

They dislike going to
School when they can;
But now they cannot
Wait for it to start.

South Jersey Republican

When they get their
New auto fire trucks,
Weekly fire drills will
Be on the program.

Three cents per copy.

HOYT & SON, Publishers and Printers.

One twenty-five per year.

Vol. 54

HAMMONTON, N. J., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1916

No. 38

HEALTH NOTICE.

Owing to infantile paralysis making its appearance within a few miles of Hammonton, we deemed it necessary to maintain a strict quarantine of the whole town. It may inconvenience you, but is for your protection.

Diphtheria is still confined to the foreign element, with four cases under quarantine.

No certificates are being issued, and none are recognized from other places.

Typhoid fever is all gone, and by exercising care we need not have any more.

We request the people to report to our Inspector all suspicious cases of illness, so he can make an investigation.

By order of

BOARD OF HEALTH.

Miss Sadie Cunningham was one of this week's visitors.

Miss Mabel Seely is visiting her relatives in Bristol and Philada.

Mrs. Clara A. Brown is home from an enjoyable stay at Ocean City.

Mrs. Carrie M. Winchip, from Atlantic City, was in town on Wednesday.

Miss Carrie Nelson, of Drexel Institute, visited her sister, Mrs. D. W. C. Russell.

Miss Minnie B. Newcomb is spending a couple of weeks with Hammonton relatives.

Mr. George Westcott and wife, of Millville, called on his sister, Mrs. Eunice Seely, on Sunday.

Dr. Bitler and family home from a delightful sea voyage to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

Lester A. Sutor, assistant in the Central Pharmacy, is spending a fortnight with his parents in Altoona, Penna.

There was a change of train-time on the Reading, this week. The Pennsy is also about to issue a new time-table.

The Methodist people will be at home again to-morrow, in their newly renovated and re-lighted house of worship.

About twenty cars, containing Church brotherhood societies of Burlington, stopped off a few minutes, on Thursday, enroute to Atlantic City.

William E. Altemus, formerly employed in Hammonton, died suddenly, Sept. 5th, while he and his family were spending vacation at Stroudsburg, Pa.

D. S. Bellamy, of Phoenixville, Penna., several years ago a popular employe at Steel's, will open a jewelry store in Black's Block, on South Second Street.

Atlantic County will receive \$177,910 as its share of the three million dollars state railroad tax, which will be distributed among the several school districts.

Chas. Kendall will soon be home again from the Navy. He is chief bugler on the "Oklahoma," which has recently passed through seven hurricanes, and been a-fire several times.

M. L. Ruberton was awarded the contract for transporting pupils over six routes, to Central School. J. S. Mart will convey those from Laurel, and M. Rubba from Thirtieth Street.

The Board of Education of Mullica Township have decided to open their schools on Oct. 2nd. They will require every pupil to be at home at least fourteen days before entering school.

The local Board of Health held a special meeting last Sunday evening. It was learned that a family at Blue Anchor had had two children from infantile paralysis, within forty-eight hours,—the second one dying on Saturday. Considering these cases a menace to Hammonton, the Board met and decided on a more rigorous quarantine. Guards were stationed at every entrance into town with orders to allow no child under sixteen years to enter, with or without a health certificate; and these orders have not yet been rescinded.

Thomas Creamer has purchased a fine car.

Barber shop closing rule takes effect to-morrow.

Water Commission meeting next Thursday evening.

James Johnson, at DaCosta, is owner of a 1917 Ford car.

W. C. Adlington spent two weeks among friends here.

Thimble Bee, Thursday, at three o'clock, in Civic Club room.

P. T. Ranere has sold fifty-seven automobiles thus far this year.

The Volunteer Fire Company's monthly meeting next Monday night.

Charles H. Parkhurst and wife were among this week's welcome visitors.

Mrs. W. W. Mayberry has been elected truant officer for Hammonton schools.

Farmers' and Merchants' Building and Loan Association meets next Tuesday evening.

Civic Club library will be open to-night; also on Monday and Thursday, three to five.

The old fence has all been removed from Town Hall lot, leaving a two-foot hedge to guard the property.

