

PERSONALS AND OTHERWISE.

New Phones Installed.

Chester S. Brown was in town on Thursday.

Mrs. Frank Erwin was in town for Commencement.

Did you notice Rubertone's new meat market wagon?

Town Council meeting on next Wednesday evening.

Davis S. Bellamy and wife were among the week's visitors.

George O. Bobst is local agent for metal shingles. See his adv.

Wm. B. Murphy has sold his home to a party from Connecticut.

Edw. Cathcart announces himself as a contractor, builder, and jobber.

That great arch adds much to the appearance of the new theatre building.

Miss K. Adella Hill will leave to-day for Vermont, to spend the Summer.

Miss Etta Steelman was made welcome by Hammonton friends, this week.

Born, in Folsom, on Wednesday, June 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Eby, a son.

You can see the Chautauqua advertising bills and cards for miles around town.

Photographer Swain came up from Wildwood, Thursday; says he is doing well.

Mrs. Ralph R. Jones and son, of Tom's River, are visiting their Hammonton relatives.

Special meeting of the Civic Club, at Mrs. Spear's, Tuesday, June 11th, at 3 o'clock.

Strawberry festival at St. Mark's Parish House, Tuesday evening, June 11th. Tickets, 15 cts.

There is to be a motor-cycle run to Atlantic City, to-morrow, leaving Philadelphia about 8.30 a.m.

Born, in Hammonton, Sunday, June 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Tomasello, of Third St., a son.

The Chautauqua will probably be located on the large vacant lot back of the Universalist Church.

R. T. Jerrell is suffering with typhoid fever, but is having good care, and symptoms are favorable.

We understand that Harry C. Leonard has discontinued his bakery business, to accept another position.

Souvenir cards have been received from Lyle Crowell, who was viewing the interesting sights at Panama.

Mrs. D. D. Parker has returned to New York after a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Charles Cunningham.

Harvey Ransom Wescoat, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Wescoat, of Hammonton, was born Tuesday, June 4th, 1912.

There was a mad dog scare in Hammonton on Monday. Chief Adams got busy at once, but could find no rabid animal.

It required two doctors to patch up Frank Myers after he had had serious connection with a runaway horse, last Saturday.

John Bourhillon died on Sunday last, in Atlantic City. He was a brother of Mrs. G. I. Lenz, and resided here some years.

Because of Class-Day exercises on Wednesday evening, the Board of Education adjourned their regular meeting until this (Saturday) evening.

Our local doctors attended the "American Medical Association" meeting this week. They say that ten thousand doctors were in Atlantic City.

The manual training exhibit, on Thursday afternoon, was well worth seeing. The progress of the pupils is very marked,—a credit to the instructor, Mr. Brichman.

A much needed rain came on Thursday afternoon. Berries were becoming small and inferior, and vegetation generally suffered; but a generous down-pour refreshed all nature, and revived the hopes of farmers.

People are rapidly learning that a phone in the house is no more a luxury, but a necessity,—saving its cost many times over when the doctor (or fireman) is needed in a hurry, or the supply of eatables has run low. Among those added to the Company's books are:

1025 DeLucca, Michael..... Pine Road
643 Drake, Mrs. A. E..... Hammonton Av.
856 Graziano, Cha. P..... Valley Ave.
692 Hampton Garage & Mach. Works
W. S. Turner..... Washington
922 Hammonton Ice Co..... Washington
1013 Jacobs, S..... Plymouth
634 Jackson, A. L..... Third St.
634 Jones, Horace..... Bellevue
917 Jones, Mrs. Laura..... Twelfth
1153 Kraemer, G. H..... Central
1264 Lewis, J. H..... Middle
1033 Loring, Miss L. D..... Fairview
1202 Maat, A. M. Pay Station..... Bellevue
791 Mournell, David..... Middle
661 Nelson's Cash Feed Store..... Central
654 Olverks, S..... Central
836 Palster, Homer C..... First Rd.
622 Parkhurst, Mrs. L. H..... Vine
867 Penza, Tom..... Valley
828 Quinn, Mrs. E. J..... First
963 Rizzotte, Tony..... Pine
194 Station, Chas. W..... Middle
708 Tilton, Mrs. F. S..... Bellevue
948 Umoselle, Chas. A. Office..... Bellevue
854 Umoselle, Chas. A. Res..... Valley
944 Vaughn, Wesley..... Egg Harbor Rd.
1425 Werner, Fred..... Twelfth
632 Yost, Mrs. D. F..... Grapa

At the M. E. Church, to-morrow. Children's Day exercises by Bible School at 10.30, at which time there will be consecration of children by baptism. Epworth League at 6.45 p. m. Preaching at 7.30 by Pastor Shaw. The offering taken at the morning exercises will go to assist worthy young people to a higher education.

St. Mark's Church, first Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion at 7.30 and 8.30. Morning Prayer and sermon, 10.30. Sunday School at 12 o'clock. Evensong, 7.30.

Baptist Church, Rev. H. P. Hoskins, pastor. Preaching 10.30 and 7.30. Sunday School, 11.45. Junior C. E. at 3 o'clock; C. E. at 6.30. Morning sermon, "Now is my soul troubled," John xii. 27. Evening, "My Father's business," Luke ii. 49. We will use the new song book, "The Evangel," at the evening service. Come and worship at "the Homelike Church."

Children's Day at the Presbyterian Church to-morrow, at 10.30,—the children's programme of recitation, song and music. A special request that every member of the Sabbath School be present. At 6.45 p. m., C. E. meeting. Mrs. Jean Peddie Marple leading; topic, "Happy memories,—how to make sure of them." Evening theme, "The message of a rose," a flower talk for young and old. A cool church and good music.

Children's Day will be observed to-morrow, at 11 o'clock, at the Universalist Church, with exercises by members of the Sunday School and choir. Regular evening services at 7.30.

The ladies of the Universalist Church will serve their annual strawberry supper on Wednesday next, June 12th. Plenty of strawberry shortcake, and many other good things. Begin serving at six o'clock.

The directors of the Needlework Guild will hold their annual Spring reception to members and friends about the 19th of June, in Odd Fellows Hall. Watch for exact date in next week's paper. A speaker from Philadelphia will be there, and refreshments served.

