

May's Landing Record.

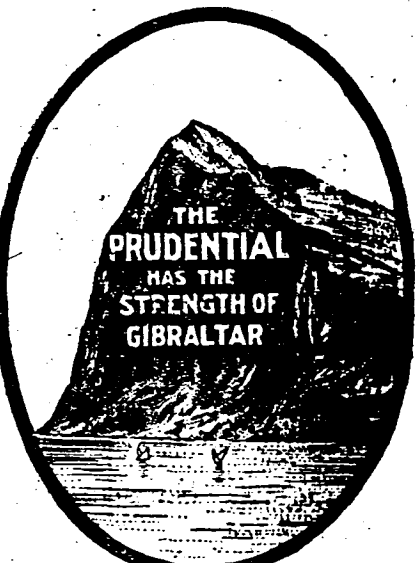
VOL. XXVIII

MAY'S LANDING, ATLANTIC COUNTY, N. J., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1904

NO. 6

A Boston Newspaper

asked its readers what they would do if told they were to die within seven days? A Contented Man Replied: "I don't think I should. Why—I have provided for my family through Life Insurance."



The Prudential

INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA, Home Office, Newark, N. J.
JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. EDGAR E. WARD, 3d Vice-President.
LESLIE D. WARD, Vice-President. FORREST F. DRYDEN, 4th Vice-President.
EDWARD GRAY, Secretary.
A. H. Higbee, Asst. Supt., Marine Branch, Shore Road and Turnpike, Pleasantville, N. J.

AGENT OF HIS OWN DEFEAT.

One of the qualities which gave power to the late Senator Matthew S. Quay, of Pennsylvania, was a wonderful ability to judge human nature. An incident which the Brooklyn Eagle recounts illustrates the humorous side of Quay's ability to turn men to his own uses.

Senator Quay, a personal friend of Quay's, was nominated for the governorship of Pennsylvania, a political writer for one of the Philadelphia papers went to Harrisburg for an interview. He met Quay on the train.

"What are you hunting this time?" asked the Senator.

"Oh, I'm going to interview General Beaver," was the reply.

"Is that so?" said Quay, thoughtfully. "Well, I wish you would take a note to him from me. It would save my getting off the train there."

The newspaper man promised to do so. Mr. Quay, however, his pad, wrote a few words on a sheet, folded it loosely and addressed it on the outside to General Beaver.

"Just give that to him, if you will," said Quay, "and I'm going to say 'hello' to him."

Quay, the newspaper man asked General Beaver if he would consent to an interview on the issues of the campaign.

"With the greatest pleasure in the world," was the ready reply.

"Before we begin," said the reporter, "I must give you this note from Mr. Quay, whom I met on the train."

General Beaver took the note and opened it. His face broke into a broad smile.

"I have changed my mind," he said. "I have decided not to be interviewed today."

Then as the joke grew upon him he laughed aloud. "Oh, this is too good to keep," he cried, and handed the note to the reporter.

It read: "Dear Beaver, don't talk to Quay."

Mr. Quay had assumed that the newspaper man, being a gentleman, would not read the newly folded note, and that he would give it to General Beaver before the interview to get it off his mind, and perhaps to impress General Beaver with his acquaintance with the "boss." Quay had judged correctly, and the interview was not given out till he had had time to advise his candidate.

The City of Santiago.

Santiago is a very fine city, situated among hills, with views of the distant snow-capped mountains. The streets are broad, and many of them are lined with trees and running water. There are also some handsome pleasure grounds, and one of the principal gardens in the world. In the evening the band plays in the principal plaza, and all the elite turn out after supper dressed in their "war paint," and walk around or sit on chairs, chatting and listening to the music. There are a great many the public buildings, houses and churches, that add to the importance and beauty of the city. Few other places could be found to reside in were it not for its unfortunate liability, like all South American countries, to periodical revolutions.

Not a Bad Idea.

Little Willie—Say, pa, is the pen mightier than the sword?

Pa—So some people claim, my son. Little Willie—Then why don't the Russians arm themselves with fountain pens?

The railroads of the United States employed last year no less than 1,139,215 persons, of whom 41,071 represented general administration, 990,922 were employed in the departments of maintenance of way and structures, 228,280 under maintenance of equipment, 518,290 engaged in conducting transportation, and 192 unclassified.

