President Wilson,—
if you please,
After next Tuesday.

South Jersey Republican

Want Anything?
Want the News?
Read the Republican.

HOYT & SON, Publishers and Printers.

VOL. 51. HAMMONTON, N. J., SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1913 No. 9

There was a little flurry of snow on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. J. C. Bitler spent a few days with relatives at Nazareth, Pa.

Regular meeting of the Board of Education next Wednesday night.

Born,—on Friday, Feb. 28th, 1913, to Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Brown, a son.

Meeting of Independent Fire Company on Wednesday evening next.

Mrs. W. C. Adlington visited Hammonton friends and relatives for a fortnight.

A sprig of arbutus was placed on the Editors' desk, Wednesday,—picked that day.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Winkler have been visiting here, before returning to Jamaica.

Born, on Wednesday, Feb 27th, 1913, at Atco, to Mr. and Mrs. Jos. B. MacDougall, a son.

We are told that Charlie Kendal is seriously sick in the U. S. Naval Hospital at Norfolk, Va.

The Rod and Gun Club have decided to build a club house on their lots, on Egg Harbor Road.

The annual business meeting of the Civic Club will be held on Tuesday, Mar. 4th, at 3 p.m., in Trust Co. parlors.

Loan Association meetings next week;—the Workingmen's on Monday evening; the Hammonton on Thursday evening.

C. F. Osgood has added a handsome Victrola to his home attractions,—purchased it from Robert Steel, the local agent.

Town Council's License Committee meets next Wednesday evening, to hear comments on Pinto's and Jacobs' applications.

On garden seeds I think I'll blow
A little cash.
I'll buy some and proceed to grow
Some succotash.

Matthew Jefferson, Esq., has been appointed Prosecuting Attorney for Cape May County. He is well known here, and is tendered congratulations.

Miss M. Estelle Wescoat attended the wholesale millinery opening in Philadelphia, copying French and American pattern hats for one of the leading importers.

After its regular business meeting next Tuesday evening, the Baptist Endeavor Society will hold a social session, in the Church social room. They invite all their friends to join them.

Col. C. H. Felton has been suffering several weeks with a tumor on the eye lid. On Wednesday he had it removed by a specialist in Philadelphia, who assures him of complete recovery.

Miss Vera Wescoat, daughter of Jesse B. Wescoat, was graduated from the Philadelphia High School on February 11, 1913, at the Academy of Music. She is now attending the Philadelphia Normal or training school for teachers.

While driving his car out Twelfth Street, early this week, Dr. J. C. Bitler, accompanied by G. F. Lenz, struck A. Porker, who was crossing the street at the time, on the way to a neighbor's. One leg was broken, besides internal injuries, which resulted in his death next day. Though no inquest was considered necessary, the Dr. was exhonorated from all blame. The remains were removed to a nearby house and, the last we heard, were being turned into hams, sausage, lard, etc.

The Red Men of New Jersey will have a great time in Atlantic City, next week, March 6th and 7th. The Great Council is to meet there, and on Thursday evening three of the best degree teams in the country will confer degrees,—Uncan Tribe, of Trenton, the Adoption; Pequod, of Atlantic City, the Warriors; Pamrapaugh, Bayonne, the Chiefs degree. Every Red Man having the Universal and Chiefs degree passwords will be admitted. This is something every Red Man should witness, if possible.

Many of our people are suffering from old-fashioned influenza.

Freshmen cake sale at three o'clock this afternoon, in the Gas office. Benefit H. H. A. A.

Three Hammonton boys, attached to the Navy, are on the transport ship Meade, on the way south, where Uncle Sam is assembling a large force to keep a watchful eye over Mexico.

Miss Myrtle Sooy was the first one we have heard of to suffer from the roller-skating craze. Last week Thursday evening she fell on the pavement, breaking her right arm below the elbow.

Mud still prevails—particularly on Bellevue Avenue,—one day a sloppy mess, flying from every passing wheel; the next day frozen in lumps and humps that give drivers a vigorous shaking up.

The G. W. Swank estate have sold to Mrs. Wm. Totten the house recently moved onto Fourth Street, with an acre of land; also, to an Italian, the balance of uncleared land belonging to the estate.

St. Mark's Church, Rev. Wm. Howard Davis, Rector. Fourth Sunday in Lent (Mid-Lent.) 7.00 a.m., Morning Prayer; 7.30 and 10.30, Holy Communion; 11.45, Sunday School; 7.30, Evening Prayer.

Everybody was pleased with the entertainment given by the Jess Pugh Company, Monday evening. Each member of the troupe is an artist, and combined, make a troupe which all would be pleased to hear again.

Lewis Henderson, grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Wescoat, because of a deep liking for the Hawaiian Islands, will return to Honolulu, to resume his position there as architect for the United States Government.

We neglected to mention the sauer kraut supper given by the Pocahontas ladies; but we certainly did enjoy it. We don't know why they called it "sauer kraut" for that was only one item among many on the bountifully laden table. Evidently their efforts are appreciated, for we saw many doing justice to the supper.

KICKING.

'Tis useless to kick at the wealth of your neighbor;
It will never fatten your purse;
'Tis idle to kick at the state of the weather,
It makes it no better nor worse.

'Tis county to kick at the scheme of creation,
It does not affect it a bit;
And vain is the kick at the age that you live in,
Its march is not halted a whit.

'Tis useless to kick at the failings of people,
There's nothing to show for the work;
'Tis vain to condemn the society wrinkles,
It never will alter a quirk.

There's nothing accomplished by sitting and railing,
Improvement more effort demands;
Success is the need of a different person—
The fellow who kicks with his hands.

There will be several red-letter days in March, as follows:
4th, Inauguration day.
16th, Palm Sunday.
17th, St. Patrick's day.
21st, Good Friday.
23rd, Easter Sunday.

I have made a solemn covenant with God to attend the services of the Church. Why have I broken it? Is my word of no value? Presbyterian Ch. services. Morning worship at 10.30; theme; "Life's Upper Room." Sabbath School at noon. Christian Endeavor Society at 6.45 p.m.; topic, "The Ideal Christian, his practical services," Anna M. Lobley, leader. Evening worship at 7.30; theme, "The Shepherd and the troubled sheep." On Thursday at 7.30 p.m. prayer meeting. *

Un-Claimed Letters.

The following letters remained uncalled for in the Hammonton Post Office on Wednesday, Feb. 26, 1913:

Rev. J. M. T. Chibirey — Hammonton Pen
Mrs. Jennie McCracken — Miss Verna Young
Foreign
Helga Louis Eloko
Grazia Chicoppo in Placido

Persons calling for any of the above will please state that it was advertised. THOS. C. ELVINS, Postmaster.

There is to be a news-room and variety store in Baker Brothers' building, Central Avenue.

We hear that the Cogley store has been leased for a combination tonsorial and ice cream parlor.

The seventy-seventh session of the New Jersey Conference of the M. E. Church will open in First Church, Atlantic City, on Tuesday evening, March 4th, when there will be a sermon by a member of the Conference. Bishop Berry will preside. Rev. W. G. Hagaman is pastor of the Conference Church.

Dear Editor: We like your paper. It is doing much good. Could you ask the School Board to build steps at the curb, or put in a raised cinder crossing, from the Park walk to the cinder path in front of the High School Building? Vine Street is so muddy. And then the curb is so high on both sides of the street that the step up is most trying the way skirts are fashioned these days.
—A SCHOOL GIRL.

Public worship in the M. E. Church to-morrow, at 10.30 and 7.30; sermon by the pastor at each service. Morning theme, "After service, what?" Evening theme, "Love covering distance." Bible School at noon. Epworth League at 6.45. The best place to start the day of worship is at the 9.30 meeting for praise and testimony. Prayer service on Thursday even'g at 7.30. *

Baptist Church, H. P. Hoskins, pastor. Morning worship at 10.30; topic of sermon, "Not with silver and gold," 1 Peter i. 18. Lord's Supper will follow, at which every member of the church is enjoined to be present, and others invited to witness this ordinance. Evening worship at 7.30; topic of sermon, "Four anchors in the night," Acts xxvii. 29. Prayer meeting, followed by monthly business meet'g, Thursday evening. *

The missionary society of the Presbyterian Church, by the kindness of the Women's Missionary Board, has secured the services of Miss Elizabeth Ferris, of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, as teacher of a mission study class on China. What more interesting and profitable? Here is a treat for those who know real value. Confer with Mrs. Wallace S. Marple, Grape Street, if you would like to know more of this great country and its significant religious awakening.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. R. Adams (daughter of Daniel Wescoat) have just returned from a six weeks sojourn in California, where they were royally entertained by Mrs. Woodward and the Ballard boys, at Orange, and Mr. Amos Willits, of Riverside. On their return to Philadelphia they were completely surprised by fifty of their friends and relatives, who tendered them a party, and decorated the interior of their home gorgeously, with flowers and national colors. An account of their travels was followed by a musical entertainment; then they were escorted to the dining room, where a banquet awaited them.

The Rod and Gun Club have submitted a proposition to its members whereby they can consummate their present building plans this summer. A contract for their club house will no doubt be let during May. The present plans provide for a ground floor brick building, 25 x 60 ft; equipped with a separate reading and library room, main assembly room, with shuffle board, billiard and pool tables. In the basement will be installed bowling alleys and rifle target range. These features, together with approved plumbing, heating and lighting fixtures, will provide the gentlemen of our town with wholesome pastime and recreation. The Club invites any townsman of good character to join its membership. *

The New Jersey House on Wednesday passed the Davis concurrent resolution amending the State Constitution so that women may have the same voting rights as men. Under the legislation the Secretary of State will report to the next Legislature the passage of this concurrent resolution and if it passes that session then the people will vote on the question at the 1914 general election.

PULPIT TOPICS.

THE ANNOYING CRY.

"And His disciples Came and Besought Him, saying, 'Send Her Away; for She Crieth After Us.'"—Matt. 15: 23.

This is the only account we have of Christ visiting the seashore. From the hills about Nazareth, He must often have gazed on the distant waters of the great Mediterranean, but there is no record of any visit to its shores up this. He was often along the shores of Gennesareth, but that was only an inland lake. As this is the only instance of His passing beyond the boundaries of Palestine, He doubtless went there for a brief period of quiet rest. It was along the coast between the ancient Phoenician cities of Tyre and Sidon. It was full of historic memories, and the refreshing breeze from the salt waters would be invigorating and delightful. But even in the distant and secluded spot He selected, He and His disciples were not to find the rest they sought.

The Disturbing Cry.

They had scarcely reached the place when they were discovered by a woman who was in sore distress. You cannot find a spot on earth where there is no sorrow. Sin and Satan had long preceded Christ and the disciples to this place, and had worked misery and suffering among its people. The mother of an unfortunate victim of Satanic possession somehow learned who these visitors were that had selected this place for needed rest. Someone must have told her it was the great Prophet of Israel and that He had power to heal. Her mother heart soon brought her nigh unto their circle, and in utter fear cry for help. It was most annoying to be so soon disturbed by this wail of distress. It was a call for help and deliverance for both her daughter and herself, for afflictions which befall our children and friends are as bitter as those which are our own. Their pains and distress are ours, through the ties of blood and love.

