, no patent formula to rectify its wrongs—faith, faith in God only can bring to us ineffable convictions that will sweeten the bitter springs of routine living and help us live like kings. "I have been many times," said Lincoln, "driven to my knees with the overwhelming conviction that there was nowhere else to go." In the dark days at Valley Forge Washington had the same experiences when he knelt in the icy snow to pray. When Tolstoi acquired a faith he tells us that his whole life was changed. This is true. Over this transforming ideal a river-thief and drunkard that had twice been locked in Sing-Sing jail staggered back into the waiting arms of long lost respectability and the name of Jerry McCauley stands an immortal tribute to the power of human faith in God. If the best man that ever lived said "have faith in God," after 2000 years of checked history it is the best thing that we know.

Faith in God, indefinite and intangible as it is, remains the greatest dynamic force known to human living. If life has no meaning, if we are born only to live and then die, it doesn't make much difference. But if life has a meaning, if these ideals are true, if the call of eternity is real, then God alone knows what we may yet become if we ply our course by our faith in God. What we do with the magnetic pull of this faith that remakes men, transforms society and drags the world along, is a matter of greatest importance. Making your life eternal will take time. It took nature 40,000 years to build the beauties of a Yellowstone National Park. Big things are not done in a hurry. Nor is noise essential.

If you make that life of yours eternal you must listen to the still small voice and have a royal faith in God. The faith that sent Livingstone to Africa was the power that made his life immortal. Immortality turns on the loyalty expended on a chosen ideal. Beethoven offered up his soul to music, spent his life's last drop of energy in its behalf and now as long as music whispers its consoling and inspiring strains of harmony mention will always make a place for his name. In the music world he is immortal. Just so Socrates lives in the history of philosophy. Each lives on in his own chosen world. Freedom is almost a synonym for the name of Garrison the pioneer champion of emancipation. Coupled with righteousness is the name of the Jesus of history and the Christ of faith. Have faith in God! Live so the mentioning of your name will make the

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world remember God and things eternal—then you too will be eternal. then you too will be eternal. Faith in God will make you a good man and a good man will not die. Again I say "Have faith in God!" No finer trust can come into that life of yours, no holier hope can guide you in your ways, no stronger inspiration can keep you true and clean; have faith in God. Live as if He were, and you will find that He is. In one of the tidal rivers in the vicinity of New York a derelict lying on the bottom interrupted the building of a bridge. A corps of engineers tackled the task. Divers were sent down who put great chains about the hulk of the sunken ship. A number of mighty steam tugs were set to work. Forty eight hours they puffed in vain to lift the burden so long imbedded in the mud. A young lad from a technical school anxious to try out the theories he had been taught, asked the vexed and impatient chief for the privilege of trying. The request was granted. Then the young engineer procured the flat boats with which granite was brought in from Vermont, and at low tide made fast the flat boats to the derelict. When the tide came in the whole Atlantic Ocean bent its shoulders to do the piece of work. It had to come. The youth had put a bridle on infinite energy—and the task that seemed impossible to human instruments of power was accomplished with an ease that baffled in wonderment all the men concerned. In like manner I am pointing you to the infinite tides of eternity, offering to you avenues of power that lie beyond a material world, and making the impossible yours when I plead with you to "Have Faith in God."

THINK IT OVER. Them Were the Happy Days. In those cave days a man was his own barber, his own plumber, his own grocer and everything, if married, except his own boss.—Detroit News. ELECTRIC WIRING DONT HAVE YOUR HOUSE WIRED until you get my terms. J. HOWARD SHINN Electrical Contractor West Creek N. J.

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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 10.00 A. 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 8.30 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.

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# The Girl, a Horse and a Dog

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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## "SHE'S GONE, TOO!"

Synopsis. — Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, society idler, finds his share of the estate, valued at something like \$400,000, lies in a "safe repository," latitude and longitude described, and that is all. It may be identified by the presence nearby of a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, a plebeian horse, and a dog with a split face, half black and half white. Stanford at first regards the bequest as a joke, but after consideration sets out to find his legacy. On his way to Denver Stanford hears from a fellow traveler, Charles Bullerton, a mining engineer, a story having to do with a flooded mine. He has a "hunch" of the will. Bullerton refuses him information. On the station platform at Atropia, just as the train pulls out, Stanford sees what appear to be the identical horse and dog described in his grandfather's will. Impressed, he leaves the train at the next stop, Angela. Unable to secure a conveyance, Broughton seizes a track-inspection car and escapes, leaving the impression on the town marshal, Beasley, that he is demented. Pursued, he abandons the car, which is wrecked, and escapes on foot. In the darkness he is overtaken by the girl, the horse and the dog. After he explains his presence, she invites him to her home, at the Old Cinnabar mine. Broughton's hosts are Hiram Twombly, caretaker of the mine, and his daughter Jeanie. Stanford does not reveal his identity. Hiram and Stanford go putting about the mine. Stanford gets interested in the work and falls in love with Jeanie, who saves his life. Bullerton shows up at the mine. He offers \$50,000 for the Cinnabar. Stanford says "No."

## CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Can you carry it any further?" "Nope; I reckon I can't. There's too many darned things a-puzzlin' me. One of 'em is where in Sam Hill did Charley Bullerton get all the money that he's flashin' around so peacocky?" "I don't know where he got it, but he has it, all right; carries it with him," I said sourly.

"Yes; but see here, Stannie, son, I'll bet a fice dog worth a hundred dollars that it ain't his money."

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, for one thing, because I know Charley Bullerton; been knowin' him since Adam was a little boy in knee-breeches. He can't keep any money of his own; just naturally ain't built that way."

"Gambles it?" I suggested.

"Big gambles, yes; stocks and that sort o' trick. 'No sir-ee; these yeller-backs he's a-flashin' around ain't his'n, not by a long chalk, and I'd bet on it. Somebody else is settin' 'em up; and if that's so, Stannie, there's a reason for it."

"Sure," I conceded. Then: "Could you make a long, high, running jump and guess at the reason, Daddy?"

"Not so 's 'd hold together, I reckon," he replied dubiously. "But there's a few little notions 'at I've picked up from folks that's older in this neck o' woods than I am—been here longer. The old Cinnabar never was what you'd call a 'bonanza.' Plenty of ore, to be sure, but mostly low grade, 'ceptin' them rich little pockets now and then."

"Those rich pockets," I put in. "A strike of one of them would be about the right time to sell, wouldn't it?"

He nodded.

"You're shoutin', now. I reckon that's about how they caught your gran'paw. But Buddy Fuller—he's the 'Tropia telegraph operator and a sort o' half-way nephew o' mine—says there's more to it than that. 'Long back couple o' years 'r so there was a copper strike made in Little Cinnabar gulch, about four mile west o' here, and follerin' it there was a heap o' talk about the railroad runnin' a branch to it. That there branch, if it was built—'r when it's built, for it's goin' to be, some day, to open them copper mines—that there branch 'd go right along our bench within a hundred yards of the old Cinnabar; so close you could mighty near dump from the ore sheds into the cars."

I began to see more crookings in the sacrificial road over which Grandfather Jasper had been led; many more and more devious ones.

"In that case, even the low-grade Cinnabar would come a bit nearer being a bonanza, wouldn't it?" I asked.

"She sure would, Stannie. That long, hard wagon haul to 'Tropia was what was puttin' the cuss in the cost o' handlin'."

"And with the railroad right at the door, so to speak, it might even pay to recapitalize at three-quarters of a million and drive that long drainage tunnel we have been figuring on?"

"Somethin' like that; yes. Can you see any furder into the millstone? I'll say I've got about to the end of my squintin'."

I refilled my pipe and did a bit of cogitating. Supposin' I had been the boss figure in the bunch that did Grandfather Jasper the honor to blink him; as conscienceless as that plate, whoever he was, and in the secret of the conditions as Daddy had just outlined them, what would I have done?"

The answer came as pat as you please. With a railroad in prospect which would turn a small profit into a big one, I should quite probably have shut the mine down to wait until I could hear the whistle of the locomotive.

This conclusion led promptly and logically to another. Supposin', at the moment when I had decided upon the shut-down, some doddering old gentleman had come along and offered to buy the mine? Add, as a corollary, the supposition that the water problem was daily growing more insistent, with the ultimate threat of flood. As an or-

inary, garden-variety mining shark, what would I have done?

That answer came pat, also. I should have taken the old gentleman's money, trusting to the rising food to make him sick of his bargain in due course of time and thus willing to sell out for anything he could get.

"I believe I have it doped out," I told Daddy at the end of the cogitating pause; and then I passed the inferences along to him. The immediate effect was to evoke a couple of his quaint substitutes for profanity.

