

Beautiful snow—
But it is far preferable
To those icy streets.
How's your coal bin?

South Jersey Republican

Three cents per copy.

HOYT & SON, Publishers and Printers.

One twenty-five per cent.

Get the habit,—
Close your shop early
And save fuel, lights,
And that gray matter.

Vol. 56

HAMMONTON, N. J., SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1918

No. 2

Volunteer Fire Company meets
next Monday evening.

Robert Steel and family visited
in Hammonton and Absecon, part
of this week.

Mr. Edward Weeks, of Week-
town, is visiting his sister, Mrs.
Charles Sorden.

A little son was born on Satur-
day, Jan. 5th, to Mr. and Mrs.
Calvin Westcott.

Miss Elva Reynolds, of Egg
Harbor City, visited her cousin,
Miss Hilda Sorden.

Friends are pleased to hear that
Miss Bertha Miller is recovering
from her illness of pneumonia.

Akipsaya Camp Fire Girls will
have a movie benefit at Eagle
Theatre on Tuesday, Jan. 22nd,
for which tickets are now on sale.

The War Relief Department of
Needlework Guild will meet on
Tuesday afternoon, in the Red
Cross workrooms, over Black's
store.

A man by the name of Perna,
of Waterford, was killed in Cam-
den, by a train, last Saturday, and
buried at Oak Grove Cemetery, on
Tuesday.

A Civil Service examination for
clerk-carrier for Hammonton will
be held on Jan. 26th, at the local
office. Blanks can be received of
Miss Dorothy Birdsall.

A chimney fire at Thirteenth
Street and First Road, about 1.15
Thursday afternoon, called out
both fire companies. A tank or
two of acid removed all danger.

The High School Basket Ball
Club will play their first game of
the season on Monday afternoon,
at 4.15, in Union Hall, with Egg
Harbor. Admission fifteen cents.

C. R. Scullin has resigned as
janitor of the Primary School
building, and accepted a position
in the Chester ship yard. He will
be missed here, having served
faithfully for many years.

Hon. Edw. Brown, of England,
will deliver a lecture in Civic Club
Hall next Tuesday evening, on a
semi-patriotic topic, "War as it
influences poultry production." All
are invited.

A turkey from Folly Farm, pre-
sented to the Rod and Gun Club
by Wm. L. Black, supplied a much
enjoyed supper to about thirty
members, Thursday evening. There
have been a number of these in-
formal suppers in the past few
months. They have been very en-
joyable.

Mrs. Albert Ivison was a week-
end guest of Mr. and Mrs. George
Wm. Bassett. Mr. and Mrs. Ivi-
son were frequent visitors in Ham-
monton until they left Philadel-
phia for Louisville, Ky., where
Mr. Ivison has for some time been
president of the Quaker Maid
grocery chain. He was formerly
connected with the Wm. Butler Co.

Farmer's Week.

Farmer's Week meetings were
well attended at all the sessions.
Ladies first was the order, and
they turned out in goodly numbers.
Miss Forman, as usual, had some-
thing interesting to say, especially
for present times.

Tuesday evening the men listened
to instructive talks on soil for-
mation, by Mr. MacDougall, and on
war time crops, by Mr. Russell.

Wednesday evening was devoted
to spraying and spray materials,
and some new points of value were
brought out.

Thursday evening was taken up
with tomatoes—for the canning
house, by a representative of The
Campbell Soup Co., and for the
extra early market, by Mr. Dellaun.
The tractor subject was thoroughly
covered by Mr. Curtiss. Several
local farmers will use tractors for
their farm work this season.

The poultry outlook was ably
discussed, last evening, by Prof.
Rice.

The number of questions fired at
the speakers was an indication of
the universal interest. A large
proportion of the benefit of these
meetings is through the questions.

The County Board are to be
commended on securing such ex-
cellent talent.

Dr. J. E. Hoyt, of Brookline,
Pa., spent Sunday at his father's.

Watch the Republican for the
programme of a musicale to be
given in the Methodist Church on
Wednesday evening, Feb. 6th. *

The Hammonton Basket Ball
Club, after defeating Berlin last
Saturday night, and doing likewise
to Vineland Wednesday night, will
this Saturday night, Jan. 12, play
the fast Essex A. A., of Philadel-
phia. The local quintet was never
in better condition, nor did the
people of Hammonton ever witness
a basket ball team far superior to
this present team. Union Hall has
been fitted up more comfy, here of
late, and a good game and com-
fortable seat awaits you all. Come
and see how it is done. *

To the People of Hammonton,
Greeting:—

At a joint meeting of the officers
of the First Presbyterian Church,
held on Thursday, Jan. 3rd, 1918,
it was unanimously agreed that
beginning with Sunday, Jan. 13th,
and continuing until further notice,
that all the services of the Church
be held in the Sunday School
room, and the main audience room
be closed.