She was not of the people of Israel, to whom Christ had been sent. Her people were Gentiles, i. e., heathen. She may have known the story of Elijah's sojourn among her people, and the miracle he wrought for a widowed mother, in restoring her son to life (1 Kings 17: 17-24), and this encouraged her to seek succor from this new prophet of Israel. She must have known of His higher claims, for she calls Him the "Son of David" and "Lord." Heathen though she may be, she freely accords Him the rightful titles His own people failed to give. But she uses them as a justification for interrupting their rest, and for urging the relief she sought.

That cry for help and rescue is still heard on every hand. We cannot find a place where sin and Satan have not preceded us, and where there are sorrow and misery soon follow, and wherever they come, there will be calls and cries for help and deliverance. They reach our ears from distant India and Japan and every land where Satan holds his victims in spiritual darkness and heathenish errors and practices.

This cry comes also from portions of our own favored land, where Gospel light is dim and Christian advantages are few and far between. It comes from the suffering thousands and uncharted multitudes who may be near our doors. It is the cry of the oppressed; the down trodden of the "under-world" of our larger cities; the victims of sinful social conditions, or of neglected religious influences. Wherever sin abounds, suffering and sorrow are found, and hence the constant cry that grates on the ears of Christ's followers, demanding our pity and our help when we would to be undisturbed.

The Disciples' Demand.

At first our Lord seemed also to be annoyed by this cry. He appeared to ignore the woman's presence and petition. "He answered her not a word." And when He did speak He seemed to express an annoyance at being disturbed by people who had no claims on Him. But it only seemed so. He really did feel for this woman's distress and intended to help her. His course was not only to try her faith and test her perseverance, but to awaken in His disciples a sympathy for the woes of strangers. But when he remained silent, they could not. So with one accord they demand that He "send her away, for she cleth after us."

It is not certain what they meant—whether He should abruptly tell her to leave them, or whether He should grant her request without further delay, so that the annoyance would cease. In either case it is the response of even many good people to-day, whenever these cries reach their ears. These cries are annoying because they are so constant. Appeals for help and relief abound on every side. They come from people around us, and from persons far off. They are heard in summer as well as in winter, by day as well as by night. And one cry is no sooner stilled than another is pleading. And they are so full of distress. They tell of suffering and pain, or of want and helplessness. Some are occasioned by distress of the body, some of the mind, and others of the soul, the greatest distress of all.

Surely, good people, and especially! Christ's disciples, should be moved by these sights and sounds of woe. But, alas! too many give back the response of the text: "Send her away!" They harden their hearts and close their hands and their doors, and bid them depart. Pastors read appeals on appeals to their church council societies, and individual members, asking for aid and telling how their mother church is suffering in her institutions and operations, and the reply is, "Send her away!"

Or the reply may mean what possibly the disciples then meant, "Grant her request, so we may be rid of her." "Do anything to stop this annoyance." How many of us give to the needy, not from love or sympathy, but only to get rid of the annoying or distressing appeal. There is no benevolence in many a contribution. Such gifts may be acceptable to the church or to the suffering, but not to God. They may benefit the recipient, but not the giver.

Christ did send her away, after He had tested her perseverance and faith, with the fullness of His blessing. May He help us to manifest His spirit, and not that shown by these disciples, when the cries for help reach our ears.—J. F.

Sunday School Lesson.

For March 2, 1913.

GOD'S COVENANT WITH ABRAHAM.

Gen. 15:17: 1-8.

Golden Text.—He is faithful that promised. Heb. 10:23.—

"Fear not, Abram." By a sudden attack at night, Abram had defeated four powerful kings and in the natural order of events, he had good reason to fear that they would return with an irresistible force to take vengeance on him. Perhaps, now that the excitement of the chase was over a reaction was setting in on him and he may have begun to wish he had not been so rash. We know how even the bold Elijah became panic-stricken in the reaction after his stupendous victory for God on Carmel. The men who are capable of the bravest deeds are often subject to such reactions.

But Abram had nothing to fear, for God said, "I am thy shield;" and more than that, "I am thy exceeding great reward." This latter clause might be translated, "Thy reward shall be exceeding great;" but the translation as we have it follows the first clause more naturally, and is therefore presumably the correct one. "I am thy shield and thy reward," God Himself is the reward of His faithful servants! He gives Himself to them. And in Him we have an abundant supply for every possible need—if only we had faith enough to realize the full meaning of Gods promises, and to trust them fully. The great reason why we cannot exercise such faith is that we are not willing to let God decide for us what is best for us. We think we know what we need and what is harmful to us, and unless God sees fit to accept our view of the case and do for us what we think necessary, we let our faith ooze out at the ends of our fingers. "All things work together for good to them that love God;" but not all things work for the sort of good they most crave, and therefore they sometimes get very much discouraged.

God had blessed and prospered Abram greatly, but the one blessing which he most desired had been withheld; he had no son to inherit his wealth. And so when God said, "I am thy exceeding great reward," Abram answered, "Lord, God, what Thou give me, seeing I go childless? If I cannot have what I want most, what is anything else worth to me?"

Is not that just the way we all feel sometimes? We think that some particular blessing is necessary to our happiness, and, like little children, we chafe and fret if we do not get that particular favor from God.

Abram's prayer for a son was granted. We know from the story that it had been God's intention from the first that Abram should be the founder of a wonderful family, and God's purposes ripens slowly, and God's servants need to learn patience. And sometimes God waits long before granting a petition that we may be brought nearer to him through our desire for the blessing which He withholds.

"He believed the Lord, and He counted it to him for righteousness." This is the first enunciation of the fundamental principle that faith in God is righteousness, because real faith in God is a conviction that God is absolutely good, and wise and powerful, and that involves the conviction not only that it is our duty to obey God, but also that it is the highest wisdom on our part, and only wise for us to do everything, but also to accept whatever experiences He sends us as opportunities for the development of our spiritual resources.

Paul quotes this declaration that Abram's faith was reckoned to him for righteousness and lays great stress on it as showing that the doctrine of salvation by faith was not a new doctrine in New Testament times. It was the Old Testament Gospel, but rejuvenated, by having a more definite object of faith set before us in Christ and more definite promises given to the believer. (See Rom. 4:1-25).

Christian Endeavor.

Topic for March 2, 1913.

WHAT A CHRISTIAN SHOULD BE.

Matt. 5:13, 14.

"Ye are the salt of the earth." Salt is a preservative. It is used to prevent the development of germs which cause corruption. These germs of corruption are everywhere, and the utmost care must be taken to guard against them if we wish to escape injury. They are in the air and in the water and they are on almost every thing we come in contact with, and they multiply with miraculous rapidity whenever they find a suitable environment. They are a manifestation to us of spiritual truth. Germs of evil and germs of error are everywhere. We cannot meet other people, we cannot even stay at home and shut ourselves up within ourselves, without being in danger of becoming infested with the germs of some spiritual disease.

The only security against the germs of disease is to keep the body in vigorous health and to avoid contact with infection as much as possible. A perfectly healthy body has the power to destroy noxious germs if they are not too numerous. So is it in spiritual things: the only security against spiritual declension and ultimate spiritual death is to keep our spiritual nature healthy—toned up—and to avoid contact with evil influences as much as possible.

It has been found that some persons who seem to be in good health are nevertheless "carriers" of germs of fatal diseases. So is it in the spiritual life. There are many who while appearing both to themselves and to others to be spiritually healthy are nevertheless "carriers" of the germs of some spiritual disease, which is sapping their own spiritual vitality and making them a source of infection to others. It may be a germ of unbelief, or a germ of worldliness, or a germ of spiritual pride, or of some other evil spirit, that has found a lodgement in the heart, and the man or woman does not recognize the harmfulness of it because he or she calls it by some other name, and perhaps even looks upon it as an evidence of spiritual health. The enemy of our souls is a clever cheat and always strives to make us think that good is evil and evil is good.

We need to watch ourselves therefore very closely to guard ourselves against inoculation with germs of spiritual disease, and that, not only for the sake of our own spiritual health, but also for the sake of the health of others who will be influenced for good or evil by us. If the disciples of Christ are "the salt of the earth," it is extremely important that they should not lack the germ-destroying properties of salt.

But salt is not only a preservative. It is used to give flavor to food that it may be more acceptable to the palate and more digestible. It is the mission of the followers of Christ to impart flavor or character to the world in which they live. If they do not possess it themselves, they cannot impart it, and they will not possess it unless they are extremely careful to keep their own lives sweet and true and useful.

Epworth League.

Topic for March 2, 1913.

JESUS AS A WORKER.

Mark 1: 14, 29-39.

The conclusiveness of effort which characterized our Lord's life on earth is brought out forcefully in Mark's Gospel. The word "anon," which is sometimes translated "straightway," and sometimes, "forthwith," and sometimes, "immediately?" may be called the keynote of the Gospel. It occurs frequently especially in the first chapter, and it fits in well with the story as Mark gives it to us, which shows that Jesus could not tell away from His work even when He felt the need of rest and of solitude.

It must not be assumed that Jesus could work thus constantly without fatigue of body, of mind, and of spirit. There seems indeed to be good reason for believing that the miracles cost Him more than we are apt to suppose. "I perceive that power has gone out of Me," He said, when a woman had been healed by touching the hem of His garment.

The history of Jesus is summed up in one sentence by Peter in his sermon to Cornelius. "God anointed Him with the Holy Spirit and with power; who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the Devil, for God was with Him." (Acts 10: 38.)

Jesus was not only a consecrated worker, He was also a careful worker. He dealt with men and women individually, and took the spiritual state of each one into consideration, adapting His treatment to the individual need.

He was never in too much of a hurry to stop and listen to the cry of faith, or to give a lesson or a warning to any one who sought instruction.

But the supreme fact about the work of Jesus is that He went about it in an obedient spirit, looking to God for guidance. "For I come down from Heaven, He said, not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me." "I can do nothing * * I seek not Mine own (?), but the will of Him that sent Me." (John 6: 38; 5: 30.)

And this last is one reason why Christ Jesus has the fewest followers, as a rule His disciples decide for themselves what to do and how to do it, and we ask Him to assist them in doing their own way, much more often than they seek, and wait for, His guidance.

THE BEST TREES FOR STREET PLANTING.

According to Secretary Carl Dannwart, of the Newark Shade Tree Commission, the best tree for street planting is the Norway maple. This tree is of medium size and of pleasing shape and keeps its color and performs its work even though it should be subjected to an excess of coal smoke, moisture or drought. It is tough, substantial and long lived. Out of 22,000 trees set out in Newark in six years 9,000 were Norways.

The red maple is also recommended by Mr. Dannwart as a good tree for city streets. It is somewhat larger than the Norway maple; it is also of 22,000 trees set out in Newark in continued drought.

The pin oak and the red oak are proving their right to hold a first place among city shade trees. These are both medium-sized, hardy and are seldom bothered by insects. Of the two, the pink oak is the most adaptable. It will thrive in moist soil and continue its patient growth in dry soil. The red oak is more particular. It wants only dry soil. The pink oak, in good health, will keep its leaves all winter.

A tree of smaller size, and therefore more adaptable to narrow streets, is the European linden. It is a showy tree, bearing fragrant blossoms and tender leaves. It is somewhat more rapid in growth than the maples and oaks mentioned above. It is hardy and likes moisture, but will fight it out even in dry soil, only it will be smaller than the well-watered tree.