"Jeholachim-to-breakfast!" he exclaimed; "I'll be ding-swizzled if I don't believe you've struck the true lead, Stannie, my son! If you have, here's what follers: Charley Bullerton's here to do the dickerin' for that same old high-bidin' Cinnabar outfit that did your gran'paw up. They sold for half a million 'r so and now they're willin' to buy back for thirty or forty or fifty thousand. By Jezebel! I just knew that slick-tongued rooster was tryin' to work some skin game!"

"Yet he is going to marry your daughter," I put in grimly.

"At this the old man turned gloomy-serious in the batting of an eye, drawing his mouth down at the corner and sucking hard at the pipe which had long since burned out.

"That's been a-pinchin' me like a tight boot, Stannie," he admitted. "If you'd ast me afore he come, I'd 'a' told you she hadn't a morsel o' use for that con-dummed blowhard. But just you look at the way things are stackin' up now! He's snoopin' 'round her mighty near all the whole time and she ain't never once give me the wink to send him a-kinin', like I'm itchin' to!"

He told me to look. I had been looking until my eyes ached. The indications were all one way, tons of them; with only one little impulsive kiss to put in the other pan of the scale. I didn't tell Daddy about the kiss; but I did tell him that Jeanie had told me not to sell the Cinnabar.

"So?" he commented, frowning up a little. "That brings on more talk. Reckon you can make out to hang onto the old cow's tail for a spell longer?"

I took time to consider my answer. "I've been wonderin' if, all things given their due footing, it were worth while to hang on, Daddy. As matters stand now, Bullerton is stuck unless I sell out to him. If I should take my foot in my hand and walk out, he'd be left up in the air. But, on the other hand, there's Jeanie. If she's going to marry Bullerton, why, that's a horse of another color. I'm not enough of a dog-in-the-manger to bite her nose off to spite Bullerton's face."

"Um," was the grunted response. Then, with a side swipe that I wasn't looking for: "Charley Bullerton's been luntin' 'round that you're tied up with a girl back East. Is that so—or is it only another one o' his frilly lies?"

I laughed.

"I wish I knew, Daddy; I'd sure tell you if I would anybody. We were really engaged—the back-East girl and I; but I don't think we are now, and I don't think she thinks so. Anyway, she called it all off when we found out—or thought we found out—that my grandfater hadn't left me anything in his will. She's like Jeanie says she is, you know; she's got to marry money."

"Just so," he said, with a rather grim glint in the mild blue eyes. "All the same, if you had the old Cinnabar in slap-up workin' order, I reckon you'd have to go back yonder and marry her, wouldn't ye?"

"I'd be in honor bound to offer to, anyway."

"That don't sound much like you was carin' a whole lot for her," he objected gravely.

I despaired in advance of making him understand the lack of sentiment in the case, or the viewpoint from which any such condition could be considered as a human possibility. He was much too simple-hearted. So I got rid of the Lisette obstacle, or got around it, as best I could.

"She has been free for several weeks, now; in all probability she is wearing some other fellow's ring by this time. But about the Cinnabar: assumin' that my string of guesses is hitched up to the true state of affairs, what would you advise me to do? Shall I hang on—with no prospect, that I can see, of getting anywhere on my own hook? Or shall I sell out to Bullerton and thus let your daughter in for a wife's share of a possible fortune?"

"Gosh-all-hemlock!" he sputtered, "when you line it up that way, I reckon I ain't the man to tell you what to do!" Then, as upon a second and belated thought: "Jeanie says for you not to sell; if she said that to me, I'd hang on till the cows come home. I would so!"

I got up and knocked the ashes from my pipe.

"And that, Daddy, is precisely what I'm going to do," I said; and the saying of it ended the conference in the abandoned tunnel of the "Little Jeanie."

## CHAPTER X.

### The Deep-Well.

The next morning I turned out at break of day, before anybody else was up, slipped into my clothes, straightened up my bunk, and dropped through the ladder hatchway to the main-deck.

I had told myself that the reason for the daybreak turn-out was a desire to see if the railroad people really had been sufficiently in earnest about the proposed copper mine branch to make a survey for it; but the true underlying push was a biting reluctance to have anything more to do with Bullerton, or even to sit at table with him.

Tiptoeing through the common room, so as not to wake Daddy Hiram, I

broke into Jeanie's kitchen and raided the cupboard for a bite of something to eat. There was plenty of bread, and some cold fried ham, and cutting a couple of generous sandwiches, I hiked out to make my breakfast in the open.

The sandwiches disposed of, I began to quarter the bench woodland back and forth, searching for some indications of the railroad survey. In due time I found one of the location stakes, and from its facing and the markings on it, got the direction of the proposed line and was able to trace it for some distance along the bench. As Daddy had said, it ran within a few hundred yards of the Cinnabar claim, and a short sidetrack would make his suggestion perfectly feasible; our ore could be shot into the cars with but a single handling.

From tracing the railroad survey, I edged around to take another look at the possibilities of the drainage tunnel Daddy and I had figured on. Going over the ground this second time, and with some better knowledge of the difficulties, it appeared that we must have ridiculously underestimated the probable cost. Pacing the distances carefully, and guessing at the differences in altitude by the heights of the trees, I saw that it wouldn't be safe to count upon less than a mile of tunneling, and this, in the solid porphyry of Old Cinnabar, and in a situation remote from the nearest base of supplies, would run—no, it wouldn't run; it would fairly gallop into money.

Was this what Bullerton meant to do if he could out me? That he was utterly confident of his ability to drain the Cinnabar was evident. But how was it to be done? Would he, or his backers, be willing to spend a quarter of a million or more, and the better part of a year's time, driving that mile-long tunnel?

The longer I thought about it, the larger the conviction grew that no such expensive expedient was to be resorted to. Bullerton, or his backers, or both, knew some other and far cheaper and more expeditious way of getting rid of the water. Sitting on a big rock that had in some former earth convulsion tumbled from the broken cliffs above the mine, I gave the mechanical fraction of my brain (it was a small fraction and sadly under-developed) free rein.

Two possibilities suggested themselves. A siphon, a big pipe, starting at the bottom of the shaft and leading out over the top and down the mountain to a point lower than the shaft bottom, would, after it was once started, automatically discharge a stream of its own bigness, whatever that should be. But the cost of over a mile of such pipe was beyond my means; and if two six-inch pumps driven night and day had failed to make any impression upon the flood, what could be expected of a siphon which, in the nature of things, couldn't be much bigger than an ordinary street water main?

The other possibility was even less hopeful. It was the driving of a short tunnel, which Daddy and I might undertake without additional help, from the level of the high bench straight in to an intersection with the mine shaft. This, I estimated, might tap the water at a point possibly twenty feet below its present level in the shaft. Its success, as I saw at once, would depend entirely upon the location and volume of the underground lake which was supposed to be supplying the flood. If this reservoir were shallow and high in the mountain, the short tunnel might drain it. If it were deep and low, nothing would be accomplished.

The question was still hanging hopelessly up in the air when I made my way around to the mine buildings by the left-hand gulch path, sneaked in and began to shuck myself into Dad-

dy's extra pair of overalls; just for what, I hadn't the least idea; only I needed to be doing something to keep me from going completely doty in the guessing contest.

By this time, as I knew, they would be getting up from breakfast in the cabin across the dump head, which would most likely be Bullerton's cue to come over and ride me some more. When I looked out in sour anticipation, here he came, smoking one of his high-priced cigars and swaggering a bit, as he always did in walking.

"This is your thirty-thousand-dollar day, Broughton," he tossed at me as

soon as he stepped over the threshold of the shaft house door; but I fancied I could notice that, some way, he didn't seem quite so chipper and careless as he had the day before.

"See here," I ripped out; "what's the use? You can't buy this mine at any price! It's not in the market and it isn't going to be. Not in a thousand years!"

"But see here; what's the use of butting your head against a stone wall? You're stuck, world without end, and you know it. This flooded hole in the ground is of no more use to you than a pair of spectacles to a blind man!"

"Perhaps not; 'tis a poor thing, but mine own. I guess I can keep it as a souvenir if I feel like it, can't I?"

"Oh, h—!" he gritted, and turning on his heel went away.

After he had gone I patted myself on the back a bit for not losing my temper, and then, just to have an excuse for staying away from the cabin and the Bullerton vicinity, I made fires under the boilers and got up steam. In the former pumping spasm Daddy and I had operated only the two big centrifugals, ignoring the deep-well pumps designed to lift the water from the lower levels of the mine.

Just to try something that we hadn't tried before, I got steam on the deep wellers, and soon found that the machinery, which we hadn't taken down in the general overhauling, needed tinkering before it would be safe to run it. Banking the boiler fires, I went at the job single-handed and managed to wear out the livelong day at it.

It took me all the afternoon and then some to get the machinery cleaned and tinkered up and reassembled. In pawing over the supplies in the mine storeroom—stuff left by the former operators—we had found an acetylene flare torch and a can of carbide and I rigged the torch so that I could go on working after dark.

