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**To Provide for the Future**

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**A SIMPLE RUSE**

GEORGE SCHUYLER belonged to an old New York family. Helen Ganzvoort also belonged to an old New York family. George's branch of the Schuyler family was poor. Helen's branch of the Ganzvoort family was rich.

The parents of both these young people had been the staunchest kind of friends since they had been old enough to know what friendship meant, and friends had the ancestors there for generations back to the time of the stumpy-legged Peter. George Schuyler was five years older than Helen Ganzvoort. There was enough of the same Dutch idea left in George to make him a dutiful son as there was enough of the same Dutch in Helen to make her a dutiful daughter. George Schuyler had been brought up to believe that one day he must marry Helen Ganzvoort, and Helen Ganzvoort had been brought up to believe that one day she must marry George Schuyler.

The Schuylers were not rich, as has been said, and when George was 19, instead of being sent to college he was shipped west, to see if he could pick up a fortune. Helen was at that time 14 years old, and she did not look keenly at all the parting with her prospective husband, and it must be confessed that George didn't shed many tears when he said good-by to this little girl with her hair in pig-tails.

George Schuyler went to San Francisco, and there in the course of nine years he did manage to pick up what the farmer calls a "tidy bit of money." George went east twice during his San Francisco stay, but both times Helen Ganzvoort was abroad. They wrote

**EDITORIALS**

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

**Fuel of the Future.**

It was recently calculated that the viable coal supply—which is never visible till it is brought to the surface, hence the real meaning is, the calculated supply—would last the world for about a hundred years longer. But within a few weeks reports of a certain discovery of new beds have been brought from the Middle West, where anthracite is alleged to have been discovered; from the South, especially in Tennessee, about 70 miles from Knoxville, and in the Peace River region of Alabama, where it is claimed that 250,000,000 tons are in sight. The supplies in China are also considerable and if Grant Land and Grinnell Land can be reached more easily in the future, there are deposits in those Arctic regions that may be worked at a profit.

And in spite of the activities of forest choppers and burners, farmers and others who utilize the products of the soil, the world is still putting forth so considerable a quantity of vegetation that the making of new coal may be going on, unconscious to us, and not to be completed for centuries. Every bog is a possible peat bed, and peat is but unhardened coal. The great fern forests and marshes of millions that we are burning now under our boilers and in grates no longer exist, but we have certain of their analogues, and no attempt has been made by scientific authorities to estimate the mass or value of potential fuel that is being stored in odd corners of the earth to-day.

Probably the fuel of the future will be water. That is, a water engine, and of it, but we shall use it for peating purposes by converting the force of its fall into electric currents, as they are doing already at Niagara and on the upper Hudson. For our posterity the blazing hearth shall not burn; the family will collect about a steel plate, on which will be the cooking over a metal basket. Most of the wood will be obliterated by that time, and with them, of course, the streams will go; hence we must look to the power of the ocean converted to electricity. But it is a comfort to know that we have coal to burn for a few years.—Brooklyn Eagle.

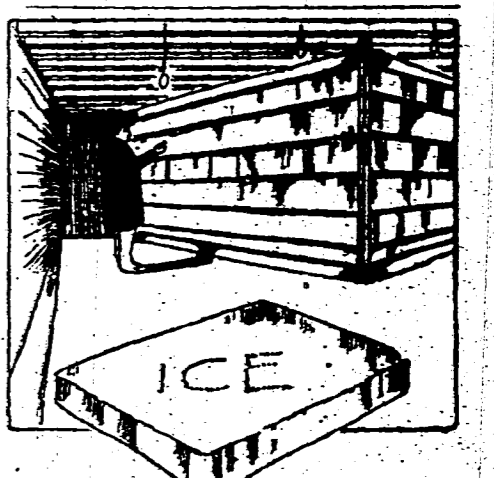
**Money in Fact and Fiction.**

THESE are strange times in the accumulation of fortunes—stranger than any fiction could ever have made them. Think of it for a moment! Andrew Carnegie, a canny little Scotch boy, came to this unknown land a few decades ago barefooted, and last year offered to settle the Venezuelan imbroglio between Germany, England, France, and Italy and the South American republics by loaning Yenezuela the entire sum of these international debts. And yet a fortune so huge as to permit of such offers is as nothing to the power of another man. Mr. Rockefeller, personally a quiet American citizen from Cleveland, a simple liver, with few habits of luxury, could easily buy half a dozen of the independent kingdoms of Europe; could without feeling it to any great extent in his pocketbook take up the debts of all the republics of Central and South America.