H. W. Mew and W. B. Andrew recently visited from Sandwich, the English coast, to Cherbourg, France, a distance of about sixty-four miles, in twenty-nine hours. Their boat was a stout deckless craft, fifteen feet long, with restricted Jewish students to 3 per cent.

Another Fish Story.

"So you were out in St. Louis?" said the postmaster. "Did you see the big pile?"

"To be sure," drawled the village fabricator, "then after a pause, 'but it wasn't one inch bigger than the pile I caught in Harry's mill pond last summer.'"

ALL ABOUT THE BIBLE.

Washington Library Well Stocked with

It may be an interesting fact to some people that the Bible is one of the reference books in the Washington Public Library, that four shelves are filled with an excellent assortment of biblical literature, and that every Saturday one or more ministers of the gospel seek this place of books to look up references for the sermons with which they instruct the public from their pulpits on Sunday morning.

Information concerning the Bible is about as limited as that of the very few persons, if told that the library contains the "three versions of the Bible" would be able to say what these three versions are. In point of fact they are the Douay, the King James and the American version.

Ever since the events that made biblical history occurred have accounts of those same events been written. And as civilization spread and gave rise to new people speaking new tongues, the Bible was translated into different tongues to meet human needs.

In the first place, there is the Douay version of the Bible, which contains all the English translations from the original Greek text. The book is called the Douay Bible. The Greek text is the basis of the upper part of the page and the six translations are side by side in columns underneath. These translations are the Douay, published in 1582, the King James, published in 1611, the American, published in 1826, the Geneva, 1535, the Rheims, 1582, and the authorized version, 1611.

What is called the Douay version is made up of the New Testament, published in Rheims in 1582, and of the Old Testament of the Douay version, published in 600 A. D. This is the Bible of the Catholics. It was published with the approbation of Cardinal Gibbons by the great Catholic publisher, the John Murphy Company, New York. The title page bears the inscription: "Printers to the Holy See."

When the early translations of the Bible were being made, history was unfolding itself in a rapid rate in the British empire. Much of the work was done by Protestants, who were driven into exile for their religious beliefs. The Geneva translation was the outcome of such an exile.

After Henry VIII's stand against the Pope, the cause of Catholicism as the established religion was a lost one, but it was not until later, during the reign of King James, that the authorized version of 1611 was translated for use in the Church of England.

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THE FLIGHT THROUGH THE DESERT.

My blessing lash curled writhing around my corsers brave.

Heavy the air with spices, heavy with gold the wheel, When I fled from the awful Arabs—fled their avenging steel.

Behind us rose the dust-wraith, before us lay the sea, And I bent to my dauntless corsers and shook my scourge free.

Over the sands of the desert, weary and worn we sped, Till I saw the first lone snow drift on the first far mountain's head.

And we won the Bourne of Safety with our priceless caravan, And I slept at the feet of our horses the sleep of a toll-paid man.

—Alden Charles Noble, in Blue Sky.

HOW BOB PAID HIS FARE

THE ship Falcon, which was a sailing vessel, had met with head winds coming steadily since leaving the Channel, and on the fourth week out was struck by a heavy gale from the northeast. All day long the good ship labored with the mountainous waves, leaping and plunging till it seemed as though the groaning, creaking masts would come out of her. But she was a staunch, well-built craft, and had passed through many a worse tempest.

With the fall of night the gale increased in violence. The sails had been reduced to the heavy lower canvas, just sufficient to steady the vessel. The captain remained on deck, taking a position near the rail, where he could keep an eye on the rigging. Near him, sheltered by the bulwarks, sat little Bob on a coil of rope.

At first the noise and confusion, the thunder of the water, the shriek of the wind through the corse, and the wild pitching of the ship had frightened the boy. But when by the light of a lantern near by, he saw the calm, resolute expression on the captain's face, he felt relieved, and rather enjoyed the excitement.

Suddenly, just as the captain was shouting an order through the trumpet, a vast billow seemed to rise out of the gloom and bear down upon the ship. It struck the vessel's side with an awful roar, throwing tons of water on the deck. Before he could save himself, the captain was lifted from

his feet and hung overboard into the sea. Almost at the same instant a small figure was seen to leap upon the rail, cling there a moment, and then spring outward into the darkness and disappear.