It was along about nine o'clock when I got the deep-wells ready to run and freshened up the fires and turned the steam on. In curious contrast to the care which had been taken to provide a discharge outlet for the centrifugals, the Cornish pumps had merely an iron trough which ran to a ditch leading down to the bench below the mine buildings. After a few minutes of the clanking and banging, the water began to come. It was horribly smelling stuff, thick and discolored; evidences sufficient that it was coming from the bottom of the mine. The two pumps together were lifting about an eight-inch stream, and it occurred to me at once that if I could set the centrifugals going at the same time, the mass attack might accomplish what the piece-meal assault couldn't.

Throwing in the clutch that drove the big rotaries, I ran up against what Daddy would have called a "circumstance." There wasn't power enough to drive both sets of pumps coupled in together; at least, not with the steam pressure the boilers were carrying. Thinking to get more power by pushing the fires a bit harder, I went to the detached boiler room to stoke up, leaving the deep wells clanging away in the shafthouse. I had fired two of the furnaces and was at work on the third when a series of grinding crashes in the machinery sent me flying to find out what was going wrong.

What was happening—what had already happened—was a plenty. As I have said, the great Cornish water-lifters were driven through a train of gearing. When I reached the scene, the steam engine was still running smoothly, but the pumps had stopped. The reason didn't have to be looked for with a microscope. The gear-train was a wreck, with one of the wheels smashed into bits, and half of the cogs stripped from its mesh-mate, if that's what you'd call it.

Mechanically I stopped the engine and went to view the remains. The deep-wells were done for—there was no question about that; they'd never run again until a new set of gears should be installed. That much determined, I began to look for the cause of the calamity. Naturally, I supposed that a cracked cog in one of the wheels had given way, and with this for a starter, the general smash would follow as a matter of course. But a careful and even painful scrutiny of the wreckage failed to reveal the cog with the ancient fracture. Each break was new and fresh and clean; there wasn't a sign of an old flaw in any one of them.

I think I must have knelt there under the gear train for a half-hour or more, handling the fragments of iron and fitting them together. It was like a child's broken-block puzzle, and after a time I was able to lay all the larger bits out upon the floor in their proper relation to one another. It was in the ground-up debris remaining that I found something which suddenly made me see red. Battered into shapelessness, but still clearly recognizable, were the crushed disjecta membra of our twelve-inch monkey-wrench!

I tried not to go off the handle in a fit of mad rage. With a sort of forced calm I considered every beam and projecting timber where I might incautiously have left the wrench, and from which it might have jarred off to fall into the gears. There was no such chance. I had used the wrench in re-assembling the machinery, but now that I came to recall all the circumstances, I distinctly remembered having put it, together with the other tools, on the little work bench back of the engine. The alternative conclusion was, therefore, fairly inevitable. While I was firing the furnaces, somebody—and doubtless somebody who had been watching for the opportunity—had taken advantage of the moment when my back was turned and had thrown the wrench into the gears.

It was the final straw. There was only one person on the Cinnabar reservation who could have any motive for wrecking my machinery; and while I was banking the fires and setting things in order for the night, I charted my course, as the navigators say. The dawn of another day, I told myself, would schedule the ultimate limit. Unless he should prove to be a good bit quicker with his gun than I was with my fists, Bullerton was due to get the man-handling he seemed to be asking for; and beyond that, he'd quit the Cinnabar, if I should have to tie him on his horse and flog the beast half-way to Atropia.

It was with this most unchristian design seething and boiling in my brain that I finally went over to the cabin, let myself in, and climbed stealthily up the loft ladder to my blankets, and the next thing I knew, it was broad daylight, the sun was shining in at the little window over the head of my bunk, and from the kitchen at the rear a juicy and most appetizing odor of frying ham was wafting itself up through the cracks in the unchinked walls of my cubicle.

## CHAPTER XI.

### An Arctic Bath.

It's an old saying that coming events have a knack of foreshadowing themselves. While I was struggling into my clothes and reviving that overnight determination to have it out with Bullerton the minute I should lay eyes upon him, it struck me all at once that the house was curiously quiet. To be sure, somebody was stirring and the

breakfast was cooking, but the premonition that something had happened was strong upon me when I descended the ladder.

In the living room I found a mighty sober-faced old Daddy putting breakfast on the table.

"It's just you and me for it, this mornin', Stannie," he muttered, laying plates for two; and his mild old eyes looked as if they were about to take a bath.

"What?" I exclaimed. "Has Bullerton gone?"

"Uh-huh; bright and early—fore day, I reckon; leastwise, I didn't hear him when he went."

"But where's Jeanie? She isn't sick, is she?"

He shook his head dolefully. "No; she—she's gone, too."

"Not with Bullerton?" I gasped.

"It sure does look that way, Stannie. She left a lit' note on the table for me, a-tellin' me not to worry none, and sayin' I needn't look for her till I saw her ag'in."

At first I could hardly believe my own ears. It was so incredibly out of keeping with Jeanie as I had been idealizing her.

"Are you going after them?" I demanded.

"Climb your horse and get off the map!"

"What left?" was the despondent query. "Tain't a morsel o' use, any way you look at it. Jeanie's a woman grown, and she don't have to have the old daddy say she can, 'r she mustn't. Besides, they was probably pitchin' out to catch one o' the early trains—there's one each way, east and west—and them trains 've been gone a couple o' hours."

Daddy had done his best with the breakfast, but I don't recall any meal of my life that ever came so near choking me. I told Daddy about the smashing of the machinery, and the proof I had that it had been a piece of sabotage.

"Reckon maybe he allowed you'd find out he done it and try a dogfall 'r somethin' with him to pay him back?" Daddy queried.

"I don't know," I confessed.

I went on eating in silence, or rather trying to eat, and turning over the puzzling and bad-tasting questionings in my mind. How could Jeanie go off with Bullerton, knowing him to be the scamp he was? And why, if she had been meaning all along to do this thing, had she blocked his game by telling me that I wasn't to sell him the Cinnabar?

It was in the midst of these reflections that I chanced to feel in the coat pocket where I had been carrying the deed turned over to me by Daddy Hiram; and for the second time that morning I nearly choked. The pocket was empty!

"What's hit you now, son?" Daddy inquired; seeing my jaw drop, I suppose.

"The last thing there was in the box that could fall out and hit me," I gurgled. "Bullerton has stolen my deed to the Cinnabar!"

"The mischief he has! Plum sure you ain't lost it out o' your pocket?"

We made sure, without the loss of a moment; looking in my loft sleeping-place and in the mine buildings. The deed was gone, safely enough, and we both agreed that Bullerton had had plenty of chances to steal it. Wearing overclothes while I was working about the machinery, I had often left my coat hanging in the cabin. As a matter of fact, I hadn't worn it at all on the previous day.

"Well, Daddy," said I, after the prolonged search had proved futile, "where does this leave me?"

Thrashing the facts out, we soon found where it left me. Grandfather Jasper, as you may remember, had made no mention of the mine, or, indeed, of any legacy to me in his will as it had been probated; there was no need of it because he had already deeded the Cinnabar to me, and at the time of his death it was no longer among his assets. Moreover, his lawyers had told Bullerton (according to Bullerton's story told me in the Pullman smokeroom) that there was no record of any mining transaction whatever in his papers. Therefore, in the absence of the memorandum which my grandfater had given Cousin Percy—and which Percy had doubtless carried with him to China—there was nothing but the deed to show for my ownership; absolutely nothing.

At that, the loss of the deed wouldn't have been fatal if the document had been properly recorded. It hadn't been. And now, with the unrecorded deed gone, there was nothing to prove that I had ever owned the Cinnabar. The loss was total—with no insurance.

Daddy Hiram was shaking his head sorrowfully after we had run this last bunch of straw through the threshing machine.

With things looking as blue as the bluest whetstone that ever clicked upon scythe, we tried to settle upon some line of action. Copah was the county seat, and the obvious first step would have been for me to go there for a search in the county records for evidence of the sale of the mine to my grandfater. But the minute I should show myself on the railroad, I'd be nabbed for the theft of that infernal inspection car. Daddy offered to go in my place, but that alternative didn't appeal to me at all. I knew perfectly well how helpless he'd be in any such lawyerlike search as would have to be made in the county recorder's office.

"Bring Up the Firing Squad."

"I see here that this country has shipped fifty thousand tons of barbed wire to Russia," said the boob, as he looked up from his newspaper.

"I wonder what that's for."

"Oh," replied the cheerful idiot, "suppose they are going to try and keep the cow in Moscow."—Arkansas Thoms-Cat.

Cuticura for Pimply Faces.

To remove pimples and blackheads smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Once clear keep your skin clear by using them for daily toilet purposes. Don't fail to include Cuticura Talcum. Advertisement.

Foul Play.

The Scottish bowling team is accompanied by a band of pipers which plays prior to every important match. The general opinion is that this gives a very unfair advantage to the Northerners, who are used to it.—The Passing Show (London).

