

# May's Landing Record

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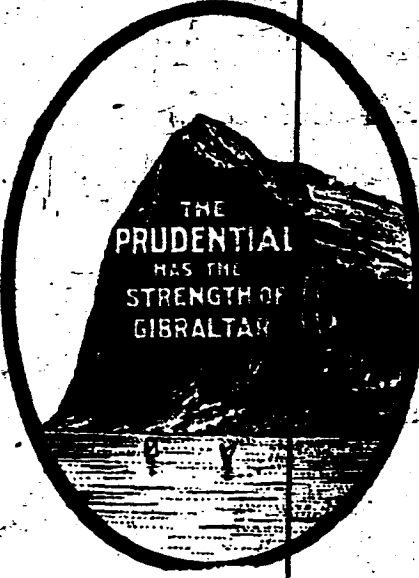
## The Story

of America's Gibraltar is appearing in the June magazines—read it.

## The Prudential

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### BAKING IN ANCIENT TIMES.

It Was Known as a Distinct Trade as Early as 583.

"The learned are in great doubt about the time when baking first became a particular profession and bakers were introduced," said a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "It is generally agreed that they had their rise in the east and passed from Greece to Italy after the war with Pyrrhus, about the year 583, till which time every housewife was her own baker; for the word 'patron,' which we find in Roman authors before that time, signified a person who ground or pounded the grain in a mill, or mortar, to prepare it for the baker. According to Athenaeus the Cappadocians were the most applauded bakers; after them the Lydians, then the Phoenicians. To the foreign bakers brought into Rome were added a number of freedmen, who were incorporated into a body, or, as they called it, a college, from which neither they nor their children were allowed to withdraw. They held their effects in common and could not dispose of any part of them.

The bakerhouse had a patroness, who had the superintendency thereof; and these patronesses sent one out of their number every year, who had the superintendency over the rest and the care of the college. Out of the body of the bakers, every now and then, one was admitted as senator. To preserve honor and honesty in the college of bakers, they were expressly prohibited all alliance with comedians and gladiators; each had his shop of bakerhouse and they were distributed into fourteen regions of the Eternal City. They were exempt from guardianship and other offices, which might divert them from their employment.

"The art of making bread was not known at Rome until 580. Before this time the Romans prepared their flour into a kind of pap, or soft pudding, for which reason Pliny calls them eaters of pap. Among the ancients we find various kinds of bread, such as panis siliginis, panis secundus, autopurys, tabacicus, etc. The French have great varieties of bread, as queen's bread, almonde bread, bread de Segorie, de Genilly, quality bread, etc., all prepared in peculiar ways by the bakers of Paris. The bread de Genesee, excels all others, on account of the waters of Genesee, about three leagues from Paris. It is light, and full of eyes, which are marks of its goodness.

"Bouppourchiale, or bouppourchiel, is the name of a very coarse bread eaten in Westphalia and many other places. It still retains the name once given it by a French traveler, of bouppourchiale, good for his horse, Nicholas; but is by no means a contemptible kind. It is far from being peculiar to this age or country; it has been known in distant places and in different ages and was called by the ancients panis furfuraceus or panis foveus, from its not being so thoroughly cleansed from the husk or bran as the fine sorts of bread are. The wretches of old ate only this sort of bread, to preserve them in their strength of limbs; and we may learn from Pliny that the Romans, for 300 years, knew no other bread; and it has been said that this coarse bread nourishes more, assuages hunger better and generates humors less subject to corruption than the white.

"In Iceland bread is made from dried cod, likewise, in Lapland, whose country affords no corn, and even among the Crim Tartars. In upper Lusatia a sort of white earth is found, of which the poor, urged by the calamities of war, make bread. This earth, dug out of a hill where they formerly worked at salt-peter, when warmed by the sun, cracks, and small globules proceed from it like meal, which ferment when mixed with meal. Some persons have lived upon it for some time. It will keep for more than a half-dozen years."