Notwithstanding the great diffi-
culties arising from such a decision,
it was deemed best to cheerfully
and gladly do anything in our
power to co-operate with our Gov-
ernment in every possible way to
relieve or assist others, and to
exemplify the spirit of sacrifice and
charity in every department of the
activities of the Church.

Charles O. Mudge, Pastor.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Hammonton Baptist Church.
10.30 a.m., Morning Worship.
Theme, "In the Wilderness."
Children's talk, "The Worn
Apple."

Bible School at 12.00, noon, for
all classes.

6.30 p.m., Christian Endeavor.
Topic, "Reaching Upward." Led
by Miss Florence Foster.

7.30, Preaching Service. Topic,
"Fire."

Thursday evening, 7.45, Prayer
Meeting. Theme, "The Missing
of the Church."

Presbyterian Church.
Rev Charles O. Mudge, Pastor.
10.30 a.m., Morning worship.
Subject, "The Need of the Hour."
Junior Sermon; subject, "A
Child's Prayer."

12 m., Sunday School. High
School and Adult Bible Classes.
7.00 p.m., Y. P. S. C. E. service.
Subject, "Young Christians Reach-
ing Upward." Leader, Howard
Taylor.

7.45 p.m., Preaching service.
Subject, "Life in 1918."
Church Prayer Service, Thursday
evening, at 7.45; subject, "The
Life and Light of Men."

Cottage Prayer Meetings.—
Tuesday, at C. Stuart Whiffen's.
Wednesday, Joseph Collins.
Friday, J. B. Dudley.

First M. E. Church.
10.30 a.m., Preaching.
12 m., Sabbath School.

7.30 p.m., Preaching by Pastor.
Tuesday evening, at 7.30, Class
Meeting.

Thursday evening, 7.30, Prayer
and Advanced Bible Study Class.
Lesson, Revelation 5.

All-Soul's Church—Universalist.
11.00 a.m., Preaching service.
The lecture of Mr. Virgil O.
Strickler, C. D. B.

Dr. Gardner will preach a series
of sermons:

Jan. 20, "Has God met with
disaster with his back to the wall?"

Jan. 27, "Does the Bible hinder
or advance human welfare?"

Sunday School at 12.00 o'clock.
No evening service, it having
been decided, on account of the
fuel situation, to dispense for the
present with evening service.

Morning service will be held in
upper room of the Chapel.

Christian Science Society.
Services, Sunday, 11 a.m., and
Wednesday, 8 p.m., in Civic Club
Hall.

St. Mark's Church.
No services, on account of the
illness of the Rector.

Bank Bros.

Store closes at 6 p.m. on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.
Open 'till 8 p.m. on Monday, and Saturday 'till 10 p.m.

Bank Bros.

Pre-Inventory Sale of Women's and Misses' Coats, Suits, and Dresses. Men's and Young Men's Overcoats and Suits.

Don't hesitate to avail yourself of the opportunity this Sale offers. All of these goods
offered to you at such remarkably low prices will be a great deal more expensive
next season. The reductions are made from our former low prices, which
are based on a lower market than prevails now; so the actual saving
is much larger than our figures show.

The following rules apply to reduced goods only: Alterations charged for at cost; no exchanges;
none sent on approval.

Group 1. Women's Coats reduced to \$3.50, of heavy
black coating and fancy coating, good wearing materials.

Group 2. Women's Coats, reduced to \$5.—were \$10,
\$12.50, and \$15, of serge, in black and navy blue, plain
tailored, most of them lined throughout with Skinner's
guaranteed satin.

Coats reduced to \$10, were \$12.50 and \$13.50. All
this season's styles, with big collars and belts.

Coats reduced to \$12.50,—were \$15 and \$18. This
season's models, of velour and kersey.

Coats reduced to \$15,—were \$20, of velour, in brown,
navy blue, and military drab. Some with fur collars, and
some velvet and cloth collars.