"Man overboard!" The terrible cry rang above the roar of the tempest. For a moment all was panic and confusion. Then under the mate's command, the ship was rounded up to with her head to the wind and a boat ordered to be lowered.

"No use," said one of the men to the mate, who stood by the rail, near where the captain had fallen overboard. "We could never find them in this daytime, let alone such a night as this."

"They said the ship was going to America," answered the boy, "and everybody is rich in America. Every body wants a boy there, you see. Tom Bell went there, and he makes a pile of money."

"That's all very well," responded the captain, "but people who go to America pay for their passage, and to hide away so as to go without paying is just the same as stealing so much money. Don't you know that?"

Bob looked up at the captain's stern face with a frightened and startled expression.

"I—I didn't think," he muttered, and began a hurried search in the pockets of his ragged jacket. From one he drew forth two coppers, from another a silver shilling, and from a third a shilling, much battered, clipped and defaced. These he held out to the captain.

"This is all I've got now," he said. "It's most enough, I think, and I will earn the rest soon when I get to America."

"And what am I to do with these?" asked the captain gravely.

"It is to pay my fare," replied the boy.

A smile lighted up Capt. Parker's rugged features, as he said kindly: "There, Bob, keep your money, my boy. You shall stay with me on the Falcon and we will make a man of you. How will that suit you?"

Bob Winter was delighted, of course. The sailors who were wonderfully handy at such things made him a great handy at such things made him a suit of clothing. He speedily became a great favorite with the crew of the Falcon, proving himself to be active and intelligent, and truthful. The captain had grown very fond of Bob, and for Bob—well, it was not long before everybody on board knew what Bob thought of Capt. Parker.

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Her Abandonment of Feathers.

"Well, my wife decided to buy a hat that hasn't a bird or a feather on it."

"Good! Has she joined the Audubon Society?"

"Oh, no. She picked out this hat because it was the most expensive one they had in the store," Chicago Times Herald.

All Bones.

Stranger—Did he die old farmer over there really starve his squawer to death?

Friend—Did he? Why, by the end of the season they were so thin the squawers broke their bills trying to eat him. Chicago News.

Science and Invention

The so-called canals of Mars have been reproduced by M. A. Baumann, of Zurich, in the cracks and fissures appearing in cylinders and spheres subjected to great pressure.

An expert of the Bureau of Plant Industry reports that the Salton Basin in California is actually better adapted for the culture of the date-palm than are those parts of the Sahara Desert, where the best exported dates are produced. It is believed that this part of California could yield dates enough to supply the entire United States. There are also places in Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas where this characteristically Oriental fruit, dear to the memories of all readers of the "Arabian Nights," could, it is said, be cultivated with success.

The electrocution of M. Otto is an attempt to solve the problem of osmotic water at the home of the consumer. The apparatus includes a little box containing a transformer and an ozonator, with a commutator for reversing about one hundred times per second if the current is continuing. The ozone generated passes through a filter of wadding to an ozonizer, where the water and ozone are energetically mixed before passing from the spigot. The ozonator may be connected to an ordinary lighting circuit, and the current required is about the same as for a simple incandescent lamp.

An ingenious Englishman, Harrison Martindale, has invented a radium clock, which, it is claimed, could run 30,000 years if uninterfered with. It consists of a tube containing a small quantity of radium, supported on a quartz rod in an exhausted glass vessel. To the lower end of the tube is attached an electroscope, consisting of two long strips of silver. The natural action of the radium sends an electric charge into the strips, causing them to separate until they touch the sides of the vessel, whereupon they are instantly discharged and fall together again. This operation is repeated automatically every two minutes, so that each beat of this singular timekeeper may be said to be two minutes long.

Professor Elrod, of the University of Montana, gives a striking description of the treasure that his State possesses in sapphires. The only systematic mining for these precious stones in the United States is done in Montana. The annual output amounts to 450,000 or 500,000 carats, including the stones that are suitable for setting in gems for mechanical purposes. It is said that the sapphires in Helena do finer work than is done on the stones that are sent to London to be cut. Perhaps somebody will suggest that Montana should be called the "Gem State" in view of the fact that her output of precious stones exceeds the production in that line of all the rest of the United States.

