South Jersey Republican

Hoyt & Son, Publishers. Terms--$1.25 Per Year.

VOL. 42 HAMMONTON, N. J., AUGUST 20, 1904. NO. 34

Young People's Societies.

This space is devoted to the interests of the Young Peoples Societies of the various Churches. Special items of interest, and announcements are solicited.

Y. P. S. C. E.,—Presbyterian Church: Meets Sunday evening, at 7:00. Topic, "Standing alone for God." Rom. 8: 31-39. Leader, Miss Carrie Garcelon.

Y. P. S. C. E.,—Baptist Church: Meets Sunday evening, at 6:45. Topic, "Standing alone for God." Rom. 8: 31-39. Leader, John E. Hoyt.

Jr. C. E., Sunday afternoon at 3:00: Topic, "What our missionaries are doing for China." Matt. 9: 38.

Epworth League,—M. E. Church: Meets Sunday evening, at 7:00.

Junior League on Sunday afternoon, at 3.00 o'clock. Topic, "A safe rule to follow." Col. 2: 21.

Church Announcements.

Notices of Church meetings are of public interest, and no charge is made for their insertion. Weekly changes are urged.

Baptist Church. Rev. Wiltshire W. Williams, Pastor. 10.30 a.m., "The Christian religion a reality." 7.45 p.m., "The devil in disguise."

Union Services,—Presbyterian and Methodist congregations. 10.30 a.m., in the Presbyterian Church. 7.00 to 8.00 p.m., in the M. E. Church.

St. Mark's Church,—Rev. Paul F. Hoffman, Rector. Sunday services as usual.

Who Pays Quarantine Bills?

[In response to an inquiry from a citizen of Hammonton, the following letter was received. We publish it because the above question has been asked.]

Board of Health of the State of New Jersey,
TRENTON, Aug 9th, 1904.

It is not in accord with the prevailing practice in progressive localities to try to deprive any one of his liberty because of scarlet fever, except the patient himself and the necessary nurses and attendants. It is unnecessary and impracticable to prevent the bread-winners of the family from engaging in their usual business occupations; and if the patient is properly isolated in the dwelling, there will be little risk of spreading the disease through the agency of those who live in the house. Moreover, it is a fact which is well established, that nothing short of a prison will hold an entire family in domestic quarantine for a period of six or seven weeks, and it is therefore useless as well as unreasonable to undertake to enforce such a requirement.

If in any given case the health board believes that the family cannot be trusted, and that the patient will not be kept properly isolated, then the patient should be removed to a hospital provided by the municipality. Under these circumstances, the city or town will pay all expenses which attach to the care of the patient.

It is not customary for the city or town to pay for the care and treatment of patients who remain in their own houses; and there are several strong reasons why this should not be done. A person who is affected with an infectious disease has no claim upon the public merely because he is infected, and the public interests are concerned in his case only because he may under some circumstances be a source of danger to others. If he is indigent, he may of course be pauperized; but he is bound by both duty and law to prevent a spread of the disease to other persons. So long as he or his friends or relatives take every precaution to prevent the disease from spreading, he may be let alone; but when he or his family disregard the rights of others, by careless, heedless, or intentional exposure of the patient to other susceptible individuals, then the law provides that the health board may take measures to limit the spread of the disease. They may isolate him in his own domicile, or remove him to a place provided by the municipal authorities. To be allowed to remain in his own home during a prolonged sickness, due to scarlet fever, is usually considered a great privilege, and few persons will violate proper restrictions for the protection of their neighbors under these circumstances.

Certainly they have no right to expect the authorities to pay for their care and maintenance under these conditions. If they prove to have no regard for the welfare of other persons, then they must be dealt with summarily, and it may become necessary to burden the treasury, temporarily, with the cost of their support as in the case of other violators of law.

Very respectfully,
HENRY MITCHELL, Sec'y.

☞ Dr. F. O. Burt had a narrow escape, Thursday evening. Approaching Thirteenth Street crossing, he held up while a down train passed, then started to cross, but looked south just in time to pull back enough to escape a north-bound express. He heard no signal of the train's approach.

☞ About nine o'clock last Saturday night, as H. L. McIntyre went into his barn, one of the horses was made frantic by the tightening of a rope about his neck, and in its plunges threw Mr. M. against the partitions and manger until he was badly injured about the head and body. Luckily, he crawled into a position whence he could get out of the stall. It was a narrow escape from a horrible death. The rope which made trouble was put on by an employe, who "couldn't find the halter."

THE WAY TO SCHOOL.

Its starting point, the old back stoop,
was gray with weather-wear,
But tribute of the freshest bloom a rose
bush offered there.
And white and scarlet hollyhocks shook
dew drops, silver-cool
Each morn, upon the straggling path that
led away to school.

It sauntered leisurely between the aisles
of vineyard bloom,
Then dipped, with arrow straightness,
through the orchard-woven gloom.
And trailing out where, mottled pink, the
bergamot grew dense,
It struck the weedy angle of a stake-and-
rider fence.

Small wonder that it loitered there,
where berry bushes grew—
The brier-roses were so pink, the spider-
wort so blue!
The misty opals of the dawn—beguiling
—youthful feet—
Lay stored away amidst the grass and
clover blossoms sweet.

But once beyond the fence's line, the
path ran, straight and prim,
Where locusts interlocked their boughs
and made the morning dim
With musky shade; then suddenly it took
a headlong turn
And scrambled down a hollow through a
snarl of brake and fern.

It led us to a lazy stream, and tempted
us to lag
And gather pungent peppermint and root
of fragrant flag;
The mandrake, with golden fruit;
the witch-elm wove a spell—
That shattered at the echo of a loudly
pealing bell.

Then straight from idle dallying the
pathway firmly sped,
And up the heights, at duty's call, unu-
sversing, it led;
And as with moist and scarlet cheeks our
daily seats we took,
Unwittingly we closed a page of Nature's
fairest book.
—Youth's Companion.

Robbing the Mail.

YEAR in and year out, for thirty years, Simon Merridew had driven the mail cart that plied between Thetbridge Junction and the outlying market town of Culverton. Later, when the rural free delivery was established, he was one of the first men appointed as carrier.

A jolly, hail-fellow-well-met old man as a rule, he had no eyes for acquaintances this night, but with bent head pursued his course till he came to the big dry goods store of Royston & Son, where he was finally permitted to see

"A FIGURE STEPPED FROM THE RECESS."

the head of the firm, being ushered into a glass counting house, where sat two men, one old, one young.

"I made bold to call about my sick daughter, sir, as works here," Simon began, addressing the elder of the two. "She's mortal bad to-day—not as I think she's really worse, but she's worrying because the month you gave her to get well in up and she's not fit to come back. The doctor says it would do her a power of good if you could ease her mind by letting her know that you'd kindly keep the place open for her a bit longer."

The old driver delivered himself nervously, for he had been warned by his sick daughter that the appeal would be useless. Mr. Royston, Sr., was known as a hard man, devoid of compassion, except when he could deftly twist it into an advertisement. His answer showed that he was not going back on his reputation.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," he said harshly. "Miss Merridew is not so valuable to the firm that I can afford to play pranks with my rules on her behalf."

"It will kill my child, sir," answered Simon with puckered brow.

"Nonsense," returned the merchant. "She's not the girl to die for lack of work—always making eyes at the men."

And for some reason best known to himself Royston, Sr., made a very sly eye at Royston, Jr., on the other side of the table. Simon glanced at the young man poring over his ledger put him down as equally heartless to work so diligently while Margery Merridew's life was at stake.

"If that is your last word, sir, it is my Margery's death warrant," Simon faltered, the tears coming into his eyes.

"Oh, yes, it's my last word, right enough, and it may save your breath and my time to tell you that I have written by to-night's post to your daughter dispensing with her services," Royston blustered, at the same time pointing to the door of the counting house in a manner not to be mistaken.

"It is terribly hard that I have to be the one to carry that letter," he mused, glancing askance at the Culverton mail bag, which lay at his feet, as he drove out into the country—a giant among the lesser bags for surrounding villages—"and yet it seemingly gives me a chance I shouldn't otherwise get. Get-up, Polly!" this to the mare. "It don't do to think."

But his thoughts possessed him.

"I might slit the bag up, take out the letter and say I'd been attacked and robbed," he reflected. "Margery might take a turn for the better if she didn't get the sack on the day she's been expecting it. Maybe she'd be more able to bear it a week or two later on."

"No, I'll do no such thing," he told himself. "Thirty years I've carried the mails, and never a black mark to my name, and—well, I respect myself too much."

He drew the whip across the mare's flanks to start her on again, but almost immediately his hand tightened on the reins. A figure had stepped from the hedge into the road. The moonbeams glinted on the nickeled barrel of a pistol and a pair of eyes shone from the slits of a crape mask. Simon could hardly believe his senses. It seemed like a judgment on him for thinking of his abandoned project—to be confronted by a real robber just then, the first he had ever encountered.

"Pull up, my man, and chuck out the mail bags," said he of the mask in gruff tones, suggesting a feigned voice. "You see I am armed; I shan't hesitate to shoot if you disobey."

One by one Simon dropped the bags into the road, carefully letting them fall close to the cart. They had hardly touched the ground when the robber singled out the bag stamped "Culverton," and ripping it open with his knife, shook out a white shower on the highway. By the light of the lantern he began to eagerly scan the addresses on the envelopes, keeping a wary eye on Simon the while.

Simon, too, watched the aggressor like a lynx and presently seized the opportunity for which he had been waiting. The robber had become suddenly engrossed in the address of an envelope, when with an agility wonderful for one of his years the old driver leaped from the cart on to his back, hurling him to the ground and sending the loosely held pistol flying. In a moment the two were struggling for the mastery. Simon Merridew, with the advantage of being uppermost—and advantage which he used to pluck off his opponent's mask.

"Well, I'm blessed if it ain't the younger of the two Roystons," he panted as the light fell on the upturned features. "I'm going to hang on to you and get you seven years for this."

"I suppose that would be the penalty," said the young man, calmly. "I will do whatever you wish, Mr. Merridew, if you will let me get up and hear what I have to say."

Elated by his victory, Simon permitted him to rise, but not till he had reached out and possessed himself of the pistol. "Now spit it out and be done with it before I drive you to Culverton police station," he said, sternly. But Edward Royston's reply took his breath away.

"We have had this rough-and-tumble, Mr. Merridew," said the captive, "because I love your daughter and I believe she loves me. I wanted to stop that letter which my father posted to her with his own hands, and I was not aware that you drove the mail cart till after I had ordered you to pull up; then I thought I had better go on with it. Believe me, I had no intention of doing the driver any harm if he resisted; I hoped to carry the play through by sheer bluff. That pistol isn't loaded."

Simon's tanned visage creased into a hundred wrinkles, the upper half of his face seemed to be frowning, but round his mouth the lines curved and twitched suspiciously like a grin. He spoke not for nearly a minute, for he was trying to reconcile the dictates of duty with those of parental affection. "Had you found the letter?" he asked suddenly.

"I had it in my hand when you jumped and I didn't let go," said Royston, disclosing a crumpled paper in his palm.

"Then, my lad, I trust you to carry out the rest of the program," said Simon. "I'll forget I pulled your mask off when I report the attack on the mail."

—A score of people in Paris fish in the river for coins as a means of livelihood.

—Natives of Uganda, Africa, use American oil for anointing their shiny black bodies.

—More than five-eighths of the area of Vienna is covered by woods, vineyards, parks and gardens.

Boys And Girls

The Fussing Place.

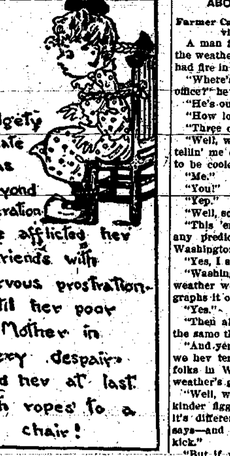
I have to go to the Fussing Place
When I'm very bad;
And mother has such a sorry face,
And her eyes look sad.
But she says, in just the firmest tone,
"The boy that fusses must stay alone,"
When I have been bad.

At first I pretend I do not care,
And I hum a tune,
An dwalk off quick with my head in the
air.
But pretty soon
I begin to hate the Fussing Place,
And, to be there seems a great disgrace,
So I stop my tune.

And then I think of mother's eyes
With that sorry look,
And soon I think it is time to surprise
Her over her book.
So I hunt up a smile, and put it on
(For I can't come out till the frowns are
gone),
How happy she'll look!

The Fussing Place? Oh, it's where you're
sent
When you're naughty and mean,
And there you must stay till you're good
again,
And fit to be seen.
It's up in the attic, or under the stairs,
Or seated on one of the kitchen chairs,
And, oh, you feel mean!

But it doesn't matter much where it is—
This old Fussing Place;
For the very spot that seems so bad
When you're in disgrace,
Is nice enough when you're loving and
true,
So it's not where you are, but how you
do,
That makes it a "Fussing Place."
—Youth's Companion.



The Unhappiest Boy in the World.

The unhappiest boy in the world must surely be the 15-year-old Archduke Karl, heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary. He was born to be the heir of the most ancient reigning family in Europe, to vast revenue and imperial possessions, but he was also born to splendid misery. He is deprived of all the joys which make life pleasant and enjoyable to the ordinary boy.