Coats reduced to \$18,—were \$22.50, of dark green and
fancy coating, newest and exclusive styles.

Coats reduced to \$20,—were \$25 and \$27.50, of velour
and broadcloth, some lined throughout. Exclusive models,
all this season's creations. Some made in fur and some
with big collars of the same material.

Coats reduced to \$25,—were \$32.50, \$35,—the most
desirable styles, made of velour; exclusive models.

Special. Women's short Coats, reduced to \$3.50, black
and navy blue serge, also of cassimere, all lined.

Misses' Mackinaws reduced to \$7.50, of very heavy
all-wool material.

Serge Dresses reduced to \$5.

Serge Dresses reduced to \$8,—were \$10 and \$11.
Navy blue and black, newest styles.

Serge Dresses reduced to \$10,—were \$12.50 and
\$13.50, of navy blue, black, and brown, nicely trimmed with
braid, this season's models.

Suits reduced to \$12.50,—were \$15, \$16.50, and \$18,
of serge, gaberdine, and broadcloth.

Suits reduced to \$10,—were \$12.50 and \$13.50, of serge,
in navy blue.

Group 1. Women's Suits reduced to \$5, worth \$10
and \$12.50.

Group 2. Women's Suits reduced to \$7.50, worth \$15
and \$18.

Blankets and Quilts at low prices.

Remnants of cotton and woolen Dress Goods.

Muslin Underwear at low prices.

\$1 and \$1.25 lawn and voile Waists, reduced to 75 c.

Women's kid Gloves, slightly soiled, reduced to 65 cts.
a pair.

Men's Overcoats reduced to \$8.00,—were \$11 and
\$10, of dark and light color, Scotch tweeds, form fitting,
double brasted.

Men's Overcoats reduced to \$6.50, loose fitting.

Men's Short Overcoats reduced to \$5, light and
dark gray.

Men's Overcoats reduced to \$12.50,—were \$15, of
gray mixed coating and dark brown mixed goods, loose
fitting style for conservative dressers, and Trench style for
young men.

Men's Overcoats reduced to \$15,—were \$18, fancy
Scotch tweeds.

Men's Overcoats reduced to \$18,—were \$22.50 and
\$25, loose fitting back, velvet collar, for conservative dressers,
made of all-wool material.

Suits reduced to \$18,—were \$22.50 and \$25, made by
Hart-Schaffner & Marx, of all-wool material, fancy
cassimere.

Men's Suits, special at \$9 and \$9.50, in gray and
fancy blue.

Mackinaws, reduced to \$7.50.

Little Boys' Overcoats at \$3.50, sizes 4 to 9 years.

Sweaters Reduced

\$1.75 Sweaters reduced to \$1.25. Navy blue, V neck.

\$2.50 and \$3.00 Sweaters reduced to \$2.00.
Military and shawl collars.

\$5.00 Sweaters reduced to \$3.00. Red, Norfolk style.

Boys Sweaters at 75 c in gray only.

Boys' gray flannel Blouses at 75 c.

Men's fur Caps reduced to \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$4.50.

Boys' outing flannel Night Shirts at 48 c.

Shoes at a Saving

Women's Shoes special at \$2.50. Gun metal calf,
button, Cuban heel, sizes 2½ to 4.

Women's Shoes special at \$2.50, low heel, button,
Gun metal calf. All sizes from 2½ to 6.

Women's Shoes special at \$3. English last low heel
lace, gun metal calf. All sizes 2½ to 6.

Women's Shoes special at \$2.50, patent colt with kid
and cloth tops, button sizes 2½ to 4.

Women's russet Shoes reduced to \$2. Were \$4 and
\$4.50. Button, sizes 2½, 3 and 3½.

Bank Brothers

Hammonton, N. J.

Get the Habit of Buying in Hammonton!

Convince your neighbor that Home Buying is Local Patriotism.