Two more trees which may be classed among the "certainties"—for street planting are the American elm and the Oriental plane. The pedigree of the elm is unquestioned and its character is as good as ever, but it has many enemies, among them being the wood leopard moth, the elf tree beetle, tussock moth, the caterpillar and scale. The elm must have large open ground which it needs plenty of air and water.

The Oriental plane tree, also known as the buttonball, buttonwood and sycamore, is of rapid growth and symmetrical in appearance. This seems to be a favorite tree in Paris. There is no risk. It is claimed, in planting plane trees. They will grow even with slight moisture and they are not troubled by insects.

An experiment is under way to test the qualities of the tulip (Liriodendron tulipifera) as a street tree. This is a beautiful native tree, with showy blossoms. It is sometimes called the tulip poplar, perhaps because its growth is almost as rapid as that of a Carolina poplar. This must be transplanted with a ball of earth, when very young. The trees are not troubled much by insects.

The Ginkgo (the maidenhair tree) is a Chinese immigrant. In its native land it has sacred associations. It is hardy, immune from insects, rapid in growth, medium in size, inclined to be scraggly in growth, a tendency which can be checked by good pruning. The Ginkgo is a pleasant novelty in leaf, habits, contour, character, texture and ancestry (this going some nine million years back). The Ginkgo is a "certainty." It will prove, but should be planted only in proportion of dessert to dinner.

The horse chestnut has many good qualities as a street tree. It is perhaps better adapted to lawns. Its foliage is so dense that it should not be planted too close to a house. Unless well supplied with moisture it will begin to shed its leaves in July. The horse chestnut belongs to the medium-sized trees.

If one wants immediate shade, the Carolina poplar is the tree to plant. But it should be set out in alternation with Norways. Let the poplars give the immediate shade and in five years, when the Norways have got well started on their century run, cut down the poplars. The latter are good trees to plant in factory districts or where nothing else will grow. They will stand more abuse than any other tree, but their roots are dangerous to plumbing, for they will enter clay pipes through openings no larger than the lead in a pencil and fill them for ten feet with roots.

One more of the "undesirables" among the trees for cities is the silver maple. If one wants to waste money and time, wants to wait for shade and get none, wants the tree to die before the plumber of it, then that person should plant a silver maple. In fact, it is the black sheep of the maple family.—Newark News.

INTERESTING TREES.

The bread-fruit tree of Ceylon is remarkable. Its nuts are baked and eaten as we eat bread, and is equally good and nutritious.

In Barbados, South America, is a tree which on piercing the trunk produces milk with which the Indianiots feed their children.

In the interior of Africa is a tree which produces good butter. It resembles the American oak, and its fruit, from which the butter is prepared, is not unlike the olive. Park, the great traveler, declared that the butter surpassed any made in England from cow milk.

At Sierra Leon is the cream fruit tree, the fruit of which is quite agreeable in taste.

At Table Bay, near the Cape of Good Hope, is a small tree, the berries of which make excellent candles. It is also found in the Azores.

The vegetable butter tree grows in Sumatra, in Algeria and in China in the island of Chusan large quantities of oil and tallow are extracted from its fruit, which is gathered in November or December, when the trees lose its leaves.

The bark of a tree in China produces a beautiful wax. Trees of the sapindus or soapberry order grow in the north of Africa. They are remarkably prolific, and their fruit contains about 34 per cent. of saponin.—New York Farmer.

"OLD AUNT KATE"

MRS. PRICE looked at Agnes and Agnes looked back at her. "Well, she's got to live here," said Mrs. Price as if finishing a sentence. "She's about 75, I should judge, for she is about your father's mother's age, and your grandmother would be 72 were she living.

"And she a genuine crank—says Cousin Mary's letter," replied Agnes. "But since she's papa's own aunt, there's nothing to do but give her a home."

"Your Cousin Kate writes that she'll start for Kingsville Wednesday, the 10th. Why, that's to-day. She's doubtless on route here now. She'll arrive about 3 to-morrow. But Mary will wire us particulars as to train and hour."

"Shall I go to the station to meet her?" asked Agnes. "I can go there on my way home from school, you know. It will save you the bother, mother, for you'll have your hands full with the dinner."

"Yes, I'll be glad to have you meet old Aunt Kate," said Mrs. Price. "Papa cannot well leave his office in the very middle of the afternoon, and I shall have the dinner to prepare."

At that moment the door bell rang, and Agnes went in response to it. She found a messenger with a telegram. Reading the wired message, Agnes cried out to her mother: "She arrives to-day. Comes on the P. & R. at 2. I'll have to get excused from school an hour earlier and go to meet her. Isn't it provoking? Why couldn't she stick to her original plan, I wonder?"

"I'm sure it is provoking," admitted Mrs. Price. "But she never knew just what an old person is going to do. But—we must put up with such uncertainty, dear. She's your father's aunt, and we shall have to overlook her peculiar notions."

At noon recess Agnes explained to her teacher about the arrival of Aunt Kate, and asked to be excused. Helen Danby was standing near, and overheard what passed between Agnes and the teacher. Afterwards she said to Agnes:

"Let me give you a hint, Aggie, about old relatives. Don't humor them nor put yourself out for them. They are the greatest nuisance in the world. We had mamma's great uncle living with us for ever and ever—so long, and I just simply wouldn't put myself out to run errands for him. Agnes was inclined to agree with Helen, and she made a secret vow to never put herself out again on account of "Old Aunt Kate."

At the railroad station Agnes was obliged to wait some time, for the train was late. When it did arrive she was in rather a bad temper, and as she advanced to meet a very aged woman who stumbled clumsily from the train steps to the platform, she said mentally: "That is old Aunt Kate, and she'll have to be looked after like a baby. She's almost helpless. It will be very uncomfortable to have her around."

Agnes carried her aunt's queer traveling bag and numerous other handles, and assisted as best she could the old lady across the street on the car.

"I'm not quite so young on my feet, honey, as you are," smiled Aunt Kate sweetly, as the two sat in the street car. Agnes' face flushed on account of the smiles of the young people who sat opposite her aunt and who were noting the queer traveling bag, the many handles, tied up in scraps of oilcloth and silk, and the fashion-lacking clothes of the aged lady herself. "But I need to be just like you—do odd years ago."

That evening at dinner Aunt Kate had much to talk about to her nephew whom she had not seen since his mare age, 16 years before, and Agnes listened with a good deal of growing interest. After all, Aunt Kate's mind was young and fresh, and she had big sympathies and sweet consideration for others. During all her convers-tion she never once spoke an ill word of anyone, and had only words of sweet recollection for those gone before and words of praise for those living. Agnes began to admire the queerly-dressed, old-fashioned woman whose coming had been looked forward to with a good deal of apprehension.

Agnes excused herself from the dining room and ran to the parlor. There she gathered up two chairs and hitched a cushion to Aunt Kate's room, placing them on the couch beside the window. "Poor old soul," she said goutly, "she shall rest as easily as she can while a member of the household. I'm ashamed of the way I acted."

"That night Agnes offered her check to Aunt Kate for a good night kiss, and as she did so, the old lady whispered "Come in for a minute, honey." Old Aunt Kate has something to show you." a minute later Agnes was seated beside Aunt Kate on the couch, and the old lady was opening one of her many little bundles—one small, wrapped in a piece of worn black silk and tied about with strong cord. From the silk wrapper came a small inlaid box and from the box fell a shining necklace of rare stones in antique design. It lay shining in Aunt Kate's lap, and Agnes gave a little exclamation of admiration and surprise. "Oh, how perfectly exquisite!" And she gently laid a hand on the jewel.

"It is for you, my only grandniece," smiled Aunt Kate. "It belonged to my grandmother, and was made by a famed goldsmith in England for her to wear on her wedding day. In those days, you know, brides wore jewels of such design. I have had it in mind for you, dear child. So here it is."

As Old Aunt Kate finished speaking she placed the necklace back into the little casket and put the whole in Agnes' lap. But Agnes burst out weeping and threw her arms about the aged woman's neck. "I can't accept it, now, dear auntie," she confessed, "for I have been very mean in my heart towards you. I shall try to make amends, for since you came I have fallen in love with you."

Then Agnes made a clean breast of the whole matter—how she had resented old Aunt Kate's coming, and how she had been really mean at heart. Aunt Kate took her in her arms, soothing and forgiving her. "You are a sweet, honest girl," she declared. "And we are to be the warmest friends."

That evening began the warm friendship—one might better call it camaradeship—between Agnes Price "old Aunt Kate," comradeship which strengthened as the days passed by.—Detroit News-Tribune.

LONGEVITY OF THE SEXES.

Regarding the longevity of women as compared with men, experience and observation teach that women outlive men. Averaging the families we know, we have met with more old women than old men; and from this fact comes the old adage, "If a widower wishes a second wife, let him hold out his hand and he will find a widow clinging to each finger." Surely a woman has to lose her husband to become a widow. We know of many women who have been ailing and complaining during the last twenty-five years or thirty years, but who yet hold out bravely. Why? Because (all the fashionable ailments notwithstanding) woman's tenacity of life is greater than man's. Woman is the willow that bends during the storms, but, after the blasts are over, they again stand erect; while the men may be likened to the oaks that snap or break.

Behold women who have reared eight or ten or more children, who all day long attend to the wants of the family and nurse a babe at night, perchance not once in the year having an undisturbed night's rest, yet she drags on and on, having a smile for her husband whenever he expects one. Again, there are many women who are sickly and ailing from following the foolish fashions that frivolous men and women originate, among which right lacing and the weight suspended below the hips are the most fruitful sources.

If male evildoers were sentenced to wear for one month the clothing of fashionable women, and be compelled to keep on their feet all day, they would with one accord pronounce themselves more severely punished than by imprisonment, and they would soon find it became ill. But this only proves woman's superior powers of endurance. If women in general can once be made to see their folly, and if men, on the other hand, be made to understand that it is in their own interest to desist from admiring wasp-like waists, driving women to tight lacing to please the men, if the men did not in their sickly sentimentality worship lily-white faces and flabby, soft, white hands, young women would not be too much afraid to let the sun shine on their faces and apply their hands to domestic duties that would impart tone to the muscles. On the whole, men are much to blame for women's infirmities, and if the above follies were corrected, women would soon outstrip men in physical endurance in the long run.

SALOONS IN RUSSIA.

It will come as a surprise to most people to learn that the greatest publican of ancient or modern times is none other than the decently or indecently drunk Czar of Russia. Vodka, the national drink of the Russian people, has been a crown monopoly continuously since the sixteenth century. To-day the crown owns 30,000 kabaks, or public houses, and 4,000 distilleries. The annual income from this source is approximately $500,000,000. Public houses are open by imperial command in that country. Every hamlet, no matter how small, must have at least one.—Exchange.

WAGS THE DOG THAT ADOPTED A MAN

GUARDIAN BY PROXY

CLAIRE had never seen her guardian, she knew that he was a distant cousin of her father's as well as a friend of his younger days and that he had six sons and lived in Montana. Ever since she had continued for a year in attendance at an Eastern finishing school. Then she had spent a year abroad with friends. Before she had made further plans she received a letter from her guardian, William Fraser, extending a most cordial invitation to her to come West and spend the summer with his family, who were encamp on the shores of a beautiful lake.