The crown jewels of Austria, which will be his some day, are valued at fifteen million dollars. He will inherit twenty castles. The great palace in Vienna is as large as a town. In the meantime he receives an allowance of forty thousand dollars a year, but of course he is not allowed to spend a cent of this. The bulk of it is kept in the bank for him, while what is necessary for his daily expenses is expended by his tutors.

There are eighteen of these tutors, and with them the poor lad has to work from morning to night, learning all the things a great sovereign has to know. This is his usual day's routine: Get up at 5 every morning; bathe, exercise, study until 8; then breakfast. Study again from 9 until 12 o'clock. He has a simple lunch at noon, and from 1 to 3 is given up to his military training, which includes riding, fencing, sword drill, trench digging, etc. He goes to his books again at 4:30, and at 6 o'clock stops for his dinner, which is a long, tiresome, ceremonious meal. After that he is allowed to spend one hour of recreation with his mother and his youngest brother. His father is a reckless, drunken, disreputable person who is divorced from his mother. After one hour of family sociability out of the whole day Archduke Karl is promptly put to bed. This young boy must be perfectly familiar with thirteen different languages that are spoken in the Austrian empire. Besides that he must study modern languages, classics, mathematics, geography, literature and history on a very elaborate scale in order to give him the peculiar knowledge needed for his duties on the throne.

Twice a week he is taken to a lecture at the Schotten High School in order that he may know something of the course of studies in a public school. He is not permitted to mingle in the slightest degree with the other boys. He sits alone on a front bench, surrounded at a respectable distance by his chief tutors, and by a large number of private detectives, for the life of every member of the imperial family is in danger. And after all, politicians say, Austria-Hungary, made up of so many different races, tongues and religions, will go to pieces before this hard-worked boy grows up. Poor Archduke Karl!—Woman's World.

Was the Promise Not Fulfilled?

A small miss who had but recently mastered her catechism confessed her disappointment with it thus: "Now, I obey the fifth commandment and honor my papa and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land, for I'm put to bed every night at 7 o'clock just the same."

Why Willie Felt Badly.

"What's the matter, Willie?" asked his grandma. "Did you eat too much dinner?"

"N-no," sobbed the little fellow. "I'm just f-feelin' bad 'cause I d-didn't eat enough to m-make me f-feel bad."

Johnny on Hard Words.

Tommy—I wonder why some words are so awfully hard to spell?

Johnny—Oh, I guess school teachers made 'em that way so they would have to be hired to teach us children how to spell 'em.

Another Surprise for Mamma.

Little Flossie—Mamma, were you at home when I was born?

Mamma—No, dear; I was at grandma's, in the country.

Little Flossie—Wasn't you awfully s'prised when you heard about it?

ABOUT THE WEATHER.

Farmer Calls at the Bureau and Interviews the Office Boy.

A man from South Jersey blew into the weather bureau the other day. He had fire in his eyes.

"Where's the guy wot runs this office?" he asked.

"He's out," said the office boy.

"How long has he been out?"

"Three or four days."

"Well, where's the geezer whose bin tellin' me every day that it wuz goin' to be cooler, with showers?"

"Me."

"You!"

"Yep."

"Well, sonny, how did you do it?"

"This 'er way. We can't give out any predictions till we hear from Washington, anyway—see?"

"Yes, I see."

"Washington finds out what kinder weather we're goin' to have, and telegraphs it on—see?"

"Yes."—

"Then all we have ter do is to say the same thing over again—catch on?"

"And yer mean ter tell me that's all we her ter depend on—just what the folks in Washington say about what weather's goin' to be around here?"

"Well, when the boss is around, we kinder figger it out ourselves—but if it's different from what Washington says—and we ain't right—there's a kick."

"But if you are right?"

"Nothing doing."

"Then I'm to understand——"

"See yere, ole bayseed, you're to understand that we git our pay from Washington. Kin ye understand that?"

"I think so."

"Well, we ain't monkeyin' wid no buzz saw."

"No, you hev to git yer salaries, of course—and we farmers hev ter pay 'em. But I think Mark Twain will have to revise his story about the most useless man in America, and call him the weather bureau chief in Washington."

"Mebbe so, but I guess you've been reading some of this hot air in the papers about how we do things up here?"

"No, but I've been getting more hot air lately than is good for my farm, and I think I'll let the weather predictions go and put in an irrigation plant."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Sweet Girl Graduate.

Father—What is Estelle going to wear when she graduates?

Mother—Oh, just a simple white gown.

"That's sensible. Women dress altogether too extravagantly, to my mind. I'd like to see a member of my family in something simple—for once! How much will Estelle's gown cost?"

"Oh, the dressmaker says she thinks she can get up something appropriate for about $75."—Detroit Free Press.

—Cobalt is one of the minerals found in the atmosphere of the sun and in meteorites. It usually occurs associated with nickel, arsenic and sulphur, and is frequently an incidental product in the working of copper, bismuth and nickel ores.

—The papyrus plant is nearly extinct in Egypt, and the only place where it is now to be found in abundance is along the Anapo River in Sicily.

—Japanese doctors have recommended, as a means of producing a taller race of soldiers, the marriage of Japanese women to tall men.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

LIES hatch quickly.

Meekness is might.

Care is mental rust.

Choice is the hinge of destiny.

Christology may hide Christ.

Candor is the X-ray of honesty.

The steepled club is the devil's own.

Enthusiasm is the badge of sincerity.

The world needs human paracletes.

The best time is the time best used.

Expediency dulls the two-edged sword.

Recreation that desecrates cannot recreate.

The shadow may be the best proof of the sun.

A death-bed convert goes to heaven empty-handed.

Modesty is the saving salt of the highest genius.

The Bible is man's expression of God's impression.

There are no reserved seats in heaven for rich people.

The worth of a moral force is measured by its results.

An Anglo-Saxon sinner is no better than one in Africa.

Worldliness isn't low ebb Christianity; it is of the devil.

A withered hand is not much help around the "synagogue."

Some men mistake peace with their pastors for peace with God.

People who like to be told their faults are growing in grace.

Joining a church does not mean more than being a Christian.

The stripes of the Christian's persecution are the marks of his promotion.

You can have morals without Christianity, but not Christianity without morals.

Many a great battlefield is a monument of folly, instead of a cradle of liberty.

The Cross shows God's disapproval of sin; the empty tomb his approval of the Son.

If "fine sermons" would have saved the world, it would have been saved long ago.

The attempt to reform men without Christ is like making an engine without a boiler.

Men have their backs to their Master when they talk about the "one true church."

The man who says there is no devil is usually a living refutation of his own statement.

Many men are drinking salt water out of a bottle while they float on a fresh water lake.

People say they do not like the preacher when it is the truth he preaches which they dislike.

Men have piled up their books of discussion about Christ so high that now we can scarcely see Him.

It is not necessary to have the prayer meeting below zero to keep your faith from turning to water.

Some forms of Bible study are attempts to satisfy soul hunger by eating the dishes instead of the dinner.

If there were more people willing to be thrown out of joint as Jacob at Peniel there would be more who would see His face.

Faces That Comfort One.

"I wish some people knew just how much their faces can comfort one!" The speaker was a young woman who had passed through deep sorrows; she was telling a friend how many people comforted her, though they were unconscious of it. The Epworth Herald tells the story. "I often ride down in the same street car with your father, and it has been such a help to me to sit next to him. There is something so good and strong and kind about him, it has been a comfort just to feel he was beside me. Sometimes, when I have been utterly depressed and discouraged, he has seemed somehow to know just the right word to say to me; but if he didn't pray, why I just looked at his face, and that helped me. He probably has not the least idea of it, for I know him so slightly, and I don't suppose people half realize, anyway, how much they are helping or hindering others!" There is a great deal of this unconscious kindness in the world. Moses wist not that his face shone. The best people are not aware of their goodness. According to the old legend, it was only when it fell behind him, where he could not see it, that the saintly man's shadow healed the sick. This is a possible. Goodness that is aware of itself has lost much of its charm. Kindnesses that are done unconsciously mean the most.

Deception.

The one who successfully deceives another makes it hard for himself afterward when the deception shall have been discovered—as it is sure to be in time. He will always be distrusted, no matter whether he is again attempting deception or not. The only method that wins clear to the end is honesty.—Wellspring.

The "Bans" Forbidden.

We forbid the bans between rum, religion and politics of whatever party and whatever sect, and in the name of God and humanity, we proclaim a union holy and indissoluble, of affection as well as interest, between temperance, religion and politics of every party and every sect.—Neal Dealt.

GOOD Short Stories

Mr. Takahira, the Japanese minister at Washington, is on friendly terms with the Russian ambassador, Count Cassini, and is careful never to say anything that will offend him. But he likes harmless pleasantry once in a while. Some one informed him that President Roosevelt had decided to discontinue the training in jiu-pitsu, and asked him if he could guess why. "Can't imagine the reason," replied the envoy; "perhaps Cassini objects to the lessons as a breach of neutrality."

Here is a story that illustrates the estimate the German citizen places on sauerkraut as a food staple. A German was speaking last fall about the high price of cabbage. "I tell you, dese kabbages is awful high, dis year," he said; "me und me vife puts up six, seven, eight barrels of sauerkraut every year—but ve can't dis year. Den kabbages dey cost too much." "You put up some sauerkraut, didn't you, Christ?" he was asked. "Oh, yes—two or tree barrels—just to haf in de house in case of sickness."

Professor George Herbert Palmer, of Harvard College, says that the masculine habit of rigid, logical reasoning is contracted, very early, and in illustration he tells the following story: "A little boy and girl of my acquaintance were tucked up snug in bed when their mother heard them talking. 'I wonder what we're here for?' asked the little boy. The little girl remembered the lessons that had been taught her, and replied, sweetly, 'We are here to help others.' The little boy sniffed. 'Then, what are the others here for?' he asked."

Major McClellan tells of an Irishman whose nephew came over from Ireland to work for him. The uncle, taking advantage of his ignorance of America, paid him very small wages. The nephew was wiser than he looked, though, and, at the end of the year, informed his uncle that he had obtained more lucrative employment, and intended to leave. "You are making a great mistake," protested the uncle. "In leaving a steady job for a little money. You should remember that a rolling stone gathers no moss." "Moss?" queried the lad; "and where is there a market for moss?"

J. Pierpont Morgan is gifted with a great deal more of humor than is generally known. Not long ago, while in London, he was introduced to a lady who made some pretensions to peerage. "Pardon me," said this lady, haughtily, "to which Morgans do you belong?" "Oh, we are an independent branch," replied Mr. Morgan, slyly; "but we date back to the Norman kings." "Ah, then you have a coat of arms?" Mr. Morgan dug down into his pocket and brought forth a shining American twenty-dollar gold piece. "This," he said, "is our coat of arms; a few other families have adopted the same emblem. But," he continued, confidentially, "we are gathering them in as fast as possible."

Vast Travel in London.

There are 6,000 miles of railway in greater London, and it is estimated that something like 300,000,000 separate journeys are made by passengers annually. The number of journeys on an average week day is over 1,500,000. An idea of the vehicular traffic in the streets may be gathered from the statement that in twelve hours 16,054 vehicles of all kinds passed a particular spot in Piccadilly, and a full service of 600 busses pass the Bank of England every hour. The number of passengers carried by the London trams in a year is over 300,000,000. A census taken of the number of pedestrians who crossed over the London bridge on a certain day showed that they totaled 116,002, and in nineteen and a half hours during a day in April last year 248,018 people crossed the roadways at the bank.

Do Not Delay.

"I have been reading about the falls of Niagara," remarked Mr. Linger to Miss Frocks.

"That is where a great many bridal couples go on their wedding journey, isn't it?" she cooed.

"Why, yes, I believe so," replied Mr. Linger.

"I should so like to see Niagara Falls," the girl said in a low, thoughtful voice.

"Yes, they are a wonderful spectacle. But what I was about to say was that the annual report of the United States Geological Survey says that in 3,500 years the falls will be no more, the bank of the river will be dry, and the great lakes will be emptying into the Mississippi River."

"In how many years?"

"Thirty-five hundred."

"So soon as that?" exclaimed Miss Frocks. "Let us go and see them at once."

"We will," said Mr. Linger, "and we will go on our bridal tour."

And they were very happy ever after.—Harper's Weekly.

JEWS ARE MADE GENERALS.

Two Receive Signal Promotion in Austria and One in France.

The Austrian army has received two Jewish generals at the same time, says the Israelite. Eduard Von Schweitzer has been appointed general of the infantry and Naval Constructor Siegfried Popper was raised to the rank of a general, the first case in the Austrian navy. Popper was born in Prague in 1848, is a graduate of the technical college in Carlsruhe, and has been in the service of the navy since 1871.

General Von Schweitzer is a native of Hungary, entered military service as a plain soldier in the war of 1866, studied afterward in the cadet school, was made lieutenant and distinguished himself in the Bosnian insurrection of 1878. Being admitted to the military academy, he became staff officer, colonel of an infantry regiment, and is now raised to the rank of general. According to Oesterreichische Wochenschrift, this is supposed to be the first case of a Jewish general in Austria. There was reported, however, some time ago the appointment of another Jew, General Von Forges. He may, however, have been converted to Christianity before.