Those Pencil Marks.

Sunday School Teacher—"Who was it saw the handwriting on the wall, Bobby?" Bobby—"The landlord."—Life.

DON'T DESPAIR

If you are troubled with pains or aches; feel tired; have headache, indigestion, insomnia; painful passage of urine, you will find relief in

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEN OIL CAPSULES

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## HEALTHFUL VIGOR IN STRONG BLOOD

Rich, Red Blood Built Up by Pepto-Mangan—Liquid or Tablet.

Blood is strong and full of life-giving vigor when there are plenty of red cells in it. Anemic people have little strength because there are not enough red cells in the blood. It is thin and watery. Weak blood makes faces pale, pulls down the strength and leaves the body tired, weak, and sickly.

A course in Gude's Pepto-Mangan restores weak blood to its normal strength. Taken regularly for a while it adds red cells to the blood. Then with good blood, the strength and vigor of health return. There is pleasure in living, with good blood running through the veins. Gude's Pepto-Mangan is put up in liquid and in tablet form. They are the same medicinally. Physicians have prescribed Gude's Pepto-Mangan for years. The name "Gude's Pepto-Mangan" is on the package. Advertisement.

Surely the Proper Thing.

They were thrown into each other's society in a country house, without common interest or the least attraction for each other.

Finally, after casting about for a fertile subject of conversation, only to fail in every attempt, he said despondently: "Will you marry me?"

She considered long and deeply. "I think I'll say yes," she replied at last. "It will give us so much more to talk about while we're here."

## A Feeling of Security

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything. It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

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If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try this great preparation, send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

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Patricia's Happy Day

By MARTHA McWILLIAMS

"Why so pensive?" the new young minister asked of Patricia Love, who answered vaguely: "I'm just wondering."

"Wondering about what?" from the cleric.

"Oh! Whether it's more fun to be rich or—wicked," from Patricia, solemnly. Deep down she was laughing hard. She was given, you see, to laughing at most things and people—herself not barred. Her beau, especially, albeit she was outwardly the pink and lover of civility, were each and several, Merry Andrews of sorts.

Possibly because she lacked illusions regarding them. They were keen to marry, not the girl she was, but the one who could bring to them her father's prestige, hard clear vision, and influence, not to name a thing so material and gross as money. After that you will understand why Brother Dorset, after trying vainly to look very much shocked, compromised with his cloth and his conscience by answering: "I doubt if you ever have the chance to find out. Rich, you are—wicked you never could be."

"Not so sure about that myself," Patricia flung back at him. "I had a blissful time once being worse than I ever dreamed I could be. Even yet remembering it I get thrills."

"Tell me about it!" the minister said. He was not merely a minister, not even merely a man. Rather a human being of all-around equipment, who took souls for granted and set about the saving of them with zest and diligence. Intelligent, but not intellectual, earnest, honest, ardent, sincere in love of God and man, he swayed and led his flock by the force of example, rather than the weight of reasoning.

Patricia puzzled him even as she was puzzled by him. Three months in the parish, he yet had shown no trace of adding himself to her list of victims. At first she had been rather relieved—to have had him sighing for her openly would have made the other women, old and young, hate her more than ever. They were none so kindly affectionated toward her, even without special cause—though their spiteful sayings rolled off her as water from a duck's back, it was on the whole, pleasanter to keep terms of reasonable amity. But when time made no change in Dorset, Patricia was a trifle piqued. He ought at the least to find her refreshing, in that she did not lay herself out for his enthrallment, as did almost all the others.

"It is too bad to tell—almost," she said, smiling roguishly. "But, remember, I was five, motherless, mighty badly spoiled and just through having the mumps. Mumps alone, as I recall it, is enough to excuse any of the seven deadly sins. You hate yourself for having anything so loathing—and if you dare look at yourself, never do you quite regain vanity enough to be healthy. Add that Aunt Lucy was with us for a time—a try-out to see if she could stand that awful child—meaning me. She seemed to be standing it beautifully—but I was not standing her at all. She dyed her hair, and wore young, frilly clothes—the pinks and blues and yellows I longed for, and was forbidden to have—"

"You were excusable, no matter what you did," Dorset interrupted. She flashed him a side glance, and went on: "Don't be rash! Wait and hear. She had a tea fight one afternoon—I wanted to take part in it. She wouldn't let me, because I had laid down kicking and screaming for an hour to prevent my hair being curled. It was yellow then, and right pretty. I fancy. That is—as it grew. The company saw it different," stopping with an elfin smile.

"You dyed it, I suppose," Dorset commented. Patricia nodded. "Yes, also my hands and face, and most of my fine white dress. She insisted on white for small children, as though I did not feel more grown up than I thought she was. You see, she nagged and quarreled with servants, and was mean about money—things I can't abide. I made free with all her make-up—even put on her false curls at one side, carried her best parasol and fan, and trailed her lace shawl behind me. Before she saw me I got to the middle of the room, bobbed my head and said: 'Listen, people, I'm Miss Patricia Love, and all of you come to see me tomorrow—come to dinner, I'll have tea cream.'"

"Then she swooped on me and tried to carry me out. I scratched her face and kicked so hard she dropped me and crumpled down all in a heap. Daddy came and took me upstairs, and said he ought to punish me. I think he ought to have done it—now. I didn't then, and he didn't."

Maybe he hadn't the heart. It took the dye a month to wear off me, and I had to stay strictly at home until I was a white child once more. And fair time, with everybody going, and my Princess pony getting blue ribbons in all the rings! But even that didn't take away the thrill of it. I know I have great capacities for wickedness, even though I never realized them."

"How old was Aunt Lucy?" Dorset asked meditatively.

"Not really old at all—just dad's age," from Patricia. "But she never came again; yet now she writes me sweet letters and sends me all sorts of fine embroidered things. Wants me to visit her. She married rich and is a widow with loads of money and step-grandchildren, but I don't think I can ever face her. I'd have to laugh or cry; either would be bad form."

The impossible happens. That very evening came a message that sent the lovers, father and daughter, to the help of Aunt Lucy. A dam washed out, a deadly flood—death and ruin up and down a long once-smiling valley made imperative summons. Mr. Love pleaded to go alone, Patricia was adamant. "I'm your daughter," she cried. "You owned part of the mills. Think I'll shirk when your people—our people—need help so much!" So she had her way, and for the next fortnight was truly a ministering angel. Oddly, enough, her best comrade and help was Dorset. "My people have interests here," was all the explanation he gave. No brother could have been kinder, more thoughtful, more unlovely-like, to Patricia's great joy. She spoke truly when she said to him: "I wish we had been born brothers. I'm a misfit in petticoats, but might have made a decent enough man."

At that he smiled queerly, saying softly: "Fate—or God—knew best. You are turning out to be the leaven other women need. So don't fret. Maybe after a while we shall find crooked ways made straight and light shining across the dark."

Aunt Lucy had escaped unharmed, and bore up wonderfully under the strain. Not so her household. The two best loved of her grandchildren whom she had virtually adopted, had been caught in the flood, and saved alive by the skin of their teeth. They were at a friend's house which the flood had spared, nobody allowed to see them but nurses and doctors. Patricia noted though that Dorset had always the latest news of them for poor Aunt Lucy, also that he now and then fell into a sort of a daze that aged him years. And presently she understood—the girl so dangerously hurt was the heart of his heart—he had known her long and long—they were to have been married next year. So when he asked her to visit his betrothed and bring back the exact truth as to her hurts, she went gladly. Her report was simply: "She has seen herself, and now wants to see you. 'Quite sufficient anybody will agree. Then by way of avenging Aunt Lucy, Patricia, the outlaw, fell wildly in love with the grandson. There was a double wedding at which Aunt Lucy, her hair snowy, smiled benediction like a Christ mass angel."

**Small Birds Mob a Snake.**  
Noticing many small birds, chiefly sparrows, white checked bulbuls and wagtails, hovering round the base of a date palm and every now and then darting at it with much noise, I went to investigate. I found coiled on the roots of the palm a green snake about three feet long, looking as though dead. It was absolutely inert, and its tail had been almost completely severed from the body about six inches from the tip. On closer inspection I noticed a flicker in the snake's eye, and on touching it with a piece of scrap iron which I picked up near by, intending to kill it, it leaped forward like a flash of lightning, and then, after a pause, dived into a stream and disappeared among the reeds.

**Granada in Moonlight.**  
Think for some moments upon the vast achievement of the Moors in Spain in the long ago. Have you sat in moonlit Granada and contemplated the Alhambra there? If so, has not your spirit been awakened with a silent story of a lost civilization, compared to which many others of its kind seem mean? Here is filigree-like lace in place of towering massiveness, but the Alhambra in the silvery light of night is to some minds more witching, more ghost-stirring, than the Colosseum of Rome, Henry Leach writes in Chambers' Journal.

