

file your protest  
against raised fares  
at Town Council  
room, this evening.

# South Jersey Republican

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Do your Shopping  
Early, in Hammonton,  
Remember the Poor,  
And your Editors.

Vol. 52

HAMMONTON, N. J., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1914

No. 50

Rabbit gunning season closes on  
Friday, the 15th.

John Zinn has purchased Chas.  
Davenport's house, on Twelfth  
street.

There will be a benefit at Litke's  
St. Joseph's Church, next Mon-  
day evening.

Chas. Davenport has bought a  
building lot of Mrs. W. A. Hood,  
Pearce Street.

The Trust Company will pay its  
Christmas Fund deposits, Tues-  
day or Wednesday next.

The Elm Church ladies will give  
supper next Wednesday evening,  
tickets, twenty-five cents.

Regular meeting of Hammonton  
League next Friday evening, Dec.  
18th. Election of officers.

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

The Jr. Band celebrated their  
anniversary last night, by a  
banquet at the home of Edw. E.  
Hanson.

Russel Brown is the new assistant  
at the Post Office, having passed  
the required examination with  
good average.

All Souls (Universalist) Church,  
tomorrow, 11:00 a.m., "The  
Things that Count," 7:30 p.m.,  
Safety first."

The Ladies' Aid Society of the  
Presbyterian Church will continue  
their sale of fancy articles to-day,  
Littlefield's office.

Mrs. Phillip Kurtz and family  
under thanks to friends for kind  
memoranda and flowers, which  
comforted her in her affliction.

Lewis J. Wolfe, of Nesco, was  
awarded the contract to collect  
Hammonton's garbage, by the  
Board of Health at their meeting  
Tuesday evening.

Another chimney fire, at Frank  
Tomassello's, Main Road. The  
flame rang at 9:20, Saturday morn-  
ing, but the trouble was ended  
before the firemen could get there.

St. Mark's Church, Third Sun-  
day in Advent. Morning Prayer  
and Holy Communion, 7:00; Morn-  
ing Prayer and Litany, 10:30; Sun-  
day School, 11:45; Evening Prayer  
7:30.

The only fatality recorded in  
Atlantic City's storm was an aged  
woman, Ruth Dayton-Mullica, for-  
merly known as a resident near  
Wood. She was drowned in a  
boat house.

The Christmas Club deposits in  
the Peoples Bank will be ready  
for distribution on Monday, 14th.  
Depositors may call during  
day, or checks will be mailed  
evening.

The Transportation Committee of  
the Board of Trade has received  
from the West Jersey & Sea-  
shore Railroad that the shelter shed  
on south side of the track, will  
be heated.

Mrs. L. H. Parkhurst entertained  
a dinner, at the Raleigh-in-the-  
Pines, on the 7th inst., in honor of  
her cousin, Mrs. Steadman, of  
London, England, who is paying a  
brief visit to this country.

Mr. A. J. King announces to the  
Grangers that, having found the  
lost poem entitled "Nancy Macken-  
ryre," he will be prepared to read  
the remainder of it at next meeting  
of the Grange, next Friday eve'g,  
18th inst., if nothing prevents.

## M. E. CHURCH.

On Sunday morning, at 10:30,  
the pastor, Rev. W. L. Shaw, will  
speak on "The Child." Sunday  
School at 12 o'clock. Jr. League  
at 3:00 o'clock. Sermon by the  
pastor at 7:30, on Psalm 42:5.  
Prayer service, Thursday eve., at  
7:30. On Sunday morning, the  
installation of the newly elected  
Junior League officers will take  
place. All the members of the  
League are asked to be present at  
10:15. The officers are:  
President—William A. Burnham.  
1st Vice-Pres.—William A. Burnham.  
2nd Vice-Pres.—Marjorie Woodcock.  
3rd Vice-Pres.—Frances Waples.  
4th Vice-Pres.—Clara Denberg.  
Secretary—Marie Woodcock.  
Treasurer—Clara Woodcock.  
Parents are especially invited to  
this service.

Mrs. H. L. Monfort will join her  
husband, at Sanford, Florida.

Some of the streets are yet in bad  
shape from the sewer pipe excava-  
tions. Recently one of W. H.  
Bernshouse's horses, and the Poultry  
Association's team, got into the  
settled-down ditch, on Central Ave.,  
and made considerable trouble for  
the owners.

Commencing on Dec. 15th, new  
auto licenses will be issued by W.  
S. Turner, and all owners of  
machines will be required to show  
their car number, also its model.  
All new licenses will bear an Inter-  
nal Revenue stamp, to be paid for  
by the applicant.

At the Baptist Church, 10:30  
a.m., morning worship and ser-  
mon. Theme, "At Caesarea Phil-  
ippi." Children's talk, "The  
Children of a King." 11:45, Bible  
School. 6:30 p.m., Y. P. S. C. E.  
7:30, evening worship and sermon.  
Theme, "Lessons from the Sales-  
man."

Dr. Cunningham was called to  
the brickyard, early Sunday morn-  
ing, to attend Fred Rebe, of Blue  
Anchor, but when he responded,  
he found the man had died suddenly  
from riding his bicycle in the rain.  
Tuesday afternoon, he was again  
called to attend Nic Destefano,  
who had a compound communi-  
cated fracture of left leg, due to a  
load of coal falling on him.

The debate on "Government  
Ownership of Railroads," scheduled  
for last Monday night, at the High  
School, was postponed, owing to  
the weather. It cannot be held  
now until some time in January, as  
we cannot arrange a date sooner to  
include the four original debaters.

The children's Christmas pro-  
gram will take place on the 21st,  
as announced. Program will be  
given next week. Com.