A French Jew—Colonel Valabregue—has been appointed chief of the cabinet of General Andre, the French minister of war. This extremely important promotion, of course, produced a spasm of furious excitement in the anti-Semitic papers. They declare that France and the army have been betrayed to the Jews and that Valabregue is cousin to the "traitor Dreyfus." "From to-day," exclaimed the Libre Parole, "Valabregue is the real head of the army. We shall soon see him minister of war and Dreyfus chief of the general staff. He is also the cousin of General Naquet, that other Jew, who, in a certain measure, is grand master of artillery."

SALARIES OF TEACHERS.

President Harper Argues for Higher Pay for Them.

President Harper of the University of Chicago argues trenchantly in the World To-day for higher pay for teachers in elementary and secondary schools. He says:

"The demands of the work can be met only by those whom nature has endowed with a high order of talent. The teacher to whom is intrusted the fostering care of our children should surely be one whose ability we respect. How is it possible to satisfy the conscience if a policy other than this prevails? Is there anything more precious than the child, whether viewed from the point of view of the family or the State? Is not his training a thing of pre-eminent importance? And yet we are willing to pay to his teacher a salary far less than is paid in many cases to the keeper of our horses or to the keeper of our cattle.

"Who cannot see the utter absurdity of this? The teacher, everything being considered, should be, and in many cases is, the equal of the man or woman who enters into any other professional life. Shall we stultify ourselves by continuing to pay the teacher at a rate which places on him or her the brand of intellectual weakness for having accepted a position which promises its occupant so little profit or advantage? The time has come when preparation for teaching in the grades requires a preparation and a proficiency equal to that demanded by any other profession. These requirements have gradually been increased until to-day, in many quarters only those possessed of a vigorous physical constitution, strong and untiring purpose, and in addition a considerable sum of money, are able to secure the preparation called for. Is it justice to those who have pursued this laborious course of preparation that in the end they should find themselves limited to a salary so small as to seem pitiful in view of the hardship undergone and the expense which has been incurred?"

equal to the emergency.

Mr. Lovelorn—Oh, Miss Matilda, my heart is on fire for thee—it is burning!

Miss Matilda—Saken alive! That ought to put it out and cool ye, too!

OLD FAVORITES

Farmer John.

Home from his journey Farmer John
Arrived this morning, safe and sound,
His black coat off and his old clothes on.
"Now I'm myself," says Farmer John;
And he thinks, "I'll look around."

Up leaps the dog: "Get down, you pup;
Are you so glad you would eat me up?"
The horses prick up their ears at him;
"Well, well, old Bay!
Ha, ha, old Gray!
Do you get good feed when I am away?"

"You haven't a rib!" says Farmer John;
"The cattle are looking round and sleek;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too; how he has grown!
We'll wean the calf next week."
Says Farmer John. "When I've been
off—
To call you again about the trough,
And watch and pet you while you drink
Is a greater comfort than you can think!"

And he pats old Bay
And he slaps old Gray.
"Ah, this is the comfort of going away!"

"For, after all," said Farmer John,
"The best of the journey is getting home!
I've seen great sights—but would I give
This spot, and the peaceful life I live,
For all their parts and Rome?
These hills for the city's stifled air,
And big hotels, all bustle and glare;
Land all houses, and road all stones,
That deafen your ears and batter your
bones?
Would you, old Bay?
Would you, old Gray?
That's what one gets by going away!"

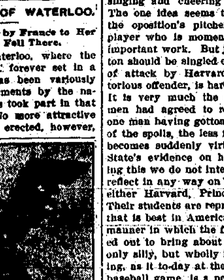
"There, money is king," says Farmer
John;
"And fashion is queen; and it's mighty
queer
To see how, sometimes, while the man
Is raking and scraping all he can,
The wife spends every year,
Enough, you'd think, for a score of wives,
To have them in luxury all their lives.
The town is a perfect Babylon
To a quiet chap," says Farmer John.
"You see, old Bay,
You see, old Gray—
I'm wiser than when I went away."

"I've found out this," says Farmer
John—
"That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and
hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry;
And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgage and stocks and ten per cent,
But in simple ways and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends.
Some land to till, and a few good friends,
Like you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray!
That's what I've learned by going away."
—J. T. Trowbridge.

ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

Monument Erected by France to Her Soldiers Who Fell There.

The field of Waterloo, where the star of Napoleon I. forever set in a night of gloom, has been variously marked with monuments by the nations whose soldiers took part in that titanic struggle. No more attractive memorial has been erected, however,



[THE WATERLOO MONUMENT.

than the new one just dedicated by France to her soldiers who fell in that conflict. The French lost about 30,000 men, while the allies—English, Dutch and Germans—lost 23,000. These frightful casualties throw into insignificance the combats thus far waged in the East and which Japanese admirers would have the world believe so transcending anything preceding them.

The monument is crowned by a wounded eagle, typical of the defeat France sustained in the downfall of Napoleon.

Such Dear Friends, Too.

Clara—I'll tell you a secret, dear, if you'll promise never to repeat it.

Maude—All right. Out with it.

Clara—Fred proposed to me last night.

Maude—Oh, say, doesn't he do it awkwardly, though?

As soon as a man is elected to office he begins to work for a second nomination.

FAULT-FINDER A PEST.

Writer Thinks He Should Head the List.

"Speaking of pests, I want to put the perpetual fault-finder at the top of the list," said the observant man in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Have you known him? Have you known the man who delighted in exposing what he conceived to be the ignorance of the other fellow, and who perpetually sought to embarrass him because of some weakness he imagined the other fellow possessed? Fault-finding is an easy task in this world of imperfections. Humanity is not perfect, nor is it perfectable, so long as men and women cling to the passions of clay. So the fault-finder has a broad and almost limitless field to play in. He may find fault at every hand.

"Now and then the faults may be the mere figments of his fancy, because he is so prone to look for the bad thing in human nature. But he will find enough to humor his whim without drawing on his fancy for material. I have often thought of this peculiar trait, and have tried to find enough charity to keep from thinking unkindly of such men. Charity is a large thing. It covers a multitude of sins. But I have never been able to spread the mantle out far enough to cover the offenses of the fault-finder, and in consequence have been forced to forgive him without ample reason.

"Whether we forgive him or not doesn't make much difference. He is a pest just the same. It would be a mistake, too, to assume that he is the wearer of a dunce cap in every case. He is often quite a resourceful man, a man of more than ordinary mental attainment and of some force. Probably he finds fault with his fellows because he is a bit suspicious of his own powers. Some men do this. They are apparently afraid of being outclassed in some way. So they fall back on the old habit of fault-finding. They begin to pick out the little things of a vulnerable character in the other man's conduct and so imagine they bolster up their own standing. Often, as strange as it may seem, they succeed in doing this very thing. Fault-finding is often a good way of advancing one's own interest, though it cannot be commended. In speaking of fault-finding I do not mean to include legitimate criticism of men and events. I am talking about fault-finding, just plain old everyday fault-finding."

COMPLAINS OF CHEERING.

Applause Considered a Pest at the Average Ball Game.

Harvard has complained of the cheering indulged in by Princeton, and Yale has seconded her. There is no question but that at all college games there is entirely too much rooting, singing and cheering on both sides. The one idea seems to be to ridicule the opposition's pitcher or any other player who is momentarily doing the important work. But just why Princeton should be singled out as the object of attack by Harvard, herself a notorious offender, is hard to understand. It is very much the same as if two men had agreed to rob a bank, and one man having gotten the lion's share of the spoils, the less fortunate culprit becomes suddenly virtuous and turns state's evidence on his pal. In saying this we do not intend, of course, to reflect in any way on the character of either Harvard, Princeton or Yale. Their students are representative of all that is best in America youth, but the manner in which the former has started out to bring about a reform is not only silly, but wholly illogical. Cheering, as it to-day at the average college baseball game, is a pest and undoubtedly needs modification. The best statement of the case that has yet appeared, in our opinion, was in a recent issue of the Yale News. It was as follows: "Baseball is largely a matter of nerves, and the continuous uproar of the present-day game is often sufficient to prevent the players, especially the pitcher, from doing themselves justice. It makes little difference in considering this matter, whether or not the supporters of our college makes more noise than those of another—the fact remains that Harvard, Yale or Princeton have all been guilty of this sort of cheering to a greater or less degree. In spite of this, it is acknowledged at all three universities that it is an unpleasant feature of the modern college game. It has now reached a stage where, in the interest of clean sport, definite steps should be taken to suppress it."

—Japanese postage stamps are rated as the most artistic in the world. There is a great demand for them in London at present. The first stamps were issued in 1871. There are few rare ones, the highest price ever known to have been paid for one being $50.

—The United States has about 160 Social Settlements, of which thirty are in New York, sixteen in Chicago and thirteen in Boston.

—Joel Arnold, engineer, and George E. Kelley, brakeman, employes of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad, have invented an automatic coupler for air brakes and steam pipes that may make them both independently rich. The device is very simple and can be attached to any car.

—Gunnery practice at Newport has frightened away the fish.

—Clocks have been put in the tram cars in Cracow, Poland.

BOOK REVIEWS

Anthony Hope's new novel, "Double Harness," deals with marriage in a modern way.

Some of Booth Tarkington's new stories, soon to appear from the press of McClure, Phillips & Co., will be accompanied by his own illustrations.

Miss Henrietta Corkran, whose gossipy book called "Celebrities and I" was widely read, has written another of the same sort called "Oddities, Others and I," which has been published in London.

In view of the approaching centenary of George Sand, it is thought probable that some of her hitherto unpublished writings will be printed soon. They include two complete plays and several fragments of stories.

It is announced that Margery Williams' novel, "The Price of Youth," which bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company, and is reported as having had a steady sale since its publication, has been dramatized.

According to a London dispatch, Thomas Hardy has given up writing fiction. He is devoting himself to the second part of his drama, "The Dynasts," the first part of which was recently published by the Macmillan company.

A life of Tom Hood, whose "Song of the Shirt" appeared in Punch in 1843, is being written by Walter Jerrold, a grandson of another famous Punch contributor, Douglas Jerrold. Mr. Jerrold has in his possession some interesting new matter relating to Hood's career.

The title of Rudyard Kipling's new volume of stories, which Doubleday, Page & Co. will publish this fall, will be "Traffics and Discoveries." This is the first book of fiction by the author since his "The Day's Work." It contains some of Mr. Kipling's most characteristic stories, several of which have appeared in Collier's Weekly.

About 3,000 Chicago school children were recently required to write answers to these questions: What books have you read since school began last September? Which one of these did you like best? Louisa M. Alcott's juvenile classic, "Little Women," headed the tabulated list of replies, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was second.

A little book with an attractive cover is "Hero Tales," by James Baldwin, an interesting collection and adaptation of several stories of Greek mythology, Norse legends and old tales of France in the dark ages. The stories themselves are more or less familiar, but in the form presented they are far more interesting than in the usual run of books on mythology intended for school use. The illustrations are good.

Conan Doyle began his experience with the syndicating of his literary output at an early age. He used to tell stories to his schoolmates, for which they paid him in jam tarts. Young Doyle had his own way of extracting the price he wished. He would get his story worked up to some such climax as this: "While holding to the rocky edge of the cliff with a grip of desperation, the hero could hear below him the continued growls of the enraged bear." Having proceeded thus far, he would refuse to proceed further unless the price paid in current tarticts of the schoolboy realm was doubled.

Ford Madox Hueffer, who has collaborated with Joseph Conrad in writing that stirring and adventurous tale of the West Indian buccaneers, "Romance," which McClure-Phillips have brought out, collaborated also with Mr. Conrad in "The Inheritors," which appeared some years ago. Mr. Hueffer is a Britisteater by birth, gift and inclination. He is a nephew of Rossetti, and has spent his entire life among literary men, artists and musicians. His life has been void of such balloning adventures as have fallen to his collaborator's share, but he has traveled widely, and even now is constantly roaming about the continent. He resides chiefly at Winchelsea, a quaint, old, walled town on a bluff overlooking the English Channel. Mr. Hueffer's first book, "The Brown Owl," was written when he was only 17 years old. It sold to fifteen editions and is still selling, though Mr. Hueffer received only £10 for it.

In Washington.

"But isn't every senator worth a million?" asked the visitor to the Chamber.

"Not every one," returned the guide, "some of them have not been there very long."—Woman's Home Companion.

If the pictures in the family album were taken a long as thirty years ago, looking through it is almost as if watching an oncoming different tribe of the human race.

The Republican.

[Entered as second class matter.]

SATURDAY, AUG. 20, 1904

Republican Nominations.

For President,
Theodore Roosevelt
of New York.

For Vice-President,
Charles W. Fairbanks
of Indiana.

A PROPOSITION.

It is acknowledged by all that Hammonton Park has improved since the Red Men took charge; but the Tribe is limited in both time and finances.

Here is our proposition: Let every citizen, or as many as have the town's good at heart, contribute one day's labor, or its equivalent in cash, toward clearing up and improving the Park. All changes would be subject to approval by Council's Property Committee, and the work supervised by Red Men. A week could be occupied in the work, and each man choose a day most convenient to himself.

What say our citizens?

Let those interested, and also all who think that this action is not necessary, visit the grounds and see for themselves. The Park can be made one of the pleasantest spots in this part of the state. Hardly a week goes by without one or more picnics from this or other towns.

☞ Hammonton was a live town, last Friday, it being the Welsh Bros. circus day. Coming from Mt. Holly, their train of thirteen cars was sidetracked for some hours, consequently disappointed crowds of people who had gathered to see the street parade. They had a fine band, which covered some of the principal streets about two o'clock; also a calliope, or "steam piano." At two and eight o'clock, performances were given,—the latter before an audience estimated at two thousand people. It was a clean show, composed of bareback and saddle riding, trapeze work, slack-rope walking, bicycle rope riding, and clown work. A concert followed, which included minstrels, and feats by the female Samson.

