

May's Landing Record.

NO. 48

MAY'S LANDING, ATLANTIC COUNTY, N. J., SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1905

VOL XXVIII

Twenty-ninth Annual Statement.

January 1, 1905. Paid-for Insurance in force, over One Billion Dollars; Paid-for Insurance issued and revived in 1904, over 312 Million Dollars; Total paid policyholders in 29 years, over 92 Million Dollars.

Write for Information of Policies

The Prudential

INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA. Home Office, Newark, N. J.

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey. John F. Dryden, President. John F. Dryden, Vice President. Edgar B. Ward, 2d Vice President. Forrest F. Dryden, 3d Vice President. Wilbur S. Johnson, 4th Vice President. Edward Gray, Secretary. A. H. Higbee, Assistant Superintendent, Room 2, Burkhart Building, Shore Road and Washington Avenue, Pleasantville, N. J. Theodore W. Schimpf, District Manager Ordinary Department, 11 Law Building, Atlantic City, N. J.

COMPASS TO TELL TALE

Automatic Device Will Register All Changes in Course of Vessel

An automatic compass for use on board ship is described in the Bulletin de la Société Industrielle de Marseille. The apparatus, which is the invention of M. Hett, automatically registers, minute by minute, the direction of the compass, so that by consulting the chart which is the result it is possible to determine what the route was that was followed at a given moment of the passage. The commander of a vessel indicates to the helmsman the route which the vessel should follow, but he does not know whether this route is followed unless he is continually observing the compass. This information, registering every change in the position of the vessel, every move made by the helmsman and the exact time at which such change occurred, and so, in case of many varieties of accident, the chart enables one to establish exactly the responsibility of the helmsman. It has been in use for several months and has given complete satisfaction. The compass card, instead of having a center on a pivot resting on a fixed point, is suspended in a frame which is bathed in a drop of mercury, which serves to conduct the current of electricity that makes possible the registering of the movements of the compass.

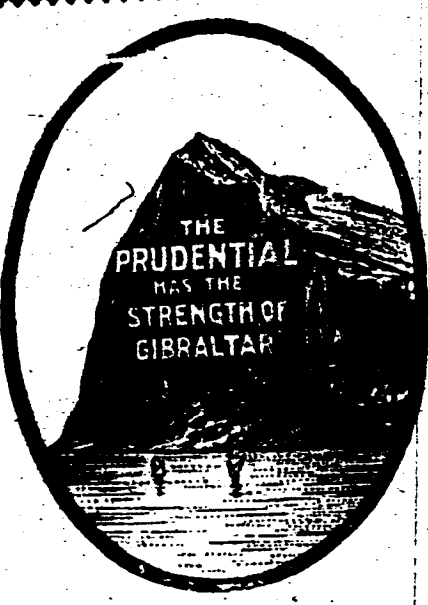
For this purpose the card has been attached to a small silver index, which is kept in constant electrical communication with the pivot by a fine and flexible wire. In the unusual position this index does not touch the fixed basin surrounding the card, but by means of the electrical current the circuit is rapidly closed and opened, with the result that the angle of the boat with the meridian is registered.

For this purpose the basin is divided into a certain number of sections, isolated from each other and corresponding in each case to a special circuit of registration being made on a sheet of paper by means of a spark produced by a small induction coil. Certain sections of the basin also correspond to certain call bells, the commander thus being instantly informed of any abnormal deviation in the direction of the boat.

The apparatus also gives the speed of the boat by registering the revolutions of the screws, at each stroke of the piston a current being closed and a signal sent to the receiver, while the hour of departure is registered, together with that of every stop or start.

Then and Now.
"Goodness me!" exclaimed the woman at the kitchen door. "This is the second time you have called here this week!"
"Well, dat ain't so worse," answered the hungry boy. "Dere was a time when me best girl kicked if I didn't show up twice a day!"

Rich Hall.
First Caddy—I hear you made a rich haul yesterday.
Second Caddy—Yes, I drove J. P. Morgan from his office, to the club—Judge.



THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

SHEEP-RAISING PAY

They Will Thrive on Feed Cattle Will Not Touch—Facts in Wool.

It requires about the same amount of feed to produce a pound of flesh on a steer as on a sheep. The investment in a sheep is small, and the return is large. The sheep is a more profitable animal than the cattle, and the wool is a valuable by-product. The sheep is a more profitable animal than the cattle, and the wool is a valuable by-product.

It is often said that it does not pay to raise sheep on high-priced land. If that is true, then it does not pay to raise cattle or hogs on the same land. It costs no more pound for pound for one than the other.