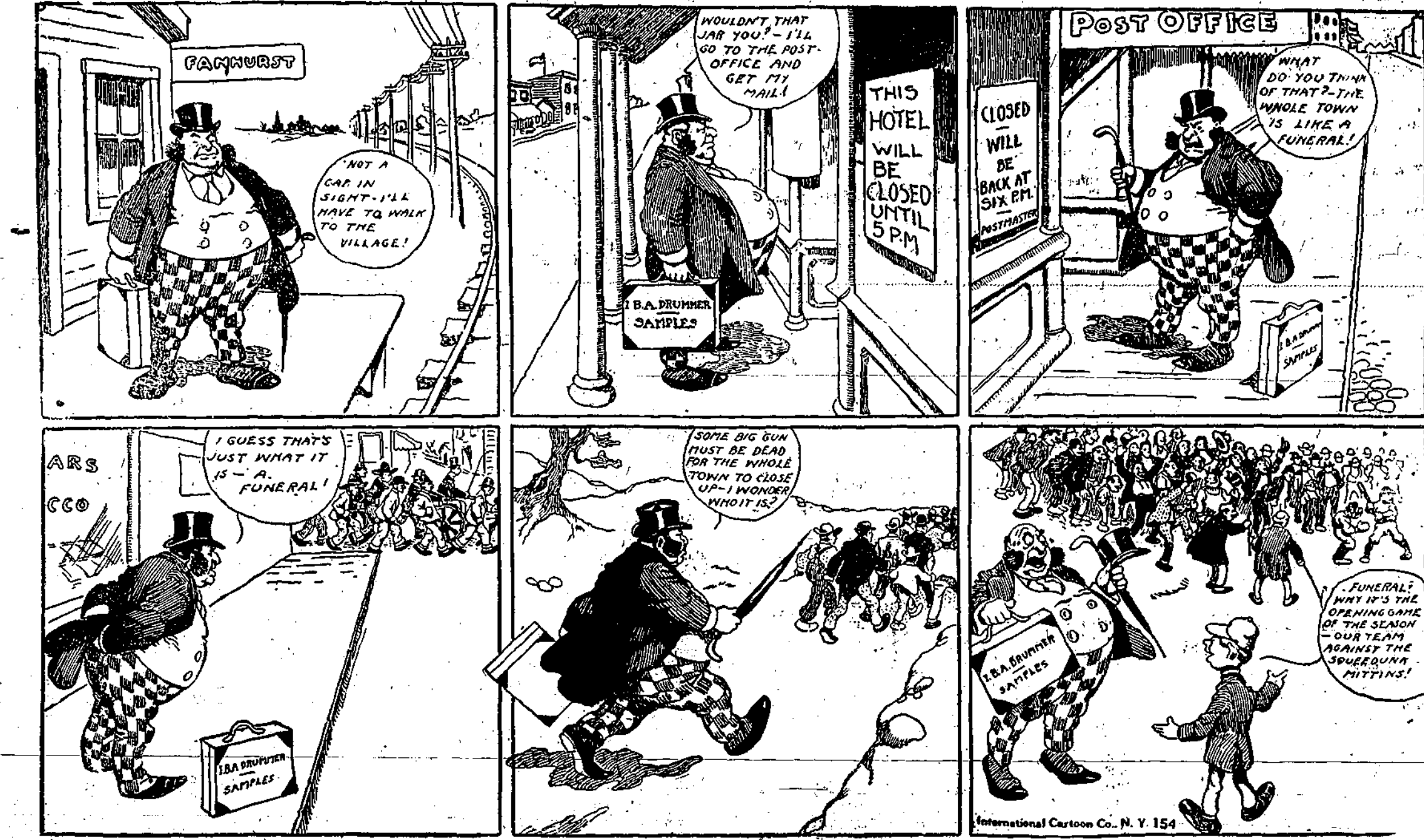
Sprays
lowers
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ists
Fairview Ave.
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Fairview,
—
Guaranteed

A very tasty condiment.

M. L. Jackson & Son

202 Bellevue Ave., Hammonton.

THE OPENING OF THE SEASON



QUEEN SABE'S DEBT

WITH the sun went the warmth of the day. Almost in a breath the clouds became a chill, unfathomable abyss, brimmed with dusky through which a wavering white streaked and waned. The white streak was the river—powdery alkali depicted with the tracks of many sheep.

As West, looking for a trail to the water, reined his pony toward the edge of the canon, he caught a glimpse of flame. The tiny red tongue flicked, curled and sprouted a pulsating flame. West's pony nickered. Shaking his head, the rider allowed the horse to pick his own way along the brim of the canon. Presently the horse stopped, sniffed and, carefully eating his weight, turned and made his way down a steep and sandy trail to the river below.

Through the night came the restless rumble of sheep bedding down. The horse drank, splashed across the stream and plodded slowly toward the fire. Barking wildly, a dog challenged his approach. West called, and a voice told him to ride up and out. The invitation appeared to West as he had eaten nothing since morning. In the blinding glow of the fire he dismounted, dropped the cinches and unbridled the horse, which turned and walked away.