The Directors of Needlework Guild will meet at St. Mark's Parish House on next Wednesday afternoon at 2.30. Important.

Palace Theatre is to give a nine reel play, "The Spoilers," Monday and Tuesday, according to their advertisement on another page.

Among recent arrivals at "The Raleigh," for a brief stay, were Mayor Smith, of Philadelphia; Miss Lillian Russel and party of eight; John Phillips Sousa, march king and band master.

Provided health restrictions do not prevent, there will be a ball game, races (four superior entries thus far), band concert, and good speaking, in Hammonton Park, on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 23rd.

There was a fire alarm at 1:30 Tuesday afternoon; a heap of waste paper in the basement of the clothing factory on Third Street took fire, somehow. It was dangerous, but employees and neighbors fought it to a finish.

Mrs. Lizzie Eager, wife of R. P. Eager, died on Saturday, Sept. 9, after lingering illness, aged 51 years. Her husband and daughters, her mother, brother and two sisters, have the heartfelt sympathy of many friends.

We wish to thank our neighbors and many friends for their kind and sympathetic feelings during the many weeks of patient suffering of our dear wife and mother. Also for the beautiful floral offerings.

E. P. EAGER
AND DAUGHTERS.

On Wednesday evening a motor bus load of members of Little Ha Ha Council, D. of P., took up the trail to Egg Harbor City, to visit Shackamaxon Council. After a pleasant evening, and refreshments being served, we returned to our homes, looking forward to going there again, soon.

What appeared to be a well founded report was widely circulated, that a well-known young lady was dangerously ill with diphtheria; and the story created much consternation. Not until Tuesday was the correction made,—that the lady has always been subject to an enlargement of certain glands of the throat; that her physician, for the sake of safety in this trying time of fear, sent a "culture" to the city for examination, isolating the family meanwhile. Happily, the chemist found absolutely no trace of diphtheric germs, and the house is not quarantined.

Hammonton's Tax Rate for 1916

	Am't. Required	Rate
State School Tax	\$7422.04	0.0022
County Tax	1000.00	.0000
Local Tax	6830.00	1.7000
Total Rate		0.0022

This is as figured by the County Board, but will, in all probability, be reduced to \$2.40 on each one hundred dollars of valuation. Last year's rate was \$2.28.

BANK BROS.

New Fall Merchandise Now Ready. It is the product of the best manufacturers.

New Fall Hats for Men

At \$1.50 and \$2
Felt Hats in the newest styles,— brown, green, and stone gray,— styles that will appeal to the young men,— are among them in a wide assortment.

Felt Hats at \$2.50.

This is our special, made in all the newest styles and colors, for young men and conservative men.

Stetson Hats at \$3.50 and \$4.

Felt and Derbys, in all the new and most wanted styles.

TROUSERS.

New weaves, well tailored, a wide assortment, and priced low.

Work Trousers at \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2,—cassimeres and tweeds.

Trousers for dress at \$2.50 and \$3,—cassimeres and worsteds.

Trousers for dress at \$3.50, \$4, \$4.50, \$5,— of worsteds, cassimeres, and fast color serges; new weaves.

All Dutchess Trousers are Guaranteed.

Ten cents if a button comes off; and one dollar or a new pair if they rip.

Boys' Knickerbockers

At 39 cts., 50 cts., 75 cts.,
\$1, \$1.25, and \$1.50.

Cassimeres, worsteds, and Scotch tweeds; well made, of good materials.

Dutchess knickerbockers are guaranteed—ten cents if a button comes off, and fifty cents if they rip.

BANK BROTHERS' STORE

Bellevue Avenue

Hammonton, N.

The PeoplesBank

Hammonton, N. J.

Capital, - - - \$50,000
Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$69,000

Three per cent interest paid
on time deposits

Two per cent interest allowed on
demand accounts having daily
balance of \$1000 or more.

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

M. L. Jackson, President
W. J. Smith, Vice Pres't
Wm. R. Tilton, Cashier
Wm. Doerfel, Asst. Cashier

DIRECTORS
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A TIME SAVER MONEY MAKER

A Necessity of modern Business,
Economical and Social
Conditions.

Hammonton Telephone & Tel. Co.