Some one remarked that a year or two of training in Hammonton schools seemed to fit teachers for better paid positions elsewhere. We lose several teachers this year, for that reason.

Epworth League will have an illustrated lecture next Friday eve, 14th inst., in the M. E. Church, by Dr. F. C. Gearhart. Title, "Around the world in ninety minutes." The proceeds will go to Anti-cigarette League of New Jersey.

Hammonton

Chautauqua

June 21st to 26th.

Secured your tickets?

Mosquito Netting
at 35 cents a piece
8 yards to the piece
All colors

Bank Brothers

Buy 25 ct. Blouses at 19 cts.

Men's 50 cent Work
Shirts at 35 cents
of good quality blue
Chambry. All sizes.

A Sale of Men's Trousers

They are not the kind that are made to sell at low prices
It is the Dutchess Trousers, that were made for us
and many other particular customers whose business
the Dutchess Manufacturing Company enjoys, to supply
our duplicate orders; but as the season was behind time
the Dutchess Manufacturing Company found themselves
with too big a stock on hand, and accepted our offer
at a very liberal reduction in price.

Working Trousers
at 95 cents

Working Trousers
at \$1.50

Value, \$2.

Made of good wearing
material, in dark worsteds
and cassimeres.

Dress Trousers at \$2
Value, \$2.50

Dress Trousers, \$2.50
Value, \$3

Dress Trousers, \$3,
Value, \$4

Made of worsteds,
cassimeres and serges

Fine Dress Trousers
at \$3.50, value \$4.50

Fine Dress Trousers
at \$4, value \$5

Fine Dress Trousers
at \$5, value \$6

Made of cassimeres, worsteds,
serges, and white flannel
in plain and striped.

On Sale in our Clothing Department you will find Six
Special Lots of Fine Suits at way below their regular
prices. Every one of these suits carries our guarantee

\$10 Suit at \$7.50
For men and young men
in dark and light colors

\$15 Suit at \$12.50
of a white striped
blue serge

\$12.50 Suit at \$9
made of a very fine gray
cassimere.

\$18 two-piece Suit
at \$13.50. Of blue serge
with a thin fine silk
stripe. A splendid dress
suit for hot weather.

\$15 two-piece Suit
at \$12.50. Made of a
very fine light-weight
worsted. A splendid
suit for warm weather.

\$12.50 Suit at \$10
for men and young men,
of plain blue Serge,
self-striped serge, and
mixed goods.

Early Reductions in our Shoe Department bring unusual
values.

Women's \$3 gun metal
Oxfords at \$1.95
Lace only, discontinued style

A fine complete line of
White Canvas and Nubuck
Shoes, Oxfords and Pumps

Women's \$3.50 and \$3
Oxfords & Pumps at \$2.25.
Pat. colt, russet, gun metal.
Discontinued style.

Call on us for your
Summer Footwear.
We are prepared.

Men's \$3.50, \$4, and \$5
Oxfords at \$3.
Pat. colt, gun metal, russet
Discontinued styles.

Men's \$3 Oxfords at \$2.50.
Pat. colt, dull calf.
Lace and button

Ladies' Shirt Waists and Dresses,—A Special Sale.

Ladies' Waists at 48 cts.
Value 75 cents.
Button front or back, low
or high neck, of white lawn
or dark materials.
All sizes, 34 to 44.

Dresses,
at \$1, \$1.50 and \$2.
The biggest values ever
offered. The materials
alone are worth the price
we offer the dresses for,
ready-made.

Ladies' White Waists
at One Dollar
Value, \$1.25 and \$1.50
Hundreds to choose from
All styles.

Bank Brothers

Bellevue Ave.

Hammonton



FASHION'S FANCIES



9257

A PRETTY, EFFECTIVE LOUNGING OR HOUSE GOWN.

Ladies' Kimono, with Long or Short Sleeve, and with or without Collar. (In Raised or Normal Waistline.)—Figured cotton crepe in blue and white was used for this design. With blue top and lace for trimming. The design may be finished with long sleeve and straight cuff, or with shorter sleeve and straight cuff. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 3-4 yards of 38 inch material for the medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

LINEN SUITS.

Now that the linen suit has demonstrated its ability to feminize its wearer at this time of year begin to take an active interest in linen samples, listen to the hints of fashionable colors and consult modistes as to the latest styles.

Judging from the early models already shown, the linen suits for next summer will be decidedly less plain



9259

A SIMPLE PRETTY FROCK. Dress with Chemise and Small Women. (With Skirt in Raised Waistline.)—Silk, cloth wash fabric may be used to develop this attractive model. The chemise may be omitted. The fronts are crossed and trimmed with piping and buttons in the center. The skirt is cut with a panel back having plaited extensions at the lower part. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 14, 15, 16 and 18 years. It requires 3-4 yards of 44 inch material for the 17 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



9135

A CHARMING FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL. Girls' Dress with Yoke and Collar Trimming.—Blue serge with trimming of Scotch braid and buttons in self color was used for this design. The collar trimming is arranged to simulate a cross closing, and is most effective. The fullness of the waist is disposed of in groups of tucks over the front, while the back has a deep Gibson plait at the armholes. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3-4 yards of 40 inch material for the 10 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



9278

A CHARMING STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL. Girls' Dress with Yoke and Collar Trimming.—Blue serge with trimming of Scotch braid and buttons in self color was used for this design. The collar trimming is arranged to simulate a cross closing, and is most effective. The fullness of the waist is disposed of in groups of tucks over the front, while the back has a deep Gibson plait at the armholes. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3-4 yards of 40 inch material for the 10 year size.