The sheepman spoke to the Mexican cook, who rode and put the Dutch oven on the fire again.

"You're West, I take it," said the sheepman.

"Yes."

"Hello's my name—from the Gil-nas."

"Heart of you. How'd you know me?"

"The horse. Heard you never hobnobbed him. Just turned his loose—and he'd stick round camp. Used to sell him."

"West laughed. 'You wouldn't begin with that if you meant to buy. No, I'll keep Concho for a while yet, anyway.'"

"Here's the grass down below," asked the sheepman.

"Good, and plenty of it."

"Here, take my place," said Bailey, glancing toward a sheepman beside the fire. "Going on up?"

"As far as Coyote."

Bailey, about to say something, hesitated. It was regarded he who to propose an unguarded opinion of Coyote or his inhabitants. It was the arena of wisdom to say nothing. Bailey surmised that West's mission at Coyote was not a particularly pleasant one, for when the visitor had shaken off his "chaps" he folded them carefully, so that the revolver in his pocket should not gather moisture from the ground.

When West had eaten the tortilla and frijoles, he sat and chatted with Bailey. The dogs, two sheep dogs and a huge mongrel, came and sat beside the fire, they pricked their ears carefully, so that the revolver in their ears when Bailey asked a question and released into indifference when West

answered. Presently the sheepman asked West for his revolver.

"Mine's old," he explained. "Used all my forty-fives plugging at coyotes."

The sheepman called the mongrel to him. The animal, deceived by the sheepman's friendliness in the man's tone, leaped up and pawed at his chest.

"She's no good," Bailey said, in extension of his evident intention to strike the dog. She ate more than the other two together and—I can't afford to keep her."

"She's a pup, isn't she?" asked West.

"Yes, sir, old. Only she's a West Man gave her to me—to get rid of her. I reckon. Here, Queen Sabe!"

"Hold on!" said West. "Give her a chance to get her head in."

"Sure!" said the sheepman, lowering the revolver. "I hated to shoot her, at that. She's friendly—but not to me."

West took his revolver from the sheepman and slipped it into his pocket of his "chaps" again.

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"Oh, she'll follow you! All sheep are a word and she'll think you're a sheep!"

"Queen Sabe, oh? Some name! Who knows?"

Bailey laughed. "Yes. The man who gave her to me said 'Queen Sabe'."

"I called her Queen Sabe. And when you rode up she didn't budge, but she stood out there in the dark growling and waiting to see what was coming. She's a good one, isn't she?"

West spoke to the dog. Queen Sabe came to him, sniffed at his boots, circled him and finally, drawing close, nuzzled him with a caress such as satisfaction.

That night West was awakened by something that rubbed against his elbow. He raised himself and felt the want of sleep. He had had his horse and had made her bed on the blankets that West had borrowed from the sheepman. An West drifted to sleep again, wondering whether the dog had actually chosen, or whether she had merely sought and found a place to sleep from which she would not be disturbed.

When West added his horse to a herd of sheep, he was not a particularly pleasant sight. It was regarded he who to propose an unguarded opinion of Coyote or his inhabitants. It was the arena of wisdom to say nothing. Bailey surmised that West's mission at Coyote was not a particularly pleasant one, for when the visitor had shaken off his "chaps" he folded them carefully, so that the revolver in his pocket should not gather moisture from the ground.

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of his pony's rope, he heard a steady patter behind him. Turning, he saw Queen Sabe, running close to Concho's heels. "Hello, old girl!" he cried; and Queen Sabe, racing ahead, leaped in circles, jumped playfully at the pony's nose and otherwise expressed her joy.

Although he was not given to excitement, West could not help appreciating the dog's evident choice. And that he was a more than good dog, his animal intelligence was proved by the reputation of his own horse, which he had broken and trained. Everyone round there knew of Concho's feat.

As soon as he arrived at Coyote, West made inquiry and learned that the man he wanted had ridden south. "That's all right," said West. "I'll go after him. Only she's a West Man gave her to me—to get rid of her. I reckon. Here, Queen Sabe!"

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horse of Senor West. And lately Jan-pater had become disgusted with his fortunes and had decided to seek a more graceful climate.