Gives Best of Service
At Lowest Cost.

A. J. RIDER, Pres't and Manager.
Established and Operated for Patriotic.
NOT FOR PROFIT

Build Up Your Body!

Fortify yourself against the attacks
of Winter's Ills!

At the close of the Summer season, you are apt to find yourself in a run-down condition. With a season of sudden changes ahead, you should increase the vitality of your body to a point where it can withstand the attacks of cold weather ailments.

Kelly's Syrup of Hypophosphites

Will provide the vitality which your body needs at this time. It feeds and nourishes every nerve cell and tissue of the body, puts rich red blood in the veins, and builds you up to the highest point of Good Health.

Price, 75 Cents.

Central Pharmacy

Bellevue and Horton St.

Hammonton

Bills Received While You Wait.

HOYT & SON,
Printers and Publishers

HELP-
HELP-
POLICE

HELP-
HELP-
POLICE

IT'S MURDERED
ILL BET

HELP-
HELP-
POLICE

SURE AND
HE'S YELLING
WITHOUT
OPENING
HIS MOUTH

HELP-
HELP-
POLICE

NO LESS TO TELL,
YOU'RE A VENTRIL
QUIST AND ILL
SQUINT YE FOR
WOT YE TROUD

HELP-
HELP-
POLICE

BEFORE HE'S
PULLIN HIS GUN-
THAT ILL QUIET
YES

HELP-
HELP-
POLICE

YIS THE OLD
HE'S STILL
CALLIN ME IN
HIS SLEEP

334
International Cartoon Co. N. Y.

I.

HIS rustle into the room, and she was as pretty as a picture.

She took the seat that Stephen Strong, crime investigator, offered her and smiled at him.

"It was the same sweet smile which so enchanted the audiences at the Jolly Theatre in the 'Skip the Kerk,' Revue."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Strong," said she. "I'm—"

"You're Miss Dolly Dashington, the star of the Jolly Revue."

"Oh, when that was considered. 'What I was going to say was—'"

"That you've lost your pearls!"

"Good heavens! how did you know?"

"Every revue actress," he answered, "has a diamond or two at some time in her career. Her pearls or her diamonds or her emeralds disappear, and she generally manages to lose them when she's alone. I'm sure your state or her popularity is dropping off a little—eh, Miss Dashington?"

"The show is as good as over!"

"How, my dear lady? I know it is! I've seen it. I saw it last week. I liked your new song, 'Under the Stars,' immensely; but to get it in, you are after an audience and you want me to help you to find the pearls."

"Stephen Strong, really—"

"Narrow Strong got back in his chair recently to her suit. I want to help for it. Dolly Dashington could make even managers do what she said, and Strong realized that if she could find the pearls, she could wheedle him."

"Go on, dear lady," said he; "tell the truth in your own way. I'll believe what you say. Tell me, did you lose them?"

"Thank you," she smiled a sweeter smile than ever. "I know you would. I know you are a friend and believe me or believe me not."

"The facts, please," broke in Strong, with a smile which almost melted her own.

"Well, as you knowed it first shot, although it's real true, and not bluff as you say, indeed, someone has stolen my pearls."

"Not really?" said Strong, lifting a smile.

"Yes, really and truly. Listen!"

"I'm all attention."

"Well, when I got back from the Jolly last night or, rather, early this morning, for come I went out to supper after the show. I found that my flat in Rondoville Mansions had been broken into. The apartment and my pearls and a lot of other jewels stolen."

"Your pearls stolen? But I thought you were a star?"

"Yes, but I was not so famous as they were one of the attractions of the show! Youself the attraction, of course, and the pearls all right for me."

"Tensely, Mr. Strong?" she protested: "For a clever man and a wonderfully

"Do you for an instant think that I'd be such an idiot as to wear those pearls Lord Preston gave me when I was engaged to be married at the theatre, and run the risk of having them stolen? Not much!"

"But they were beautiful. They've been stolen, but not at the theatre. I wear imitations on the stage. The great stuff has been stolen from my home."

"How? I asked you before."

"She spread out her hands in a gesture of despair.