☞ Some of our readers spent a delightful evening, Tuesday, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Russell, at Cedar Brook. It was the twentieth anniversary of their marriage, and also the fifteenth birthday of a daughter, so the hundred and more guests were composed of old and young. The grove adjoining was beautifully illuminated, and the Sicklerville Band played their prettiest. Numerous handsome and valuable presents were received.

☞ Mr. Thos. McClelland, of Pittsburg, and Mrs. Wesley McClelland, of Philadelphia, paid a flying visit to Hammonton. They visited the cut glass factories, the iron spring, and other places of interest, and were so taken up with the place that they will return soon for a longer stay.

Adjourned Tax Sale.

All advertised properties not sold by the Tax Collector on Saturday last, will positively be sold on

Saturday, August 20th, 1904,

at one o'clock p. m., at the Town Council Room, Hammonton.

A. B. DAVIS, Collector.

The Republican.

SATURDAY, AUG. 20, 1904.

Mail Time.

Mails will close at the Hammonton Post Office as follows:

—LEAVE—

DOWN	UP
9:40 A.M.	6:55 A.M.
-	12:20 P.M. (thro
-	4:15 (Reading
6:00 P.M.	4:29

—ARRIVE—

8:30 A.M.	7:05 A.M.
9:40	7:30 (Reading
3:40 P.M.	4:40 P.M.
6:10	

☞ Tax sale this afternoon.

☞ Miss Jessie Rogers spent a few days at Malaga.

☞ Will Doerfel is acting Cashier of the Peoples Bank.

☞ Mrs. Cora Hay is spending a week at Paulsboro.

☞ For a wonder, there was no fire alarm last Sunday.

POCKET-BOOK LOST—at Hammonton Park, or in the town, on Wednesday, containing a sum of money. A reward if left at this office.

☞ Hammonton schools will open on Tuesday, Sept. 6th.

☞ Will. Walther and wife spent Sunday at his father's.

☞ Bassett & Son's annual catalogue is in the printers' hands.

☞ We expect to have several interesting features next week.

IMPERIAL Wind-Mill for sale—never been used, and in perfect order. Apply to WESLEY SHIELDS, Near P. O., Atlantic County, New Jersey.

☞ Miss Edith Simons is visiting her cousin, Miss Olive Simons.

☞ E. T. Crowley has been appointed postmaster at Tansboro.

☞ Miss Clara Potter is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. McD. Little.

☞ Mrs. J. C. Bitler enertained her uncle, Wm. Meeh, and family.

DANCE. A dance will be given in Union Hall, next Tuesday, Aug. 23rd. Music furnished by the Hillsgrovites. Tickets, twenty-five cents. Dance commences at 8.30. Whitmore and Treat.

☞ A number of our respectable people have been seeing snakes.

☞ Carpenters began work on Chas. A. Leonard's house yesterday.

☞ Miss Daisy A. Mathis is being greeted by former schoolmates.

☞ Miss Baker, from Baltimore, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Thurlow.

TWO FINE YOUNG BULLS for sale, one a Guernsey, age one year; the other, nine months old, part Guernsey and Jersey. Apply to B. V. RICHARDS, Central Ave., Hammonton, New Jersey, or Lock Box 66.

☞ Dr. Cunningham claims to have the champion elephant-ear leaves.

☞ St. Mark's Choir Guild expect to take a trip to Atlantic next Tuesday.

☞ Miss Roberta Maxwell is spending ten days in Passaic and Jersey City.

☞ A number of our people have been attending the meetings at Pitman Grove.

FOR SALE—a seven roomed house, and stable, near the Union. Inquire of M. RUBINA.

☞ Mrs. Wm. Foster and little daughter visited her uncle, G. N. Lyman.

☞ The Atco Camp Meeting opened on Thursday, and will continue until the 28th.

☞ Mrs. Jesse N. Rogers attended the funeral of her brother, in Absecon, last week.

☞ Mrs. J. A. Hoyle was called to the city yesterday, to attend the funeral of a friend.

BUILDING LOTS for sale. Inquire of GEO. DERNHOUSE.

☞ Wonder if Mayor Stop's recent order will stop the work of the famous kissing-bug?

☞ Posters will be out to-day for the Red Men's picnic and ball, at the Park, on Labor Day.

☞ The idea of a local baby show, suggested by the REPUBLICAN, appears to be developing.

☞ Early yesterday morning, the thermometer stood at 57. Pretty cool weather for August.

FOR SALE—the most uncoupled building site in town, at a bargain. WM. COLWELL.

☞ Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McMillan were guests of George Bernhouse and family, over Sunday.

☞ Plans are completed for the real estate building improvements, and work will be commenced soon.

☞ Miss Emma Burk, teacher elect of the new Science Course in our High School, is a graduate of Philadelphia High School and University of Penna., *where she took honors.*

Insure with the A. H. Phillips Co. Bartlett Building, Atlantic City.

☞ Mr. Tyler Potter, of Binghampton, N. Y., spent a day or two with his cousin, Mrs. Harry Little.

☞ Miss Elizabeth Hoyt is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Vernier, on Central Avenue.

☞ The Misses Gomersall, of Germantown, Pa., are spending a part of their vacation in Hammonton.

☞ John Baker is away for a brief rest,—intending to spend the time wherever inclination leads him.

☞ Miss Sadie Cunningham is expected home next week from a long visit in Brooklyn and elsewhere.

☞ Mrs. Essie Wescoat Brigel and children, from Philadelphia, greeted her Hammonton friends last Saturday.

☞ W. R. Tilton and family are away for a two weeks vacation, part of which will be spent at Ocean Grove.

CORNET—a fine silver plated, band or solo horn, for sale. Particulars at this office.

☞ Mr. Myron DePuy has reason to be proud of a large dahlia plant, nine feet in height, and covered with red blossoms.

☞ Isaac Hewett, of Atlantic City, was in town part of the week, making repairs to his house, County Road and Cherry Street.

☞ Hiram C. Pressey and wife are enjoying a trip through various western states to California,—combined business and pleasure.

☞ Mrs. Alice Cole and daughter, Miss Stella, of Friendship, N. Y., are guests of their brothers and uncles, the Stockwell brothers.

☞ Bassett & Son have long been noted for their dahlias, and passers-by have to stop and admire them, now that they are blossoming.

FOR SALE—a fifteen acre lot on Oak Road. Cleared, and adapted for all kinds of fruits, especially tree fruits. Inquire of JACOB MIERL, Union Road.

☞ St. Mark's Sunday School certainly had a fine day for their picnic, on Wednesday, and of course they enjoyed the trip to Weymouth.

☞ L. M. Parkhurst gathered one hundred and twenty baskets of pickles as one picking, from one and three-fourths acres of cucumbers.

☞ Henry Howard Swift is a welcome guest in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Swift, at Smith's Landing. He arrived on Sunday, 14th inst.

☞ Miss Eva Rudolph, Miss Katharine Pusey, Master Joseph Marshall and Edward Marshall, all of Philadelphia, are visiting Mrs. E. McClelland.

☞ Mrs. O. E. Hoyt tenders thanks to Mr. F. A. Lehman and Mrs. C. F. Crowell, also the Baptist C. E. Committee, for gifts of beautiful flowers.

☞ A dozen or so of young people had a very pleasant "Tucker party," on Monday evening, at the home of the Misses Crowell, corner Third and Maple Streets.

☞ Halvor Harlay, late bookkeeper for Osgood & Co., has resigned, intending to enter the Medico-Chirurgical College. Clifford C. Small is found at his desk.

☞ Overseer of the Poor Bernshouse took William Coburn to the "black doctor," at Mount Holly, on Monday, for treatment. There is every prospect of his recovery.

☞ Percy Whilfen, having decided to remain as Superintendent in the Hammonton Shoe Company's factory, has shipped his household goods hither, for permanent residence.

☞ Messrs. A. H. and J. S. Miller drove to Medford last Saturday, to attend the funeral, on Sunday, of their brother Thomas. A. H. Birdsall, a nephew, accompanied them.

☞ Goldsboro Alcorn underwent an operation at the University Hospital, Philadelphia, last Monday, for a trouble of long standing. Hopes are entertained for his complete recovery.

☞ The Assessors and Council completed their revision of assessments on Monday night. A number of changes were made, but they will about balance each other and make no great change in the total.

☞ Since our editorial of last week on the State Senatorship, quite a number of our citizens have expressed themselves as being inclined Edge-wise, several of them having, until recently, a Lee-ward tendency.

☞ Volunteer Fire Company Trustees are receiving bids for lowering the first floor of their building, and laying either concrete or brick. This was talked up some time ago, but abandoned for the time. Since the gutters were changed, the danger of accidents has increased. The REPUBLICAN has advocated the scheme all along.

☞ Some of the boys "got onto" A. H. Simons' slot gum machine, and by a little manipulation, ran the machine dry with one cent. It has been fixed.

☞ Ben. Foglietto came near feeling one of the results of his business, last Tuesday, when a bullet grazed his head, fired by a dissatisfied patron. Justice Garton sent the fellow to May's Landing, in default of bail.

☞ There is a rumor that the "old post office" building, corner of Bellevue Avenue and Third Street, has been sold. This, if true, will compel our School Board to provide accommodations, next year, for the Kindergarten and one division of the primary department. Lease, buy, or build?

☞ There will be two games of base ball on Labor Day, with Pleasantville, on our grounds. The hours will probably be 10.15 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. Sept. 10th, our boys go to Egg Harbor, and a return game will be played here on the following Saturday.

☞ Messrs. G. F. Lenz, James Edwards, and A. E. Holman have been elected delegates to the Firemen's Relief Association, which will meet in Atlantic City, Sept. 14th. Messrs. John Prasch, Chas. W. Austin, and Elmer DePuy are alternates.

☞ The sound of hammer and saw, the swish of the painter's brush, the ring of the mason's trowel, and the plumber's merry whistle, combine to make Central School house a lively place. The tinted walls, the added rooms, flush closets, and new furniture and fixtures, will make the place new to many old friends.

☞ Mrs. Wilson, wife of Dr. Chas. Wilson, of the Ruby place on lower Central Avenue, was rescued in front of an express train on Tuesday afternoon, by one of our popular bus drivers, Wm. C. Saunders. The lady had alighted from one train and was crossing the north-bound track when Will noticed her and quickly dragged her to a place of safety. A gallant rescue.

☞ Mrs. Charles H. Jones died yesterday morning, Aug. 19th, at the home of her son Elwood, in Hammonton. Mrs. Jones resided here for many years, but moved to Camden. A cancerous trouble grew rapidly worse, recently, and she was brought here Wednesday. The end came suddenly. Age, 47 yrs. A short service will be held on Monday morning, at 10.30 o'clock, at the house; burial at Berlin. Many friends tender sympathy to the afflicted daughter and son.

Married.

CAPELLI—PALLETTI. By Jos. H. Garton, Justice of the Peace, Sunday, Aug. 14th, 1904, at the residence of the groom, Anthony Capelli and Julia Palletti.

THE CALL.

I walked with one whose child had lately died.
We passed the little folk i' the street at play,
When suddenly a clear voice "Father!" cried;
The man turned quick and glad; sighed; moved away.

I spoke not, but 'twas given me to discern
The love that watches through th' eternal years;
God surely so must start and quickly turn
Whene'er the cry of "Father!" strikes his ears.

—Good Words.

When the Heart Is Young

"YOU refuse to marry her!" exclaimed Sir Charles Waldegrave, stopping in his walk to face his rebellious son. "What do you want? Eva Grantholm is beautiful. Her face and figure are perfect. That she is wealthy should be no disadvantage in the eyes of your father's son. Egad, Harvey," he added somewhat more mildly, "when you have come to my years, the age of discretion for a Waldegrave, you will understand that a substantial bank balance is not the least asset in many a fair lady's claim to beauty."

"Not in my eyes," retorted Harvey Waldegrave. "When I choose a wife I shall certainly not consult her banker before I allow my heart to throb for her."

Sir Charles curled his lips superciliously, but his voice betrayed his anxiety as he replied: "Am I to understand from your remark that your heart is already in the throbbing state; that the lady is already found? If so, I warn you that in this matter I have made my stand. Either you marry Eva or—I need not put the threat in words. I have no wish to quarrel with you, Harvey," he added somewhat sadly, "but I love the home that I was born in and it has pleased me to see my sentiments shared by you. It would kill me to see the place in strangers' hands, to know that you would not be its master. That is what your refusal means to me—to you. That my extravagances have brought our fortunes to this pass does not help to make the matter less bitter to me."

Harvey's handsome face softened.

"The very reason you have given, dad, is the one which impels me to pursue the course which I have chosen. Practically penniless, possessed of nothing but an honorable name, I shall not stoop to sully it by bartering it for money. With regard to your other question, although I do not think you put it seriously, so far I have seen no girl with whom I would wish to share that name."

His words appeared to afford his father satisfaction, for laying his hand upon his son's arm he said pleasantly: "Until then the threat I made just now is held in reservation, and perhaps before that time the discretion I spoke of may have come."

"You condemn me to a long course of celibacy, dad," laughed Harvey, "if I have to wait till your age."