Fat lambs always find ready sale at good prices and choice lambs are generally scarce at high prices. If lambs are kept till they grow a fleece the price of the wool is generally the profit of the sheep owner. Of course sheep will not fatten on weeds or brush or thistle, but they will fatten on a good feed. The sheep can be fattened in less time than cattle. It is generally found that the steer is not finished in 100 days, but must be topped off with about two weeks' extra feeding. The sheep can be ready and prime for the market in 100 days.

The Drama Analyzed.
Mrs. Craigie, better known to novel readers under her pen name of "John Oliver Hobbes," has just come forward with a new dramatic generalization, though she frankly admits that by stating it she is but the self-appointed mouthpiece of a small girl of her acquaintance who frequently accompanies her theater-loving parents to the play. According to this 9-year-old authority all drama is to be directed as follows:

"Tragedy is where you wear fancy rags and get murdered."
"Just plays is where you're like the people and die of illness or commit suicide."
"And comedy is where you go through with a great deal and yet live."
—Philadelphia Ledger.

—Rev. Dr. Harper, of Chicago University, has returned to work. He says the country needs more colleges and fewer universities. Dr. Harper believes all universities should have endowments of \$50,000,000 or \$100,000,000, thus centralizing the forces behind them.

THE OLD HOME.

An old lane, an old gate, an old house by a tree,
A wild wood, a wild brook—they will not let me be!
In my boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.

Down deep in my heart's core I hear them, and my eyes
Through tear mists behold them beneath the old-time skies,
'Mid bee-bloom and rose-bloom and orchard lands arise.

I hear them; and heartick with longing is my soul,
To walk there, to dream there, beneath the sky's blue bowl
Around me, within me, the weary world made whole.

To talk with the wild brook of all the long ago;
To whisper the wood-wind of things we used to know
When we were old companions, before my heart knew woe.

To walk with the morning and watch its rose unfold;
To drowse with the noontide lulled on its heart of gold;
To lie with the night-time and dream the dreams of old.

To tell to the old trees, and to each listening leaf,
The longing, the yearning, in my boyhood brief,
The old hope, the old love, would ease my heart of grief.

The old lane, the old gate, the old house by the tree,
The wild wood, the wild brook—they will not let me be!
In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.

—Criterion.

TAMING A "BAD MAN."

TOWARD noon of a June day, seventeen years ago, there came riding into the little town of Blank, in Southern Colorado, a stranger, a comely, red-kernelled, blue-shirted, high-booted, and wearing a high-top, a well-filled cartridge-belt, a heavy six-shooter. He halted before the principal saloon, threw reins over his horse's head, dismounted, and strolling in, he proclaimed himself to be roughly, "Wildcat Pete" and a "bad man," and ordered a drink. Having imbibed considerable liquor, he proceeded to cavort up and down the street, threatening and bullying, and in the recognized border way "shooting up the town."

Although still without the civilizing influence of a railroad, Blank was not all that it is to say "wide open." In the measure of many a typical Western cow-town and mining camp, Blank had begun to grow, and had continued along its peaceful, law-abiding, and law-abiding element. Consequently the



"WILL YOU JEE REPEAT THAT?"

advent of "Wildcat Pete" was an unwelcome surprise.

But while the presence of the desperado was looked upon by the citizens of Blank with disfavor, still he stayed and did about as he pleased. To tell the truth, the marshal was afraid of him, and the public generally found it necessary to take time to consider. Therefore "Wildcat Pete" remained a thorn in the flesh of Blank's prosperity.

He was a blustering, domineering, loud-voiced individual; and although this is not the distinguishing trait of the real "bad man," to back it up he proved himself mighty quick with a gun.

On a Saturday morning the proprietor of the general store of Blank was returning to it after a rather late breakfast. As he walked up Main street, he noted that ahead of him the thoroughfare seemed oddly deserted. Pedestrians and horsemen and teamsters were looking upon the street with a showing of strange partiality for the side streets. One might have thought that a portion of the street was plague-stricken. It was.

As the merchant, wondering, advanced, presently he beheld the figure of a man squatting tailor-fashion in the middle of the road. It was "Wildcat Pete." There he was sitting calmly, arms folded, but with a six-shooter in each hand; and whenever anybody walked or rode down near he would suddenly waver back. They went on, but they were afraid to go near him. It was just a "bad man" or a "bad man," but it had to be respected.

However, the merchant frowned. He was annoyed. Pete had stationed himself exactly in front of the store, which possessed the only place where he could walk in town. Whenever he went to the store, he had to go around the corner, but he did not like leaving his store unprotected. He decided to go and see what Pete was doing there.

The merchant was a new-comer from the East, and Pete considered him a minus quantity.