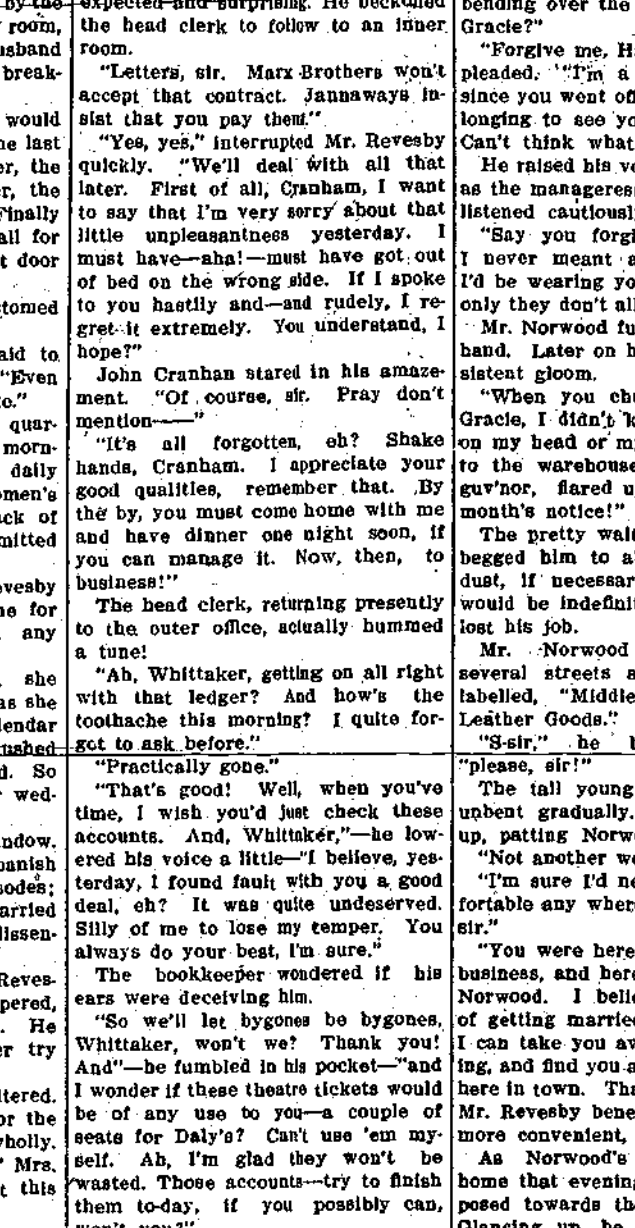
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



9279

A PRETTY AND ATTRACTIVE SUMMER GOWN. Ladies' Costume, with or without Poplin, and with Long Sleeve, or Shorter Sleeve with Turnback Cuff (in Raised or Normal Waistline).—White serge, with trimming of narrow lace is here shown. The poplin forms a most effective waist finish. The collar with the points crossing over the back is most pleasing. The pattern, suitable for wash goods, silk or cloth, is cut in 3 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 3-4 yards of 24 inch material for the 36 inch size.

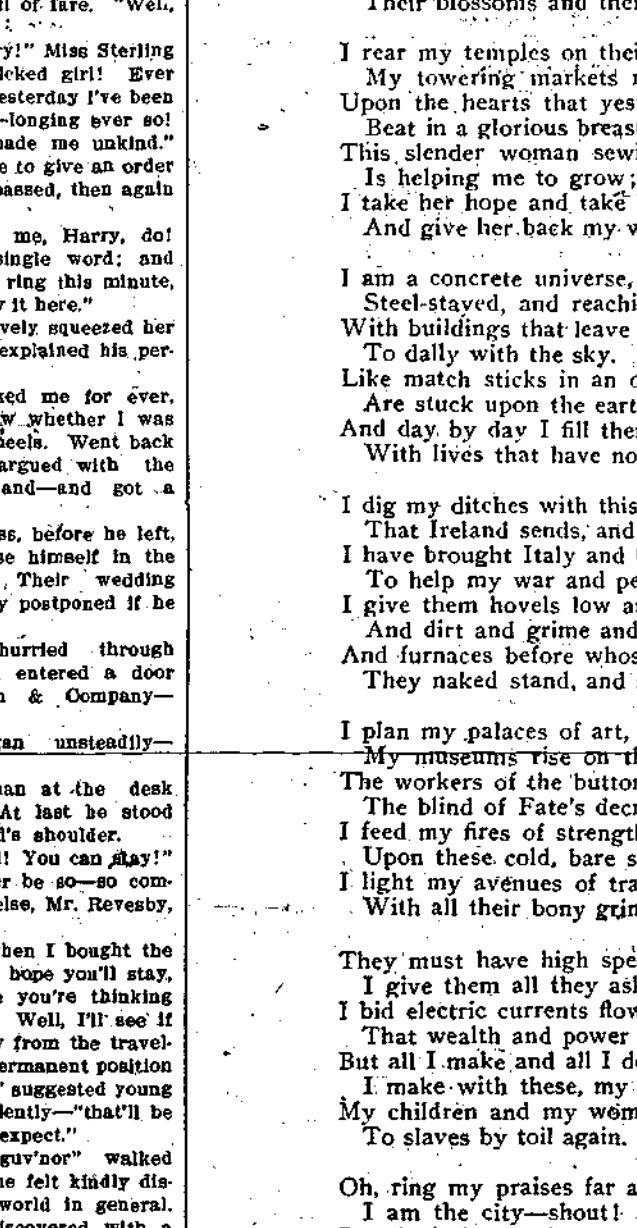
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9278

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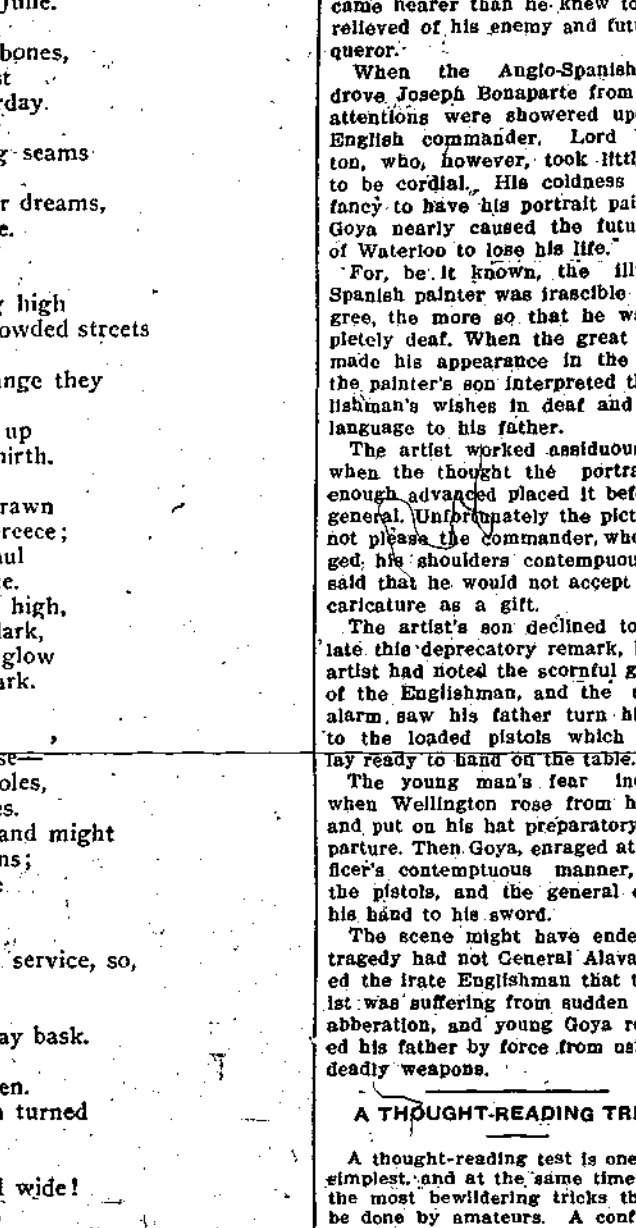
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9176