Claire accepted the invitation with no little eagerness, she had always been anxious to meet her guardian, and she had felt a little hurt that for these last two years she had never been asked to visit at his home. Her father was on tour, and with his accustomed generosity had placed no restriction upon her movements during the journey he intended to make, and he had expressed for this last two years had been in accordance with her father's instructions.

"After a few weeks in camp with me," he said, "I trust you will like me, all well enough to go back to the Indian with me."

"Indeed I will," she replied eagerly. "I've heard my father talk so much of you. You have six little boys, I believe. How will they like the idea of having a girl in their midst?"

"I think" he replied, smiling an inscrutable smile, "they will like it. They have always regretted that they had no sister."

When they neared the little station where they were to take the stage to camp, her guardian bade her look out the window.

"My six little sons are in waiting," he said.

Claire looked out at the six giant youths, ranging in age from 20 to 18, and she felt that her guardian in his sentiment was justified.

She was, perhaps, equally a surprise to them. They had seen in fancy a refined and finished school girl, and the beauty of the tall, charming maiden was a revelation. Frank Roger, the oldest and most skilled, in Tom, the twin boys, they were all captivated by her winsomeness and easy adaptability. He rode in camp was enlivened by her presence. On arrival at camp Mrs. Fraser, a gentle little woman, was in waiting. After dinner a light rain began to fall, which put an end to any sweet intention of each and every Fraser as a moonlight ride with their "cousin," as they called her. After an evening of mirth and music in the big assembly tent, Mrs. Fraser finally insisted that Claire be allowed to seek her quarters, Roger instantly arose.

"We'll all walk over with you," he said.

"Thank you, Roger, I shall be glad to walk with you," assented Claire.

"Will sis go with me after he brings you home?" asked Tom.

"And will you dole with me in the evening?" asked Ned.

"And I file my application for any hour you can give me," declared Hal.

"I ask for a moonlight walk, moonlight," said Steve.

Claire ignored these invitations and demurely bade them all good night. As she was ruminating on the personnel of her six big cousins she heard her name called softly from without. She came out into the shelter tent, and saw Claire, standing in the shadows.

"I came to tell you that I am not much of a sailor, but I know you are so, will you take me for a sail in the early morning before you go with Roger?"

"Yes, instead, I can sail. Shall we be up with the proverbial lark?"

"I think six will be early enough."

The Frasers were not early risers when in camp. When Roger came in to the breakfast tent, Tom met him with a grin.

"You've not lots of time yet," he announced, pointing out on the lake where a trim little sail was flying in the distance.

"Who's got the sailboat out?" demanded Roger.

"Charlie. He's got Claire out, too."

"He can't manage the boat," was the growling protest.

"Sit down the can. We manage any of us from our boats to be." Roger Did you notice the solitaire she wears on her left hand?"

When the sailboat came in, Claire came thus a sunbeam into the dining tent, where Roger sat alone at breakfast.

"Did you drink that cup of coffee? Then I'll have time to make a change of toilet."

"What's the matter with your toilet?" he demanded, glancing at her trim walking skirt and blue blouse.

"Oh, this was my work outfit. I had to do all the sailing, but I fear you'd not let me be anything but an elegant lady of leisure, so I'll dress to my part," and she tripped away by her tent.

When she reappeared she was attired in a yachting costume of white linen embroidered in daisies. A soft white hat shaded her mobile face, and Roger thought her divine.

"It's just the day for sailing," she said, as he helped her into the boat. "Tins of those sombre-toned days with a steady driving breeze."

The boat lifted and sank, and boat her way ahead through long, rolling billows of white crests upon the swell of the rushing waters.

"I want to ask you something," he said presently. "Every one of the Fraser family is preparing to be your entertainer. We won't share and share alike in this. We never do. You've got to choose one of us for your knight."

"Well," she said nonchalantly. "Naturally I choose your father, as he is my rightful guardian."

"That makes it all right," he asserted. "My father is preparing to lead a life of leisure, and has turned over most of his business affairs to my management. I have full charge of your property, so in truth I am your guardian."

"By proxy? Well, I'll take you on trial, and, of course, I can ask the Courts to remove you if I am not satisfied."

"Then, you won't think me impertinent or curious if I ask you a few questions in my line of duty?"

"No, certainly not."

"You are not of age?"

"No; I lack nearly a year."

"And," gazing at the diamond, "are you heart whole?"

Her eyes grew round and innocent, as she looked at him with the expression that had baffled many a wiser man than himself.

"I don't know," she finally replied.

"Is that time—pardon me, I have to know, as there are conditions in your father's will—given you by some one?"

"It was given to me," she interrupted with downcast eyes, "by one of whom I am very fond."

There was an eloquent pause.

"May I know the giver's name?" he asked in tense tones.

"Certainly, Frank Navarre, of New York, gave me the ring."

"And you are free to give, sis, the sort of girl who would accept a ring like that from a man unless you were engaged to him?"

"No, I should not," she replied gently, and turned the conversation into other channels.

The rest of the day her guardian by proxy left her unreservedly to the attentions of his brothers. Late in the evening he came upon her as she was showing photographs of her friends to his mother.

"And this," she was saying, "is Frank Navarre."

Despite his reluctance, Roger could not forbear a quick glance with relief and chagrin, as he beheld the picture of a beautiful girl.

"Did you mislead me purposely?" he asked, reproachfully, as they sat apart from the others, around the camp fire.

"Yes," she said, laughing. "I wanted to teach my guardian by proxy that he must not jump at conclusions."—Ex.

HERE'S NEW TYPE OF DESERT.

Those Who Have Seen this Real Thing Would Be Surprised at Pictorial Representation.

Those who have lived in Egypt will find a source of unending surprise in the scenic offerings of "high class vaudeville" which accompany the throaty howling by a near baritone of "I Shall Love Yew Till the Hot Desert Freezes Eternally," illustrated with pictures from the desert (side). It should be noted here that it is hardly fair to call a locality a "desert," at all, when it is so plentifully peopled with the cosmopolitan races presented to the public on the screen.

The pictures show a wild profusion of Bedouins, Chinese, Arabs, Moors, Greeks, Armenians, Bulgarians and Turks, with a fair sprinkling of Indian senators, to every conceivable garb, ancient and modern, lounging comfortably around the pyramids and smoking Havana cigars, English pipes, hookahs, and cigarettes and mostly chewing gum. But if in his choice of population the scenic artist has done well in Egyptian scenery he has certainly surpassed himself, for you behold great clusters of pyramids, sphinxes by the dozen, camels, horses, sheep, deer, ostriches and even elephants crossing the soft sand of the alleged desert or resting beneath the English oaks, Lombardy poplars, cactus and palm trees.

And before you can get your breath a gallant knight in the uniform of the Austrian Hussars, covered with a kimona and a cellular stock in his belt, brings his sultana into the moonlight and hugs her until the overtaxed desert is removed and the applause of the audiences foreign over.—New York Herald.

SNOW AND TIMBER.

Few would imagine that the absence of snow would double the price of timber. The greater part of our lumber comes from the forests of Canada, Scandinavia and Russia. All these countries suffer from a very severe winter.

For nearly five months of the year their surface is buried deep under a mantle of snow, and the climate even in the heart of the greatest pine forests not uncommonly falls to 30 degrees below zero, i. e., 62 degrees of frost, snow is one of the best non-conductors of heat or cold in the world, and when the fall is a foot deep a thermometer showing 60 degrees on the surface will if buried beneath the snow, rise to about 30 degrees. The snow, therefore, is an enormous blanket protecting the roots of the pines from the intense cold, besides covering the natural warmth of the soil.

A full-grown pine can stand almost any degree of cold, but a young tree cannot do so. It might sprout during summer, but a snowless winter would infallibly kill it. If, therefore, snow ceased, the enormous timber supplies of Northern Europe, Asia and America would disappear.

South Jersey Republican

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SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1913

Hammonton Chautauqua for 1913

We give below this season's programme, so far as it can be arranged at this time. The contract is for six days, with Sunday given as an extra, or omitted, as the local committee may decide. The date is not positively fixed, but will probably be June 14th to 21st.

The "prominent statesman" for the fifth day will probably be either Governor Hadley, Judge Lindsay, or Senator Gore.

We publish this for the information of those interested, and to show those who appreciated last season's entertainments that a greater treat is in store for them.

	FIRST DAY.	Single admission $ .35
2.30	Opening	
3.00	Band Concert—Florentine Concert Band, with Miss Marguerite Melrose, soprano.	
4.15	Series Lecture.	
7.30	Full Concert—Florentine Band and Miss Melrose	.50
9.00	Motion Pictures—Something different, something worth while.	
	SECOND DAY.	
2.30	Series Lecture	.35
3:30	Tyrolean Alpine Yodlers—7 singers in costume, giving native songs	
7.30	Tyrolean Alpine Yodlers	.50
8.00	Frank Dixon—A great lecture and a great lecturer	
9.15	Motion Pictures	
	THIRD DAY.	
2.30	Series Lecture	.35
3.30	Concert Company (to be engaged)	
4.00	Lecture-Recital—"The Joy of Living," Paul M. Pearson	
7.30	Concert	.50
8.00	The Wonders of Science: Reno B. Welbourne—A great illustrated lecture with remarkable experiments.	
9.15	Motion Pictures	
	FOURTH DAY.	
2.30	Series Lecture	.35
3.30	The Dietrichs—Music and Magic	
4.00	Rosani—Prince of Jugglers	
7.30	The Dietrichs	.50
8.00	Dickens Impersonations—Wm. Sterling Battis (in costume, make-up and monologue)	
9.15	Motion Pictures	
	FIFTH DAY.	
2.30	Series Lecture	.35
3.30	Commonwealth Quartet—Interpretation with voice costume and action	
7.30	Commonwealth Quartet	.50
8.00	A prominent Statesman (to be engaged)	
9.30	Motion Pictures	
	SIXTH DAY.	
2.30	Children's Play	.35
3.00	Fellows Opera Quartet—A notable company, presenting scenes from comic and grand opera	
4.30	Newell Dwight Hillis, Pastor Plymouth Church, Brooklyn	
7.30	Fellows Opera Quartet	.50
9.00	Motion Pictures	
	SUNDAY.	

Special Sunday Program, (admission free) will be arranged for each town in co-operation with the local committee. Total single admissions $4.10

Season ticket $2 (if bought before Chautauqua opens)

Governor Woodrow Wilson has tendered his resignation, to take effect at noon to-day, when James F. Fielder, of Hudson County, now President of the State Senate, will be sworn in as Governor. Next Tuesday, March 4th, Mr. Wilson will be inaugurated as President of the United States.

State Senator Walter E. Edge has severed his connection with the "Atlantic City Daily Press." Mr. Nathan J. S. Price is now the responsible head of that enterprising publication.

Those who are not fortunate enough to go to Washington next Tuesday, can read the inaugural address at this office.

A bill has been introduced in the Senate to limit the open season for quail, rabbit, squirrel, English or ring-neck pheasant, grouse, prairie chicken, Hungarian partridge, from November 15 to December 15 of each year. The penalty for violation is $20. Another bill has been introduced in the Senate making an open season for wood-chuck between November 1 and the first day of March following.