He waited patiently until he should find the pony without the dog. Then one day Queen Sabe, whom he had named "Concho," appeared. He was hungry himself, and he regretted his lack of forethought in not bringing some food. He went out to look for the dog. He found her in the water hole. She was drinking. He went up to her and she came back to where he had left her. The question troubled set out rapidly for the distant hills. West, having accomplished his brief errand, rode home and turned the pony loose.

That night "Sandro," with a cooled reata in his hand, crawled through the pasture fence and rode the pony. Several hours later Queen Sabe returned, with "her" tongue lolling and her shaggy coat covered with burrs. She pawed at the door and barked. West, waking, went to the door and let her in. He laughed as he saw the burrs and jokingly scolded the dog for coming to him to have them picked out. Nevertheless, he worked the burrs out of her fur, patted her head and then opened the door. Queen Sabe noticed that the dog had disappeared. "Come back to the sheep!" he muttered. "Must have caught their trail somewhere."

That Queen Sabe had not gone back to the sheep. She had accepted graciously the fragments of bread and meat that West had tossed to her, and then she had gone off to follow the trail of a rabbit. Trotting back through the grasswood, she had come upon Concho grazing placidly in the dark. The pony raised his head and eyed the dog, then again went to grazing. Queen Sabe, feeling satisfied with the day's work and being young wanted to play. She ran in wide circles round the horse, drawing nearer until Concho again raised his head questioningly. Queen Sabe leaped up. The pony reared and reared. Queen Sabe approached cautiously, nuzzled herself on the ground and made overtures of friendship. The pony advanced a step or two, sniffed at the dog's paw and then, with a sudden dash, sprang on the ground and decided that he could safely ignore the presence of the great, furry shape that teased and whined a challenge to play. When the pony lay down that night, Queen Sabe crept close and curled herself beneath a clump of grasswood.

West, awakened round about midnight, saw a light in his horse's nostrils. He rose and pulled on his boot's straightening up, he saw the pony and, whistling, Queen Sabe with much dignity paced beside the horse as she came into camp.

"Oh, that's the idea," said West smiling.

Thereafter the horse and dog were inseparable. When the pony came to the house, Queen Sabe followed him round at a trot and kicked for her lack of interest in the sheep and to fight with the other dogs for her chance alone of a "chaps" meal.

One night, when West had occasion to start on a trip in his horse, he came upon the pony dozing and the dog curled against him.

"Here, take my place," said Bailey, glancing toward a sheepman beside the fire. "Going on up?"

"As far as Coyote."

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That night West was awakened by something that rubbed against his elbow. He raised himself and felt the want of sleep. He had had his horse and had made her bed on the blankets that West had borrowed from the sheepman. An West drifted to sleep again, wondering whether the dog had actually chosen, or whether she had merely sought and found a place to sleep from which she would not be disturbed.

When West added his horse to a herd of sheep, he was not a particularly pleasant sight. It was regarded he who to propose an unguarded opinion of Coyote or his inhabitants. It was the arena of wisdom to say nothing. Bailey surmised that West's mission at Coyote was not a particularly pleasant one, for when the visitor had shaken off his "chaps" he folded them carefully, so that the revolver in his pocket should not gather moisture from the ground.

When West had eaten the tortilla and frijoles, he sat and chatted with Bailey. The dogs, two sheep dogs and a huge mongrel, came and sat beside the fire, they pricked their ears carefully, so that the revolver in their ears when Bailey asked a question and released into indifference when West

answered. Presently the sheepman asked West for his revolver.

When he came to the place where he had left his horse, he found the animal grazing on the shore. He was hungry himself, and he regretted his lack of forethought in not bringing some food. He went out to look for the dog. He found her in the water hole. She was drinking. He went up to her and she came back to where he had left her. The question troubled set out rapidly for the distant hills. West, having accomplished his brief errand, rode home and turned the pony loose.

That night "Sandro," with a cooled reata in his hand, crawled through the pasture fence and rode the pony. Several hours later Queen Sabe returned, with "her" tongue lolling and her shaggy coat covered with burrs. She pawed at the door and barked. West, waking, went to the door and let her in. He laughed as he saw the burrs and jokingly scolded the dog for coming to him to have them picked out. Nevertheless, he worked the burrs out of her fur, patted her head and then opened the door. Queen Sabe noticed that the dog had disappeared. "Come back to the sheep!" he muttered. "Must have caught their trail somewhere."