A MOST ATTRACTIVE AND UNIQUE MODEL. Ladies' Costume, with Long or Shorter Sleeve, and with Collar in Long or Shorter Sleeve. (In Raised or Normal Waistline.)—Blue serge, with trimming of Scotch braid and buttons in self color was used for this design. The collar trimming is arranged to simulate a cross closing, and is most effective. The fullness of the waist is disposed of in groups of tucks over the front, while the back has a deep Gibson plait at the armholes. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 3-4 yards of 24 inch material for the 36 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



9180

A VERY PLEASING AND EFFECTIVE GOWN. Ladies' Costume with or without Chemise, Revers and Collar, and with Long or Shorter Sleeve. (In Raised or Normal Waistline.)—Blue serge, with trimming of Scotch braid and buttons in self color was used for this design. The collar trimming is arranged to simulate a cross closing, and is most effective. The fullness of the waist is disposed of in groups of tucks over the front, while the back has a deep Gibson plait at the armholes. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 3-4 yards of 24 inch material for the 36 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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

THE BEST NEW STAYS.

They all differ. They are all alike. They are low at the top. And they are very low below. Extreme lengths stretch well known.

Brocade, so modish, has, of course, appeared.

Fine batistes are luxurious wear for most uses.

Silk batiste is one of the very desirable fine summer weaves.

Lace and ribbon serve to give the finishing touch to the average corset.

There are models suited to modeling every sort of figure perfection ward.



9279

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PARISIAN TENDENCY.

After seeing many new frocks in Paris, and a writer in a foreign exchange, I am inclined to believe that change—mark you, a graceful and charming quality—will be the ruling note of the season.

Now handbags show the continued use of fabrics in preference to leather.

WASHING DISHES.

As soon as I was old enough to help about washing dishes my mother taught me that an abundance of hot water was necessary to make quick work of washing dishes. So I never sit down to the table after the meal is ready without first filling the teakettle and placing it where the water will heat while I eat. Instead of this I will have to put the water to heat after the meal is over, and out of the fire is low, if not entirely out, and must be reheated to heat the water. This often delays the meal and wastes the dishes from the fifteen minutes, which, though a very short time, will amount to hours, days and even weeks of time by and by.

First, in washing I sort the clothes on Monday evening and put the teakettle on the fire. I wash the clothes in separate tubs, covering them with lukewarm water in which some wash powder has been dissolved. Tuesday morning the clothes are wrung out and hung in a tub of water while I am straightening up the house. Next the coarse clothes are hauled while the colored ones are taken through the first tub, the first tub water is placed in rinsing water, and so on until they are all ready for the blue water. Then as they are bled they are dipped in starch and hung out.

When dry, shirts, towels, dish cloths and many of the coarser articles are doubled smooth and weighted with a heavy box over night. None but the starched clothes, table linen and such like are to be ironed.

In sewing I cut out a number of garments and sew all straight seams without cutting off the thread, then cut all cutting from the thread, and proper sleeve, skirt and collar for the gathering, saving the time of changing attachments so often. By this way the sewing machine saves many hours' time in piecing, cutting, patching, darning, etc., and should reduce more time than is generally given to the host of Florida.

If one follows a plan in their housework, it simplifies matters a great deal. No iron clad rule that means washing, iron or shine on any day, but a plan in piecing, cutting, patching, darning, etc., and should reduce more time than is generally given to the host of Florida.

Little else of the household work is so simple as the one I have just described. It is a plan in piecing, cutting, patching, darning, etc., and should reduce more time than is generally given to the host of Florida.

METHOD IN THE HOME.

Time and strength are as a general thing at a premium with the busy housewife, so perhaps a few hints and helps in that line will be beneficial to others.

With only one pair of hands to work for seven, I have to use my head as well as my hands and while my methods may seem to be tedious to the over careful they so all right with me.

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CONSEQUENCES

MRS. REVERBY stood by the fire in the front room, waiting for her husband to come down to breakfast.

She knew quite well what would happen. "He would rush in at the last minute, complain of the weather, the chilliness of his shaving water, the bacon and eggs, and the coffee. Finally he would stamp out into the hall for his overcoat, and slam the front door behind him."

Mrs. Reverby was quite accustomed to all this.

"It gets monotonous," she said to herself, with a short laugh. "Even yesterday was a welcome change."

Two nights before he had quarreled over some trifling matter with her husband, adding to his daily grumbles a long tirade about women's extravagance, selfishness, and lack of ordinary common-sense, had omitted to take any breakfast at all.

"But he spoke to me," Mrs. Reverby reflected, "more than he's done for months. That's something, at any rate."

Heading to poke the fire, she shrugged her shoulders. Then, as she rose, she caught sight of the calendar and, for a moment, she glanced at a little at the new date disclosed. So this was an anniversary of her wedding-day!

She started towards the window. Middle-age was supposed to be a time of calm and self-control; but she needed middle-age bring a married couple to apathy and open dissension.

"It's my fault," admitted Mrs. Reverby suddenly. "Herbert's bad-tempered, but I never humiliate him now. He ignores me. But then I never try specially to please him."

Things might easily be altered. Surely it was not too late? For the first time she blamed herself wholly.