"My age! You speak as if I were a rival to Methuselah. I was 49 last March, and do not feel a day older than when I was the age you will be next month. Egad, boy, if you dare to tease me about my age I may enter myself for the matrimonial stakes against you and back myself to carry off the prize."

"So far as I am concerned," retorted Harvey, his eyes twinkling with merriment, "you would have no cause to fear, but even supposing we were both to run, who knows what the lady might have to say? Her feelings would have to be consulted. Beauty and money, the combination, as you say, is peerless. She may know her value and not let herself be won."

Sir Charles gazed amusedly at his handsome son.

"Upon my word, Harvey, were I to close my eyes I might wonder if you were my son. When I was your age every girl was to be won."

"I challenge you to win her," answered Harvey smiling. He believed that Sir Charles was jesting, and was well pleased to find the conversation which had begun so ominously brought to an end so pleasantly.

"At my age undoubtedly it will be a sacrifice, but with an undutiful son who absolutely refuses to aid me I shall have to make it and pursue the matter to an end. What that end may be thirty days will prove; but come, Harvey, it is time to dress for dinner. The thought of what I have embarked upon will make it a pleasure to me. Old as I am, I will let you see that I have not forgotten how to woo. The lesson may be useful to you."

* * * * * * *

The dinner gong had sounded. Impatiently Sir Charles fretted about the room, for young as he considered himself he had reached an age when dinner becomes an important event in the daily round of life.

"See if Miss Grantholm is coming, Mary," he began querulously, when the door was thrown open and Eva was ushered in. His sentence ended abruptly in a scarcely restrained exclamation of admiration.

"I am afraid I am late," she said with a smile to Sir Charles, which instantly caused any recollection of his late impatience to disappear, "but if you will forgive me I shall make amends in future."

He drew her arm through his, and as Harvey followed with his sister he failed to catch his father's answer; evidently it pleased her, for she laughed merrily, but pleasant as the laugh was it jarred on Harvey.

Somewhat discontentedly he took his place opposite her at the square table, but sullenness was not a natural attribute of his, and throwing it off he endeavored to talk on topics likely to interest her; but although Eva answered frankly, she made no effort to pursue the subjects, but turned at once to Sir Charles and listened with sparkling eyes to his discursive stories of the days when he was in the guards.

A quite unusual frown marred Harvey's face as dinner ended. Sir Charles, with old-fashioned gallantry, opened the door for Miss Grantholm, and laying his hand on his heart bowed deeply as he did so.

Sir Charles' face was beaming as he resumed his chair. Filling his glass he held it in the air.

"Miss Grantholm, Harvey. A l'outrance, my boy," he added merrily, as he placed the empty glass upon the table.

"A l'outrance," cried Harvey mockingly.

"You mean to enter for the prize," cried Sir Charles, but his voice showed no enthusiasm.

"I did not say so," retorted Harvey coldly, though his pulse was running at twenty over normal rate. "In the meantime you have the advantage, and——"

"I mean to keep it," said Sir Charles dryly, as, the sound of music reaching them, he left the room.

Harvey lingered over his wine.

"The mere fact that I am practically penniless debars me from wooing her," he muttered gloomily.

Sir Charles had left the door ajar and the pure rich tones of a rich contralto voice were borne into the room. An ardent lover of music, Harvey listened entranced; then, unable to keep away, he in his turn entered the drawing room to find his father hanging over Miss Grantholm and urging her to sing again.

* * * * * * *

Day after day passed and Sir Charles was constantly at Eva's side, while Harvey studiously tried to avoid her company, but without avail. Her laugh in the garden, her voice in the hall, irresistibly drew him to her side. He knew he loved her, that no other woman could occupy the place she had taken in his affections, but he feared his love was hopeless and steeled himself to regard her as his future stepmother. The thought made his blood curdle, but a word, a smile, from her was sufficient to make hope rise within him, and for the time being he would forget his father's more successful wooing. With such a word and smile she greeted him one afternoon when he found her seated in the garden. She made room for him by her side, but somehow conversation seemed to fail them.

"I hope you have enjoyed your visit," he said lamely, for she was leaving on the morrow. "We shall miss you."

"I am glad of that," she answered hesitatingly, "for your father has asked me to——" She paused abruptly and a dainty blush rose to her cheeks; but Harvey's face had suddenly become white and strained.

"Has asked you to——?" he repeated, his voice trembling. "To come back again," she said, with a little nervous laugh, "and I have promised to come; that is, if you and Mary will be glad to have me."

Her eyes were fastened on the ground, but she stole a hasty glance at him and saw the misery upon his face.

"My father has asked you to return; does that mean"—he hesitated to ask the question which was life or death to him—"that some one here has gained your love?"

It was not the question she had expected him to ask, and her face was almost as pale as his as she forced her lips to answer. The word came faintly, feebly, but Harvey heard it and it was "Yes."

He had been holding his stick with both hands across his bent knee, and although the strong wood broke in half his face showed no sign of the pain which cut his heart.

"It is far too cold for sitting out of doors," sounded Sir Charles' voice from twenty yards away. Before Eva could stop him Harvey had leaped to his feet and joined his father.

"So you have gained the prize," he said hoarsely. "Allow me to congratulate you. Beauty and money, youth and love, a prize worth winning."

Sir Charles stared at him with undisguised astonishment.

"What does this pleasantry mean?" he whispered angrily, looking to where Eva sat. Then, placing his arm through Harvey's he led him out of earshot.

"You conceal your joy admirably," continued Harvey sneeringly.

"What joy?" asked Sir Charles, fearing his son's reason had been suddenly affected.

"You need not conceal it; Miss Grantholm has just told me that she has accepted you."

"The deuce she has!" exclaimed Sir Charles, blushing under the tan of active service. "An hour ago she told me no, decidedly."

"She refused you!" cried Harvey, hardly believing that he heard aright, "yet she is coming back."

"Miss Grantholm has the good sense not to allow my mistimed proposal to stand between her and your sister's friendship; she knows I am a gentleman and will not presume again."

"But—she said—that you—that some one here had won her love," stammered Harvey. "Are you sure you have not misunderstood her?"

Sir Charles smiled grimly.

"She made it very clear." Then his lips relaxed into a well-pleased smile. "You love her, Harvey. Love makes one cowardly, but were I in your shoes I should require no incentive from my father to send me to the woman who has confessed her love for me."

Without a word Harvey left his father's side, and ten seconds later he had found Eva still seated where he had left her.

"My father has sent me back to you," he said gently, and as he spoke he took her hand in his. She made no effort to withdraw it, and his courage rose.

"You told me some one had won your heart, the heart which I would give my life to win. My fears told me that all hope of happiness for me was dead, but now I have come back to ask you if you spoke the truth—to tell you that I love you. Darling, I have loved you from the moment I saw you."

"Yet you said you would not stoop to woo me, that your name should not be sullied by sharing it with me," she said, but there was no anger in her tone.

"What nonsense is this, Eva? Who has dared to credit me with such an insult to you?"

She laughed merrily.

"It is useless to deny it. I heard you and your father talking; I heard you say the words you now so indignantly deny."

In an instant it came back to him.

"I forgot," he said sadly, "but if you heard you know my reason. My love has made me forget lack of fortune. I had no right to speak."

"It is no lack in my eyes," she whispered tenderly.

Forgetting all else save that she loved him his arm passed round her and he pressed his lips to hers.

"I meant to teach you both a lesson," she whispered ten minutes later, "but you have taught the teacher what it is to love."

A Good Man.

A middle-aged woman has called at the post office two or three times daily for the past week, to see if there was any mail to her address. Her anxiety finally became so great that she explained that she was expecting money from her husband, who was off on his annual vacation. Yesterday morning she was made glad by receiving a postal card from him. She retired to one of the windows and read aloud to herself:

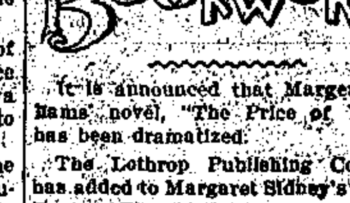
"Dear Wife: I'd send you twenty dollars with this, but you see I'd have to pin it on, and some one might take it off and put a counterfeit in its place, and when I got home you'd be in jail."

She read it over again, and there were tears in her eyes as she mused: "He's the best man on earth. Few husbands would have been as thoughtful as that. I don't know good money from bad, and but for his thoughtfulness I might pass this very night in jail. I see now what a narrow escape I've had, and I'll take the children and go and board with my brother-in-law for the next two weeks."

Fur Comes High.

The most expensive fur is that of the black fox of Kamchatka, the skin of which, when dressed, becomes a very attractive blue. A single skin is worth as much as $1,000.

—In fifty years suicide has increased in Great Britain by 200 per cent.



It is announced that Margery Williams' novel, "The Price of Youth," has been dramatized.

The Lothrop Publishing Company has added to Margaret Sidney's Pepper Books, "Five Little Peppers and Their Friends."

Clara Louise Burnham's two Christian Science novels continue in steady demand. In fact, "The Right Princess" has been sent to press for the fifteenth time, and "Jewel" for the ninth time.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers announce for publication "The Adventures of Buffalo Bill," by the hand of the original Col. William F. Cody. A life of Col. Cody not written by himself is appended.

"His Pseudolc Majesty" is the title of a book written by William Augustus Smith, a Wall street lawyer, and issued by the Liberty Publishing Company. It is a satire on crest-hunting, gold worship and monopoly.

Joseph C. Lincoln's "Cap'n Eri" is reported by A. S. Barnes & Co. to be entering upon a career of increasing popularity. It is said to rank high among the best selling books in New York, Chicago, and other cities.

Doubleday, Page & Co. will hereafter be the American publishers of the "Great Master Series." These reproductions are made by a new process discovered by Mr. Bendixon, the inventor of the phonograph, and are at once cheap and artistic.

John Lane has added to his dainty series of reprints "Flowers of Parnassus," William Watson's poem, "The Tomb of Burns." This critical elegy is written in the six-line stanza in which Wordsworth wrote "At the Grave of Burns," and in which Burns himself wrote so many of his epistles.

"The worse poets are treated in life the better it is for them," said the Poet Laureate, Alfred Austin, the other day, after thanking Signor Ricci for his lecture on Boccaccio before the London Dante Society. "If there are any poets or poetesses here," he continued, "my advice to you is 'Do not let society spoil you.'"

The Macmillan Company will publish the two volumes of Dr. William W. Hastings, "Manual of Physical Measurements, Boys," and "Manual of Physical Measurements, Boys and Girls." The purpose of these books is to promote a more widespread interest in physical training and to provide a brief, practical form of measurements.

Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin, authors of "The Picaroons" and "The Reign of Queen Isyl," are reported to be meditating a serious novel on San Francisco life. Their efforts so far have been in the comedy spirit, but they believe that San Francisco and the Pacific Coast offer more suggestive literary material to the writer than any other place in the world.

W. L. Alden wants Jack London to drop "Jack" and call himself "John." "These writers," he says, "who sign themselves 'Jack' and 'Will,' suggest altogether too unpleasantly the grown women who sign themselves 'Mamie' and 'Birdie.' I trust yet to be able to note that Mr. London has entirely given up shouting, and has adopted the habit of calling himself John London."

Acute Vision of Birds.

Birds have a very acute vision, perhaps the most acute of any creature, and the sense is also more widely diffused over the retina than is the case with man. Consequently a bird can see sideways as well as objects in front of it. A bird sees, showing great uneasiness in consequence, a hawk long before it is visible to man. So, too, fowls and pigeons find minute scraps of food, distinguishing them from what appear to us similar pieces of earth or gravel. Young chickens are also able to find their own food, knowing its position and how distant it is as soon as they are hatched, whereas a child only very gradually learns either to see or to understand the distance of objects. Several birds, apparently the young of all those that nest on the ground, can see quite well directly they come out of the shell, but the young birds that nest in trees or on rocks are born blind and have to be fed.

Last Resort.

Samsmith—Where are you going to pass your vacation?

Jimjones—Don't know yet. I'm looking for a place where there are no talkative women.

Samsmith—What's the matter with a cemetery?

Proof Positive.

Mrs. Neighbor—Your husband seems to be a man of excellent judgment.

Mrs. Newed—Of course he is. He married me, didn't he?

WHERE NATURE SPORTS.

Queer Things to Be Seen in the Bay of Trieste.

Around the head of the Gulf of Trieste, in the southern part of Austria and extending across the base of the Istrian peninsula, is a plateau of limestone which presents some peculiar phenomena, says the New York Tribune.

Full-grown rivers issue from its side, disappear under other hills, to reappear later at some distant point. Mysterious springs rise through the bottom of the Bay of Trieste, in time of heavy rainfall bubling up with a violence sufficient to endanger small craft. In the heart of Cherso Island, which is in the middle of the Gulf of Quarnero, is the lake of Vrana. It is surrounded entirely by hills and lies in a basin said to be 45 fathoms deep. The level of the water is reputed to be at least 40 feet below the level of the sea about the island. It has no apparent affluent or effluent, yet the waters are always fresh and cool.