"Don't you understand, Mr. Strong—really, for a clever man, you are slow. Christine—that's my dresser and my maid—went back to the flat after the show, and I went out to supper."

"Well," said he, "what was the result?"

"Yes, when I got home Christine was in tears and hysterics."

"She said?"

"She said that when she got back she found the place all upside down and everything in a confusion. Her trunks and ornaments smashed, the safe broken open, and my pearls—my real, lovely, genuine pearls—gone, and a lot of other things. I was very angry, and my intended husband, Lord Preston, hears about it there will be an awful row."

"I suppose so," said Strong, controlling his face, but he could not help feeling that the lady was blinding him.

"Now, Mr. Strong, you've got to get me back the pearls and the rest of the jewelry back for me."

"That's a tall order."

"I don't mind what I pay."

"You don't mind?" he asked the question.

"No," said Strong, with a sly grin, the smile "I don't mind having a shot at it to oblige you, but I can give you a better one. I can point to the money made into a scarf pin, it may be, but it's a pretty tough job on the facts you give me."

"I can't give you any more."

"Can Christine?"

"Yes, she can come to me to the flat and see her if you like."

"Well, come this afternoon no later a halfpenny to four."

"To-morrow afternoon and take tea with me. I'll get the pearls and some excellent Christmas cake if she were in the witless mood."

"Thanks," said Strong. "The ad- vance."

"No 141, Rondoville Mansions, Kensington," she answered.

"I'll be there at four," said Strong.

"I'll be there to ascertain which tongue in my way?" he asked, with his tongue in his cheek.

"For that the matter," she answered.

"And I said that I had a note from a author this afternoon."

"Yes."

"I might look in and see the show again."

"No!"

"With Christine be in your dressing."

"Yes."

"I might perhaps come after to

the stage door and inquire for you under another name, be shown up, and get a glimpse of the girl!"

"That's as honest as the day, Mr. Strong."

"Yes; just so, just so. But I like to suspect everybody."

"That's good, good-bye," she said, and rose to go.

She left the inner office, and the delighted clerk, who was proud to meet a girl so honest as the day, Mr. Strong.

In two or three minutes she was back again.

"Oh, Mr. Strong," she said, as she bowed, "I left my vanity bag on your desk."

"Yes, there it is," he answered.

She took it up and departed for the stage door, and the clerk, who did not think that Strong had been smart and made wax mounds of all the keys it contained.

"That's a sport," he said to himself, "and I'll be even with her. It's the detective skill against the art of the actress. Well, we'll see, we'll see who will win."

II.

Although Stephen Strong had said that he would probably go and seek the mother of "Skip the Kerk" at the theatre, he did not intend to do anything of the kind, having made up his mind, in a flash, that he would undertake a little business.

He knew a man who could always cut his keys from wax mounds in a couple of hours, and so soon as Doty finished his paper, he departed. He also went out and took a taxi to his office.

"I want you," he said, "to cut me very carefully, some keys from these mounds," and he handed over the mounds.

In a few hours the beautifully-made keys were ready, and then Strong pondered as to whether he would undertake the quest for the mother of "Skip the Kerk," Remington, that afternoon, or whether he would wait till the evening.

Eventually he decided on the evening. But he did not stroll round to the theatre, did not buy a bill of the revue, and did go round in the stage door, send up his card, and see the mother of "Skip the Kerk."

Most important, in his mind the maid Christine, after she saw the Dolly Dushington, invited him to come to her room.

He would prefer to make it to-morrow afternoon.

He took a grand look at the girl Christine, who was not particularly disposed to set her down as a thief, although it was quite possible, he decided, that she might be in a little better than the average of an employee for an advertisement.

"That evening, about an hour after Dolly Dushington and her maid Christine had retired, the Dolly Dushington, Strong, who had been watching to make sure that they both were prepared to go to bed, came in. He was waiting near the corner of Honolulu Mainland, where Dolly Dushington had her flat at No. 143, Honolulu Mainland, and now Strong was phying the game for him.

He noticed that the uniform had been changed in a very violent

derivation with a pretty girl in a black dress, white apron, and coquettish cap. Heedily a maid in one of the rooms of the vast building, and he so slipped by them quite unnoticed, mounted the stairs swiftly and silently, and inserted one of the duplicated keys into the lock, and made for him in the lock of the door.