Again, in 1854, Alexander Dumas published a book called "The Count of Monte Cristo," the basis of which is the fabulous wealth of an individual. The Count does not have all of almost priceless jewels. He buys men's lives; he spends money everywhere; he comes to Paris with a notice from his Italian bankers giving him unlimited credit on a Paris bank. There is no limit on what he can draw from M. Danglars. It is entirely unprecedented. Nothing like it was ever known before. He draws five millions of francs, and ruins the banker, and still no complaint from his Roman house. He rights wrongs; he saves more lives; he punishes the guilty by the use of unlimited wealth. And then by and by he leaves Maximilian on the island of Monte Cristo with his bride and sails away. As Maximilian sees his ship disappear on the horizon, he finds Monte Cristo's will leaving him his whole fortune. This fortune, Dumas suggests in two or three places, was one hundred million francs—\$20,000,000. It is the greatest private fortune the Frenchman could conceivably have, and it is more than the income of John D. Rockefeller in 1903.—Harper's Weekly.

**JACK FROST PROCESS OF ICE MANUFACTURE**

Paying due honor to the fact that Frost is king in the ice business, a natural process of manufacturing ice at a nominal expense has recently been perfected and patented. The theory of the process is in taking advantage of natural conditions and improving upon nature in minor details. The patents that have been granted on the process by the Washington authorities are what are known as "basic," which means that nothing of a similar nature has ever been passed upon by the patent office. The Jack Frost process can be carried out anywhere; all that it requires is freezing weather. The conditions under which the ice is produced are simple and at the same time novel. For instance, any piece of vacant property within the heart of the city itself can be utilized for the work. An inexpensive skeleton structure is set up, open on all sides, but covered by a roof. An ample supply of pure water is provided for and the operators wait for the first freezing weather. As this approaches paper tanks the



ICE PLANT COMPLETELY FILLED.

side of the blocks of ice it is proposed to freeze are prepared on substantial foundations, but allowing an air space under and around them. When the thermometer is right two or three inches of water is run into each tank and it will freeze into a solid block in a short time, much quicker than a similar cake of ice would form on an open lake in the same weather. This process is repeated till cakes of ice of commercial size are produced, and each process is more rapid than the other.

The Jack Frost process is a simple one, and it is proposed to build a plant in California, where the weather is just what is needed for the process.

**BUSINESS AND RELIGION.**

The Two Are Combined in This Many-Bodied New York Church.

A novel kind of church work is that done at St. George's, Stuyvesant square, New York, into which David Graham Phillips gives the readers of Harper's an insight in a recent number of that publication. He says the "conduct of this church is like the management of a huge industrial enterprise, a railway or a factory, requiring unusual business aptitude, technical skill and financial and executive ability."

was in the Deaconess House, a sort of headquarters for the women apprentices and their chaff, and including an admirably equipped infirmary through East 10th street, three blocks farther into the East Side, is the Industrial Trade School. And finally there is the Seaside Cottage, where the society holds its weekly meetings, daily excursions, vacation stops in buildings, real estate, machinery, etc., this plant represents an investment of upward of a million and a half dollars—and it rents its quarters for the Industrial Trade School.

In the Memorial House is the shooting range for the Boys' Battalion—a military organization modeled on the Seventh Regiment. On the first floor are the clothing and relief departments, with 150 closets, and on the second floor is the Sunday school room, where on one day in seven 2,000 scholars assemble, with 150 teachers. There are six days this room is used for lectures, classes, schools of manual training, meetings, dances, etc. On the third floor is the men's club—a general room, a library, a billiard room, gymnasium, billiard room, lockers, etc. The fourth and fifth floors are the clergy house and the battalion armory. The plant is unceasingly active. The crack of rifles, the steady beat of the steady beat of dancing feet, chorus singing here, a man lecturing there, the tramp of military drill, the click of billiard balls and the clash of gymnastic rings are heard constantly.