"And, if I'm going to change," Mrs. Reverby murmured, "why not this morning—at once?"

She heard her husband's step on the stairs, and hurried to open the door with a greeting. He wrinkled his forehead, but acknowledged the speech rather gruffly. When she set his chair for him, patting his forehead, he cleared his throat, and beat back down. She chattered lightly as she attended to his wants. At first he was silent; but he did not stir himself behind the paper on the wall.

"Now, Herbert dear, you aren't still angry with me? I've admitted I was in the wrong yesterday, and I'm apologized. Surely one can't do more? You must advise me in the future, so that I don't make the same mistake another time."

He looked across the table. Half involuntarily he answered her smile. "That's all right, Nell. We'll have quite a row, didn't we? I'm always a bit pigheaded, you know, when I'm irritated."

He found himself talking of friends and various subjects of interest. Doubtfully he tasted his coffee.

"By Jove! Quite nice!"

"I made it myself to-day, dear. Did I look at the clock?"

"I'll catch the next train. It only makes ten minutes' difference, after all."

"Let me (to use your boots for you) have had such a struggle with them lately. I'm much afraid, sir, that you're getting fat."

"It's a libel!" asserted Mr. Reverby gaily. "But I won't say 'no.' Can you spare one of those flowers for my buttonhole? What's that by your pink-dressmaker's bill? I'll send her a cheque; it doesn't come out of my allowance." He pointed to the calendar. "I'd nearly forgotten, Nell. He kissed her at the hall-door, and turned to wave from the gate. Mrs. Reverby's eyes seemed misty, somehow.

"He hasn't done that for quite five years!"

Then went back into the house, and something made her second quickly to her usual and take a photograph from a bottom drawer.

"Now, if only Frank hadn't gone abroad! I'd never left us!" Mrs. Reverby whispered. "I think I could be really happy."

There was no chance of their only son's return. After being banished from his home and told to earn his living as "best he could," a high spirited youth does not easily forgive. There were faults on both sides, though Mrs. Reverby remembered, she should also hold the portrait back.

Her husband, on his way to the station, felt a queer tightening of the throat.

"'Twas a perfect love!" he mused reflectively. "I wonder everybody's up up to me for so long. After all, there's no one like the wife I must take her to prison to-night, and try to treat her as she deserves. A woman in a thousand!"

He gazed "Good morning!" in his office staff in Chaffin avenue was unexpected and surprising. He beckoned the head clerk to follow to an inner room.

"Letters, sir. Mr. Marz Brothers want to accept that contract. Janaway's is waiting for you pay them."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Reverby quickly. "We'll deal with all that later. First of all, Cranham, I want to say that I'm very sorry about that little unpleasantness yesterday. I must have—ah!—must have got out of bed on the wrong side. If I spoke to you hastily and—ah!—rudely, I regret it extremely. You understand, I hope?"

John Cranham stared in his amazement. "Of course, sir. Pray don't mention it."

"It's all forgotten, eh? Shake hands, Cranham. I appreciate your good qualities, remember that. By the by, you must come home with me and have dinner one night soon. If you can manage it. Now, then, to business!"

The head clerk, returning presently to the outer office, actually hummed a tune.

"Ah, Whitaker, getting on all right with that ledger? And how's the toothache this morning? I quite forgot to ask before."

"Practically gone."

"That's good! Well, when you've time, I wish you'd just check these accounts. And, Whitaker," he lowered his voice a little—"I believe, yesterday, I found fault with you a good deal, eh? It was quite undeserved. Sorry of me to lose my temper. You always do your best, I'm sure."

The bookkeeper wondered if his ears were deceiving him.

"So we'll let bygones be bygones. Whitaker, my dear, thank you very much. And—be furnished in his pocket—and I wonder if these theatre tickets would be of any use to you—a couple of seats for Delany's? Can't you see my self. Ah, I'm glad they won't be wasted. Those accounts—try to finish them to-day. If you possibly can, won't you?"

"When he departed, George Whitaker drew a long breath.

"He's not such a bad sort!"

The office-boy returned from an errand, and declared that Mr. Whitaker hesitated an instant, then swung round on his stool.

"Jimmy, just a minute! I hear you collect foreign stamps?"

Master Morgan moved slowly forward.

"There's a lot here in this book. It's an old collection of mine. I'm thinking of giving them to a fellow I meet in the train next evening, but I don't see why a stranger should have them if they're any good to you. And, I say, Jimmy, never you mind when I cut up a bit rough. Did, yesterday, didn't I? Well, I'm rather ashamed of myself about it, but let me hide myself inside it, for goodness' sake! I—I feel just like a great baby!"

"I know they do; and it's beastly hard on you, Jim, but, look here, I've found a way. You're very likely going to be a general change here—well, all go on one, and get a rise each. And there'll be a new boy brought in to do the messages and such like."

"You're really kind to me?" inquired Master Morgan excitedly. "Here, those stamps are jolly decent! Awfully kind of you."

When his luncheon-hour arrived he bargained with a flower-seller at the corner before proceeding to his favorite cafe.

"Give me your order," asked the pretty waitress curtly, with her nose in the air.

"Not yet," the boy answered, in some embarrassment. He produced something from behind his back in the rapid manner of a conjurer.

"Thought you those flowers. Hope you like 'em."

"Not from you, thank!"

"But listen to me," begged Master Morgan humbly. "I ask your pardon for kicking up such a fuss yesterday, and perhaps getting you into trouble."

Miss Sterling hesitated.

"You needn't take it to me over again, if you don't want to. But I wish you'd take the flowers, to show them to me. It's really happy."

"I'll deliver the message," the dismal young man came through the cafe doorway.

"Well!" he quivered in a low tone, expecting and—surprising. He beckoned the head clerk to follow to an inner room.

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"Ah, Whitaker, getting on all right with that ledger? And how's the toothache this morning? I quite forgot to ask before."

"Practically gone."

"That's good! Well, when you've time, I wish you'd just check these accounts. And, Whitaker," he lowered his voice a little—"I believe, yesterday, I found fault with you a good deal, eh? It was quite undeserved. Sorry of me to lose my temper. You always do your best, I'm sure."

The bookkeeper wondered if his ears were deceiving him.