**Playing Safe.**  
He—If you loved me, why did you at first refuse me?  
She—I wanted to see how you would act.  
"But I might have rushed off without waiting for an explanation."  
"I'd locked the door."—Pearson's Weekly.

**Principle Follows Habit.**  
"Thrift is a matter of habit. To act from principle is hard, until it gets to be a matter of habit; then it is easy."—Dr. Frank Crane.

STRANGEST OF ALL ALPINE LAKES

Triangular Sheet of Water Whose Base is Barred by Enormous Wall of Ice.

One of the most remarkable sights in Switzerland is the Marjelen-See, on Alpine lake, lying between the Great Aletsch and Fletscher glaciers. Situated 7,700 feet above the sea-level, at the western flank of the Great Aletsch glacier, by which it is fed, it is triangular, says an exchange. The base of the triangle is barred by an ice wall 350 yards in length and 100 feet in depth, formed by the Aletsch glacier. The natural outlet is to the west through the Aletsch glacier, but when the water exceeds a certain level it has at its east end, the apex of the triangle, an additional outflow to the Fletscher glacier over a low divide, which at a normal level separates it from the drainage of the latter glacier. The lake thus possesses the peculiar feature of having two outlets in opposite directions; but to prevent the over-

flow unduly encroaching upon the adjacent pastures in the latter direction a tunnel 700 yards long and two square meters in section, is provided, by which the surplus water is discharged on the Fletscher glacier.

The most striking peculiarity of the Marjelen-See is that it empties itself at irregular intervals and within the space of a few hours through the wall formed by the Great Aletsch glacier. The Marjelen-See is said to have emptied itself formerly every seven years, recently every three years, but total emptyings are less frequent than partial. The refilling of the lake gradually accomplishes itself during the winter and spring. The bulk of the receding water flows to the Massa torrent, and is liable to cause serious flooding of the higher reaches of the Rhone valley. In the days before telephones and telegraphs the cowherd who first arrived with the intelligence in the Rhone valley—the distance being about nine miles—was rewarded with a new pair of shoes.

MANY ACCIDENTS HAPPEN ON FARM

Falls and Refractory Animals Cause of Hurts That Could Be Avoided.

DIVERS MISHAPS DELAY WORK

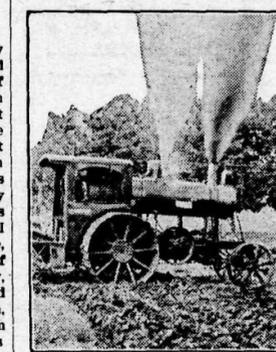
Careless Use of Unprotected Machinery Takes Toll of Limbs That Would Be Prevented With Use of Safety Devices.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)  
Farmer Brown was driving the doctor back to town, after he had set neighbor William Johnson's fractured leg and dressed three caved-in ribs. Johnson seemed to be in bad luck constantly, and the neighbors were circulating a subscription paper for him and arranging a "bee" to do up his unfinished work.  
Earlier in the season a hold-back broke on a hill. The horse ran away, throwing Johnson to the ground and confining him to bed several days in a busy period.  
A little later one of his little boys stepped on a garden rake which had been left back down on the ground, and ran a tine through his foot. The child was taken to the doctor to have the wound dressed, but not until infection had set in, and he would always be a trifle lame.

**Delays Farm Work.**  
A hired man stepped through a loose board of a barn loft, and farm and household work was delayed while he recovered.

"This latest misfortune was the worst of the season," Johnson had been shingling the barn, using a common prop scaffolding, made by placing wooden brackets against the side of the building and supporting them with two-by-four scantling, set at an angle of 45 degrees and anchored at the foot with stakes and stones. He had undertaken to carry a bunch of shingles to the roof. An upper rung, previously broken from the ladder, had been replaced with a two-inch shingle band, nailed on with eight-penny nails. The wood in the side of the ladder was doxy and the nails gave way under Johnson's weight. The jolt as he struck the next rung up the ladder, and down tumbled Johnson, ladder, scaffolding and shingles, all in a heap on the ground.

"Pretty tough on Johnson," observed Brown. "They talk about farming being a safe and healthful pursuit; but I'll bet he didn't think so when that bunch of shingles pursued him and smashed his ribs."  
"Farming is healthful," said the old doctor, "providing people would take reasonable care of themselves. It ought to be safe as any ordinary occupation; but the observations of the United States Department of Agriculture, offers the following advantages:  
It is possible to make greater use of dry roughages produced on the farm, as beef cattle consume larger quantities of these feeds than any other class of live stock.  
Beef cattle can be used profitably on rough land unsuitable for crop production; also on low, wet land unsuitable for either crops or for other classes of stock.  
Beef cattle use the total production of grain and roughages on the average farm, without the purchase of other feeds, more efficiently than any other class of live stock.  
Beef cattle on the farm favor a well-balanced distribution of labor throughout the year. They require very little attention during the summer and fall, when crops need attention, and during winter and early spring, when there is little field work to be done, farmers can utilize their time to advantage by caring for the breeding herd, wintering the stockers and feeders, or fattening some steers.



Farm Steam Engines Should Be Officially Inspected at Least Once Every Year.

States Department of Agriculture and the National Safety council show that every year hundreds of people are maimed and killed in farm accidents, a large part of which are preventable. "I don't know where some farmers find economy in keeping a horse that will shy at anything and kick anybody who comes near him. Perhaps they like to feel their mastery, but the horse usually gets his inning in the end. And of course there is danger to inexperienced persons."  
"No bull above two years old should be permitted in a pasture, even if dehorned, as all bulls should be. Even an ugly ram has been known to kill a man."  
"Farm machinery, such as corn shredders, take a toll of limbs that would be prevented to a large degree if the most ordinary safety devices were installed and kept in working order."

**Making Thrashing Safe.**  
"In some states the boiler inspection laws do not apply to steam thrashers. Every thrashing machine owner ought to have his boiler inspected once a year, whether there is a legal requirement or not."  
"I could talk for another hour or so on farm accident breeders that might be eradicated. A country doctor's practice is full of them; but here we are at the house. Come in to dinner before you go back."  
"Much obliged," returned Brown, as he cramped his slyer around in the roadway. "I guess I'll hurry back to the farm and fix up a few things before the neighbors have to get up a 'bee' to tide me over a broken leg."

**GEESE RETURN GOOD PROFIT**  
Fowls Are Quite Easy to Keep and Breeders See Bright Future for the Industry.

Experienced raisers of geese assert the goose is one of the most profitable and easy fowls to keep, and express belief in a bright future of expansion for the goose industry. The Toulouse, African and Embden are the three most popular breeds, the Embden being the all-white type, considered ideal for market purposes.

WINTER IS SPLENDID TIME FOR REPAIRING

Note Defects on Threshing Machine When Storing.

Implement Should Be Put in Thorough Working Order Before Start of Working Season—Make Adjustments Later.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)  
Overhauling the thrashing machine during the winter means dollars in time and grain saved next year. Proper repairs should be made and the whole machine put into thorough working order before the beginning of the working season. While certain adjustments must be made during operation, it is possible by putting up the machine properly at the close of the season to have all parts in such condition that the necessary operating adjustments can be made readily, accurately and with little delay.  
Many times defective parts are overlooked or neglected, in the hope that they will last through the season, when they should be replaced during the season of disuse. When they fall in the midst of the working season, serious losses often result before the repairs can be made. During or just before the thrashing season new parts are difficult to get promptly because of the unusual rush of orders from the many who have put the matter off until the last minute.  
In a series of bulletins on the care and repair of farm implements issued by the United States Department of Agriculture is one on grain separators, known as Farmers' Bulletin 1036. Copies may be had free upon application to the department at Washington, D. C.



Thrashing Machine in Operation.

**BEEF CATTLE BENEFIT FARM**  
Possible for Farmer to Make Greater Use of Dry Roughages—Need Little Attention.

The use of beef cattle in connection with general farming throughout the corn belt, says the United States Department of Agriculture, offers the following advantages:  
It is possible to make greater use of dry roughages produced on the farm, as beef cattle consume larger quantities of these feeds than any other class of live stock.  
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**TRAP NESTS HELP BREEDERS**  
Some Facts Have Recently Been Learned as Result of Device in Improving Flock.

Trap nesting hens do not appeal to the average farmer and back-yard poultry man as being practical. Besides the original cost of making the nests, there is the extra labor required in looking after the layers. However, some facts that were learned as a result of using the trap nest may be applied in the improvement of the flock, say poultrymen of the United States Department of Agriculture. For instance, the trap nest has shown that the late moulter is the most profitable bird in the flock. Now, without the use of the trap nest, a man may select the late moulter and be sure that he is picking the cream of the flock. And it seems reasonable to believe that this characteristic breeds on from generation to generation.