It is believed the lake is fed by some subterranean passage, leading out under the bay from the Istrian Alps, possibly from Monte Maggiore itself. Some distance to the northward is a lake which disappears for weeks at a time. This sheet of water, known as the Lake of Zirknitz, is about four miles long and from two to three miles broad. Villages, chapels and castles are reflected in its waters. Frequently in July, although not every year, the waters begin to disappear, and in August the bed, 50 feet below the surface at some points, at times gradually appears. From 20 to 25 days are required for the entire lake to be discharged. When the bed is revealed the peasants plant crops of barley where only a short time before they were drawing their nets. The bed remains uncovered sometimes for many weeks. The peasants gather their barley and hay from the bottom in the meantime. Then, with a rush, the waters return, the basin being refilled sometimes in a period of 24 hours.

The limestone which forms the bed is perforated with a vast number of caverns and fissures. Nearly 30 of these are visible. They are 50 feet deep. The peasants give them names such as the Kettle, the Sieve, etc. There are 28 openings which draw water off, only 12 of which both draw off and discharge water. They connect with caverns and subterranean passages penetrating beneath the surrounding mountains.

In this neighborhood also is the grotto of Adlesberg, the largest known cavern in Europe and one of the most beautiful in the world. It has been explored for a distance of four or five miles. Through a portion of it flows the River Poik, which takes this subterranean method of reaching its destination.

Besides the fantastic caves and grottoes are deep pits, varying in diameter from a few feet to several miles, some of them having forests and agricultural lands at their bottoms.

THE SLY WEASEL.

A sawmill in an Iowa town was infested with rats, which, being unmolested, became very numerous and bold, and played round the mill among the men while they worked during the day. But one day a weasel came upon the scene, and at once declared war on the rats.

One by one the rats became victims of the weasel's superior strength, until only one very large, strong fellow was left of the once numerous colony. The weasel attacked the big rat several times, but each time the rat proved more than a match for his slender antagonist, and chased the weasel to a hiding place.

One day the weasel was seen busily digging under a lumber pile near the mill. He was engaged for some time, but later appeared again in the mill, seeking his old enemy. He soon found him, and at once renewed hostilities. As usual, after a lively tussle, the rat proved too much for him, and he ran, pursued closely by the rat, straight to the hole under the lumber pile.

He ran in, still followed by the rat, almost immediately reappeared round the end of the pile, and again dodged into the hole behind the rat. Neither was seen again for some time, but the weasel finally reappeared, looking no worse for the fight.

The curiosity of the men in the mill was aroused, and they proceeded to investigate the hole under the lumber pile. They found that the weasel had dug the hole sufficiently large at the first end to admit the rat, but had gradualy tapered it as he proceeded until at the other end it barely allowed his own slender body to pass.

When the rat chased him into the large end of this underground funnel, he quickly slipped on through, and, while the rat was trying to squeeze his large body into the smaller part of the hole, the weasel dodged in behind him, and, catching him in the rear and in a place where he could not turn round, finished him at his leisure.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED "THE INDUSTRIAL CONFLICT."

The Rev. John D. Long Gives Some Wholesome Advice About Present-Day Problems—The Causes of Discontent and the Remedies.

BABYLON, L. I.—In the old First Presbyterian Church here, Sunday morning, the Rev. John D. Long, pastor, preached on "The Industrial Conflict." The text was from Ecclesiastes ii:22: "What hath a man for all his labor?" Mr. Long said:

The writer of this text was asking as to the rewards of life. Let us accommodate it to the conflict now waging between capital and labor. It is the old question of the laborer and his hire. What are the teachings of Holy Writ on the question?

Here, as elsewhere, we believe that the Gospel applies, for as Ruskin suggests, the Gospel bears upon life at every point, and is either good for everything or good for nothing.

Civilization is based upon labor—human, animal, mechanical. What we call capital is at bottom only accumulated labor. The day laborer lays brick in a wall; that is labor. He saves up a part of his wage, and that becomes capital. Mechanical labor, by which most of the world's work is now done, is human labor invested in machinery, and working through the same.

Of course, money or capital is secured not only through saving and invention, but in many other ways; yet human effort is back of it all, and it becomes a sort of call loan upon the bank of labor. Was it not Emerson who said, "He that hath a dollar is master of all to the extent of that dollar!"

Vast fortunes have been piled up by those who have invented machines by which mechanism may take the place of human hands. Thus the inventor is enabled to draw the wages of thousands. We all know how largely the machine has superseded the naked hand in the manufacture of a thousand and one articles of daily use. Take, for example, pins and needles and nails.

To be sure, many great fortunes have been made by other means than by machinery, but in the main the wealth of modern times is founded upon mechanical labor.

Before asking what the letter or spirit of the Bible teaches on the labor question, let us face the situation of to-day. Organized labor and capital are in conflict. There are strikes and rumors of strikes. Each strike is a battle in the war.

It may be well to observe that organized labor has as yet only a fraction of the total labor army, but it is a fraction that is increasing.

Why this warfare? Because labor on the one hand is dissatisfied with its share of the rewards of industry, and because, on the other, capital constantly seeks to reduce the cost of production by opposing the demands of labor.

Other factors, however, enter into the situation. One arises from the development of the modern corporation. Whether corporations have souls or not, they lack in large measure the element of personality and the personal touch. Men who work for a corporation are working in the main for an unknown entity. Now, we remember that among the old-time Romans the word for stranger was also the word for enemy.

Further, there has been much dishonesty in corporate dealings. Take such things as the corrupt purchase of public franchises below value, the increase in cost of certain necessities of life by reason of unjust combinations to keep up prices. These and other similar crimes against the community have done much to inflame not only labor, but the general public against capital.

Also, the rising standard of life, by which the living wage gets further and further from the meagre pittance that would suffice to support the frugal Chinaman, leads the laborer to constantly demand a more and more generous wage.

Still other grounds of hostility might be referred to, such as the natural, though sinful, envy of the rich by the poor; the ostentatious luxury of the rich, the growth of class distinctions between the poor and the rich and the inequality of pecuniary rewards. The men who discovered the priceless boon of anesthesia—who found that surgery might be rendered painless by the use of such agents as chloroform and ether—gained but little money from their discoveries. They doubtless might have traded on the world's fear of pain, and by using the patent laws and secrecy secured wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, but to their honor they did not. On the other hand, the men who introduced such improved and cheapened methods as the Bessemer process of producing steel gained money by the hundred millions. So people are tempted to ask, "Have not some men been rather selfish, to say the least, in the acquisition of their wealth? And may they not have obtained a little more than their share?"

Before we go further let us ask what is to be the probable outcome of the war between labor and capital? Is it an irrepressible conflict, or can the opposing interests be reconciled? The answer is already being given. Take such a situation as may now be seen in the coal trade of Chicago. After bitter fighting the dealers and the teamsters have come together to monopolize the coal trade of the city and keep out all competition. Wages and profits have been put up at the expense of the outside public. This is likely to go on more and more.

The ultimate outcome, unless the tendency is checked, will be organization all along the line until we have collectivism—a vast organized machine, in which men will be cogs and individual initiative and personality will be restricted to an extent that will largely arrest the progress of civilization.

But let us take a breath and turn to the Bible. What are the teachings of the Bible in regard to labor and wealth? The Old Testament is plainly anti-capitalistic. In proof of this you have but to read the laws regarding capital in the Book of Leviticus—laws that, if enforced, would compel plain living as surely as the iron coin of Sparta. Hear what was laid down there. Land was allotted in small parcels to the families of the tribes, and could not be alienated except for the term of fifty years. "And ye shall hallow this fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof; it shall be a jubilee unto you; and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family." (Leviticus xxv:10).

Interest could not be charged on loans. "And if thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee; then thou shalt relieve him; yea, though he be a stranger or a sojourner; that he may live with thee. Thou shalt not lend him thy money upon usury, nor lend him thy victuals for increase." (Leviticus xxv:35-6).

Finally, there was the statute of limitations with reference to loans. "At the end of every seven years thou shalt make a release. And this is the manner of the release; every creditor that lendeth aught unto his neighbor shall release it." (Deuteronomy xv:1-2).

The attitude of the Old Testament toward wealth is perhaps best reflected in the prayer of Agur—"Give me neither poverty nor riches * * * lest I be full, and deny Thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." (Proverbs xxx:8-9).

I need hardly remind you that the great character dominating every page of the New Testament was a poor man, without house or home. His attitude toward labor on the one hand and capital on the other may be imagined. It is well put by Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke:

"Never in a costly palace did I rest on golden bed,
Never in a hermit's cavern have I eaten idle bread.
Born within a lowly stable, where the cattle round Me stood,
Trained a carpenter in Nazareth, I have toiled and found it good.
They who tread the path of labor follow where My feet have trod;
They who work without complaining do the holy will of God.
Where the many toil together, there am I among My own;
Where the tired workman sleepeth, there am I with him alone.
I, the peace that passeth knowledge, dwell amid the daily strife.
I, the bread of heaven, am broken in the *sacrament of life.*"

While there is never any bitterness in the Master's utterance regarding wealth, His views may be readily gathered from such parables as that of Dives and Lazarus (Luke xvi:19).

Again, we have the same attitude in the passage on the camel and the needle's eye (Matthew xix:23).

Not only was the Lord poor, but His apostles were all poor men, who placed no value on wealth. Paul, the greatest of apostolic preachers, supported himself by manual labor, and taught "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil" (I. Timothy vi:9-10). On the whole, the attitude of the New Testament is one of warning against the seductions of wealth.

The evangelical churches stand upon the word of Scripture, and so in sympathy with labor. In fact, of some 7,000,000 of male members in the evangelical churches of our land, not less than 6,000,000 are wage earners or manual laborers. So that the claim that the modern church has departed from the position occupied by the apostolic church is not well founded.

What, then, from the letter and spirit of the Bible in connection with the teachings of experience is to be suggested as a means of curing the quarrel between labor and capital?

First, let there be closer personal relations between the rich and the poor. Let them meet together in the fellowship of God's house and the Divine Fatherhood. Out of mutual acquaintance will come mutual respect, and a recognition of a common humanity.

You may remember Emerson's story of the quarrel between the mountain and the squirrel, where he says:

"The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter 'Little prig.'
Bun replied,
'You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year
And a sphere
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not as large as you,
You are not so small as I;
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ, all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

Then there should be a deeper interest taken by capital in the financial well-being of labor. Such devices as profit sharing, old age pensions and the like will give the workman a sense of greater security and of partnership with capital.

Interest taken in the proper housing of labor, although not always appreciated, is in the right line. So, too, the introduction of the social secretary as an intermediary between the corporation and the employe.

Another thing needed, not so much in the interests of labor or capital, but in the interests of the innocent non-combatants, is compulsory arbitration, applied at least where the public suffers intolerable inconvenience, as in the case of a railroad, telegraph or coal strike. Compulsory arbitration may not always be satisfactory to the combatants, but it is essential to the peace and comfort of those not involved in the controversy. This remedy, or military control, as in the recent railway strikes in Holland and Austria, should be used to protect the public.

The sovereign remedy, however, must be not by recourse to legal means, but by the application of the royal law. James (ii:8), after speaking of the relations between the rich and the poor, says: "If ye fulfill the royal law according to the Scripture, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, ye do well." This is the aqua regia, the royal solvent, in which we may solve all the hard asperities of conflicting interests.

Only as men come to know God through Christ, whom He has sent, and so come to love their fellow men, will it be possible to solve these questions of controversy in a way that will insure the permanent progress of our civilization.

What we need, after all, is not measures, but men.

"The world wants men—large hearted, manly men;
Men who shall join in chorus and prolong
The psalm of labor and of love.
The age wants heroes—heroes who shall dare
To struggle in the solid ranks of truth;
To clutch the monster, error, by the throat;
To bear opinion to a loftier seat;
To blot the error of oppression out,
And lead a universal freedom in."

New Kind of Band.

Pruntytown's newly organized brass band was about to perpetrate its first open-air concert, and the various members of the aggregation were comporting themselves after the fashion of village musicians.

"Here! here!" impatiently ejaculated their director, who was a one-time brass-buster with the Greatest Show on Earth. "Quit gappin' at them girls, will yeh? Wad da youse guys t'ink dis is, anyhow—a rubber-band?"

If a man doesn't acquire the reform ation germ when he is sick there isn't much hope for him.

Sunday School Lesson

Lesson 8. August 21.

ELIJAH ON MOUNT CARMEL.

1 Kings 18: 30-46. (Study vs. 20-46.) Memory verses: 36-39.

Golden Text: If the Lord be God, follow him.—1 Kings 18: 21.

DIFFICULT POINTS EXPLAINED.

HOW TO LOCATE THIS LESSON.

Time.—A few days after the events of the last lesson,—say, 909 B. C., biblical, or 858 B. C., Assyrian.

Place.—Mount Carmel, the splendid ridge south of the Kishon, projecting into and overlooking the Mediterranean Often mentioned for its sightliness, its forests, its fruitfulness, its possibilities as a hiding place (for example, Isa. 33: 9; 35: 2; Jer. 46: 18; Amos 9: 3; Micah 7: 14). A center of worship of the prophets (2 Kings 2: 25; 4: 23, 25). See the Times Lesson Picture, and look up the geography.

Persons.—First, the two contending parties, Elijah on the one side, and on the other, the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal. Ahab had been told to bring also Jezebel's four hundred prophets of the Asherah (1 Kings 18: 19), but it does not appear whether they were on hand. Very likely Jezebel and her contingent kept out of the affair. Second, the judges of the contest, King Ahab and the representatives of Israel, probably some hundreds or thousands in number. Presumably royal guards and soldiers also. After the sacrifice Elijah had a servant with him, and supposably he had assistants to help in the sacrifice.