"So we'll let bygones be bygones. Whitaker, my dear, thank you very much. And—be furnished in his pocket—and I wonder if these theatre tickets would be of any use to you—a couple of seats for Delany's? Can't you see my self. Ah, I'm glad they won't be wasted. Those accounts—try to finish them to-day. If you possibly can, won't you?"

"When he departed, George Whitaker drew a long breath.

"He's not such a bad sort!"

The office-boy returned from an errand, and declared that Mr. Whitaker hesitated an instant, then swung round on his stool.

"Jimmy, just a minute! I hear you collect foreign stamps?"

Master Morgan moved slowly forward.

"There's a lot here in this book. It's an old collection of mine. I'm thinking of giving them to a fellow I meet in the train next evening, but I don't see why a stranger should have them if they're any good to you. And, I say, Jimmy, never you mind when I cut up a bit rough. Did, yesterday, didn't I? Well, I'm rather ashamed of myself about it, but let me hide myself inside it, for goodness' sake! I—I feel just like a great baby!"

"I know they do; and it's beastly hard on you, Jim, but, look here, I've found a way. You're very likely going to be a general change here—well, all go on one, and get a rise each. And there'll be a new boy brought in to do the messages and such like."

"You're really kind to me?" inquired Master Morgan excitedly. "Here, those stamps are jolly decent! Awfully kind of you."

When his luncheon-hour arrived he bargained with a flower-seller at the corner before proceeding to his favorite cafe.

"Give me your order," asked the pretty waitress curtly, with her nose in the air.

"Not yet," the boy answered, in some embarrassment. He produced something from behind his back in the rapid manner of a conjurer.

"Thought you those flowers. Hope you like 'em."

"Not from you, thank!"

"But listen to me," begged Master Morgan humbly. "I ask your pardon for kicking up such a fuss yesterday, and perhaps getting you into trouble."

Miss Sterling hesitated.

"You needn't take it to me over again, if you don't want to. But I wish you'd take the flowers, to show them to me. It's really happy."

"I'll deliver the message," the dismal young man came through the cafe doorway.

"Well!" he quivered in a low tone,

ending over the bill of fare. "Well, Grace?"

"Forgive me, Harry!" Miss Sterling pleaded. "I'm a wicked girl! Ever since you went off yesterday I've been longing to see you—longing ever not to think what made me unkind!"

He raised his voice to give an order as the managers passed, then again listened cautiously.

"Say you forgive me, Harry, do! I never meant a single word, only that I didn't allow it here."

Mr. Norwood hastily succeeded her hand. Later on he explained his persistent gloom.

"When you checked me for ever, Grace, I didn't know whether to go on my head or my heels. Went back to the warehouse, argued with the governor, stared up, and—got a month's notice!"

The pretty waitress, before he left, begged him to abase himself in the dust, if necessary. Their wedding would be indefinitely postponed if he lost his job.

Mr. Norwood hurried through several streets and entered a door labelled, "Middleton & Company—Leather Goods."

"Sir!" he began unhesitatingly, "please, sir!"

"The tall young man at the desk doesn't graduate. At last he stood up, patting Norwood's shoulder.

"Not another word! You can stay!"

"I'm sure I'd never be so—so comfortable anywhere else, Mr. Reverby, sir."

You were here when I bought the business, and here I hope you'll stay, Norwood. I believe you're thinking of getting married? Well, I'll see if I can take you away from the traveling, and find you a permanent position here in town. That," suggested Mr. Reverby benevolently—"that'll be most convenient, I expect."

As Norwood's "guy" walked home that evening he felt kindly disposed towards the world in general. The business was prospering, and he started that he stood in Chaffin Avenue.

"Five years ago I swore I'd never come this way again for fear of meeting him!" He set his lips. "We both declared."

A middle-aged gentleman came rapidly from a building across the way. Young Mr. Reverby breathed a sigh.

They passed a few paces apart, motionless.

"Ah, you aren't ahead at all, then?"

"No, I'm in town, and doing well with Middleton & Company."

"Glad to hear it, I'm sure."

Suddenly the young man moved.

"Quick!" said Mr. Herbert Reverby instinctively, wringing his hand. "Call that taxi, Frank, my dear boy, and let me hide myself inside it, for goodness' sake! I—I feel just like a great baby!"

Reaching home, he used his latch-key eagerly.

"Here's someone to see you, Nell!" his voice still trembled.

With a stifled exclamation she brushed past him and held her tail on tightly.

"So you've come back, Frank!"

"I was only waiting that way quite by chance mother, and I'm sorry to see you."

"Everything seems to have come right to-day," Mr. Reverby chuckled. "Can't think why."

"Perhaps," murmured his wife, looking up from the tall young man's shoulder—"perhaps it's because—something—this morning—But no, of course, that couldn't have really had anything to do with it!"

THE CITY SINGS.

I build my walls of these young lives, These frail young fingers spin The golden carpets of my dream Where walk the feet of sin. I take red cheeks and laughing lips And at the spindles soon They lose the gladness of their morn Their blossoms and their June.

I rear my temples on their bones, My towering markets rest Upon the hearts that yesterday Beat in a glorious breast. This slender woman sewing seams I take her hope and take her dreams, And give her back my woe.

I am a concrete universe, Steel-stayed, and reaching high With buildings that leave crowded streets To daily with the sky. Like match sticks in an orange they Are stuck upon the earth, And day by day I fill them up With lives that have no birth.

I dig my ditches with this bravn That Ireland sends, and Greece; I have brought Italy and Gaul To help my war and peace. And dirt and grime and dark, And darkness before whose glow They naked stand, and stark.

I plan my palaces of art, My museums rise on these The workers of the buttonholes, The blunders of Fate's decrees. I feed my fires of strength and might Upon these cold, bare skins; I light my avenues of trade With all their bony grinds.

They must have high speed service, so, I bid electric currents flow That wealth and power may back. But all I make and all I do I make with these, my men. My children and my women turned To slaves by toil again.

Oh, ring my praises far and wide! I am the city—shout! But don't forget that where my walls Are set, there's grief about! That little fingers leave my street, That I may climb toward the stars, And kings may come to town!

AN ARMED SITTING.

It Was a Critical Moment in the Career of Wellington.

Had Wellington not commanded the British at Waterloo would there have been any prisoners at St. Helena? Whether or not some one exists competent to answer this momentous question, a story told in Michael Chaffin's "Secret History of the Court of Spain"—indicates that Napoleon once came nearer than he knew to being relieved of his penury and future conqueror.