Assembly Bill No. 42, intends to place flickers in the list of game birds and establish an open season when they may be killed, during the months of September and October. The same bill shortens the killing season from July 15 to December 31. This would prohibit Spring shooting when the birds stop on their migrations to the North to nest, but would make the season open when they return South in the late Summer. There is some talk of making a Federal law which will protect these migrators in all states through which they pass. Some other fish and game bills introduced in the Legislature are:

Licensing persons desiring to propagate pheasants, ducks and deer; it authorizes fish and game commissioners to sell, exchange or otherwise dispose of fish eggs, game birds or animals from the State preserve; authorize complaints under fish and game act to be made by any commissioner or protector upon information and belief; makes it illegal to fish through or under ice in salt or fresh water, except for eels; makes it illegal to sell or offer for sale any parts of squirrel or wild deer.

Muskrats and skunks will receive protection under the provisions of a bill which passed the Assembly. It makes the open season for skunks, muskrats, raccoon or otter from November 15 to March 15 following. For muskrats from Nov. 15 to April 1 following. The muskrats, to take advantage of the closed season, must not during the closed season, damage any canal banks or dams. If he does so, he may be shot.

"Vanitas, Vanitatum—Omnia Vanitas"

She boasts a dainty cutlarette
Of Persian lamb, as black as jet;
With collar reaching 'bove her ear
To cheat Jack Frost, should he be near.

One day, not very long ago,
The ground lay covered o'er with snow,
And, chancing to walk out, I met
The maiden with her cutlarette.

I hear you say "Why that's all right,
"'Twas cold"; but wait—the other night
'Twas up to seventy, and yet
The maiden wore her cutlarette!

Ah, vanity! Ah's vanity!
Thus saith the preacher,—right is he;
For, be it cold, warm, dry or wet,
The maiden sports her cutlarette!

F.D.P.

License Applications.

The undersigned, at least twelve citizens and freeholders of the Town of Hammonton, do hereby recommend

James Finto, for a license to keep an inn and tavern at "Finto's Hotel," on Main Road, and do certify that same is a necessity, that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and has at least two spare beds. Dated February 8, 1913.

Signed:

Sabato Cappiccolo, Davis Road
J. Cammarata, Middle Road
G. Amato, Middle Road
Filici Finto, Middle Road
C. Pinto, Middle Road
Walter B. Stiles, Middle Road
F. Marinelli, Middle Road
W. F. Bailkenhol, Plymouth Road
H. Migliro, Middle Road
F. Rodolfi, Middle Road
F. Varallo, Middle Road
S. Tomasso, Plymouth Road
Bisol Finto, Davis Road
A. Pinto, Middle Road
F. Tolotoso, Middle Road
F. Sandifo, Middle Road

Also a like application, dated Feb. 6th, 1913, for Frank Jacobs, at Jacobs' Hotel (Kitchen Inn), and containing the following signatures:

N. Tomasello, Pine Road
H. G. Tomasello, Pine Road
Placido Luca, Main Road
Sante D'Agostino, Main Road
F. Petrocca, Bellevue Avenue
A. M. Pasquariello, Main Road
Tony Tomasello, Fairview Avenue
Joe D'Agostino, Main Road
A. Bertonato, Main Road
A. D'Agostino, Fairview Avenue
H. G. D'Agostino, Fairview Avenue
Antiony Tomasello, Fairview Avenue
A. Gilpigiano, Broadway
Bel salvatore Bertonato, Fairview Avenue
N. Cammarata, Main Road
Joe Tomasello, Main Road
Frank Tomasello, Main Road

License Committee will meet in Town Council Room on Wednesday evening, Mar. 5th, 1913, to hear protests, remonstrances, or recommendations on above applications.

HOWARD E. HOLLAND, Chairman.

Half-a-Cent-a-Word Advs.

No charge less than ten cents.

Each figure, initial, and name counts one word.

All advs. should be in before Thursday noon, if possible. Unless parties have an account with us, they will not wait for a bill (necessitating our adding postage to it) but remit promptly, either in cash or one and two cent stamps. No adv. of any sort will be inserted between news items.

Real Estate.

FOR Sale or Rent. House, ten rooms, modern conveniences. First-class condition. Easy terms. Located on Bellevue Avenue. T. R. EVANS, Hammonton, N. J.

FOR RENT—part of house, 229 Orchard St., conveniently located, town water. Terms moderate. Mrs. E. S. Kendall.

TEN-room House for rent,—water, gas and barn.—208 S. 2nd Street. Apply to Edith Warrington.

FOR SALE.—16 acres of good land, 15 min. walk from station. Will sell all or part. P. O. Box 412.

UNION HALL—Moving Picture Theatre—For Rent. A. J. King.

TWO Houses for Rent,—all conveniences. Inquire of J. S. Hurt.

NINE-Roomed House for rent. All conveniences. A. J. King.

FOR SALE—The Great Book on the Table. 11 acres, 10 room house, stable, incubator and brooder house. Apply or write to—E. S. Grant, 217 Penna. Building, Philada.

FOR SALE.—Chicken farm, 10 acres, 6-room house, barn, wagon house, henhouse, nearly 600 x 18 ft. of chicken houses, incubator house, complete, all conveniences, in good condition. Buildings worth $3000. Fruit for family. Powerful Immediate. 2 miles from Railroad Station. Four miles from Hammonton station. Price, $2,250. Chas. Sheppard, Hammonton, N. J.

HOUSE For Rent or Sale, on Central Ave. Apply to R. M. McCrone, Hammonton, N. J.

Specialties.

PARTY expecting to move would like to sell square piano. Address "Piano," Republican Office.

AT Buberton's Today. Nice line of new tomatoes at 10c. lb.

MILLINERY Opening next Friday and Saturday, at Mrs. D. H. Ballard's. You are cordially invited.

HAMMONTON Upholstery. Furniture upholstered. Carpets sewed and laid. Mattresses renovated. Chairs caned. Rugs made from carpets. Albert Hargele.

At Mrs. S. R. Reed's, cor. Second & Orchard St.

ANNOUNCEMENT. Matthew Jefferson, Attorney, announces the removal of his Camden office to the new Court House Square Building, 6th & Market Sts., Camden. Jefferson will continue his Hammonton office and will be here on Saturdays, with office hours from 1 to 4 p.m.

PORK Shoulders, 14 cts. Fresh hams, 15 cts. Fresh home-made sausage, 10 c. lb. Buberton's Market.

SWEET Peas and Carnations at the Packard Street Greenhouses.

WHEN Hubby is away, and you do not feel like cooking, try a quart of Simons' soup. A different kind each day.

FOR Spraying, apply Sherwin-Williams Lime Sulphur Solution with The Field Force Pump Sprayers. I am using and selling both lines of these goods; they are most satisfactory. Order early. - D. M. Chapman, Elm.

THE Photo Gallery on Second Street is open on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

MUSIC. Piano lessons; terms reasonable. Needful attention devoted to children. Miss Ethel S. Reid, Bellevue Avenue.

MISSES Thatford and Vernier, Dressmaking, Corner of Second and Cherry Streets, Hammonton.

HYACINTHS and Crocus are in bloom at the Packard Street Greenhouses. Call and see them, day or evening.

A Nice Assortment of home-made candy at 25 c. per pound. Simons' Kosy Kandy Korner.

Miscellaneous.

ICE Cream to-day, at Simons'.

NOW is the time to order Michell's Choice Asparagus. The Brightwaters of the State of all white grasps. 25 and 50 c. per vine. Free of rust. Chris. Michl, Hammonton, N. J.

CANOE For Sale at one-half cost. See Chas. McCrea.

BREAD That is Alway Moist, and made by machinery. Simons' Bakery.

Poultry, Supplies, and Live Stock.

BRING your good eggs to Vare's if you want good strong chicks hatched.

RELIABLE Hot Water Incubator, 120-egg size one Cyphers Incubator, 226-egg capacity, for sale. A. Pict, Central Avenue.

Help Wanted.

CASHIER Wanted for Saturdays and occasional other days. Write, Box 231, Hammonton.

WANTED.—Teacher or advanced student for new kindergarten class. Salary $2.50 per day. Address, "Ambitious," Republican Office.

WOMAN or girl wanted, for general housework. Mrs. W. J. Black.

WANTED.—Intelligent lady to travel. Salary $50 and expenses. Address, "Special," Republican Office.

Wanted.

WANTED.—Washing by the dozen or wash. Address, 229 Orchard St., Hammonton.

Lost & Found.

LARGE gray hair pin lost, Wednesday eve. Please return to Mrs. Thos. Creamer, Fairview Ave.

LOST.—a pair of collar clips attached by a chain, between my store, Baker Bros., and Mrs. Wood's. Mrs. D. H. Ballard.

From a Local Consumer.

As one of the local consumers, I have been much interested in the articles contributed by "Local Producer," and "Local Dealer," and while my sympathies are with both of them, I cannot entirely agree with either. I believe that if each would put himself in the other's place, he would realize that the other fellow is not reaping a fortune. While we all would like to see the high cost of living reduced, a reasonable profit on each article must be realized, or the Sheriff will take charge of our affairs.

What makes up the expense bill in raising our products—say eggs, for instance? Well, feed, labor, housing, heat, repairs, hauling, crates, expressage, handling and interest on the money invested. In no line of business can a profit be realized unless one figures up and adds in each item of expense, including, also, light, power, rent, taxes, water rent, insurance, etc. Both "Producer" and "Dealer" have their expenses,—the former those incurred in production and delivery; and the latter in doling up a half-dozen eggs, supplying bag and string, "charging it up," and delivering to customer. No, we do not believe that either party is intentionally robbing the other.

There is one feature of the fruit producer's business, however, that we think is mismanaged. Whether the consumer or the storekeeper desires to purchase berries, we are asked to pay the same price that they are selling for in the cities. Should not amount of expressage, commission merchant's percentage, and crates, be deducted? It is not uncommon for our people to buy Hammonton berries in Philadelphia and bring them back home, and save money.

Let's get together,—"Producer," "Dealer," and "Consumer," and see whether things cannot be arranged to the satisfaction of all.

LOCAL CONSUMER.

Every time a wise man makes a mistakes he learns something.

While the way of the transgressor may be hard, it is seldom lonesome.

After you have had a streak of good luck, the other kind never seems worth while.

FASHION'S FANCIES

9293

Address all orders to
PATTERN DEPARTMENT
607-609 Sansom Street
PHILADELPHIA

PIN CUSHIONS.

Isn't one enough?
There can't be too many.
First, there's a long chief pincushion.
A tall receptacle serves for the hatpins.
As for the others, they are of many sorts.
Some have a separate cushion for each color.
Some dressing cases look like pincushion counters.
All the black pins are together, all the pearl, all the pink, and so on. Having the different colors grouped greatly facilitates the task of dressing.

MAKING WASH DRESSES.

Have it a la Russe.
There's the Russian blouse suit.
Russian blouses coat suits figure, too.
Fine cotton crepes come first in style.
Satine borders some of these very sheer crepes.
Contrasting belts in silk make a very effective finish.
Some little elegance, or drapery effect, is fairly necessary.
Three plaits at each side of the skirt is a very modish dress item.
The great thing is to have them look simple and a bit unusual.
And have you seen the tassels? To the imaginative they suggest the ears of India. Was ever blue and gold, with minor decorative effects in rose pink, green and silver, more elegantly combined? Or were purple and gold, with minor tints of green, dark blue and silver ever more entrancing in a tassel? The tassels consist of a couple of wooden spools, covered with gold floss or silk (at the top), which fluffs into a sheaf of filaments.
The middy blouse dresses for the wee tots are too fascinating to pass by unnoticed. They are such cunningly devised affairs, with their tiny pleated skirts peeping below very fetching middies of white butchers' linen (with anchor design embroidered in blue or red), or of delicate blue, pink, tan and white piqué, with neck, pocket, sleeve and bottom of the middy prettily scalloped and embroidered in dainty design.
Hand-carved wedding rings are now seen with symbolic designs and with rounded edges.