Preceding Events.—They are on Mt. Carmel by the summons of the King, obeying the requirement of Elijah. He has made his challenge to the prophets of Baal. They have accepted and offered their sacrifice and prayed in vain for an answer. Noon has passed, and Elijah has exasperated them by his derision. At the opening of the lesson he is making his preparations so as to offer his sacrifice at the mid-afternoon (v. 36), and meanwhile they continue their frantic efforts till that hour (18: 29).

LIGHT ON PUZZLING PASSAGES.

Verse 30.—Elijah said: It is his turn now, and he asks the attention that is due.—All the people came near: In spite of the fact that Baal's prophets draw blood in their sensational efforts, Elijah is the drawing attraction in Israel just now. To say nothing of his spiritual power, he has been gone three years and has returned, and meanwhile Baal has proved a failure.—He repaired the thrown down altar of Jehovah: This is the mechanically literal translation. There had been a place of worship there, and, presumably, it had been devastated by the persecuting soldiers of Jezebel. The Deuteronomic law forbidding national sacrifices except at one place, was now for these northern people in abeyance; but even if it had been in force, there is no proof that the altar had been used for any but the private sacrifices provided for in the law (Deut. 12: 15, 21, where the literal translation is, "thou mayest make a sacrifice," etc.) The burnt-offering now offered by Elijah would be justified by the theophany.

Verses 31-32 a.—Details of the repairing of the altar.—Twelve: He had in mind the southern tribes as well as the northern. Apparently the stones were uncut, complying with the law (Exod. 20: 25; Deut. 27: 5).—Israel shall be thy name: The quotation is from Genesis 35: 10, not 32: 28.

Verses 32 b-35.—A trench: Probably a basin walled in by a bank.—Two measures: Three pecks. "As great as would contain" is not in the Hebrew. The comparison indicates the shape of the basin, not its capacity. "He made an embankment, as it were a two-seat measure for seed." See margin of the Revised Versions.—Fill ye four jars with water: Is he adressing his own assistants or the bystanders? In either case the soaking with water is clear proof that there is no fraud.—He filled the trench: Rather "one filled,"—that is, "the trench was filled."

Verses 36-37.—The evening oblation: The middle of the afternoon.

Verses 39-40.—And he said: Take the prophets of Baal: Elijah takes advantage of their state of mind to give them orders, and his orders are instantly obeyed.—He slew them: Of course by the hands of others, not by his own. The ethics of this transaction is the ethics of war. Elijah must teach the murderous partisans of Jezebel that they cannot slaughter Jehovah's followers with impunity. History records few instances of punishment more just or more salutary in effect than this one.

Verses 41-42.—Note the contrast between the two men,—Ahab on the slope of the mountain feasting, glad that the rain is promised, but considering how he will settle with Jezebel for the afternoon's work; and Elijah on one of the summits, sitting with bowed head. He does not feel like feasting. He has felt constrained to do a dreadful deed. His prayer for effectual resistance to the persecutors has been answered, but the answer to the prayer for rain has not yet come. He has been under severe strain, and he seems to be physically limp and exhausted.

Verse 43.—And seven times he said, Go again: This order gives what I think to be the true meaning.

Verses 45-46.—The hand of Jehovah was on Elijah; Jehovah's "hand" may have affected him in part through the medium of his joyful excitement over the success of the day's work.—Ran before Ahab: Perhaps fifteen miles in the rain. A prodigious athletic feat, in contrast with what seemed to be his physical condition while he was waiting on the mountain. Also a token that he was the humble subject of the king, in contrast with the haughtiness he had displayed as the bearer of terms from Jehovah.—The Sunday School Times.

Hereditary.

"I hear," said the friend of the family, "that your son is sowing wild oats broadcast since he went to the city."

"Takes arter his ole dad, I reckon," replied old man Corntossel, "Th' farmer in him air bound tew crop out, by heck!"

Advice.

"Anybody kin give advice," said Uncle Eben, "but it takes a right smart man to pick out de right kind an' take it."—Washington Star.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY AND EPWORTH LEAGUE.

TOPIC FOR AUGUST 21, 1904.

STANDING ALONE FOR GOD.—Rom. 8:31-39.

The swimmer who is caught in some great current on the seashore will not realize its strength if he drifts with it. But let him turn and try to fight his way against it, and he may find that all his strength will not save him from being carried out to sea.

Now there are in the world great currents of rationalistic thought, of worldliness in different forms, and of carelessness. If one gets caught in one of these he will not realize how strong its force or whither it is carrying him until he tries to stem the tide.

Everyone is in danger of drifting out to sea with one of these currents. The great tides of worldliness in its many varied forms are everywhere in constant action, and those who would be saved from them must make a struggle against them. That is a very difficult thing to do because it involves being separate, being different from the people of the world. It involves taking God for one's stay; for no one can stand alone against these great world forces.

It is very needful indeed that we all should know that there has to be a struggle in every Christian's life, and that no one can expect to serve God without in some way—probably in many ways—standing alone, or apart from all those neighbors whom one knows and whose approval makes life easy, while their disapproval makes, to say the least, a great deal of disagreeableness. If we know that a struggle is sure to come, that it is expected of us we shall be more willing to steel ourselves to meet it. If we think that to conform the average spiritual standards of the people about us is all that is required, then we shall not be likely to stand alone for God, and shall not hear His "Well done, good and faithful servant."

"Excelsior" is a Christian motto. God expects all who would serve Him to rise higher and higher. We are bidden to be like God. To do that we must rise from one spiritual plane to another and another, each one revealing greater heights beyond, greater possibilities of attainment for the glory of God.

There is endless room for improvement. How should it be otherwise when to be like God is our aim! There is endless room for effort, for the task to be accomplished is only measured by God's greatness.

Then how, in the name of common sense, can we hope to attain to the heaven of our aspirations—that is to say, to glad and unrestrained fellowship with God—unless we begin endeavoring to be like Him? And how can we begin that endeavor so long as we are content to go along with the crowd and accept its standards of what is good?

We cannot. It is the business of the Christian religion to show us visions of God, and to urge us to make these visions take shape in our own lives. As the visions are necessarily revelations of God to our own personal souls, so, if we are to profit by them, we must stand alone in our endeavor to realize them.

One person, let us say for example, sees, or thinks he sees, that God dislikes dancing parties. It becomes his duty to stand apart in this matter and act on his own convictions even though all his friends may consider dancing "harmless" or beneficial, and the same rule applies to theatre-going, to card playing, and to many other practices. The question which the believer has to solve with regard to all such matters is not whether they are lawful for other people or not, but, whether God would have him take part in them or not. It is a personal question for each individual.

And the point on which the answer should depend is the effect of such occupations on his own spiritual life and on his influence over others. The man who is seeking with all his heart to get near to God and help others to get near to God will frequently find himself obliged to keep away from pleasures that other people consider quite proper, and to make sacrifices which other people think he should not make.

Whatever a man believes to be the will of God, that he must strive to do. He may be very far in the wrong, and at a later stage in his spiritual development may see that he was in the wrong. But the important thing is that he should try, and try hard, to live up to the standard of obligation which at the time is the ideal he has won from a study of the Word of God and prayer and thought.

The further one progresses in the knowledge and love of God, the more will he be separated from the crowds about him. In all ages of the world there have been men who stood so far above the majority in a spiritual way that they were very much alone. The communion of such men and women is more with God than with their fellows.

Take, for examples, Abraham, Moses, David, Elijah, the prophets and the apostles. They were men who stood alone for God. They were other godly men of their times who were an encouragement to them. But the life of these great souls came from God and was centred in God. It was to Him they looked for approval, and it was He alone who comprehended their motives and efforts. If they had been dependent upon the approval of their fellows, they would have been lonely, indeed.

There is plenty of chance to stand alone for God. Anyone by seeking with all his might to do the will of God, will soon and certainly find himself very much alone, but for the fellowship that he will have with God, and perhaps also with a few kindred spirits.

In our topic texts Paul quotes from Psalm 44. If you read the Psalm you will see that the writer is puzzling over God's ways with His people. He wonders why it is that God permits His people to be so oppressed and slaughtered by enemies. In times past he says God had protected His people; why did He not do so now? He cannot see how God is to profit by the people's distress. (Verse 12). And he cannot see any sufficient reason for the punishment of the people in their actions, for he says: "Yet have we not forgotten Thee, neither have we dealt falsely in Thy covenant," and more to the same effect. He could only see that the people were suffering because they were God's people, and were trying to do right. There may have been some truth in that view of the case, though he may not have allowed for the people's need of punishment to keep them holy.

Paul shows light upon the matter. He says, in effect, that when God's people so suffer they are to account themselves conquerors. They must expect the suffering. They must expect to be "killed all the day long." Their whole life, day by day, is to be one long giving up of what the world calls life. But all the giving up, all the suffering, is so much more than compensated for, that they should regard themselves not as sheep led to the slaughter, but as more than conquerors.

OTHER SCRIPTURES.

Num. 13:26; 14:25.—Psalm 118; and more particularly verses 6, 8, 14, 22 and 23.—1 Cor. 15:57.—2 Cor. 2:14.—2 Cor. 11: 24-28.—1 John 4:4.—1 John 5:4, 5.—Rev. 12:11.

HYMNS.

O, Jesus, I have promised to serve Thee to the end.

Dare to be a Daniel.

LABOR NOTES.

San Francisco, Cal., team drivers receive $3, $3.50 and $4 a day for driving one, two and three-horse teams, respectively.

The Chinese Government is to receive £300 per thousand for all the Chinese coolies shipped to the South African mines.

The Northumberland (England) Coal Conciliation Board has decided to make no change in the rates of wages for the next three months.

Practically no interest or concern is shown in labor circles over the formation of the new organization of employers of various lines.

Lowell, Mass., union operatives say they are prepared to meet assessments if there is a long strike, and they are needed in Fall River.

G. T. R. telegraphers, having failed to reach a satisfactory understanding with the management of the company, will possibly go out on strike.

Many brick and stone masons in the City of Mexico are working for $2 to $2.50 a day, who got but 50 cents and 75 cents a few years ago.

Union pant makers of Boston, Mass., unanimously agreed on a weekly assessment upon the members in aid of the striking New York garment workers.

The first organization of coal miners in this country was in 1861 by some miners who came from England and settled in the Bellevue district of Illinois.

An attempt on the part of the socialistic faction in the Chicago, Ill., Federation of Labor to control the semi-annual election resulted in serious disturbances.

For recognizing the Carpenters' Union a contracting firm at Sharon, Pa., has been fined $1000, and expelled from the Builders' Exchange of that district.

Strikes and general labor unrest at Brest continue, rioting being resumed recently and ending in many severe injuries to the military, the police and the strikers.

In Chicago, Ill., during the past year over 50,000 workers had their hours of labor reduced from ten to nine, and a gain of wages amounting to over $9,000,000.

Minneapolis (Minn.) Painters' and Decorators' Union has decided to remain firm in its decision to fight the open-shop proposition wherever it presents itself.

Marine workers in Europe, Russia, Japan and other countries will enter the new marine federation which the 'longshoremen intend to organize as a world-wide organization.

A proposition to organize the school teachers of the country, along trade union lines, created considerable discussion at the recent meeting of the National Educational Association.

A few lodges of the Order of Railway Clerks of Mexico have been organized in Mexico, and it is possible that the name of the order may be changed to Brotherhood of Railway Clerks.

Union bakers at Cleveland, O., are engaged in a house-to-house canvass, which is being made for the purpose of inducing residents of the city to eat the bread which bears the union label, and no other.

The conference of the General Federation of Trades, held recently in London, Eng., decided to reduce the affiliation fees by one-third. The invested funds and money in hand now amount to over £100,000.

Hard to Tell Them Apart.

"In the old days, when the capital of Alabama was located at Tuscaloosa, there was a good deal of open gambling at that seat of legislation," said D. M. Lowrey, of New Orleans. "It was the custom in those times for men of all grades of society to risk their money at games of chance, and the lawmakers who gathered at Tuscaloosa were among the best patrons of the gaming tables.

"The proprietor of one of those resorts, wishing to keep the State solons separated from the ordinary customers of his place, put up a big sign in the apartment devoted to faro, poker, roulette and the like which read:

"'Members of the Legislature, please take the table to the right; gamblers take the table to the left. It's hard to tell you apart.'"—Washington Post.

A hero must die at the right time in order to acquire a monument.

—Italian restaurants are multiplying in London with amazing rapidity.

BOARD OF TRADE.

There was a good attendance at the adjourned meeting, last Tuesday night.

A letter from E. R. Meeker called attention to a work authorized by State Legislature, entitled "State of New Jersey; a historical, industrial, and commercial review." It being desirable to make the work as comprehensive as possible, the compiler asked the Board to write details—history, description, etc., of Hammonton, with facilities for business, sending plates of photographs of town and principal buildings. By vote, President H. M. Phillips appointed Messrs. R. J. Byrnes, O. E. Hoyt, and H. L. Monfort a committee to respond to this request.

Messrs. Walter B. Matlack, George Hancock, and Charles Adlington were admitted to membership.

Committee presented printed copies of the constitution.

In regard to the town as a health resort, it was developed that medical men and periodicals all over the world know this section as beneficial in lung diseases. Stated, that a Sanitarium is to be opened here by a syndicate of city physicians.

Bills amounting to $15.59 were ordered paid; also $25 for analysis of mineral spring water.