When the Anglo-Spanish army drove Joseph Bonaparte from Madrid attention was bestowed upon the English commander. Lord Wellington, who, however, took little pains to be cordial, his coldness and his fancy to have his portrait painted by Goya nearly caused the future hero of Waterloo to lose his life.

For, be it known, the illustrious Spanish painter was inaccessible to a degree, the more so that he was completely deaf. When the great general made his appearance in the studio the painter's son interpreted the Englishman's wishes in deaf and dumb language to his father.

The artist worked assiduously and when the thought the portrait far enough advanced placed it before the general. Unfortunately the picture did not please the commander who, when he got his shoulders contemptuously and said that he would not accept such a caricature as a gift.

The artist's son declined to translate this deprecatory remark, but the artist had noted the scornful gestures of the Englishman, and the son in alarm saw his father turn his eyes to the loaded pistols which always lay ready to hand on the table.

The young man's fear increased when Wellington rose from his seat and put on his hat preparatory to departure. Then Goya, enraged at the officer's contemptuous manner, seized the pistols, and the general clapped his hand to his sword.

The scene might have ended in a tragedy had not General Alava, a personal friend of the Englishman, intervened. He was suffering from sudden mental aberration, and young Goya restrained his father by force from using his deadly weapons.

A THOUGHT-READING TRICK.

A thought-reading trick is one of the simplest, and at the same time one of the most bewildering tricks that can be done by amateurs. A confederate is needed—some person in the audience who is not known to the performer.

Begin by giving each person in the audience a slip of paper and a pencil. Ask each one to write a sentence, or a word, or, if you are quick enough, ask each one to write a question. When all have finished writing, announce that you possess a system of thought-reading.

Collect the slips at once, before anybody thinks of seeing what is written on them. Then, one by one, ask each person to come forward and write a question. When all have finished writing, announce that you possess a system of thought-reading.

When you have all the slips before you in the basket, which should stand on the little table in the center of your stage, pretend to mix them up thoroughly. Then, one by one, ask each person to come forward and write a question. When all have finished writing, announce that you possess a system of thought-reading.

Then you open the envelopes and repeat the words again, as if you were reading the slip aloud, and you ask, "Did somebody in the audience ask that question?" of course your confederate promptly says that he did. This naturally gives you the chance to read the slip that you hold in your hand, and when you have dropped it on the table, you pick up another sealed envelope and answer the question that you have just read. In this way you are able to keep one question ahead all through, but no person is likely to think of that solution of the mystery.

A NEW KIND OF ROADWAY.

A good kind of leather wheel tread on the hub has been in use at Brighton, England, nearly twelve months, and shows practically no wear. Heavy wheels make no impression on it, and it is a comfortable material for horses to tread on. Water is not run over it, and it is used until it is worn out, and then it is treated with blumens and tar, until the strengthening experiment is tried on real roads. It had been found for leather wheels.

Philanthropist. "My poor man, he had a dollar for you."

Customer, gravely: "No, I want a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."

Philanthropist. "My poor man, he had a dollar for you."

Customer, gravely: "No, I want a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."

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Is the very best paint
that was ever used in Hammonton.
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Hammonton Paint eight to twelve
years ago, and looking well
at the present time.

The Hammonton Paint is sold for less
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no equal, as it works well, covers well,
and wears well. Sold by

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Do You Value Them?

J. R. HUNTER
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214 Market Street
Philadelphia

We have a most excellent tissue in
booklet form, for cleaning glasses.
A postal to Department T
will bring you one.

Un-Claimed Letters.

The following letters remained
unclaimed for in the Hammonton
Post Office on Wednesday, June
5, 1912:

Mrs. Dorger Mrs. G. S. Graves
Mrs. H. M. Givens Mrs. Jane Hammond
Mr. & Mrs. William Somers and family
Mr. L. J. Williams Vincenzo Tesaro
Miss Jennie Johnson—2 postals
Foreign—Vincenzo Bucandit (2)

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

A. G. Ebinger's little son was
badly bitten by a dog, on Tuesday.
The beast belonged to a neighbor,
on Liberty Street, and was known to
be vicious. Complaint being
made, Justice Strouse warned the
owner that unless the dog was dead
within twenty-four hours he would
be arrested and punished. The
dog is dead.

Low Conley is at home with a
badly crippled right hand.

Alumni Association.

The Hammonton Alumni Association met on Thursday evening,
going through routine business.

The Bellevue Hall has seen
more present, it was an enjoyable
re-union, and one which the Class
of 1912 will remember.

The banquet, in charge of Mrs.
Bertha Wright, was pronounced a
decided success.

The officers, nearly all re-elected,
are as follows:

President, George R. Greis.
Vice-Pres., Mrs. S. C. Loveland.
Rec. Sec., Morton Crowell.
Cor. Sec., James W. Cottrell.
Treasurer, William Doerfel.
Managers, Miss Cecelia Coast,
Miss Nama Layer. Hold-overs,
Mrs. H. L. Monfort, Miss Mabel
Small.

Young Norcross, who shot two
men last Fall, while hunting deer,
was acquitted by the jury, on
Tuesday,—it being clearly a case
of accident.

High School Exemptions.

Pupils receiving an average of 85
per cent. or more are exempt, and
do not take the final examination.
This average is a combination of
class average and examinations
sent out by the Principal. There
are exemptions below the High
School, which will be published
later.

Grade 10.....
Helen Burgess, Chemistry, Latin IV.
Leale Combe, Chemistry, U. S. History,
Physical Geography.
Kathryn D'Acostino, German II.
Katherine Eckhardt, Physical Geography.
Elizabeth Hoyle, Chemistry, Latin IV.
Peter Luca, Solid Geometry.
Pauline Phillips, Chemistry, U. S. History,
Latin IV.
Elsie White, French II, English III.
Grade 11.....
Martha Adams, English III.
Milton Anderson, Physics, English III,
Geometry, Modern History.
Jesse Blake, English III, Geometry,
Latin III, German II.
Cleora Cathcart, Physics, English III,
Geometry, French I, German III.
Robert Cook, Physics, Geometry.
Helen Cowden, French II.
Fannie Cunningham, English III, Latin III,
German II.
Grade 12.....
Edna Dunlap, English III.
Edward Egoft, German III.
Beatrice Hlat, English III, French I.
Helen Jones, Physics, English III, Geometry,
Latin III, German II.
Edith Leonard, Physics, English III, Geom.
Juanita Lintner, English III, Algebra II.
Gladys Nepling, English III.
Marjorie Peoples, Physics, English III,
Latin III, German II.