Elizabeth Robins' novel, "The Magnetic North," is shortly to be issued by Frederick A. Stokes Company. It is said to be a striking creation.

Lady Burne-Jones is preparing a biography of her husband. It will contain reproductions of many of his pictures—of some pictures of which no reproductions now exist.

The American Bookellers' Association has agreed to accept the net-price system on the understanding that it is the publishers' intention to include within it "as rapidly as possible" copy-righted fiction.

The Macmillan Company is bringing out "Radium and All About It," by S. R. Hottel, author of "Radiography," "Wireless Telegraphy," "Electrical Instrument Making," etc. The book is in brochure form.

In proof of the statement that literature is a paying profession, the estate of Henry Seton Merriman, author of "Barlach of the Guild," can be pointed to. During the eleven years Mr. Merriman made \$288,000.

One of the most important publications of 1904, if not the most important of its class, will be "The Psychology of Adolescence," by G. Stanley Hall, President of the Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

"The Paradise of Ioumitie" is the title of the new novel which is to be published by Lucas Malet in the autumn. The work, it is said, is largely concerned with the doings of the nouveau riches in English society.

"The Watchers of the Trails," a nature book by Charles G. D. Roberts (some what of the same order as his famous "The Kindred of the Wild"), is one of the most interesting of the publications to be made this season by L. C. Page & Co.

Charles G. D. Roberts is soon to publish a new novel, "The Prisoner of Mademoiselle," with the scene laid in that land of Acadia which he loves so well. The story is based on the famous siege of Louisbourg and possesses much of the witchery found in "Barbadoes."

Through the late Dr. Smiles, author of "Self-Help," was in good physical health up to the last, yet he had been dead to the world for several years. When still able to write he prepared his "Memoirs" and put the finishing touch to them shortly before he ceased to use his pen. It is probable that the English publisher, Mr. Murray, will soon publish them.

In a list of great men of the day, which a contemporary puts before its readers in order to have them vote on the "greatest man living," we notice the following literary names: Tolstol, Swinburne, Nordau, Kipling, Lew Wallace, Alfred Austin, Ibsen, Rosset, Maeterlinck, Stenckiewicz, Lester Ward and Stephen Phillips. Why omit Meredith, Hardy and Bjornson?

### A PAIR OF MUSICAL WONDERS.



J. A. Wilcox, of Durand, Mich., is known as the "One Man Orchestra." Plays first and second violin, piano, drum, harmonica, bells and triangles, all at the same time. When appearing in public he generally performs the following program: Overture, violin, piano and harmonica. 2. Light-foot planter—playing piano, harmonica, drum, triangle, tines violin, rosin bow, all these at the same time. 3. Plays second violin with one hand and in two different positions, imitating declaimer on violin and harmonica. 4. Full combination—two violins, piano, triangle, drum, harmonica and bells. Repertoire—Waltz, quadrilles, rag, polka, quick-step. Many special features the musical world never dreamed of. A novelty and a musical treat to all.

Charles C. Hensch performs similia nonoply upon harmonica, guitar, bass viol and bells. As will be seen in the picture, Mr. Hensch plays the bass instrument with his right foot. With left foot he plays two bells. The guitar and harmonica he plays with hands and mouth. Mr. Hensch loves music and studied the four-instrument combination for his own amusement.

**SPRING FURNITURE CASTOR.**  
Use for Worn-Out Rubber.  
It used to be a favorite remark of one of Chicago's largest pork packers that so many uses had been discovered for the hog that when he was killed nothing about him was lost but his squeal. As with the hog, so it is with the product of the rubber tree—nothing is lost.

Worn-out rubber, like worn-out silver, is something that does not exist in these days. Ever since the advent of bicycles and motor-cars, both of which draw heavily on the world's rubber supply, and ever since the hundred and one uses to which rubber is put in connection with electricity, the material has become more and more scarce and valuable, so that even the old rubber shoe and the worn-out rubber boot, may throw out their chests in pride at being worth really something. Nothing containing rubber is discarded nowadays.