WORTH KNOWING.

One who has the reputation of knowing what dishes to combine at a meal gives these suggestions:
Stewed chickens without mashed potatoes, and pork without applesauce are half their zest.
Fried onions fairly cry aloud for a juicy beefsteak, and roast beef without potatoes browned under the meat never tastes quite the same.
Potatoes are an accommodating sort of vegetable. They are good with all meats.
With roast meats, sweet potatoes are appropriate, as are squash, tomatoes, asparagus and stewed onions.
Baked macaroni is a fitting accompaniment to a roast, so are Brussels sprouts and scalloped or creamed cauliflower.
Celery should never be omitted when serving poultry.
Turnips, carrots, parsnips and cabbage are generally eaten with boiled meats, white peas, beets, beans, corn and tomatoes are good with either boiled or roasted meats.
Squabs and all game have lettuce with French dressing served with them, and lettuce must be eaten with Virginia ham.

BULGARIAN NOTE FOR SPRING-TIME.

Bulgarian embroideries are likely to prove a very strong note in the early spring, particularly applied to tailor-mades and blouses. It is quite a distinctive stitchery, and has been well preserved so far by prohibitive prices. Little collars of Bulgarian embroidery will be a feature on many of the early spring tailor-mades. Not only the work itself, but the actual material is of the correct rough surface.

Soft, Rough Fabrics.

Already the assurance is safe that soft, rough fabrics will hold a strong position in the tailoring world. Of course, navy suitings and serges are classics, but they will be required to share honors with stuffs of a wholly different character in a much more marked degree than formerly.
A further rivalry will obtain between the tailor-made costume proper and that more recent innovation, the tailor-made gown.

Tailored Distinctions.

Sometimes the distinction is a little vague, owing to basques and draperies, but nevertheless, the difference remains, and the all-in-one frock produced under conditions more or less of the tailor genre is one of the many possessions to write down for the first warm days of spring. There is an indescribable air or smartness in a well-turned-out gown, accompanied by some fancy cravat and muff.

ALCOHOL FOR INK STAINS.

Ink stains from a fountain pen on a light woolen vest can be removed by applying alcohol and rubbing between the hands as though washing it. Apply alcohol about a dozen times and the spot will be gone.

TO BE RID OF GASOLINE ODOR.

When gasoline is used for cleaning purposes, add a few drops of oil of cedar to the last rinsing of the gasoline, it greatly helps to remove the offensive odor.

REVIVAL OF BEAUTIFUL OLD CHINA OF ARTISTIC DESIGN AND GRACEFUL SHAPE.

There are many who will welcome the revival of the old Italian china, especially as the most beautiful patterns of it are those reproduced for fashionable tables. Who, having seen it, is likely to forget the romantic-looking old Ginori (1735) with its quaint castles and scenery of that period? Another dainty design is the old Ginori pattern known as "the tree of evil. This is in green and gold and reddish terra cotta, but in a delicate, leafy border that falls to remind one of the depths of the tints.
The Renaissance and d'Abellies styles will appeal to many, with their elaborate borders and inner band of ring-dotted yellows.
All the pieces are reproductions in size and shape of the very old Sevres styles. These are graceful enough to need no recommendation, and when decorated in the old Sevres trophies pattern, with its particularly artistic ornamentation and border of dark blue and gold, it seems doubly desirable.
The Irish potters have shown nothing lovelier than the exquisitely glazed Fermanagh pieces, among which a very delicate sporgne imitating a cluster of shells, with the horn shell erect and with conch shells. It is of a pale oyster color and very fragile.
Have you seen the lovely Gorondo tulip? It is "the latest" in the flowery realm—a gorgeous double bloom of rich orange color. In a few of its blossoms tiny flecks of crimson are seen, but nothing richer in color was ever seen in a tulip.
The "Bon Silene" is the new rose. Glance at it, and if you are 40 or thereabouts you will instantly exclaim, "Why, that was the fashionable rose of 30 years ago—it is the 'Boston bud.'" You will be right. The Boston bud it is, exquisitely beautiful and dainty and at least 25 per dozen less in price than when it reigned as queen among rosebuds. It is a tiny affair, the model of many an artist's dream, and of a lovely color not unlike that of our American Beauty.

FOR THE SHOPPING BAG.

Sew a very large safety pin in your shopping bag. Then hang by means of smaller safety pins your door key, samples of cloth, memoranda and such things. They will be handy when you open the bag and save poking down and around and about the bottom of the bag for these things.

9324

9324. LADIES' HOUSE DRESS WITH THREE PIECE SKIRT AND WITH LONG SLEEVE WITH BAND CUFF, OR SHORTER SLEEVE WITH ROLLING CUFF.

This design is easy to develop and suitable for any of the dress materials now in vogue. The neck is collarless and the side closing of the waist front is outlined by an extension or trimming piece, that may be of contrasting material. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1-4 yards of 44 inch material for the 36 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps.

—A USEFUL DRESS.—

The one-piece dress continues a standby.

THE BEADED OPERA BAGS

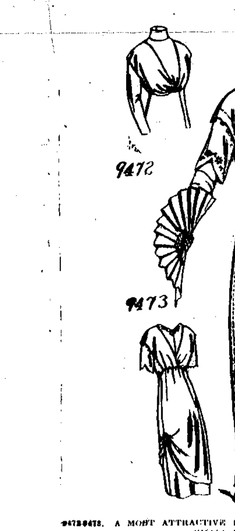
likewise hail from the Far East. In these balloon shapes predominate, yet that which is shaped like an inverted dunce cap is almost as popular. Nearly all of these bags have a handsome beaded tassel finishing the point at the bottom. Various combinations of beads are used—crystal, cut steel and gilt, or tiny seed beads in very Oriental designs and colorings.

FOR DOLLY.

There's a raincoat.
And there's a sewing box.
She will need a shopping bag.
Her furs are in the latest style.
Her millinery has the latest Paris touch.
Without a vanity outfit she can never survive.
Give her a tiny dog and a leash to keep him where he belongs.

HANDBAG BEAUTY.

The newest Paris handbag is square at the bottom and oval at the top.



9472 9473

9472-9473. A MOST ATTRACTIVE DANCING FROCK FOR MISSES AND SMALL WOMEN.

Composed of Waist Pattern 9472, and Skirt Pattern 9473. The design are cut in 5 sizes: 14, 16, 18, 17 and 18 years, and are suitable for any of this season's soft materials. Gray silk voile embroidered in white and pale blue silk was used to make this pretty dress. The draped portions were of chiffon edged with beaded trimming. It requires 2 yards of 27 inch material for the waist, 2.5-8 yards for the skirt, and 2 1-2 yards for the tunic for the 14 year size.
This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

8977

8977. GIRLS' DRESS WITH OR WITHOUT REVERS TRIMMING.

Dotted percale in white and blue, with facings of blue decorated with white wash braid, is here depicted. The waist has deep Gibson tucks at the shoulders and may be finished with a collar if desired. The skirt is plaited. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3.3-8 yards of 44 inch material for the 8 year size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps.

VOGUE OF CREPE.

If the exhibition of frocks for Southern wear is at all indicative of coming styles, crepe will have a decided vogue. The very sheer weaves are being made up into charming little dresses.
The yellow tones are the most fashionable for spring, and burnt orange will be particularly smart. The ivory and ecru tints will prevail in laces and beadings. The present bright colors will give place to duller tones as the spring nears.
Short trains are more in keeping with the narrowness at the foot of the evening gown, but they may take any shape the fancy suggests.
The pointed and double pointed trains issuing from the back are attractive, but some of the new gowns are longer on one side than the other and the train rounds off toward the side of the back.

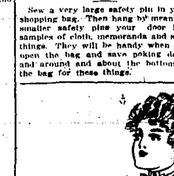
COIFFURES.

They take time
They fit the hat
They suit the face.
Hats spoil day coiffures.
Even evening coiffures have shrunk.
Yet the evening coiffure should be different.
Pagoda knot variations are introduced into many evening coiffures.
Not a moon gold lace cape or broad bandeaux are worn here as abroad.

9274

9274. LADIES' HOUSE DRESS WITH FULL LENGTH OR SHORTER SLEEVE, AND WITH SIX GORE SKIRT IN RAISED OR NORMAL WAISTLINE.

Gingham, percale, galatea, lawn, cashmere, cotton voile, corduroy and other seasonable goods may be used for this model. The fronts show a most unique closing and have deep tucks over the shoulders. The skirt has panel front and back gores, with plaited extensions at knee height. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1-2 yards of 44 inch material for the 36 inch size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps.
Borgas lead for present wear, and ribbed weaves in worsted goods are much in demand.
The new ribbons show much richness of coloring and extremely large patterns.
Another fashion, not alone of the moment as it is forecasted for the coming seasons, is having the corsage bouquet and fan to match. Sweet peas painted delicately on a fan and a corsage bouquet of the flowers in the same shades were effective examples of this.



9142

9142. LADIES' APRON WITH PANEL FRONT.

Suitable for lawn, cambric, nainsook, swiss, gingham or alpaca. This model has the front and skirt portion combined. The bib is cut low and square and forms straps over the back. Any desired trimming may be used. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 2 3-8 yards of 36 inch material for the medium size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps.