"Well, Pete," said the merchant, "I'm paying good rent for this property, and I've built a sidewalk, and gone to other expenses for improvements, and I can't afford having my customers driven off like you're doing. Now, go over on the other side of the street, and sit in front of that vacant lot; or there's a splendid place in front of the blacksmith shop. It's shady there. Don't sit here."

"I reckon I'll sit here just as long as I please," declared Pete, unaffectedly.

The merchant's color rose. He was a tenderfoot, but he had spirit. "You will, will you?" he retorted. "Then he turned to his clerk, and said, in undertone: 'George, go in and get the gun.'"

The "gun" was a 45-00 repeater, the clerk brought it out.

"Now, Pete," addressed the merchant, "move, or I'll want you to move—and move quick."

For the first time the desperado looked up, and it was into the muzzle of a six-shooter.

"I reckon I won't be shooting," he said, "but you will, if you don't get out of here in five minutes or get out, or I'll blow you out!"

"I reckon you won't," persisted Pete, apparently calm.

George held the watch on us," bade the merchant.

George held the watch. The desperado edged, and seemed inclined to move. He moved, and was looking at the merchant with a look of surprise.

However, the merchant required the store, and received the congratulations of his customers.

Meanwhile, at the blacksmith shop, "Wildcat Pete" was voicing dire threats, all of which seemed inclined to be carried out.

He was a blustering, domineering, loud-voiced individual; and although this is not the distinguishing trait of the real "bad man," to back it up he proved himself mighty quick with a gun.

Unfolded a large bandana. "You choose which pistol you want! I'll take the other. Then we'll catch hold of opposite corners of this handkerchief and back away, and the minute that the cloth is tight we'll pop and find out which gun has the bullet in it!"

"Will you jee please repeat that?" I didn't quite savvy," stammered the desperado uncertainly.

The merchant repeated. "I'm game. You mean I'm to take one gun, and you the other and go it blind; and then shoot at each other across the handkerchief?" inquired Pete, dazed.

"Exactly," affirmed the merchant. Pete stared at the pistols. They were the old-fashioned, powder-and-ball variety, single shot, and loaded at the muzzle. The merchant had no respect for them; however, they were perfect for the purpose, for their contents could not be ascertained by the eye.

The desperado rose to the occasion. "All right," he said, "be hurt." But somehow he didn't seem to be hurt. He weighed the pistols carefully in his hand, and selected one. The merchant took the other.

"Somebody sure is," he replied grimly. Noting the interview, a crowd had collected.

The merchant extended a corner of the bandana to the desperado. "Here," he said, "take hold!"

With the fingers of a rather shaky left hand "Wildcat Pete" grasped the bandana. The merchant cocked his pistol, and "Wildcat Pete" cocked his. "When the handkerchief is taut, we shoot, remember," warned the merchant.

The crowd fell away from behind each of the duellists. The merchant and the desperado slowly, gingerly, backed apart. The handkerchief, held taut, was just going to snap, when "Bang!" went the pistol of "Wildcat Pete." An exclamation leaped from the peering crowd; but the merchant stood up, smiling sarcastically, unharmed. Evidently the desperado's pistol was the blank; he had fired ahead of time, and he had fired in vain.

Seeing the result, with an oath he dropped the handkerchief and whipped his hand to the six-shooter at his right hip.

"None of that!" cried a stern voice in his back, and wisely restraining his hand behind, to find the marshal, at last unemboldened, exactly covering him. "Hands up!"

"I reckon Mr. Merchant there is about entitled to a shot," suggested the marshal, coolly. "Go ahead, Mr. Merchant," he said to him.

"Pete," said the merchant decisively, "you ain't going to kill me, after all this time around!"

The marshal commanded the merchant to get on him and keep going. "Wildcat Pete" obeyed.

"But wasn't that rather risky?" I inquired of the merchant—now no longer merchant, but capitalist. "Supposing Pete had picked the pistol having the bullet?"

"Well," said the former storekeeper, "I figured first that Pete would be at the contest, which he didn't; and second, that he would fire ahead of time, which he did. Either would give me the advantage. And to tell the truth, in justice to myself and family, neither pistol held a bullet. Bloodshed was eliminated."

HUNDREDS OF LIBRARIES.

The Actual Figures Show How They Have Increased.

Isaac F. Marston writes in World's Work the inside facts about "Giving Carnegie Libraries." The different countries that have received a share of the total 1,333 are given below:

The largest per cent of the population in any community served by a Carnegie library is the District of Columbia, where the Washington building supplies 75.4 per cent of the people with books.

Conquest of the Great American Desert

A rare day in June, three years ago, was the 17th of that month, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill and the birthday of the national irrigation law, writes Guy M. Mitchell. And the result of the latter, at the beginning of the present fiscal year is an irrigation appropriation of \$30,000,000, with an automatic revolving law under which the fund is constantly increasing through additions from the sales of Western public lands and the repayment to the government by the settlers of all expenditures for irrigation construction.