Three dollars were received for sale of booklets.

The subject of trolley from Absecon to Camden, and Vineland to Mount Holly, was talked over. Of course, these are desirable, and will be encouraged in every possible way.

Adjourned.

☞ List of uncalled-for letters in the Hammonton Post Office on Wednesday, Aug. 17, 1904:

Hester Green — James Geno
Logia Yacona — Alissandro Nardane
Elmer J Rhoods

FOREIGN

Carmine Tamaseco

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please state that it has been advertised.

M. L. JACKSON, P. M.

☞ We had the pleasure of inspecting the grounds and greenhouses of Messrs. Watkis & Nicholson, the other day. One seldom sees such a large and pretty line of rose bushes, border and bedding plants, and house plants. We wonder where they will find room for them all, next winter.

☞ A Republican Club has been organized at Winslow, with fifty-four members, and a dozen or more recruits are ready for next meeting. The officers elected are—

President, Jos. R. Imhoff.
Vice-Pres't, E. A. Cranmer.
Secretary, Wm. H. Robinson.
Treasurer, E. H. Simpler.

☞ We neglected to mention, last week, the death of John Q. A. Greenwood, which occurred in Philadelphia. He owned a farm near Chew and Second Roads, and has made his home there for some years; but being an expert weaver, he sometimes worked for a few months in the city. He was 57 years old at the time of his death.

☞ Although we have our doubts about it, city papers stated that on last Friday morning, as the circus people were unloading their wagons, a monkey or ape, or gorilla, escaped, and defied the efforts of several men who attempted to capture him, and is still at liberty in the woods. Many people who are in the habit of passing along lonely wood paths take to the clearing for fear of meeting the hungry beast.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me directed, issued out of the Atlantic County Court of Common Pleas, will be sold at public vendue, on

Tuesday, Aug. 23, 1904.

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the Hammonton House, in Hammonton, in the county of Atlantic, and State of New Jersey,

All that certain tract of land and premises, lying and being in the town of Hammonton, county of Atlantic and state of New Jersey, bound d and described as follows:

Beginning at the westerly corner of land owned by one Helser, in the middle of the so-called Chew Road, twenty seven rods and fifteen links south from the southerly corner of land owned by Greenmount Cemetery Company; thence [1] along the westerly line of the Helser land, eighteen rods to a point; thence [2] at right angles with first line, in a north-westerly direction, ten rods to a point; thence [3] parallel with first line, fourteen rods to a point in the centre of Chew Road; thence [4] along the c ntre of Chew Road eleven rods to the place of beginning.

Seized as the property of Domenica Rava and taken in execution at the suit of Benjamin Fogletto, and to be sold by

SAMUEL KIRBY, Sheriff.

Dated July 16, 1904.

BENJAMIN FOGLETTO, per se.

29-35. pr. fee, $9.00

BASE-BALL.

Last Saturday's game was short and sharp,—acknowledged to be the best game played here this season.

The score—

Hammonton	R	1B	PO	A	E
Angelow, c	0	0	11	1	0
Wolstaffer, 2b	0	1	0	1	0
Smathers, 3b	0	0	1	2	0
Herbert, 1b	0	1	10	0	1
Bailey, ss	0	0	0	3	1
Rogers, lf	0	0	3	0	0
Slack, p	0	0	1	4	0
Scull, rf	0	1	0	0	0
Naylor, cf	0	0	1	0	0
	0	3	27	10	2

St. Luke's					
Taylor, 2b	0	0	4	0	0
Keineth, ss	0	0	2	2	1
Brennan, lf	0	0	3	1	1
Collier, 1b	0	0	8	1	1
Holloway, 3b	0	0	1	5	0
Bell, cf	1	1	1	0	0
Barron, rf	0	2	1	0	0
Moore, c	0	1	7	0	0
Green, p	0	1	1	3	0
	1	5	27	12	3

Hammonton	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
St. Luke's	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1

Sacrifice hits...Rogers, Moore 2
Left on bases...Ham 3, St L 6
Struck out...by Slack 7, Green 5
Stolen bases...Scull, Naylor, Collier
Double play...Collier to Green
Base on errors...Ham 3, St L 2
Base on balls...By Slack 1
Hit by pitched ball...Smathers, Bell
Umpire, Watt. Time, 1.05

Schedule for August,—

20th, Penn B. C.
27th, Joe Grim and his Club.

The Booklets.

Ten thousand booklets of the Town of Hammonton, beautifully illustrated, have just been issued by the Board of Trade. Every citizen is entitled to a copy, free of charge, which may be procured by calling on the Secretary, Dr. Charles Cunningham, at his residence, Second Street.

Additional copies may be obtained by paying the following prices eight for 25 cents; three for 10 cents; or 5 cents each. These prices include envelopes for mailing, when desired. They can be purchased of the Secretary, from P. H. Jacobs, Chairman of Printing Committee, and at Henson's news room.

The cost of these booklets largely exceeds the above prices, and all money obtained from their sale will be kept separate from the general funds of the Board of Trade, and be used exclusively for advertising the Town in other ways.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

(WEST JERSEY & SEASHORE R. R.)

Schedule in effect June 25, 1904. Subject to change.

DOWN TRAINS. UP TRAINS.

Sun. Acc. p. m.	Sun. Acc. a. m.	Sun Ex. a. m.	Acc. p. m.	Ex. p. m.	Acc. p. m.	Ex. a. m.	Acc. a. m.	Acc. a. m.	STATION	Acc. a. m.	Acc. a. m.	Exp. a. m.	Acc p. m.	Acc. p. m.	Sun Acc a. m.	Sun Acc p. m.
4 30	8 00	8 00	5 00	5 44	5 00	1040	10 45	8 32	Lv. Philadelphia. Ar	7 31	8 35	8 11	1 50	6 07	9 45	5 55
4 37	8 09	8 06	5 09	5 50	5 08	1052	10 53	8 40	Camden	7 22	8 27	8 03	1 42	5 59	9 37	5 47
4 48	8 20	.....	5 20	.....	5 16	.....	11 03	8 50	Collingswood	7 09	8 17	.....	1 30	5 48	9 26	5 36
4 55	8 29	.....	5 28	.....	5 23	.....	11 09	8 57	Haddonfield	7 00	8 10	.....	1 23	5 42	9 20	5 30
5 05	8 39	.....	5 38	.....	5 32	.....	11 19	9 07	Kirkwood	6 47	7 59	.....	1 12	5 30	9 10	5 18
5 18	8 57	.....	5 53	.....	5 43	.....	11 35	9 20	Berlin	6 34	7 47	.....	1 00	5 18	8 57	5 03
5 22	9 04	.....	5 59	.....	5 48	.....	11 41	9 25	Atco	6 29	7 40	.....	12 55	5 13	8 52	4 57
5 30	9 13	.....	7 09	.....	5 56	.....	11 49	9 33	Waterford	6 18	7 28	.....	12 47	5 03	8 42	4 48
*5 34	*9 17	.....	*7 15	.....	6 00	.....	*11 53	9 37	Ancora	6 12	7 16	.....	12 42	5 00	*8 40	*4 42
5 38	9 21	.....	7 21	.....	6 04	.....	11 57	9 42	Winslow Jc. (P'vo)	6 08	7 11	.....	12 37	4 56	8 36	4 38
5 45	9 28	8 59	7 30	6 23	6 10	1125	12 05	9 49	Hammonton	6 00	7 05	7 29	12 30	4 49	8 30	4 29
5 56	9 39	.....	.....	.....	6 20	.....	.....	9 59	Elwood	.....	6 55	.....	.....	4 39	8 20	4 18
6 03	9 53	.....	6 37	6 27	1133	.....	10 07		Egg Harbor	.....	6 46	.....	.....	4 31	8 18	4 05
6 23	10 18	.....	6 50	6 45	.....	.....	10 28		Absecon	.....	6 30	.....	.....	4 13	7 56	3 44
6 35	10 27	9 10	7 00	6 55	1200	.....	10 40		Atlantic City	.....	6 10	9 00	10 15	3 50	7 45	3 32

* Stops only on notice to conductor or agent, or on signal.

Morning express down, leaves Phila. 4.50, Hammonton 5.39, Atlantic 6.20.
Sundays,—Philada. 5.00 a.m., Hammonton 5.50, Atlantic 6.30.

Afternoon express down, leaves Philada., at 3.00, Hammonton 3.40, Atlantic 4.20.

Evening express up, leaves Atlantic at 5.30, Hammonton 5.50, Philada. at 6.45.
Sundays,—Atlantic 5.45, Hammonton 6.15, Philada. 7.00.

Saturday ONLY, express leaves Philada. 1.00 p.m., Hammonton 1.40, arriving at Atlantic 2.10.

W W ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager. J R WOOD, Pass'g'r Traffic Manager
Geo W BOYD, Gen'l Pass'r Agt.

Atlantic City R. R.

Friday, July 1, 1904.

DOWN TRAINS. Subject to change. UP TRAINS.

Sund p. m.	Sund a. m.	Sund a. m.	Ac p. m.	p. m.	p. m.	a. m.	a. m.	STATIONS.	a. m.	a. m.	a. m.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	Sun a m	Sun p. m
5 00	8 30	6 00	5 30	5 10	1 00	1050	6 50	Philadelphia	6 25	9 25	10 25	1125	6 25	9 30	9 25	6 55
5 12	8 40	6 12	5 42	5 20	1 10	1100	6 12	Camden	6 10	8 14	10 13	1115	6 10	9 36	9 14	6 40
5 19	.....	6 21	5 50	5 28	.....	.....	6 21	West Collingswood	6 06	8 06	.....	.....	6 03	.....	9 07	6 31
5 27	.....	6 29	5 58	5 36	.....	.....	6 29	Haddon Heights	5 54	8 00	.....	.....	5 55	.....	8 58	6 23
5 40	.....	6 44	7 12	5 50	.....	.....	6 44	Laurel Springs	5 38	7 48	.....	.....	5 40	.....	8 48	6 09
5 44	.....	6 49	7 16	5 54	.....	.....	6 49	Clementon	5 34	7 46	.....	.....	5 36	.....	8 40	5 57
5 56	.....	7 00	7 28	6 10	.....	.....	7 00	Williamstown Junc.	5 23	7 18	.....	.....	5 28	.....	8 27	5 46
6 02	.....	7 05	7 31	6 16	.....	.....	7 05	Cedar Brook	5 19	7 13	.....	.....	5 21	.....	8 21	5 44
6 08	.....	7 09	7 35	6 20	.....	.....	7 09	Blue Anchor	5 15	7 09	.....	.....	5 18	.....	8 16	5 40
6 13	9 08	7 14	7 52	6 25	.....	.....	7 14	Winslow Junc. (P'vo)	5 11	7 05	.....	.....	5 10	.....	8 12	5 27
6 19	9 12	7 21	7 59	6 30	1 20	1182	7 21	Hammonton	5 05	6 58	9 38	1014	4 58	8 04	8 04	5 20
6 25	.....	7 27	8 05	.....	6 35	.....	7 26	La Costa	.....	6 53	.....	.....	4 53	.....	7 59	5 15
6 32	.....	7 33	.....	6 41	.....	.....	7 36	Elwood	.....	6 46	.....	.....	4 26	.....	7 51	5 08
6 39	9 24	7 41	.....	6 47	.....	1144	7 41	Egg Harbor	.....	6 39	.....	.....	4 19	6 51	7 44	5 01
6 47	.....	7 49	.....	6 54	.....	.....	7 49	Brigantine Junc.	.....	6 30	.....	.....	4 10	.....	7 35	4 52
6 56	.....	8 02	.....	7 06	.....	.....	8 02	Pleasantville	.....	6 19	9 08	.....	3 59	.....	7 25	4 41
7 04	9 45	8 10	.....	7 16	2 10	1205	8 10	Atlantic City	.....	6 10	9 00	1015	3 50	6 30	7 15	4 32

Morning express down leaves Phila. at 8.00, Hammonton 8.42, Atlantic 9.16.
Up accommodation leaves Hammonton at 5.35 a.m., reaching Philada. at 6.55.
Morning express up leaves Atlantic 7.00, Hammonton 7.29, arriving at Philada. at 8.10.
Afternoon express down leaves Phila. at 3.00, Hammonton 3.41, Egg Harbor 3.54, Atlantic 4.15.
Afternoon express up leaves Atlantic at 4.30, Hammonton 5.04, Philada. 5.50.
Evening express down leaves Philada. at 4.30, Hammonton 5.11, and Atlantic 5.45.
Evening express down leaves Philada. 5.40, Hammonton 6.22, arriving at Atlantic 7.00.
Weekday night accom. down leaves Philada. at 8, reaching Hammonton at 9.16.
Evening express down leaves Phila. 6.30, Hammonton 9.12, Egg Harbor 9.23, Atlantic 9.45.
Night express up leaves Atlantic at 8.50, Egg Harbor 9.51, Hammonton 9.04, Philada. 9.50.
Sunday night express up leaves Atlantic 6.30, Egg Harbor 6.52, Hammonton 7.00, Philadelphia 7.50.
Sunday evening express down leaves Philada. 7.15, Hammonton 7.54, Atlantic 8.25.
Sunday morning express up leaves Atlantic at 9.30, Hammonton 10.06, Philada. 10.50.

A. T. DICE, Gen. Supt. EDSON J. WEEKS, Gen. Passenger Agent