Grade 10.....
Eugene Cordery, Modern History, French I.
Lola Cunningham, French I, Algebra,
English II.
John Dickson, Physics, U. S. History,
Norbet Dietsch, German II, Algebra,
Mod. History, English II.
Elna Gontel, English II, German I.
Frederick Hoeller, Mod. History, Algebra,
English II, Algebra II.
Everett Hooper, French I, English II.
Grace Hoppling, German II, Mod. History,
Commercial Geog., English II.
Elsie Layer, Commercial Geography.
Anna Luca, Mod. History, Latin I, English
III, English II.
Reba Mart, Algebra, German I.
Marjorie Monfort, Mod. History, English II.
Louise Morton, German II, Algebra II.
May Morton, German II, Algebra II, Eng. II.
Kenneth Myrick, Mod. History, Physics,
Geography, French I, Latin II,
Algebra II, English II.
Anna Price, German II, Commercial Geog.,
Modern History.
Charles Snyder, Geometry, Algebra,
English II, Book-keeping I.
Ross Thomas, Physics.
Mildred Tilton, French I, Algebra II, Eng. II.
Elizabeth Youngman, Modern History,
English II.
Grade 9.....
Jeanette Brooker, Ancient History, Eng. I.
Flora M. Brown, Ancient History, Eng. I.
Russell Brown, Algebra I.
Dorothy Budd, Ancient History, English I.
Elsie Coran, Ancient History, English I,
Algebra I.
Harry Crossdale, English I, Algebra I.
Milton Dilger, Commercial Geography,
Book-keeping I.
Elna Elliott, German I, Algebra I.
Walter Elliott, German I, English I,
Book-keeping, Commercial Arithmetic,
Algebra I.
Susan Fabrizio, Ancient History.
Marion French, Ancient History, German I,
English I, Algebra I.
Alice Garrett, German I, English I, Book-
keeping, Commercial Arithmetic,
Algebra II.
Irma Langham, Ancient History, German
I, English I.
Doris Monfort, Commercial Geography.
Maude Murphy, Ancient History, English I,
Algebra I.
Both Phillips, Ancient History, English I,
Algebra I, Latin II, French I.
Bartie Romano, German I, Book-keeping,
Commercial Arithmetic, Algebra I.
Howard Taylor, English I, Book-keeping,
Algebra I, French I.
Clarence Walker, German I, Book-keeping,
Algebra, Commercial Arith.
Teresa Weber, German I, English I,
Algebra I.
Mary Youngman, Ancient History,
English I, Algebra I, Latin I.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me di-
rected, issued out of the New Jersey Supreme
Court, will be sold at public vendition, on
SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF
JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE,
at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, in
the Court Room No. 20, Second Floor, Bartlett
Building, in the City of Atlantic City, County
of Atlantic and State of New Jersey:

All the right, title and interest of Samuel
E. Keane of and to land located in Ham-
monton Town and Muller Township, Atlantic
County, New Jersey, and described as follows:
Tract No. 1—Lands conveyed to Samuel E.
Keane, deceased, by deed of Daniel Hankins
and wife, dated May 7, 1877, and recorded at
May's Landing, N. J., in deed book No. 28, page
435; and by deed of Mary A. Hann, dated May
1, 1881, and recorded as aforesaid in deed book
No. 31, page 35 & c., containing thirty-four
acres, more or less.
Tract No. 2—Lands conveyed to Samuel E.
Keane, deceased, by deed of John A. Brown,
Jr., and wife, dated February 24, 1880, and
recorded as aforesaid in deed book No. 149,
page 91; and by deed of Elann Brockwell and
wife, dated September 19, 1881, and recorded
as aforesaid in deed book No. 169, page 109,
and by deed of Charles Thibault & wife,
dated January 8, 1882, and recorded as
aforesaid in deed book No. 208, page 107; and
by deed of John A. Brown, Jr., dated Dec. 7,
1880, and recorded as aforesaid in deed book
No. 35, page 101, containing thirty acres, more
or less.
Noted as the property of Samuel E. Keane
and taken in execution at the suit of Edwin
Smith and to be sold by
ROBERT H. INGHAM, Esq.,
Dated May 20, 1912.
WILLIAM M. CLAYBURN, Attorney.
F. T. Lee, 317-3.

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White Linen Skirts and Petticoats,
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With a Saving of One-Half of the Regular Prices.

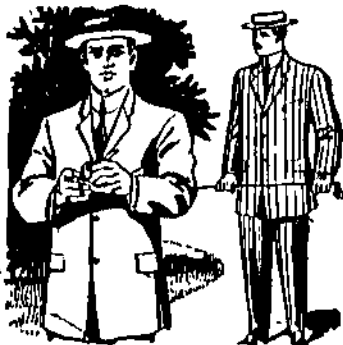
Also our Millinery Line... We have in the very newest
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Ready-to-Wear Suit
Will Look Well,
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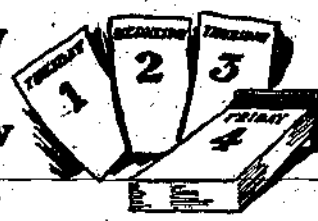
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Yesterday
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and
every day



Your property depreciates in value unless protected by a quality
paint. Such a paint has a hard, smooth surface, keeping out the
moisture and is a perfect armor against Nature's assaults. It is
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A good paint has beauty of color. It does not fade quickly.
It proves the poet's saying, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

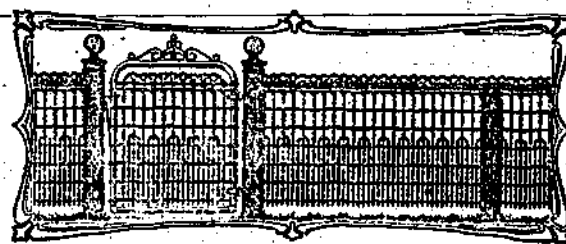
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