George Schuyler was a man of means. His income was large enough to justify him in marrying, and in feeling that he wouldn't have to go to the bureau drawer every morning to find his wife's purse. George was going back to take a bride to his home in nine years, and it's just barely possible that he didn't feel overly comfortable at the prospect. As a matter of fact, George Schuyler liked bachelorhood. No woman ever set her foot on his floor. His sun was getting high. Trout don't die of the glare of the midday sun, no matter how tempting the moral offered for consumption. George Schuyler was thinking about resting in and going back to the lodge, when suddenly at a place where the Beaverkill broadened he saw a country girl, in a calico dress and sunbonnet, sitting at the water's edge. She was listening to the song of a brown thrasher that, hitting on a low tree top, was pouring forth its melody for the benefit of his sunbonneted friend.

George Schuyler stopped in mid-stream. He did not wish to disturb the bird's solo, upon which the listening girl seemed so intent. He stopped, but slipped on a round stone and splashed the water. Which was calm and still just there. The thrasher went into the thicket like a flash and the girl turned her head just as quickly. George Schuyler saw a face under the shadow of a huge country bonnet that was much more than pretty and which had in it that which might be called character. George's fisherman's cap was off in an instant. Good mornings! are allowable in the wilderness without the formality of introduction.

"I am just about to stop fishing and go back to the lodge of my friend, Mr. Payson. Can you tell me, if there is a shorter path than the stream is it?"

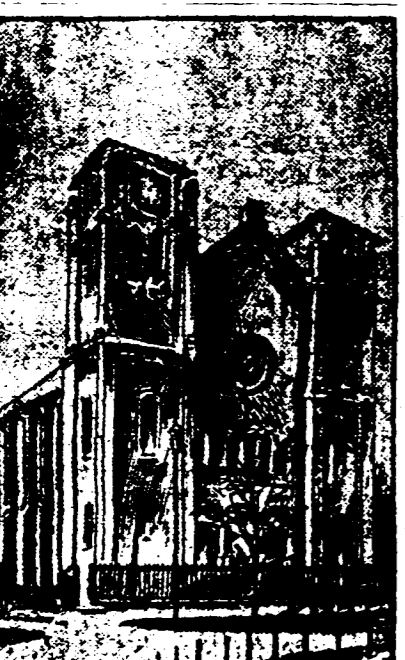
The girl nodded brightly. "Yes," she said, "you can take the trail through the tamaracs. It begins just here." Then the girl turned her attention once more to the brown thrasher, who gave symptoms of being willing to start his solo, some three



WILLIAM S. RAINSFORD.

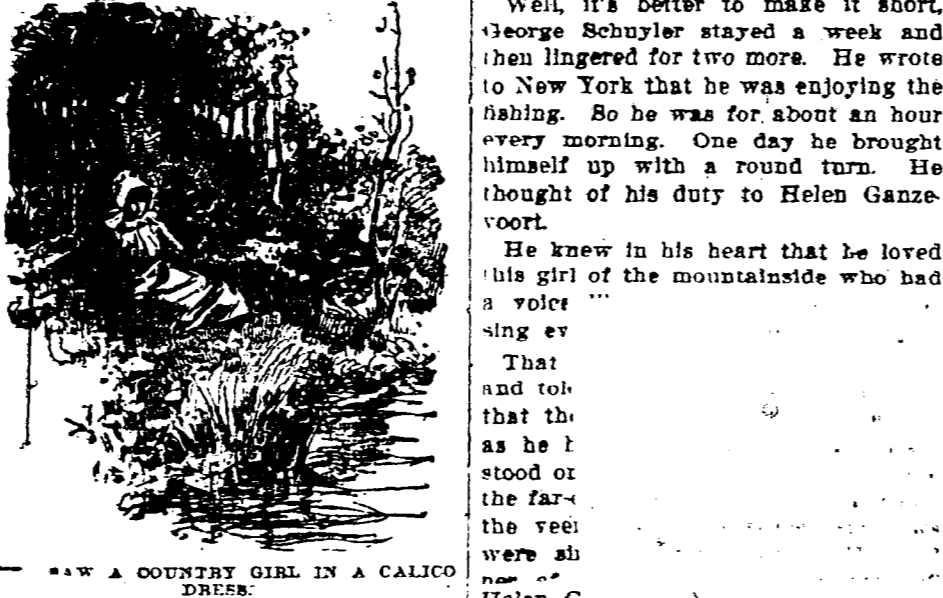
ty and, as it is but one of several of its kind, it stands as a type of the modern church. In his last year book the Rev. William S. Rainsford says he needs at least \$40,000 a year more than he can collect from his congregation to maintain the church and its extensive plant. In twenty years it has spent \$2,250,000 and at least four-fifths of this went into the plant, which also requires the free services of more than 200 workers.