**PASTURE STOCK ON ALFALFA**  
Not Advisable Where Rains Have Softened Ground, as Plants Are Liable to Be Torn.

Do not pasture stock on alfalfa fields where the rains have softened the ground badly, advises the United States Department of Agriculture. To do so will render the alfalfa plants liable to be torn out by the roots or damaged very severely. Another mistake is to pasture more stock than the alfalfa will care for, resulting in close cropping and injury to the crown. It is best to limit the stock on alfalfa pasture to such an extent that the plants will grow a little faster than they are eaten.

**Poor Sleeping Quarters.**  
Allowing bred sows, or hogs of any kind for that matter, to find their sleeping quarters in a straw stack is a poor practice, for under such conditions they are bound to become overheated, especially in cold weather.

HomeTown Helps

"SMALL HOMES MAKE CITY"

Testimony of Expert Who is Warm Advocate of Building Zone Idea During Town's Youth.

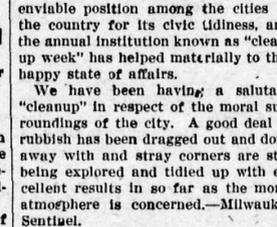
"Make a city of the owners of small homes and you will have a well-run city."  
This was the verdict of Edward W. Basset, counsel of the zoning committee of the New York board of estimate and auditor of the zoning laws, after an exhaustive review of city development under the building zone system.

"Before the days of zoning," said he, "the head of a family would be forced two or three times to sell his private home because he was pushed out by advancing stores or apartment houses. Then he would usually move to New Jersey, Long Island or Westchester, and New York would lose a good citizen. A home owner takes a lively interest in local improvement and neighborhood welfare. Until New York adopted the zoning plan, there was no encouragement for small home owners inside of the city limits. Now the owner of a small home is better protected in many parts than if he goes out into suburban villages.  
"Small detached homes are springing up rapidly in all of the outlying boroughs, especially in Brooklyn and Queens. The home owner sees that in residence location he is protected against invasion of stores, small factories and garages. In the D and E districts he is safe from large tenements and apartments. He is willing to put his earnings in the equity of a small home and pay off his second mortgage by installments because the zoning plan has lessened the dangers that would wipe out his home equity."

**ALWAYS TIME WELL SPENT**  
"Cleanup Week," as an Institution, Should Be a Feature of Every Town and Village.

Cleanliness, as we have been reliably informed, is next to godliness. And community cleanliness is just as important as individual cleanliness, if we are to have a pleasant, healthful and decent city to live in.  
Milwaukee has always occupied an enviable position among the cities of the country for its civic tidiness, and the annual institution known as "cleanup week" has helped materially to this happy state of affairs.  
We have been having a salutary "cleanup" in respect of the moral surroundings of the city. A good deal of rubbish has been dragged out and done away with and stray corners are still being explored and tidied up with excellent results in so far as the moral atmosphere is concerned.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

**FOILING SMALL BOY**



Because small boys do not seem to be able to refrain from throwing stones, the Los Angeles park commission has protected the glass covered rules and regulations by heavy wire screens.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

**Practical City Planning.**  
There is no mystery whatever about city planning. It is only the application of common sense business methods to the development of a city. Too frequently city planning has been understood in this country as relating merely to the esthetic side of city improvement and city development. We must get rid of that notion.  
The element of beauty, of course, must never be overlooked, but it would be more to the point to fix as the goal of a city plan the idea of making the city a more practical city. Real city planning must inevitably deal more with the practical than with the beautiful. It must aim for better and more attractive living conditions.—Charles F. Coffin.

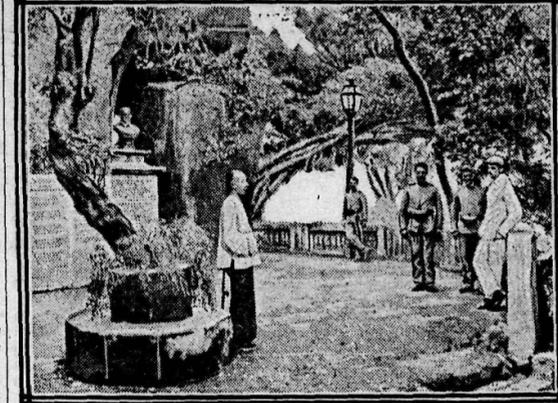
**Billions Invested in Homes.**  
There are approximately 6,000,000 families in the United States living in their own homes. This represents an aggregate investment of \$30,000,000,000, since builders and contractors declare that the average American home is valued at \$5,000. At 5 per cent the American home owners are therefore paying out about \$1,500,000,000 for the privilege of enjoying life under roofs that belong to them. The 5 per cent will easily take care of repairs, taxes and interest on the investment.

**"Say Less and Do More."**  
If we could only make our hands move as actively as our tongue, if we could say less and do more for each other's good, not alone would every home be happier, but communities would be greatly enriched thereby.—John Wanamaker.

**Ingenious and Economical.**  
A hand-operated tram running on a rail suspended from the cornice of a building is a device used for window cleaning of buildings of large window area. This device, which also can be used for painting, replaces more expensive scaffolding.

**Love.**  
Love is just one fool thing after another.—Little Rock Gazette. Maybe. Usually love is just two fool things after each other.—Arkansas Thomas Cat.

Portugal's City In China



Camoens' Garden in Macao.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)  
Two hills stretching to the sea so as to form a charming bay, and between them an ancient, half-Spanish, wholly southern city; its roofs tufted with verdure, rising one above another on terraced slopes; its houses with their once gay tints all faded, basking in peaceful decrepitude in a sunshine like that of June; the town fast asleep; the harbor silting up; the walls crumbling; the iron gratings rusting; the pavements turning green; the gables nodding like old gray heads, tired of listening to the same old stories—such is Macao, the Far Eastern outpost of the Portuguese traders of the sixteenth century, the Monte Carlo of the Orient, and one of Portugal's few remaining possessions in Pacific waters.  
Macao is situated on the west side of the Pearl river. Forty miles across is Hongkong; eighty-eight miles to the north lies Canton, seat of the South China government. Macao was founded in 1557. Prior to 1887 there appears to have been no documentary evidence of a formal cession of this territory, the Portuguese claiming, however, that they received it as a reward for destroying the horde of Mongolian pirates that harried the southern coast of China; and the remains of the old barrier across the narrow neck of land separating the peninsula from the rest of the Island of Heung Chan, and once guarded by Chinese soldiers, gave color to the Portuguese claim. However, all doubts were laid to rest in 1887 when formal cession was made by China to the Portuguese.

**Macao's Rise and Fall.**  
So marvelous was the growth and prosperity of this Portuguese settlement in its youth that it excited the envy of the early Dutch traders who in 1622 attempted its conquest. The spot where the Dutch leader was killed by a round shot from Monte fort, which wrote final to that attempt, is now marked by a monument. Macao continued to be a flourishing mart up to 1841, the British East India company and the Dutch company meanwhile obtaining a foothold there. The British free trade propaganda of the "Forties" excited a demand for a free port at Macao, to which the Portuguese demurred. Great Britain then secured the Hongkong concession, made that a free port in 1845, and the decline of Macao as an entrepot dates from that year.  
Not only is Macao the site of the first European claim made on Chinese soil, but it has cultural ties with Europe closer knit than the political relationships of controverted areas to the north. It contains the oldest ruin in China that is associated with Europe, and the tamarind and banyan shade the gardens where the Portuguese Chausser, Camoens, composed half of the Lusitans, celebrating the discoveries of the Portuguese explorers who opened up for the West the secrets of the East. It is one of the half-dozen of the world's great epic.

**Camoens' Place of Exile.**  
Luis de Camoens, the star of Lusitanian poetry, became enamored of Catharina d'Atayada, lady-in-honor to Queen Catharina of Portugal, which so enraged the king that he banished the poet to Macao, about 1567, where he remained for five years as administrator of the effects of deceased persons—a melancholy office for a poet and lover. Returning in 1572, his vessel was wrecked, his small savings were lost, but the poem which has been translated into every civilized language was saved to an appreciative posterity. A monument to Camoens marks the spot in the grotto where he composed his noble epic.  
Macao has snoozed peacefully away on its island in late years while controversies have raged around the handful of other foreign holdings on the Chinese coast. But recently the government of Southern China is reported to have demanded that there be a "cleanup" in the city, a procedure, which if carried out would entrench recognition of the Southern China government as well as acceptance of its right to rule in what has long been considered Portuguese territory.  
Once in Macao the traveler may remain to contemplate an out-of-the-way shrine of European history. But

**Attractive to Travelers.**  
Present day Macao is not marred for the casual traveler by either its flair for fan-tan or its thriving trade in opium. The latter is shipped away to wreak its havoc; the former brings the bizarre and the adventurous. The city of today is one of the few Far Eastern coast towns which have not been caught in the resistless current of commercial progress, and for that reason it presents some interesting studies to lovers of the picturesque.  
He who lands from a steamer is captivated by its blend of Portuguese and Chinese people, by pagoda and western church, and when the summons of hunger leads him to a hotel that has been called the cleanest and most beautifully situated in the Orient, the contrast persists. He may order the famous Portuguese colares with his yellow water chestnut pasties, and choose either ultra-occidental game dinners or pudding of coagulated duck's blood and sugar-preserved bamboo shoots. There are but 4,000 Portuguese resident there, but they represent a four-century impress that their nationality has made upon the total population of about 75,000.