That Queen Sabe had not gone back to the sheep. She had accepted graciously the fragments of bread and meat that West had tossed to her, and then she had gone off to follow the trail of a rabbit. Trotting back through the grasswood, she had come upon Concho grazing placidly in the dark. The pony raised his head and eyed the dog, then again went to grazing. Queen Sabe, feeling satisfied with the day's work and being young wanted to play. She ran in wide circles round the horse, drawing nearer until Concho again raised his head questioningly. Queen Sabe leaped up. The pony reared and reared. Queen Sabe approached cautiously, nuzzled herself on the ground and made overtures of friendship. The pony advanced a step or two, sniffed at the dog's paw and then, with a sudden dash, sprang on the ground and decided that he could safely ignore the presence of the great, furry shape that teased and whined a challenge to play. When the pony lay down that night, Queen Sabe crept close and curled herself beneath a clump of grasswood.

West, awakened round about midnight, saw a light in his horse's nostrils. He rose and pulled on his boot's straightening up, he saw the pony and, whistling, Queen Sabe with much dignity paced beside the horse as she came into camp.

"Oh, that's the idea," said West smiling.

Thereafter the horse and dog were inseparable. When the pony came to the house, Queen Sabe followed him round at a trot and kicked for her lack of interest in the sheep and to fight with the other dogs for her chance alone of a "chaps" meal.

One night, when West had occasion to start on a trip in his horse, he came upon the pony dozing and the dog curled against him.

"Here, take my place," said Bailey, glancing toward a sheepman beside the fire. "Going on up?"

"As far as Coyote."

Bailey, about to say something, hesitated. It was regarded he who to propose an unguarded opinion of Coyote or his inhabitants. It was the arena of wisdom to say nothing. Bailey surmised that West's mission at Coyote was not a particularly pleasant one, for when the visitor had shaken off his "chaps" he folded them carefully, so that the revolver in his pocket should not gather moisture from the ground.

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answered. Presently the sheepman asked West for his revolver.

"Mine's old," he explained. "Used all my forty-fives plugging at coyotes."

The sheepman called the mongrel to him. The animal, deceived by the sheepman's friendliness in the man's tone, leaped up and pawed at his chest.

"She's no good," Bailey said, in extension of his evident intention to strike the dog. She ate more than the other two together and—I can't afford to keep her."

"She's a pup, isn't she?" asked West.

"Yes, sir, old. Only she's a West Man gave her to me—to get rid of her. I reckon. Here, Queen Sabe!"

"Hold on!" said West. "Give her a chance to get her head in."

"Sure!" said the sheepman, lowering the revolver. "I hated to shoot her, at that. She's friendly—but not to me."

West took his revolver from the sheepman and slipped it into his pocket of his "chaps" again.

"Sure!" said the sheepman, lowering the revolver. "I hated to shoot her, at that. She's friendly—but not to me."

"Oh, she'll follow you! All sheep are a word and she'll think you're a sheep!"

"Queen Sabe, oh? Some name! Who knows?"

Bailey laughed. "Yes. The man who gave her to me said 'Queen Sabe'."

"I called her Queen Sabe. And when you rode up she didn't budge, but she stood out there in the dark growling and waiting to see what was coming. She's a good one, isn't she?"

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Bellevue Garage, Hammonton.

Town Council Meeting.

The new Council met in its first regular session, on Wednesday evening, all being present on the stroke of eight o'clock.

Light Committee reported that they were investigating the question of cutting out lights early; also, that they had the fire plugs tested and repaired.

Chief of Police reported one case each of army desertion, breaking parole, suspicious character, breaking traffic sign, and lodger.

Henry E. Buror was granted a pool room license—a renewal—in Cappuccio's building.

William Ortolfo asked for a license for a pool room in the Tell building. Referred to License Committee, for investigation.

The Board of Health recommended Geo. F. McElroy as Plumbing Inspector; but as he already holds one position Committee will see if he can hold both.

Jas. L. White was recommended as member of Board of Health, in place of Edw. W. Strickland, whose time had expired. On motion he was balloted for, and elected.

Overseer of the Poor requested books and papers necessary, and Committee was empowered to purchase same.

R. H. Sharpe was re-elected member of Sinking Fund Commission for two years.

Law and Order Committee was asked to look into the appointment of a Pound Keeper and Dog Catcher.

Decided that garbage collector receive his orders from Highway Committee.

As party wishing to buy gravel pit on Cemetery Ave., Committee will have survey made, with view of advertising it for sale to highest bidder.