The old rubber castor over which the springs of a motor car may run on a cinder road today may seem to be a waste of material, but it is a waste of a woman's hair, after having been transformed into a handsome comb.

Even vulcanized rubber, which, owing to the sulphur process to which it is subjected, was formerly valueless, is now subject to a process which rejuvenates it and makes it fit to be worked up again for the purposes of the manufacturer. Immense quantities of this product, which formerly was assigned to a rubbish heap, are now treated and admired with a certain percentage of new gum, enough to cheapen the piece of most rubber goods turned out by the manufacturer today. Old rubber, however, can be used by itself without any addition of fresh gum, the process of treatment being a simple one.

**Idleness Discouraged.**  
"I see it stated that there is an alarming lot of idle money in the country just now."  
"Say, I'd like the job of setting a little of it at work for a week or so. I'd have it putting in eighteen hours a day and sixty minutes every hour and nothing off for meals. Oh, I'd keep it busy all right, all right!"  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### JAPANESE COUNCIL OF WAR IN THE FIELD.

During the late war in the Philippines the only Japanese general who was not a member of the council of war was General Yamaguchi. He was the only Japanese general who was not a member of the council of war.

### WHEN THE CLOCK TICKS LOUD.

There are times when life is something more than meat and drink and sleep; when the surface shows no ripple though the stream is swift and deep; when the good that's in the worst of us has taken us in tow and has fanned love's fading embers till they flash again and glow; when we feel there's something in us that has escaped the maddening crowd—when it's quiet in the evening and the clock ticks loud.

When the grate fire's crimson afterglow is grayed into gloom, when there's none but she and you within that cosy little room, when the cat upon the hearth rug yawns and drifts again to dream, then how very like the heaven we have learned to long for seems that delightful little chamber with the magic charm endowed—when it's quiet in the evening and the clock ticks loud.

Not a word to break the stillness, yet there's music in the air—music born of softest silence, music sweet and low and rare; for the one who sits beside you is your sweetheart, and you know that she loves you, for she wed you many patient years ago; add her love songs, born of silence, make you brave and great and proud, when it's quiet in the evening and the clock ticks loud.

—New York Times.

### A Converted Clergyman

THE Reverend Boswell Holland sat alone in his study. The room, which, though small, had been dignified with the name of study, was the best and pleasantest room in the house, and it was there that he had all the best that the house afforded—there was the prettiest paper and the best carpet, the only lounge, the easiest rocking chair, the gayest table-cover, the best lamp, and the prettiest ornaments, all gathered here by his young wife's unselfish devotion, and his husband's devoted solicitude.

A tall, stout, well-made, fond young man, never intended by nature for any sedentary life; one whose broad shoulders and strong arms would have made a better and healthier man of him in the field or workshop; one who as a boy had been a devoted soldier, and had something of his muscular inheritance, but who had been thrust into a position he was wholly unqualified for by the weak ambition of a doing mother and the vanity and self-indulgent nature of his own character.

At the study door, a knock was heard, and the door was opened by a young woman, who, with a look of surprise, said: "Mr. Holland, the doctor is here."

"The doctor?" said Boswell, looking at his watch. "It is only half past seven. What can the doctor want at this hour?"

"Oh, yes, I dare say; but I don't care to hear about it," said Boswell, looking at his watch. "It is only half past seven. What can the doctor want at this hour?"

"What have you got there, Lucy?" he said in half-reproachful tones, though his eyes contradicted his assumed indifference.

"Only a little lunch for you, dear," said the little wife, coaxingly, and she removed the desk and set the little tray before him.

"You silly child! what is it?" Lucy said, and revealed a small juicy beefsteak, temptingly cooked, a blintz, and a cup of steaming tea.

"Oh, I have not any appetite; I do not eat," said the husband, making a very faint demonstration of pushing it from him.