By Elimination.

Jokes about twins are more numerous than twins themselves. For all that, there need be no hesitation in repeating a joke which passes current in at least one section of the country.

"The twins to live over on Paik's farm," said the humorist, who told the story, "a couple of twins named Dan and Abe. They moved away since. At the time I remember 'em they were grown men, but they were as near like as them two galled jacks."

The only way to know which was which was to stick your finger in Abe's mouth. If he bit it it was Dan."

Merciful on Both Sides.

Dolly—Oh, dear! My summer candy bill is \$45!

Polly—Goodness! What will your father say?

Dolly—Well, I'm going to tell it to him \$5 at a time—Plick.

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An electrical housewife gives the animal a shock instead of a cure. A small battery is controlled by a push-button.

OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON.

Too Much for John.

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GHQST STORY FROM INDIA.

Its Truthfulness Vouched For by Two Women and a Man.

The latest ghost story is recorded in the Friend of Burmah, and it is attested by several eyewitnesses, who saw the ghost, not during the night, as is usually the case, but in broad daylight. It happened in the Myingun quarter of Pakokku a few days ago, in that quarter of the town lived a married couple; the husband's name is Maung Yun and his wife, May Neen. They had a little son 2 years old, who, after a serious illness, died. The baby was buried in the cemetery outside of the town, his cradle serving as a coffin.

The father was very much dejected at the loss of his little one, and, unable to repress his grief, went to the cemetery two days after the burial. It was about 6 o'clock in the morning. At the entrance of a Burmese burial place there is a zayat, or rest-house, wherein people gather and chat and smoke and take shelter from the sun or rain whenever they accompany a funeral. On entering the graveyard Maung Yun was not a little surprised to see his son, or at least some one looking exactly like his son, playing in the zayat, near the cradle. He was at first horror-struck, but paternal affection getting the upper hand, he approached the baby, and to entice him, gave him one piece.

The boy took the coin readily and offered not the least resistance when the father took him in his arms and carried him away. Maung Yun could make nothing out of it, but that the child had been buried alive and that somebody, attracted soon after by the sounds coming from the grave, had dug him out and placed him in the zayat. Full of joy, he carried his treasure home.

At the entrance of the town, and about a mile's distance from his house, he met a neighbor, Mah Sein Fwin, who, wondering at what he saw, screamed out: "Is that you, Ko Yun, carrying home your little son?" As soon as the child heard the voice he began moving about in his father's arms. Mah Sein Fwin and another woman came to take it, and a short struggle ensued between them and the boy, and Maung Yun suddenly lost his senses and fell heavily to the ground. The two women made a dash for the little one, but he nowhere was to be found; he had disappeared completely, leaving no trace behind.

The unfortunate man was carried home by some kindly neighbors, but he was a long time in recovering his senses. The child was a ghost, and the man had been carrying nothing but an apparition from the other world. That it appeared real enough, the two women are ready to swear, since they not only saw, but touched it. It was not smoke or vapor, but seemed to be flesh and bone. As soon as Maung Yun was well enough to explain how it happened, a hurried visit was made to the cemetery in the hope of, perhaps, seeing the boy in the zayat. But they were disappointed; neither child nor cradle was there, and the grave was exactly as it had been left on the burial day, not in the least disturbed.

Wanted an Owl for Soup.

They are cooking acorns and telling of the incidents of recent trips abroad when a charming daughter of the Emerald Isle, who was sitting dreamily in the corner, apparently taking no interest in the conversation, suddenly chirped in with the following:

"All of which reminds me of an incident which happened while I lived in Cork. There poultry stores are scarce because of the proximity of the country, but a cool heaver of my acquaintance, owing to the illness of his wife, was anxious to secure a fowl in a hurry; so he strolled along Patrick street in a forlorn hope of some sort of success, and when he came to a taxidermist's whose window displayed an owl under a glass case, why, poor Paddy thought that here was the end of his quest, so he entered and inquired:

"How much for the fat-faced bird in the windy?"

"That's no hen," the surprised shopman answered. "That's an owl."

"Terrible," whispered Paddy, whose I don't care how could she be, 'tis for soup I wants her!"

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A MATTER OF HEALTH