9472 9473

THE ELOPEMENT

EDWIN IGGLE loved Bella Cobway, and his heart's yearnings were reciprocated with equal fervor by the young lady; but, alas! Bella's papa did not love Mr. Iggle—could not even tolerate him, in fact. "My daughter marry a clerk!" (He pronounced it "klerk" to make it sound particularly obnoxious. "Never—not as long as I live, anyhow. Not that he'll ever be in a position to keep a wife—I know clerks' wages," added Mr. Cobway coldly.
"I'm afraid Bella has become attached to him," ventured Mrs. Cobway timidly; "it's a pity—your objection to him, I mean—because otherwise he's really a very well-behaved and nice-mannered young man."
"Man!" echoed Mr. Cobway indignantly; "he ain't no man; he's a five foot-nothing whipper-snapper of an office-boy, that's all he is. Look at his name, too; as if I'd let a child of mine bear the name of Bella Iggle—like as if she was some second-rate foreign paddle-boat. If Bella's become attached she'd do well to become quickly dis-attached, that's all I've got to say about it."
From which it will be perceived that Edwin and Bella's course of "true love," like that of Romeo and Juliet and many other less famous couples, did not run particularly smoothly.
Mrs. Cobway sided with papa's attitude to her daughter, and although she sympathized with Bella, she feared the wrath of her husband more, and she forebore a domestic upheaval if his wishes were not duly respected. So, with motherly wonts of tenderness she mingled tears and advice; and the advice was to obey father and dismiss Edwin.
Bella conveyed her father's ultimatum together with her mother's advice and some tears of her own to Edwin; and that young man (despite his "inches" and his despised occupation) was moved to attack the powers arrayed against him, and to defy the despotism of parenthood.
"It ain't what they says, but what we says!" declared Mr. Iggle heroically—if not grammatically. "The question is, do you want to or don't you?"
"I—I (d-don't know!" faltered Miss Cobway in a weak, shy little voice, as she pressed a tiny, damp handkerchief over her mouth to stifle her emotion.
"Don't know!" exclaimed Edwin in tones of heart-riven agony. "Why?"
"Well, you—er—haven't asked me!" was the plaintive reply.
"I'm asking you now," urged Edwin impatiently. "I don't care if you had fifty thousand fathers. Will you chance it—marry me—right away—on the spot—or—next month?"
Two arms suddenly gripped Mr. Iggle round the neck, nearly upsetting his balance. But the pressure, coupled with the delightfully pleasant sensation of a loose strand of fair hair tickling his ear, told Edwin that, come what might, Bella would be his.
"How are you going to manage?" asked the girl, after the first transports were over. "Father's very determined—once he makes up his mind."
"There's only one way," said Mr. Iggle firmly; "pretend obedience to throw you off the scent while I'm preparing my plan; then when the time comes—an elopement."
"Elopement!" echoed Bella in ecstasy of delight. (She was romantically inclined, and "devoured" paper-covered novels.) "Oh, Edwin! how brave of you to risk your life for my sake! Am I really worth it?"
"Course you are," replied Edwin, giving her a hurried kiss. "I'll arrange for my holidays and draw my money out of the 'co-partnership,' and we'll hop off to some out-of-the-way country place; stay there the necessary time to get the license; get married, and then come back and brazen it out."
"Oh, Edwin!" sobbed the young lady, with an anthem of admiration. "I tremble to think of the happiness in store for me!"

* * * *

Mr. Iggle was in a state of extreme nervousness when it came to the fateful day which was to see the completion of his plans. Early in the evening he traveled to Euston station and purchased two tickets to Ernleton (Bedds—the Little Worrabiddes—Bucks—which he had reserved separate booking for three weeks. In answer to his anxious inquiries the booking-clerk assured him that there really was a train starting at 4 A. M. as scheduled, and that it would barring accident, slip carriages at Ernleton Bridge for the concordance of processes.
In a somewhat easier frame of mind, Edwin returned to his lodgings at Fin-bury Park, settled accounts with his landlady, "tipped" her son, and proceeded to array himself in his new clothes bought specially for the elopement and wedding. Then he packed his trunk with all the necessaries for a month's holiday—adding the clothes he had just taken off "for knocking about in" as he expressed it. He had just finished his task, and was fixing the label, when Mrs. Grubbins, his landlady, came up with the information that "Pickford's young man" was below, and would take his "luggage in advance" now if he so desired.
"Might as well," said Mr. Iggle; "and I'll have my things down there first thing in the morning."
The next thing was the cab; but here again Mrs. Cubbins came to the rescue; her "young Albert" knew London "like a policeman," so that young gentleman was instructed to "fetch a cab—Cobway cab, I mean—and would be willing to call for Mr. Iggle at 2 A. M. with the prospect of a couple of hours' work and a $5.00 note for his trouble."
All arrangements were completed by midnight, and Edwin, with a sigh of relief, laid himself down on the bed in his clothes to catch "a couple of hours" to brace him up for the coming ordeal.
His brief slumber was disturbed by ominous dreams. He dreamt that his cabman got drunk and didn't turn up; that the wheels came off the cab; that Bella was carried off about by her suspicious father; that she overslept and couldn't be awakened for the elopement, and that the 4 A. M. mail and newspaper trains had been cancelled at the last moment.
But these were only dreams; the reality was a gentle tapping at his bedroom door and the anxious voice of Mrs. Grubbins:
"Some one, sir, but it's just on two, and I think your cab is outside, and Bella's father is coming to-morrow; so if you're ready the moment as I'm not to be seen; and there's a cup of hot coffee on the landing."
Mr. Iggle hurriedly brushed the fluff from his clothes, parted his hair and swallowed the coffee. Then he descended to the hall-door and peered anxiously out.
A four-wheeler was waiting for him and the cubby dozing patiently on his box.
"Drive first to Winchmore Hill; we pick up a lady there!" commanded Edwin. "After that I shall want you to take us to Euston!"
"Right-o!" sang out the cabman as Mr. Iggle got in. "I say, though," he added a moment later," the kiddie with the luggage alongside the 'figure.' s'pose it's all 'O. K.?'"
"A $5.00 note," replied Edwin loftily.
The energy with which the cabby applied the whip to his horse's flanks suggested that the princely terms were highly appreciated.
As the result of a little conversation en route, the admirable Jehu so timed the journey that at three o'clock to the minute he drew up at the corner of the street wherein the Cobway doll-ite was situated.
Three minutes elapsed and then a lock gently clicked and a shrouded figure with a small hand-bag appeared on a door-step.
"It's all serene, Bella!" panted Edwin excitedly, "Quick as you know how, in case of accidents; the cab's here."
In less than a minute the eloping couple were smuggled in half the seating accommodation of the vehicle with the horse trotting briskly on the road to Euston, and his driver puffing at a cigar-stump and humming softly to himself the once-famous ditty from "The Belle of New York, entitled, "When We Are Married."

* * * *

When Edwin had settled down under the happy consciousness that the elopement, on which so many hopes and fears had been built, was now well on the way to a happy issue, he began to feel in his pockets to reassure himself that he had forgotten nothing in the hurry and bustle of his preparation.
His watch and chain, railway tickets, handkerchief, keys all these were safely stowed in their accustomed places. "Was there anything else?" he ruminated, and then a wild fear gripped his heart as he remembered the first and foremost essential of any elopement—money!
In quick succession he dived his hands into his trousers, coat, vest, breast-pockets, but no purse or money could he find upon not so much as a loose copper!
His face became suddenly hot and uncomfortable; his breath came in short, quick gasps, and his limbs twitched and defied all power of control.
Bella, in the act of slipping her arm through his, suddenly became aware of something amiss.
"Why, Edwin, dear, what's the matter? You're positively trembling!" she inquired in tones of deep concern.
"It it's nothing, dear," that Edwin with an effort. "I got a bit of a fright, that's all thought I'd forgotten something. I'm a little bit absent-minded at times; but it's all all right."
Edwin gave proof of his absent-mindedness during the remainder of the journey. He was silent, moody and preoccupied, and answered Bella's frequent questions like a man in a dream. All the time his brain was tussling with the one grave problem: How would he be able to satisfy the cabman without tendering the promised $5.00 note?
When Edwin's tormenting thoughts had driven him to the verge of madness, he suddenly became aware of the fact that the cab was slowing down.
Looking out of the window he perceived that they were in Euston Road and that the roadway was under repair—hence the reduced speed.
Presently the cab stopped, and he heard his cabby exchanging uncomplimentary epithets with the driver of a market wagon which was blocking the narrow roadway.
This gave Edwin an inspiration.
"We haven't much time, dear," he remarked to his companion; "there's a block in the traffic. We'e almost there; come on! No good waiting."
"W-what about the cabman?" inquired Bella.
"I think's all right; I'—I settled with him at the start!" gasped Edwin hurriedly. "He mayn't like it, as he's expecting the price of a drink probably. Come on!"
Cautiously and noiselessly he opened the door on the offside of the cab and stepped out. The Jehu was muttering and growling something about "tumb'r, cumbersome pantechnicons!" and apparently did not see them.
Quickly Edwin dragged his bride-to-be behind a stack of wood blocks and across a temporary footway on to the pavement. Then, without daring to look behind, he hurried off to Euston Station.
They reached the platform without incident. The train was in, their tickets were clipped and they scrambled to their seats.
"It's all right, sir; she don't go for another five minutes!" sang out a friendly guard.
"T-thanks!" replied Mr. Iggle nervously. "I—I thought we—we'd done it in."
The five minutes seemed interminable. Edwin kept one eye glued to the platform while his heart thumped violently, and he longed for the "Rightaway!" of the guard.
A bell rang, and two or three belated passengers came running toward the train—and behind them was an excited and gesticulating individual in a glazed tall hat.
Edwin shrank back, trembling, into the far corner of the carriage. Would that blessed train never start?
His luck was out; the ticket-collector had put the pursuer on the right track. Three seconds elapsed and a burly face peered through the bars of the carriage-door.
"Here, you swindling scoundrel, watcher mean by leaving my cab without paying me my—?"
Mr. Iggle tried to appear indignant.
"Didn't I settle with you at the start?" he demanded, uncomfortably fumbl ng at his pockets again. "Is it my fault old cab can't——"
Then he felt something lumpy in the region of his hip-pocket and a spasm of joy crept over his features. In a twinkling he had whipped the purse out of the forgotten pocket and opened it.
"I—I'm sorry!" he ejaculated shamefacedly. "I—I quite forgot. There—there's your $5.00 note and—"
"Stand back, please!" yelled the guard as the train began to move.
"There's another one for a drink!" he added awkwardly.
The cabman's face underwent a rapid change. In a second he was smiling, urbane, obsequious.
"Happy honeymoon, sir; safe four new!" he shouted, but in hand.
Edwin sank back exhausted in his seat as the train picked up speed.
"I clean forgot!" he muttered feebly before Bella's horrified gaze."

HOW SHE CURED HIM.

Miss Fay Templeton, at a supper at the Ritz-Carlton in New York, given in honor of her return to the stage, praised the American business man.
"I have only one fault to find with him," she said. "He works too hard. Once, of an evening, he is some times a little dull.
"But intelligent when can soon cure their absentmindedness of overworking; I know a wife she and her good man are in Egypt now who came down to dinner one night in a sombre black robe.
"Her husband—a frightfully overworked millionaire looked at her costume and exclaimed:
"'Why on earth, my love, are you wearing a dress like that? It's got lively half mourning.'
"'Of course it's half mourning,' she replied. 'When you come home from the office don't you always complain that you're half dead?'"—Washington Star.

On the high seas of the world there are 8,500 steamers, aggregating a tonnage of 17,000,000, sailing under the British flag.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

Shall we know each other yonder,
When we leave this realm of night?
Will the songs of loved ones greet us,
When we reach that world of light?
Will the loving kiss of mother,
Press her child's world-worried brow?
Shall I know and love her ever,
As in memory I do now?

Memory weaves a holy circle;
Imortelles are there entwined;
Nature ever chants a requiem
For the soul, the ear, the mind.
Death may smile, life's fairest flowers
Part the cord and break the bowl—
He alone can tell the future
Of this life—yes, of the soul.

When we leave this world of sorrow,
The casket in the earth is laid;
The soul released, speeds on its journey,
By worlds or time is never staid.
Back to the Fount at last returning,
Back to the home from whence it came,
At last released, flies swiftly homeward,
And leaves behind all care and pain.

God's Holy Book, me thinks, doth teach us
That there, we know as we are known;
The mind, the spirit, does not lessen,
The God-like nature will have grown.
No mortal frame the soul to compass,
No earthly strifes or woes to wage,
Why should we not, then, know each other?
Eternity, an open page.