Law and order Committee was asked to submit names of candidates for special officers at next meeting. In the meantime, if necessary, Committee will appoint temporary specials.

Adjourned, to meet at call of Finance Committee to make up annual budget.

SATURDAY SPECIAL

We Wish to announce a
GENERAL CLEAN-UP
in House Slippers for men and
women, at greatly reduced prices
some **BELOW COST.**

Warm lined Shoes, Felt Boots
and Arctics.

Beginning next Monday, the 7th,
we will start our usual schedule,—
closing every evening at six o'clock,
except Saturdays.

MONFORT'S

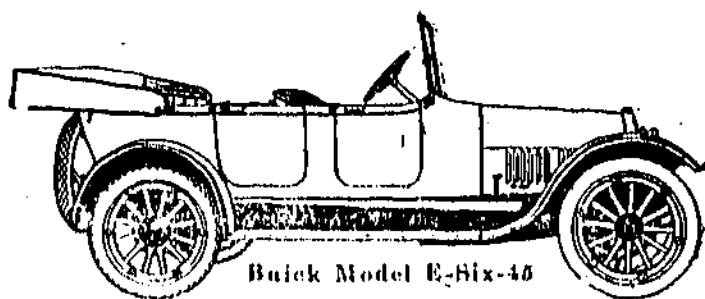
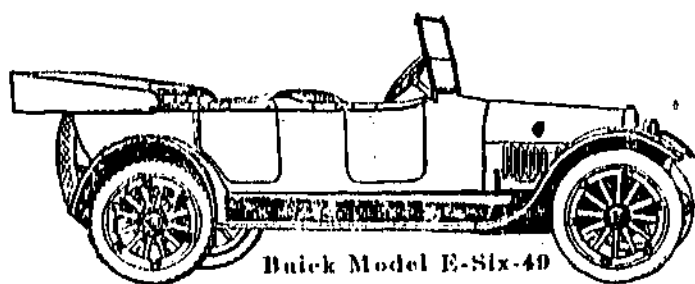
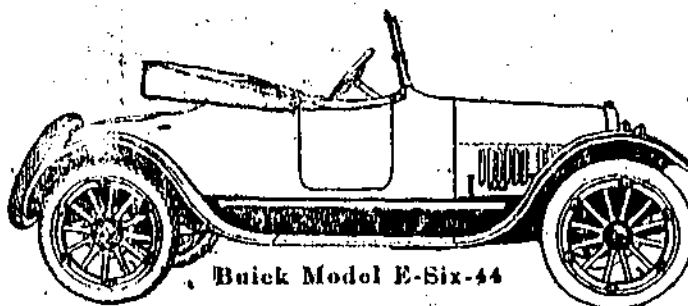
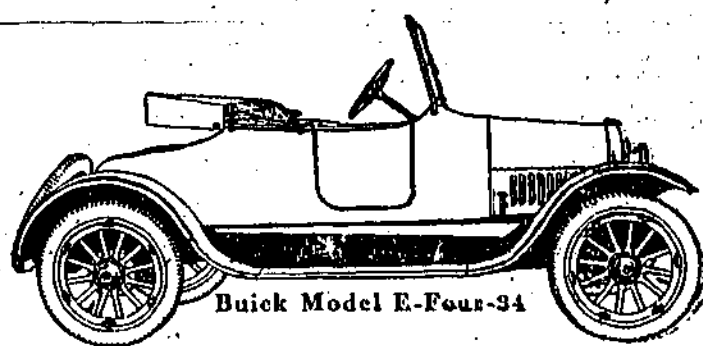
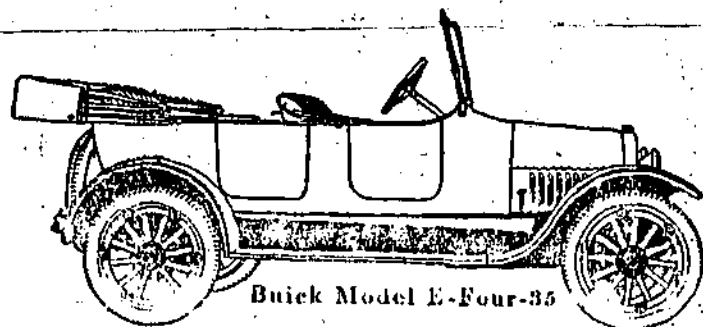
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