It fitted perfectly. The maker of it was an artist.

He opened the door noiselessly, pushed open the door silently, slipped into the entrance hall, and closed the door softly behind him.

He was not much surprised, for in the inner room, which did not face the street, he saw that the electric light was turned on.

"Dolly," he said, "Or else there is some strange business afoot."

He listened outside the half-closed door, and he heard the faintest noise about the room, then the click as the safe door yielded to persuasion and was pulled open.

There was an expression of anxiety and surprise on his face who had possibly found it empty.

"It looks as if I have been for-stalled," said Strong to himself, as he stepped into the room, and the safe door made sure that useful little shone that he usually carried was there.

Then indeed the room he heard foot-steps moving about. Then the faintest noise of the forcing of the lock of the drawer and the splintering snap-snap of breaking wood.

He stepped into the room, over the entrance to the room, which he wound round him, and peeped through it into the side.

He could see right across that room into one beyond, where a rough-looking man, with a highly-polished brass gun in his hand, was making merry with a small table and writing-table of Dolly Dushington.

The man had evidently decided that if the jewels were not in the safe they were in the room, and he had been told at once tackled the drawers of the writing-table, and with excellent result, for while he was turning the handle, he saw the Dolly Dushington and glimmering pearls, and tossing on one side the morose leathery and velvet cases in which they were kept.

"It was a bluff after all, then," mused Strong, "they been talking about it, or she's put a perfume bottle advertisement for herself, and that in the result. However, she has been smart enough to realize that it was not the Dolly Dushington, and to get here and try and find them."

He drew the revolver from his belt and prepared to go to the room.

The burglar, satisfied with his haul, was tipping his bowler.

He was about to go to the door, and the burglar whistled an air in a joking way. It was rather a tune that he whistled, and it was the tune that the Kerk, and one of

the songs by Dolly Dashington herself.

Then Strong stepped into the room, and the crowd's quick on toward him, swung round and found himself face to face with the glistering barrel of a revolver held in a hand as firm as a vice.

"Great 'smakes!" he ejaculated. "Copped—clean copped!"

"I guess you're right," said Strong. "You'd better not attempt to escape, or I'll fire."

The man dropped into a chair and wisely kept his hands from going anywhere near his pockets.

"Now then," said Strong. "I've got men outside; no there's no chance of escape. Take the jewels out of your pockets, put them on that table."

The man obeyed, slowly and reluctantly, as one who was sorry to part with such a valuable haul.

III.

"We've got quite a long time to wait," said Strong, to Strong, "until Miss Dashington returns."

"Oh," said the man.

"Well, wait for Strong, with the joke on his mind, for the man hardly understood what he was talking about. "You see, Miss Dashington knew that her jewelry had been stolen, and I tell you just what she thought of the enterprising individual who stole them."

"Not kid, give me."

"You mean 'What'?" said Strong. "Easy as pie. Skeleton keys," and he plucked a bunch on the table.

Strong plucked them up.

"You mean I'll use them," "very cleverly made. Now tell me, why did you break in? What was the good of coming after the newspapers said that Alvin Karpis had been shot?"

"That's just it, gentlemen; the newspapers said they'd been stolen, but they said not all of them, no says it to myself, maybe I'll have 'em go and get the rest of them."

"You did, eh?" said Strong. "You've got a nice little happen to have the papers."

"Yes." The man took it out of his pocket and handed it over, and Strong took it and the man hardly had lost no time in getting the advertisement which was also after and having it announced in all the papers of the country—"Famous Actress's Jewelry Stolen."

"Time passed off, to be more accurate, if simply dragged. The man realized that he was in a bad way, but he hoped, and so he sat and waited while Strong chose to do.

"He sat silent for a bit, then he broke out:

"Suppose there's no chance of you getting the lady to let me off?" he said.

"Well, can't you wait?"

"Got, can I have my pants? I may as well do a read while I'm waiting, and if you don't mind, I'll have a look at them."