"Yes, you do, dear; I know best. Did you tell me yourself that your brains needed food, and that mental labor was more exhausting than any other? Take a little sip of the tea first, dear, and maybe that will bring an appetite."

"You are a little goose, Lucy," said the Reverend Boswell, as he took the cup from her hand; and so, just to please the affectionate little thing, he ate and drank all she had provided—and he did it, too, just as if he relished every mouthful. You would never have guessed he did not relish it. Oh, how she was a good man! And Lucy was so delighted that her joy had been so condescended to accept her meat and drink offerings.

"There now, these poor, dear, tired brains will feel all the better," she said, laying her soft hand caressingly on his low brow. "It is too bad for you to sit here, hard at work, all this love you say; but tell me, have you worked very hard this morning?"

after she had been here you will think I don't know anything; but I shall keep my eyes open, and try to learn her way of doing things. I did not think I should have to work you up at home. And then she has had so much experience with children, she is as good as a doctor; and I am such a little goose if anything ails the baby; but I shall feel as if he is all right if I can pop him into mother's arms, and she will not have to work you up at night to go for the doctor every time he screws his dear little face up into a pucker; and then she is so fond of babies I dare say she will tend him half the time; and think how much more time I shall have to read to you and make parish calls!"

In the course of time Mrs. Bryant made her appearance, she was a delicate, pleasing, lady-like little woman, with sweet brown eyes and a marvellously sweet voice, that "excellent thing in woman." Never yet came Nemesis in gentler form or more aturing guise; but it was Nemesis all the same. She was an acute and observant woman; there was quiet but keen penetration in those soft brown eyes, but there was no bitterness about her.

She read her son-in-law's character as once, the soft brown eyes went straight through his shallowness down to his selfishness and ignorance. Of course her motherly instincts were all on Lucy's side, who, she saw, was drooping under a burden of care beyond her strength; but she never thought of making her unhappy by pointing out her husband's faults to her; on the contrary, she always praised him wherever she conscientiously could, treated him with marked deference, and made him more comfortable in a dozen little ways, while she was all the time lessening his wife's burdens and transferring them to her own.

"Mr. Holland," she said to him one day, in her sweet, gracious way, "will you have the kindness to pick up some peas for dinner to-day?"

"Me? I pick the peas?" asked the astonished gentleman, who had been sitting in her unselfish thought, "dear! I will get them; I was just going."

"My dear child, no! The vines are wet with last night's rain; and with your thin dress! I would not have you do it for the world; and I am sure Mr. Holland would not hear of such a thing."

"No, no, certainly not," said the reverend gentleman; "it is not fit for me, of course; though he remembered uncannily how many times she had done it, even in the rain. "But cannot Kate get them?"

"I do not think she can," said the gentle voice; "she is very busy tending your shirts; and she does not have time to do it."

"Well, she won't acquire that knowledge, any way," Mrs. Bryant promised to call for me at the Allen's, and take me for a drive in her buggy carriage down to the lower mills at the Pond, and that is much pleasanter."

"Of course it is; and such a lovely day, too. You will have a charming ride, I am so glad. I will go for you to see over to see that old dead Mrs. Otis; I hear she tells everybody she does not know her minister by sight."

"Well, she won't acquire that knowledge, any way," Mrs. Bryant promised to call for me at the Allen's, and take me for a drive in her buggy carriage down to the lower mills at the Pond, and that is much pleasanter."

"Of course I could. But she is so cross I am half afraid of her; and besides, it is you she wants to see, not me."

"Let her take the best she can get," said the unconscious egotist; "I can't do it."

"I rather think not. Mrs. Bryant would leave me up at the White's on our way home; they are to have the choir up for this evening; they said something about your coming, but I for I knew you would not leave the baby all the evening."

"Of course I could not," said the wife, making up her baby and the tray he was such a good man! And Lucy was so delighted that her joy had been so condescended to accept her meat and drink offerings.

"But I could not come to-day, you know," said the wife, deprecatingly, "make them wash the day."