The altar is there. Its influence permeates the vast whole and a staff of assistants aid the rector in spiritual and religious work by day and by night. But the rector is also general superintendent of a plant which is carried on almost exclusively by laymen. The entire membership of St. George's Church is organized into sub-associations for the development of intelligence, skill and character. Singing, sewing, acting, tailoring, manual training, shooting, kindergarten work,



ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

social, entertaining, housekeeping, planning, carpentering, gymnastics, wood working, cooking, care of babies, dressmaking, millinery, embroidery, debating, public speaking, basket weaving, these and many other activities are engaging the energy and enthusiasm of the 8,000 members of the church. The plant, of necessity, occupies a large area, the floor space bedditing a great factory or combine of factories. There is the church proper, steeples and with two massive towers, whose clocks seem to be keeping time upon the tollers, warning when a great white shawl blow the life of the day's work. In the church proper the pews are free—no one can have the same seat, except by accident two Sundays in succession. And the crowds that gather hear sermons that are also lectures on various phases of the practical life—addresses by the general superintendent to inform or to encourage or to get laid for of from his staff of workers. Behind the church is the rectory, the residence and office of the general superintendent, the headquarters of general office of the work. Behind the rectory, facing as it does upon East 10th street, is the big Memorial House, the main building of the great industrial and social planning factory. Across the



A COUNTRY GIRL IN A CALICO DRESS.

to each other once every three months, and while there wasn't a line of affection in the letters on either side, there was enough in them to show that each felt that the old marriage arrangement made by the parents still stood.

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**Cannine**

The industry of putting up canned goods is rapidly growing, and the process by which the different crops are made ready for the market form an interesting study. Here they are brought by a moving machine and loaded on the wagons the same as is done with hay. Arriving at the sheds of the factory as wanted, they are placed on an endless chain and carried overhead to the workmen, where they are branded with the "vinner." In looks it resembles a large, old-fashioned revolving squirrel cage. In which are paddles, which beat the pods and allow the peas to fall out through the meshes of the cage, while the vines and pods are carried by the endless chain to the silo, some distance away. As some pieces of vines and pods pass through with the peas, they are run through a squirrel cage which, revolving on an endless chain to reach the building where the "cookers" are. Coming out of the "cookers" are crates now go on to a slowly moving chain, which takes about half an hour to pass through the channel of hot water 150 feet long to the storeroom, where they are cool enough to handle. Later in the season when the labeling is done, machinery again takes a prominent place.—New York Tribune.

**Too Tempting.**

Miss Arabella Paxton had long since said good-by to her youth, but nobody had accused her of doing it with resignation.

"What were you thinking of to start with?" asked Mrs. Jennings, "you were so good to go to the county fair. You had just received her dress and disheveled relative at the end of a trip on the flying horse."

"You needn't look so severe at me," said Miss Jennings, reproachfully. "When Cousin Arabella had been so long on a settee and left to recover her equilibrium. She heard a woman say the machine was enough to scare any girl out of ten years' growth, and after that she was possessed to ride in it."