At last he was turned in the back, and in called Dolly Dashington, flustered and out of breath, as she had just achieved the sign of the cross, and pulpit took from the audience because of her heat, and carrying an armful of her jewelry.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," she cried.

Dolly walked through the little bar and into the room, and then a gasp of astonishment escaped from her as she saw the man sitting in her armchair, and Strong sitting in one arm chair and a raffishly-looking fellow in the other.

"Good evening," Miss Dashington said Strong.

"Good evening," she said, in a gasp as her eyes turned in astonishment to the man sitting in her armchair, sitting up on the table.

"You see I've recovered your jewelry," he said.

"Recovered?" she gasped.

"I was bluffing."

"Yes, I know that," he said, "and you were foolish enough to advertise for me. I've forced an invitation to you gentlemen here."

"Then, he's a burglar!"

"Yes, he's a burglar, a real, live burglar. I can't say I came round as an amateur to find the jewelry for you, and he was just, suppose, ten minutes or a quarter of an hour ago, he was here, and he prevented his clearing off with them."

"I'm very much obliged to you, Mr. Strong."

"You ought to be," he said. "I really mean you who deserve. At you on the phone?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Will you kindly ring up the police?"

In twenty minutes the police were on the spot, the professional burglar was taken into custody, and the amateur remained in order to be taken with diamond or pearl or other precious stones he would accept as having made into a scarf as his reward.

TO "CARRY MONEY SAFELY."

In the June Woman's Home Companion a writer gives the following hints to carry money safely:

"You may have given only a passing thought of where and how to carry money when you go traveling, and you may not have thought of the money and all valuable in your pocket. Buy a full folder of sufficient size to take care of the railroad money, and carry it in a leather check, and so on. Probably the best place to carry this wallet will be in the inside pocket of your coat. In America it never is necessary to carry in cash any more amount as eight hundred dollars will be ample and safe. But if you are traveling abroad, if carried in a small leather folder in a side pocket of your trousers, then checkbook might be kept in the same pocket. But if you are traveling in the States will be in the way while your trousers reach finally for street car or city fare. Money in a side pocket of your trousers is a very bad place from pickpocket, much more so than if carried in the rear trousers pocket."

Carry "How are the folks?"

"Tommy 'Father has the folks?'"

"Mother is in bed with a cold, and the folks are all well. The folks, the dog's got the distemper, and the parrot don't talk any more."

"Good gracious! the whole nation's crying!"

"I say has never been able to get a roofing, no chance."

"I don't trade on any such backing," protested John. "The men I have to do with want demonstration of what's in it for them. They don't find me orders for the sake of such language."

"All the same, I'm sticking to it that the good will towards an old friend is something of an asset in your case and others, and if that isn't sentiment you tell me."

"If you were a youngster starting out I should tell you that talk a little more convincing than the other fellows' will get the orders all the time," said old John.

"Assume I am at the feeding," she said. "I am at the feet of Gama-tol."

Old John chuckled. It would be interesting to see what she would make of a selling proposition.

"I am out this morning to interview the big wholesale house in Liverpool. They're wanting to take a fan under their own label. The contract will run into weight. This is the sample plot of strawberry which provides the plot. I'm putting it in to your hands. Now you give me your idea of the selling arguments."

"Quality being assured, the price talks loudest," laughed the girl, readily. "I take it we're in competition."

"Nobody can do our quality under these figures," declared John, passing over a slip of paper.

"Well, that gives me the start," she said, rapidly, scanning the list of prices. "Now sit up and take note, Mr. Buyer."

Old John thoroughly enjoyed the comedy. Her clever acting of the salesman pleased him immensely. The selling point was advanced with a plausibility that met the entire approval.

"What a traveler you would have made!" he declared. "As a rule, women on the road are not a success, but you have the constitution fine, and none of the failings those in it."

John let himself go. Here was a pupil who would appreciate the finer points of salesmanship. No brother traveler had ever heard so much of his business as he told this interested young lady. He would have laughed at the thought; but this was capital fun, and it favored him greatly to deal with the comments she playfully threw at him in the reversed roles.

As the train pulled into Liverpool station she rose with a laugh. "I know now how you get 'em, Mr. Rogers," she said. "I'm prepared to admit the combination of ability and the little sentimental feeling make you a terror to the other fellow," laughed the girl.