The mind, the soul—all else is mortal;
'Tis this which teaches wrong from right;
Not compos mentis stamps the mad man,
His world is dark—'tis ever night.
Often silent voices whisper,
"When this pilgrimage is o'er
We shall meet and know each other,
On some other unknown shore."

Reason God-like, man created,
This gift to nothing else was lent,
On human form He stamps His image,
Nothing else from Heaven sent
Save His word, the Book of Promise,
All its pages teeming o'er
Messages and promises given,
Coming from that distant shore.

I know that we shall live hereafter,
We'll pass away but never die;
Our bodies in the ground may slumber,
But we will live beyond the sky.
We'll know our friends and meet lost loved ones,
And greet them on a better shore,
Where care, nor sorrow never enters,
At rest, at peace, for evermore.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A WILD-CAT.

Every summer my mother, father and I spend our vacation up in the Sierras. It was a very warm day in April; there wasn't anything to do around the house, so I thought I would take a ride down into the canyon, where my father has a large potato farm. I called my dog, Spot; saddled my horse Babe, and with my 22 caliber rifle slung across my shoulder was off on a gallop down the mountain side. You may think it funny to hear me speak of taking a gun with me, but a person's life is in danger up in the mountains unless he takes some means of protection. Although I am a girl, I am a fine shot.
But I am getting away from my story. I was riding down the mountain side just as I turned Babe's head to go over a fallen tree trunk, Spot came rushing out of the thicket. He ran up to my side and started whining. "Why, what's the matter, Spot?" I cried as I dismounted. I knew that Spot would never act in such a manner if something were not wrong. He kept on whining and pulling at my dress. "Well what is the matter, Spot?" I exclaimed. He then made a dash into the thicket and motioned along the path I noticed some very peculiar marks which had been freshly made upon the damp earth. I began to fear that my dog was leading me into danger. Spot soon stopped under a cedar tree and there I saw what frightened him. On the lower branch of the tree crouched a large wildcat. I sprang back and, grasping my gun, fired into the wide open mouth of the cat. Roaring with pain the animal made ready to spring. I knew I had little time to think what must be done. There happened to be a sharp pointed stick within reach of my hand. I jerked it in front of me and held it there. The wildcat crouched low and then made one long leap. I had the stick poised so that when he leaped it caught him and—well I didn't wait to see if I had killed him. I ran as fast as my legs would carry me until I got to where my horse was tied. Leaping upon her back I turned her head homeward.
That night my father came home with the wildcat across his shoulder. I never went out again without a shotgun.

WHISTLES AND HIS DOOR OPENS

There is in London a man who surely must combine the two characteristics of laziness and invention to a remarkable degree. It is his custom to have his breakfast in bed, and, burdened with the trouble of getting out of bed for the purpose of unlocking his bedroom door, he has invented a door which opens to his whistle.
He has accomplished this somewhat remarkable feat by means of a simple electromagnet which draws the bolt when a current passes through it, a platinum point, and a piano wire attuned to a certain note. When this note, or one of its octaves, is sounded the wire vibrates in response, and this vibration brings it in contact with the platinum point. The circuit is thus completed and a sensitive relay is brought into operation. Chicago Tribune.

CELTIC ARITHMETIC.

Into the general store of a town up in New York state there recently came a Irish, good natured Irish woman who wanted to be weighed. She stepped off the scales almost as soon as she had stepped on.
"Shure, those weeds is no good!" was her disgusted comment. "They only weigh up to wan hundred, an' I weigh something lotke wan hundred and twenty pounds."
"I'm easily discouraged ye are, Mrs. Casey," said a friend. "Just step on to thim twiet, me dear, and let Mickey, here, do the sum for ye."
"John," said a father to his son one day, when he caught him shaving down off his upper lip, "don't throw your shaving water out where these are any barefooted boys about, or they might get their feet pitched."

FIVE PARLOR GAMES.

From English country houses, where young and old alike delight in games, comes one called "The Reviewers."
It is played as follows: Each member of the party is provided with a sheet of note paper. One writes the title, real or imaginary, of a book, folds the paper down and passes it to his next neighbor, who gives it an author, covers it and passes the paper on the next, who adds a motto. The two persons following add opinions of the press. The writers then change places, and papers are passed around once more, so that there may be fresh reviewers for each paper.
When finally the papers are read around, they are found, as a rule, to be most entertaining.

The Royal.

Another game which grown-ups as well as children are playing in England is called the royal game. It is played with a pack of cards, fifty-two in all. Each cards bears an excellent likeness of some member of the royal family—the Queen, Prince Albert, Prince of Wales, Duke and Duchess of York and the Edinburgh and the Hesse families. The game is a reminder of our old friend, authors.
A player, as soon as he has his family made up, places the cards as a trick on the table, and the player who gets the most tricks wins the game. It is considered an instructive game, and useful in impressing on youthful minds the relationship of the royal family.

St. Andrews.

A new game, also played with cards, especially designed, is called St. Andrews. It is adapted from golf. Both this and the royal game are exceedingly popular. For St. Andrews the cards bear spirited sketches of various events in the game of golf—the tee-off, through the green, the approach, the hole-out and so on. The fifty-two cards are arranged in four sets, and two, three or four may play. Besides these, there are a set of penalty cards, each of which counts as an extra stroke. The score is kept in the same manner as in the game of golf.
As in the games with ordinary playing cards, there are any number from which to choose.

Sift Smoke.

Sift smoke is an amusing game played with a complete pack of cards, divided into halves, one portion being dealt round to the players and the other remaining on the table, the last card dealt being trump. The cards rank as at whist. The tricks are of no value, but each player must follow the suit led or play a trump. For each trick gained, the player takes a card from the undealt portion, and he who can hold out longest wins the game.

Snip-Snap-Snorem.

This game is played by any number with a full pack of cards. The players, having placed before them five counters as "stock," the cards are dealt in the usual way. The object of the game consists in playing a card of equal value with that of the next player. This snips you. If the third player has a card of like value, you are snapped; and then, if a fourth card be played by the following player, you are snored. Thus, say A plays a knave, and B likewise plays a knave, A is snipped, and places one counter in the pool. If C also plays a knave, B is snapped and pays two in the pool, and if D has the other knave, C is snored and pays in three. The fourth, of course, is safe, because all the four knaves are now played. No person may play out of his turn, but every one must snip or snap when it is in his power.
When any player has paid into the pool his five counters, he retires from the game, and the pool becomes the property of the one whose hand holds out longest. The cards are sometimes dealt three or four times before the game is decided. The deal is taken in rotation.

FALSE SOAR THROAT.

If you come home after a hard day's work with a raw, rasping feeling in your throat, which becomes quite painful, do not be deceived into believing that you are contracting a sore throat, and accordingly take medicine for this affection. The throat will often become dry and painful from great fatigue, or from neglect to eat at the proper time. If the subject will drink a cup of hot water, or take a tablespoonful of cocoanut or olive oil, and thereafter lie down and relax for fifteen or twenty minutes, the feeling will, most likely, disappear. The subject should, under these circumstances, eat an easily digestible dinner with little meat, and no acids of any kind.

STIRRING UP BUSINESS.

A Vermont paper recalls the story of a man who started out in the Eastern States, just after the war, to sell oilcloth table covers for fifty cents apiece. After tramping all day without selling one, a happy thought struck him, and next day he offered them for one dollar, taking half his pay in old shoes.
The result was magical.
People thought they were getting something for nothing, there was a general rush—kicking of shoes and attire, and the table covers went like hot cakes. Then the peddler chuckled to himself, and threw the old shoes into the first hole he came to.

HER WAY.

"Miss Prettyface has such an engaging way about her."
"I know she has. She accepts every man who asks her."

The Ranere Red Raspberry.

To A. Ranere, an enterprising local Italian farmer, belongs the credit of placing on the market a new red raspberry that is, as one man put it, "the berry that is making Hammonton famous." All last season people enjoyed the luscious berries, from early to late,—the latter borne upon "spurs" which the plants send up.

Our local nurserymen are booking large orders for the plants.

The following sworn statement will give an idea of what can be raised on a small plot:

During the season of 1912, from one and one-quarter acres of the new Ever-bearing Ranere Red Raspberry, I, George W. Swank, harvested and sold 15,502 pints of berries for $962.42; my net receipts being $526.59, as follows:

Gross Sales		$962.42
Deducted for cartage, commissions and expressage	$185.22	
Deducted for harvesting 15,502 pints at 1 1-2 cents	232.53	
Deducted for packing 258 1-3 crates at 7 cents	18.08	—435.83
Net receipts from 1 1-4 acres		$526.59
Net receipts for one acre		421.27

In addition to the above, there were 151 pints lost in transit, claims for which are pending with the express company; and fruit was eaten freely on our table, and occasionally supplied to neighbors, of which no account was kept. The plants continued to bear after we stopped picking, ripe fruit being taken from the patch on the third of November.

The plants were set in 1909 and 1910. Ninety bushels of pigeon manure were used in 1912, at a cost of thirty cents per bushel. Enough young plants were sold from the acre and a quarter in 1912 to more than pay the fertilizer bill and cost of cultivation.

Attached hereto is an exact copy of the daily reports of the commission merchants, verifying the above summary.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, County of Atlantic:

The undersigned, George W. Swank, being duly sworn according to law, doth depose and say that the foregoing statements are correct and true.

GEORGE W. SWANK.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 20th day of February, A. D. 1913.
WILBER R. TILTON, Notary Public.

"Owing to the bad condition of the public highways, none being worse than Bellevue Avenue, which was improved with State funds through the State Road Commission, the police have allowed bicyclists to use the pavements on almost all streets."

That's what a city daily said about Hammonton the other day. True, the streets are in bad shape; but the police have not agreed to allow wheelmen to use the pavements, and the law still stands. If you wish to make sure of this, just ride down town, within sight of a brass button man, and see how quickly he will manifest his disapproval, and you get pinched.

Collingswood had a serious fire, Wednesday afternoon, caused, it is said, by hot roofing tar,—loss estimated at $40,000. The post office, two residences, moving picture theatre, and several other buildings were destroyed, and the Baptist Church and Grammar School (where Miss Conkey is Principal) caught fire on the roofs, but were saved by prompt work. It took but two hours to lay several structures in ruins. We cannot help thinking what might have occurred here had not our fire laddies gotten right onto the job, a couple of weeks ago.

Good manners as well as charity should begin at home; therefore parents cannot begin too early to teach their children how to talk and how to behave.

A child should say, "Yes, Papa," or "Yes, Mamma," "No, Mr. or Mrs. Smith," or "Thank you, Miss So-and-So," but never "No, sir," "Yes, ma'am," or merely "Yes," "No," or "Thank you."

The latter forms of speech are used by servants only. A child should always wait to be spoken to by an older person.

A boy can hardly learn too early that he should stand when a woman or young girl enters the room or comes to the dining table after he is seated. All children, both boys and girls, should be taught to stand whenever they are spoken to by older persons. No child should remain seated when older persons are standing in the group of which they are members.

To lose one's temper with a child is one of the greatest mistakes a parent can make. In a child's mind to be "mad" is naughty; therefore, when father or mother is angry or irritable the child notices it and feels that if his or her parents can do this way, why should they scold the child for the very same fault?

If a man was offered his choice of fame or fortune, he'd take the fortune and hope to acquire fame later.

Few people live to reach the age of discretion.

The short cut doesn't always lead in the right direction.