After dinner the visitor may stroll along the Praya Grande, both the Broadway and the Riverside drive of Macao. Having shopped and stumped, he finally will be led to catch the deeper romance of the city in the grotto where the poets have carved lines of praise to the one-eyed soldier poet who wrote the glory of farthest West Europe on an island of nearly farthest East China.

**H. C. L. Pinches King George.**  
Owing to increased expenses, King George has found it necessary during the past few years to supplement the income he receives from the state out of his private resources.

The Avocado Pear.

In olden times the avocado was also known to sailors as "midshipmen's butter," and that name probably arose from the fact that the flesh of the fruit when properly ripened is of the consistency of firm butter and in flavor somewhat rich and nutlike. The fruit is very unusual in that the flesh has a high fat content, 10 per cent on an average. The water content is 61 per cent and the carbohy-

drates 7 per cent. The food value is high, 512 calories per pound. In regions where it grows avocado fat is sometimes recovered for industrial uses. While it is primarily a salad food, yet it is also used as a dessert, with sugar and cream, wine and lemon or orange juice, and in the tropics it is often eaten in soup.

**Revenues From Gambling.**  
The ideas of Henry George and other tax theorists have found a niggard soil in Macao, whose fiscal policy is simplicity itself. Poo-chee and fan-tan provide the revenues of the city. It has been said that half the minted pieces of the Far East find their way sooner or later to the gambling boards of Macao, and the old six dollar, the Mexican peso, and the American dime are clinked upon the tables of the jeu-messe doree, or of the rickshaw coolies and harbor riff-raff of the town, while a daily flow of men, women and dollars crosses the estuary from Hongkong to Macao and pours into the hells of the Roa do Jogo, or gambling street.

Fan-tan is the favorite game, but it is nothing like the card game of that name known to Americans. The Chinese croupiers sit enthroned before a square marked at the corners with the numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4. The banker reclines behind a grating, smoking a long pipe. Overhead is a gallery running all around the room and forming a sort of ceiling, pierced only by a hole the size of the table. From this gallery the bets are made, and the stakes are alternately let down and drawn up, accompanied by the sound of drawing minstrelsy.

The croupier takes a handful of small coins and covers them with a reversed bowl, while money is laid on one of the four numbers. When the betting has ceased he lifts the bowl and separates the coins with his wand. Then he counts them by fours, and the remainder, or the last four, if there be no remainder, represents the winning number. Each hazard is a one-to-three wager, and the banks pay on that basis, after deducting the house percentage. A number of these licensed gambling dens, graded according to the limit of wager allowed, pay the revenues of the city of Macao.

**Work Versus Words.**  
When you're in a fix, sweating is more helpful than swearing.—Boston Transcript.

**LOCAL NEWS**

(Continued from page 5)  
 Mrs. Addie Hoffman and daughter, Miss Edna, of Philadelphia, were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Mathis.  
 Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy S. Parker of Trenton, spent Christmas with their parents in Tuckerton.  
 Mr. and Mrs. J. Wade Wimer visited in Atlantic City on Wednesday. Mr. Wimer's father, who is visiting them, accompanied them. Mr. Wimer attended the state teachers meeting.  
 Albert McConomy of Philadelphia, spent the holidays in Tuckerton.  
 Mrs. Willis Buckingham and daughter Florence, have returned after spending several weeks at Franklinville and vicinity.

Christmas was the occasion of a partial family reunion when Mr. and Mrs. Edward Honer entertained the following, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Parker, Parker of Philadelphia, Calvin Parker of Trenton and Helen Parker of Tuckerton.  
 Mathis Bishop is spending the holidays in Philadelphia.  
 Mrs. Luin-Oliphant of Manahawkin visited relatives here on Wednesday.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Klinger of Mt. Carmel, Pa., are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Thomas Rider.

Misses Daisy Beaumont, May Dooly, Messrs. Charles Mountjoy, and Homer Marshall, were holiday guests of the latter's parents, Councilman and Mrs. Samuel H. Marshall.

Mrs. Margaret Ernest of Brooklyn, has returned to her home after a visit with Mrs. Dorcas Letts.

French Loveland, who is attending Dickinson College, visited his sister, Mrs. Walter Entwistle, during the holidays.

Calvin, Parker, Edward Blackman, and James Marshall, of Trenton spent the holidays with their respective parents' here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dean of Chestnut Hill are visitors with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Allen.

Miss Zelma Allen was a visitor in Manahawkin last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Errol O. Horner, and Mrs. E. H. Allen, of New York City; Mr. and Mrs. Halsted Horner of Forest Hills, L. I., motored to Tuckerton and spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Horner.

Francis Parker was a week on visitor in Atlantic City.

Hazelton Jones recently visited in Staten Island.

Joseph Byrnes of Philadelphia, was a holiday visitor at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Byrnes.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Scarborough and Mrs. Isabelle Keeler of Atlantic

City, were Sunday visitors at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Parker.

Herman Morey and son, Leon of Cape May, are visiting at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Morey. They came here with Mrs. Morey and Mrs. Harry Cox, who motored down to Cape May on a visit a few days ago.

Miss Ada Brown of Trenton, spent the holidays here with her father, James D. Brown.

**BEACH HAVEN**

An adjourned regular meeting of Beach Haven Borough Council will be held tonight to finish up the business of the year and to transact other important matters. All councilmen are requested to be present.

**MANAHAWKIN**

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Elberon have gone to Philadelphia where they will spend the holidays with their daughter, Mrs. Nellie Jeffreys.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Corlies spent Monday in Barnegat with Mr. and Mrs. Clayton B. Corlies.

Miss Martha Fenimore of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jason Fenimore.

Charles Crane, daughter Edna and grandson are spending a few days in Collingswood with Mrs. Angie Wildonger, the former's daughter.

Benjamin Bennett and wife of Burlington, were home with the former's mother, Mrs. Angie Bennett over the week end.

Dr. and Mrs. Joshua Hilliard entertained relatives and friends over Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Ogden of Jersey City, were in town on Monday calling on relatives.

Mrs. Mary A. Cranmer and son Carl, were over Sunday visitors in Trenton.

Mrs. Addie Lowery is visiting her son William Lowery in Camden for a while.

Charlie Frank Courtney and wife of Jersey City, spent a few days with his father, L. A. Courtney.

Clayton Corlies and daughter, Miss Alma were Monday callers in town.

Harold Cranmer and brother, Paul of Trenton, spent Sunday and Monday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cranmer.

William Letts has been confined to his home with an attack of rheumatism.

Reba Morris of Baltimore is visiting her grandfather, Frank Martin, for a while.

Walter C. Paul, section foreman, is confined to his home with a severe attack of La Grippe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Paul of Moorestown, are spending a short vacation with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Paul.

Joseph Throckmorton and niece, Miss Ruth Paul, have been visiting relatives in Mantoloking for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Cox of Beach Arlington spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Paul.

Mrs. Rebecca Bennett entertained her Sunday School class of boys at her home on Saturday evening. She gave them a splendid treat and they had a fine time.

Allen Letts of Camden, spent Christmas at home with his mother, Mrs. William Adams.

Harry Corlies of Ship Bottom, was home over Sunday with his family.

Miss Elsie Letts entertained her Sunday School class of girls at her home on Monday evening. Refreshment and games were indulged in and the little folks had a fine time.

Miss Edna Traxler and brother, Harold, of Brooklyn, are spending

the holidays with their grandfather, Wm. H. Stevens.

Mrs. Charles Winters is enjoying the holidays in Philadelphia.

Mr. Earl Ford of this place and Miss Eva Penn of Barnegat were united in marriage on the 17th of December. We wish them a long happy wedded life.

Horace Potts of eBach Haven was in town on Saturday.

Mrs. Hugh Bolton, Jr., spent a week with her father, Wm. H. Stevens.

Ashbrook Cranmer has a gang of men working at Browns Mills. Thomas-Cranmer had the misfortune to smash one of his fingers last week.

**AN ORDINANCE BOROUGH OF TUCKERTON**

Ordinance Introduced October 24, 1921.

AN ORDINANCE authorizing the Atlantic City Electric Company, its successors and assigns, to erect poles and string wires thereon, and to lay conduits and place wires therein, with all the necessary fixtures and appliances, for its lines, in, upon, over and under the public highways in the Borough of Tuckerton for the purpose of transmitting electricity through and over said wires, to furnish heat, light and power to individuals, corporations and municipalities.