"Well have to leave it at that, then," said John. "That's my card. I should like to meet you again."

"I am returning on the five twenty," said the girl.

"That's my train, too," John stated. "Good morning and thank you." She said at the exit. "I hope you find 'em all in."

A little way along the road he

OLD JOHN ROGERSON usually chose a "non-smoker," and the light conversation and card-playing of the younger men on the road who used the "smokers" had no appeal for him. John, who was a star salesman, could be genial enough with his customers, but a quiet read or a serious talk was his favorite pastime. He always spent in the train. He was never tempted to discuss his business with brother bagmen. The masters and apprentices of the road, whom he held in contempt. The fraternity opined that if old John couldn't book the order there was nothing doing for him.

Old John didn't resent in the least the appearance of the smart little woman in the blue dress. She was a regular customer at the corner seat. She looked bright and businesslike.

Most of the men with sample cases passed along the train from the city and picked up word.

"At 'em again, John? They must be getting tired of you."

"The good talk, Sam, and the talk," said John. "They don't study me."

"I should take leave to doubt that," observed the fair lady, with a challenging look. "You have been working this ground for a long time. It is fairly obvious that being well known to your customers would make it easy to get the pull over the other fellow."

"In thirty-five years one makes friends; but without the right goods, the right price, the right service, the right man would be the other fellow," he returned.

"Supposing yourself and the other fellows on level terms?" pursued the lady.

"Then the best salesman would get the line," declared John.

"The real test would be to hold the line, or, at the other extreme, the turnover of the goods, and other points which might be urged. Business is business, and I do not deal in the level of the goods, but in the least by sentiment."

"I don't agree," she laughed. "On level terms you, with the backing and support of the other fellows, would win, you would give the other man who, say, has never been able to get a footing, no chance."

"I don't know," she said with a grin.

BACK-TO-NATURE

WOMAN

HOW did you happen to think it?

The tired vacationist sank into a comfortable wooden rocker on the vine-clad porch and heaved a sigh of relief, as she asked the question.

Her hostess, dressed in the simplest of white gowns and with that peace of composure which often comes to those immured in a sybaritic life, accompanied her answer with a smile of genuine hospitality.

"It is a strange thing, isn't it, to try to make capital out of one's chosen mode of life, and yet that is just what I do, following it rigidly. Well, the story like your life is a simple one."

"I was left a widow, with this little cottage farm three miles from the nearest village, it being the only capital I had in the world, and even it was not fully paid for. When my husband died, he was working the farm quite successfully and we had almost paid off the mortgage which meant the clear possession of our home, and to both of us it seemed that we had made a capital out of us something that was well worth working for. Like most young wives, I suppose, in the absorption of happy married life, I lost sight of possible dangers—those of the future, and was happy with it as it flowed by. In other words," she totally unregarded for the capability of my husband's death.

However, when the blow came, I found it helpful to look out on every side—it was a plain statement to say that they were kind—their ways the kindness

now was to protect the home which I had worked for together, and which evidenced in many ways our congeniality of taste and ideas.

The Summer season was drawing near, and with it the one big hotel of our mountain village was sending out calls for guests and help. I had on the whole, usually, which I knew would be valuable to me—I was a good manager of a business—a quality which I felt sure could use to advantage in almost any business venture. I went over to the hotel and had a long talk with the proprietor, and the result was that he consented to let me run the financial end of his culinary department for the Summer. By holding a position of the kind, within driving distance of my home, I knew I could visit it once or twice a week and see that things were going along all right. I calculated that the returns from my little farm, together with the small salary I was earning, would carry me, with care, over the Winter, but I was destined to fruition before that time the money I had brought me in contact with capital that has given me a comfortable living. Aside from the income it has given me it has brought me in contact with capital, and it has brought the means of help and uplift, which comes by no accident with people who are seeking an ideal.

It came about in this way: One afternoon, after a rather hard day's hunting, I passed a guest on one of the porch and I heard her remark—

"If it could only get away from this—this—this for a few weeks in the year, what relief it would be."

[illegible][illegible][illegible]