The anniversary of this year of Bunker Hill National Irrigation Day was celebrated in Nevada at the same time. The irrigation project in the presence of a party of distinguished United States senators and representatives and government officials, who witnessed the opening of the first completed project of 600,000 gallons of water per minute into a great government canal.

This ceremony meant a great deal for the idea of American home-making under national auspices. Fifty thousand acres received their first payment of a vast project for the reclamation of 500,000 acres at a cost of nine million dollars, under the guidance of L. H. Taylor, federal reclamation engineer for Nevada. Within ten years the cost of irrigating this 500,000-acre tract—\$1,850,000—will all have been paid to the government by the settlers paying for the water rights in ten years.

The government in the continuation of the project. The possibilities of this revolving irrigation fund are indeed very great.

Were there to be no addition to the reclamation fund, its present thirty million dollars would eventually be exhausted. But with the large yearly additions which have been coming in it is destined before many years to reach the \$100,000,000 mark and become a vast fund for the redemption of Uncle Sam's desert lands for settlers.

And could there be a greater work than that of making homes for the people?

Almost half of the entire United States is comprised in the area covered by these great irrigation projects, rivaling the gigantic works of Egypt and Mesopotamia. The following table shows the progress of the work:

Arizona	\$5,000,000
California	\$10,000,000
Colorado	\$2,000,000
Idaho	\$3,000,000
Montana	\$1,000,000
Nevada	\$2,000,000
New Mexico	\$2,000,000
Oregon	\$2,000,000
South Dakota	\$2,000,000
Utah	\$2,000,000
Wyoming	\$2,000,000

Should the recommendation of the President be carried out by Congress regarding the repeal of the timber and stone act and the enactment of a comprehensive forestry law, the irrigation work would be greatly increased.

The government timber sales during the past two years under the timber and stone act, at a uniform price of \$2.50 an acre, much of the land densely forested with the most valuable timber.

Had the timber lands which the government has disposed of since the passage of the irrigation act three years ago been sold under President Roosevelt's plan, they would have yielded upwards of \$125,000,000, which would have irrigated 5,000,000 acres of land.

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MONSTER TROUT.

Over Battle to Angler—Strange And Lost Have His Life.

"Truthful" James Smiley had just finished a hair-raising account of the manner in which he had killed a grisly bear by puncturing its jugular with a hat pin, and the assembled guides and hunters were pondering over the story, when "Anander" Jack Smith, a well-known hunter, called attention to a trout which he had just secured. "I don't want to cast reflections on institutions at 'Truthful' in regards to this here yarn, although I would like to know how a man as gun shy of a fence as he is happened to have a hat pin in his pocket a million miles from nowhere, but, as I said, no reflections, because I mind one time that a pin—a common safety pin—no blamed hat pin, come to my rescue and saved me from a terrible death."

"It was in the wet spring or the snowy fall of '91, don't recollect which, say, these wasn't no game law. I was a prospecter then days instead of guiding tourist suckers from the East to a spot where they can choke a painter to death, but I mind I had been out a week and was run out of provisions. When I came to a beautiful mountain stream in aylvan dell, and called it I, I was some dry, so I gets to my knees to take a drink from the limpid pool. Just as I put my face to the water I see the dast-dingest trout you ever cast your eyes on. This here trout see me at the same time, and talk above a game fish, that snaky little jumped for me as if I was a meat irrigator—the finished portion of 500,000 acres at a cost of nine million dollars, under the guidance of L. H. Taylor, federal reclamation engineer for Nevada. Within ten years the cost of irrigating this 500,000-acre tract—\$1,850,000—will all have been paid to the government by the settlers paying for the water rights in ten years.

"Being, as I said, shy on grub, I makes up my mind to catch that fish, I didn't have no hook but in my clothes I kinder an old safety pin. Taking the sawfish band of my head I cuts it into strips and makes a line, and tying the pin to it drops her in. I hear a snap like trap jaws closing, and the next minute I'm in the water, and she's got me by the gills. I was engaged in a fight with the beastly creature, but he means business, and I don't waste time, but get a strange hold on his gills. All the time I'm expecting to feel that trout bite me through and through, but finally when I'm about gone, I gets him by the gills, and drags him to the bank. Then I see what saves me from the cruel jaws of the monster. When the trout bit me, safety pin he sprung it in some way, and pinned his mouth shut. When he come to I see his heart was breaking from shame, and I ends his misery by shooting him. I'll like to have of my what saves me from the cruel jaws of the monster. 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