Passed at a regular meeting of Borough Council December 26th, 1921.

Attest: JAMES E. OTIS, President of Council

JOSEPH H. BROWN, Borough Clerk

Approved December 26, 1921. T. WILMER SPECK, Mayor.

**NOTICE OF HEARING IN THE MATTER OF THE ASSESSMENT FOR BENEFITS OF LANDS IN THE BOROUGH OF BEACH HAVEN BENEFITED BY THE IMPROVEMENT OF PELHAM AVENUE, IN SAID BOROUGH. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on the 17th day of January A. D. 1922, the undersigned, Assessor of the Borough of Beach Haven, will sit at the Council Chamber in said Borough, at 11 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of hearing all persons interested in said proposed assessment.**  
 W. F. BEER, Assessor.

**PARKERTOWN**

Miss Grace Parker of Moorestown is spending her Christmas vacation at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Norwood Parker.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cranmer and daughter Anna of So. Bethlehem, spent the Christmas holidays at the home of the latter's parents, Capt. and Mrs. A. M. Price. They also entertained over the week end, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Inman of Manahawkin.

Mr. and Mrs. Harie Parker entertained over Christmas Mr. and Mrs. Albert Firth and son Albert Jr., of Brooklyn.

Mr. E. J. Sullivan our school teacher, is spending his vacation with friends in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Harvey Parker is visiting relatives in Collingswood and Philadelphia.

Mrs. W. E. Horner recently spent two weeks in Philadelphia with her sister Mrs. William Handley.

Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Homan, Mrs. Silas Cummings and Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Horner and daughter, Gladys, were recent visitors at Atlantic City.

Clarence Cranmer of Philadelphia, is visiting his brother-in-law, Atmore Homan.

Frank McGowan spent the Christmas holidays in Philadelphia with his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Parker and children and Katherine Bodine are spending some time in Camden with relatives.

The cantata entitled the "Night Before Christmas" given by the West Creek Baptist Sunday School will be repeated by request Monday evening, January 2 in the church. Proceeds for the benefit of the church. A silver offering will be taken.

Mrs. James A. Parker entertained over Christmas, Mrs. Amos Cloud and children of Thorndale; Gladys and Garrett Parker are spending a week in Ocean City.

**IN MEMORIAM**

In loving memory of Oscar Hickman, who departed this life December 22, 1920.

In our hearts your memory lingers; Tenderly, kind and true; There is not a day dear loved one, That we do not think of you. Sadly missed by wife, and children.

**FARM AND HOME FACTS**

One ill wind that blows nobody any good this time of year is a draught.

But that doesn't mean that we shouldn't sleep with our windows open at night, and air the living rooms every once in so often during the day.

Washing dishes and hands at the same sink is a very unsanitary combination, especially when the hands are fresh from the barnyard.

Dried vegetables and fruit are expensive compared with our own garden products, but cheap compared with sickness and doctor's bills.

**Mid-Winter Term Begins Monday, Jan. 2**

DAY and EVENING SESSIONS



**WHAT WILL 1922 BRING TO YOU?**

Your success during the New Year will depend on how you use its 465 days. Plan ahead and secure the greatest possible good out of the year 1922.

Send for particulars about our Various Business Courses.

Rider Graduates Placed in Business Positions.

**Rider College**

Trenton, N. J.

**COLONIAL THEATER**  
 BEACH HAVEN, NEW JERSEY



**"The Sheik"**  
 WITH  
**Rudolph Valentino**  
 and  
**Agnes Ayres**

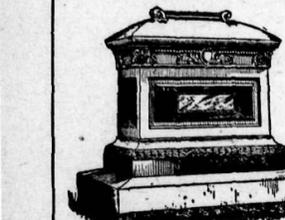
Rudolph Valentino in the George Melford Production, "The Sheik" a Paramount Picture.

Added Attraction. Louise Fazenda in "Country Chickens"

Dec. 31st. Show starts 8.00 P. M.  
 FIRST SHOWING

**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

Carefree Paid to all Purchasers  
**CAMDEN YARD**  
 Opp. Harleigh Cemetery  
 Bell Phone 2737  
**MAIN OFFICE AND YARD**  
 Pleasantville, N. J.  
 Opp. Atlantic City Cemetery  
 Bell Phone, Pleasantville 1

**REPRESENTATIVES**  
 O. J. Hammell, Pres., 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. DuBois, Clayton, N. J., for Clayton and vicinity  
 H. B. Hale, Cherriton, Va., for State of Virginia

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

**Mayetta**

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Cranmer spent Christmas in Atlantic City.

Ross Salmons spent Christmas with his mother, Mrs. Lena Salmons.

Adolphus Cranmer was home from Toms River over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Cranmer are spending two or three days at their cottages here.

Miss Edna Traxler and brother, Harold, of Brooklyn, are spending

**MARQUERADE BALL**

Sat. Dec. 31, 1921

CASH PRIZES IN ALL EVENTS

Music by the FAMOUS 6-PIECE HARMONY CLUB ORCHESTRA of Asbury Park, N. J.  
 At 7.30 P. M. until Closing

**Greyhound Inn**  
 FORKED RIVER, N. J.

ADMISSION: 75c. Those in Costume, 50c

*Nathan Gerber's Sons*  
 THE ORIGINAL GERBER STORE

**NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS TO OUR FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS**

*We desire to present to you the compliments of the season and express our sincere wishes for your prosperity during the coming year, with an earnest desire for a continuance of the cordial relations existing between us.*

---

**Sweeping Reductions in Men's and Young Men's Clothing**

We have reduced our entire stock of Men's Suits and Overcoats. Values offered are the lowest in years.

<b>Overcoats \$15.00</b> In Brown, belted back. All wool \$25.00 value.	<b>Student Suits \$13.50</b> In Blue and White stripes; Brown Cassimere. were \$22.50.
<b>Suits \$17.50</b> In Men's and Young Men's Styles. In different fabrics—were \$25.	<b>Corduroy Pants \$2</b> Sizes 38-40-42 \$5.00 Value

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**MEN WOMEN BOYS** May profit by these special values in **SHOES**

<b>BOYS' SHOES \$2.00, \$2.50</b> Black English last—Sizes 12 to 2; In Calf; excellent wearers of Famous <b>GODMAN MAKE</b>	<b>MEN'S SHOES—Special Reductions</b> in all grades; Men's Tan Shoes—In Brogue and English lasts \$6.00
<b>MEN'S BLACK SHOES</b> English Last; Gun Metal Calf—WALK-OVER and DIAMOND Brands, Regular \$6.50 Value—\$4.65	<b>WOMEN'S TAN SPORT OXFORDS</b> In Tan and Tony Red Calf—Winged Tips—were \$6.50 and \$7.00 Now \$5.00

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**IMPORTANT REDUCTIONS IN DRY GOODS**

<b>15 and 18c OUTINGS</b> In stripes pink and blue .. 9 1/2c yd	<b>28c GINGHAMS 27-inch</b> Bates quality; new plaids; 22c yd.
<b>25c PERCALES</b> In new patterns ..... 20c yd.	<b>22c QUILTING CHINTZ</b> In Palm leaf, all over patterns 16c yd.
<b>25c BLEACHED MUSLIN, 36-inch</b> High quality ..... 20c yd.	<b>45c LINEN TOWELING</b> Red bordered; Pure linen .. 30c yd.

We invite you to visit our store at this season of the year. Reductions throughout all of our departments. Mail and phone orders promptly attended to.

*Nathan Gerber's Sons*  
 THE ORIGINAL GERBER STORE

**While You Are Thinking Of The Heat Question Novelty Pipeless Furnaces Simplified Heating for the Home at a Moderate Cost**

Why not have clean furs? Gasoline or suds made with castile soap and a little borax, followed by several rinsings in clean water, will brighten them wonderfully. When almost dry, they should be rubbed up until pliable.

A little vanilla and a couple of straws will help get a glass of milk down any cranky little youngster who thinks he "doesn't like it."

We hear a lot about the well balanced meal. What is it? Let vegetables and fruit furnish 20 per cent of the fuel; milk, meat, eggs and other proteins 20 per cent; cereal foods, 30 per cent, sweets 10 per cent, and fat foods 20 per cent.

One answer to the eternal question: What to make the bachelor friends and relatives for Christmas, lies in natural pongee handkerchiefs, thru which simple designs are drawn with colored threads. If you have time, his monogram embroidered in the same color will particularly appeal to his fastidious taste.

Gran'ma says: Seems like young people nowadays miss half the blessedness of family life since family prayers have gone out of fashion.

Feed the family prunes once in a while just on general principles.

Sell less of your milk and eggs and more of your hogs and notice the difference in the health of your family.

Use of Metric System Spreading. The metric system has been officially adopted by 53 countries and is used to a greater or less extent in 200.

**Beach Haven Plumbing Co.**  
 Beach Haven, N. J.