**May Be Evicted.**

The Belgian authorities in Africa have threatened the American Freeboys with forcible eviction unless they vacate their station on the Kasai river, and other missionaries have been expelled from Zuzua, because of exposing the horrors of the wild herbaries for which Belgian authorities are responsible.

**Farms and Farmers.**

A long and thoughtful editorial, the Chicago Tribune of recent date dwells upon one feature in our agricultural situation that is far from reassuring to the man trained to think along American lines. Statistics are marshaled to show convincingly that the percentage of farmers who own and operate their land has been steadily diminishing for years, tenant farming showing a corresponding increase. In 1880, 74.4 per cent of the

**Hard Working Human Heart.**

The merchandise of twice a summer ports and some, the China ships, had come through 180 days of sea to deliver up their chests and bales.—Harper's Magazine.

**LUCK BROUGHT MILLIONS.**

Accidental Discovery in Iron Shop Created Great Wealth.

The creation of the fortune of Benjamin F. Jones, who died the other day, estimated in his home city of Pittsburgh at \$50,000,000, was one of those odd events that are wholly unavailable in support of the contention that pure luck or chance plays no inconsiderable part in human affairs, says the New York World.

Jones owned a small forging shop thirty years ago and had no apparent prospects of entering millionairehood. One day an employee, a careless fellow, set a pair of cold tongs upon his hands and they fell between the rollers. Examination of the tongs when they were recovered disclosed the fact that the metal in them had been accidentally made into an exceptionally high-grade quality of steel.

The patent secured on that purely chance discovery was the passport of Jones of Pittsburgh to one of the largest fortunes in the country and incidentally to political immortality as the chairman of Blaine's presidential campaign committee who "fried the fat" out of such manufacturers as were sluggish in their contributions.

The perverse moral of this story is accentuated by the fact that the careless workman who dropped the tongs was rewarded for his carelessness with a gift of \$20,000. Young Americans will nevertheless do well to believe that as a rule large fortunes are not made by chance but by deep thinking and hard working; and also that pains-taking, not carelessness, is the main highway to success.

**Just Like a Woman.**

Mrs. Growella—Our servant has left Growella—Well, I'm glad of it. You were always complaining of her. Mrs. Growella—Yes, but I'm afraid I'll never be able to get another who will furnish as much cause for complaint.

When a boy reads in a paper of a man who is sleeping so long that he never awakes, he is inclined to think that the man is dead. In one recent month 251 deep-sea craft with light-stored holds came to their plays along South and West streets

**ADVERTISING**

It is a common thing to see the new... the investigation... the delivery... the country... the Special... the advertisement... the effect... the smaller cities and town. Mr. Boyan, who travels all over the West in his official capacity and comes in close touch with the people of various localities, says that he finds many merchants who are unfavorable to the new rural service.

This objection, he finds, is due to the position the merchants take. The farmers do not come to town as much as they formerly did before the mail was delivered at their doorstep each morning.

The merchant of the smaller cities and towns maintains that the farmer depends more on the attractive offers made by the merchants of the cities and is inclined to a mail order business which does not bring the big concerns in the big cities.

Mr. Boyan thinks, however, that this criticism will soon pass, and that the smaller tradesmen will soon become adapted to the new order of things and will be able to compete with the big dealers in the faraway cities, and will be able to discount the quotations made on account of the freight and express charges necessarily added by the foreign merchants.

He holds that the big city merchant has been the first to come in touch with the new order of things and is catering to the country trade through the medium of well devised advertisements in the big dailies.

Mr. Boyan's opinion is that the smaller merchant will quickly see the advantage of this work and will seek the same results from equally attractive means. In the columns of the dailies and weeklies scattered all over the West.

He maintains that the smaller dealer must come in touch with the rural consumer through the medium of the newspaper placed in the columns of the dailies and weeklies scattered all over the West.

**Quite a Family Help.**

Newlywed—Do you think you can help me to economize?  
Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, John, I never told you before. I can do my own mending.—New York Sun.

**No Deception About It.**

She—Why should the average man lead people to believe that he is a doctor?  
He—Because he has a chance to.

**What's the Matter?**

Man—What's the matter?  
Woman—The matter is that you are not home yet.—New York Sun.

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