Let the Presbyterian Church serve  
you. Morning worship at 10:30;  
theme "Present Day Progress in its  
effect," on "Religion." Sabbath  
School at noon, and after the les-  
son there will be a service of recog-  
nition for the late Elder Edwin  
Adams. Evening worship at 7:30;  
theme, "What a Presbyterian  
believes." Woman's Missionary  
Society will present an attractive  
programme on Thursday evening,  
7:30.

## Town Council Meeting.

Council met in regular session on  
Wednesday evening. All members  
were present excepting Mr. Nicolai,  
who was unwell.

Chief of Police reported, two  
arrests for sidewalk riding, one  
wagon without a light, and eleven  
lodgers.

"Sewer Committee" recommended  
certain changes at sewer plant, also  
the erection of a tool shed. This  
was later adopted.

Two hours were consumed in  
reading minutes and passing on  
bills.

Collector reported receipts for  
taxes as \$809.94. This was three  
thousand dollars more than this  
time last year.

Clerk's receipts for the month,  
for licenses, street dirt, etc., were  
\$21.

Board of Health reported ninety  
permits issued, making one hun-  
dred and fifteen in all.

Vote of thanks was received from  
Volunteer Fire Company for trans-  
portation to Haddonfield, and per-  
mission to take ladder truck.

Ordinance fixing Clerk's salary  
at seven hundred dollars, passed  
second and final reading.

Mayor, Clerk, and Treasurer were  
authorized to execute Improvement  
Certificates.

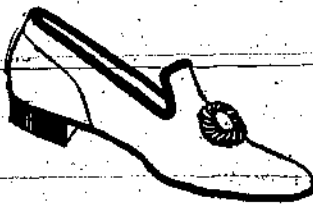
The Highway Committee was  
instructed to have Overseer Combe  
remove all limbs over sidewalks,  
endangering pedestrians.

Bills ordered paid in the various  
departments totalled up as follows:

Town Purposes, \$504.09.  
Highway, \$363.95.  
Forest Fire, \$25.00.  
Fire Co. (salaries, etc.), \$435.25.  
Street Lights, \$415.21.  
Park, \$20.13.  
Sewerage, \$168.56.  
Sidewalks and Curb, \$1706.60.  
Poor, \$178.01.  
Board of Health, \$308.20.  
Council adjourned about quarter  
to twelve.

## BANK BROTHERS

When your home merchants are prosperous it reflects upon the credit of the town's inhabitants. There are ten shopping days left, and most everybody will buy something for somebody. Give your home merchants the preference, provided they can supply you with the kind of goods you want.



### Slippers as Christmas gifts.

You will find us prepared  
to supply slippers for men,  
women and children, in many  
grades and styles.

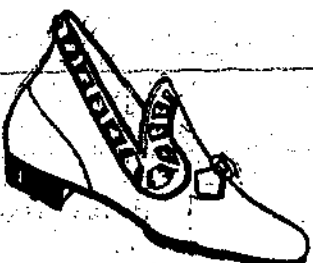
Men's Slippers at 48 c, 75 c,  
85 c, \$1.20, \$1.50 and \$1.75,  
in black and tan.

Men's Romeos at 95 cents,  
\$1.20, \$1.50 and \$2, in black  
and tan.

Men's Bedroom Slippers at  
\$1.25, in gray.

Women's Comfy Slippers  
at 95 cents, \$1.25, and \$1.50,  
in fancy and plain colors.

Women's Felt Slippers at  
50 cents.



Women's Juliettes at 75 c,  
85 c, 95 c, \$1.25 and \$1.50

Children's Slippers, 65 cts,  
and 75 c. Size 5 to 2

Children's Juliettes, 75 cts.  
and 85 cts, according to size

Men's knitted Bedroom  
Slippers at \$1

Women's knitted Bedroom  
Slippers at 48 c, 85 c, and \$1,  
in different colors and combi-  
nation fancy colors

## Hose

Women's extra fine cotton  
hose at 12 1/2 cents

Women's lisle hose at 25 c,  
in black, white, tan, pink and  
blue.

Women's silk lisle hose at  
three for \$1, in black, white  
and tan

Women's silk and silk lisle  
hose at 50 cents, in black, tan  
white and gray.

Women's fine silk hose at  
\$1, in black, tan, white, pink  
and blue.

Women's extra fine silk  
hose at \$1.50 and \$2

Women's Holeproof hose,  
guaranteed for six months,  
\$2 per box of six pair

Women's Holeproof silk  
hose, guaranteed three mos.,  
\$3 per box of three pair

## BANK BROTHERS

### Handkerchiefs

As a Christmas gift.

The most complete line we  
ever showed. You will find  
here hand-embroidered all  
linen handkerchiefs, scores  
of all kinds. To undertake  
to give you a detailed descrip-  
tion would take up too much  
of your time.

Some are packed three to a  
box; others are six or twelve  
to box. They range in price  
25 c, 35 c, 50 c, 65 c, 75 c,  
95 c, \$1.15, \$1.45, \$1.75, and  
\$2 per box.

Those that do not come in  
boxes we will put up in boxes  
for you. Prices range from  
3 c and 5 c, four for 25 cents,  
three for 25 c, two for 25 cts,  
15 c, 19 c, 25 c, 30 c, 75 c each.

### Linen Table Covers and Napkins as a gift.

Sets of table linen and one  
dozen napkins to match, at  
\$3.50, \$5, \$6, and \$6.50 for  
the set.

Separate table covers, 95 c,  
\$1.20, \$1.50, \$1.85 and \$2

Napkins, hemstitched or in  
the piece, at 95 c, \$1.50, \$2,  
and \$2.50 per dozen

Lace table covers, special  
at 65 c, 75 c, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Bureau Scarf, hemstitched  
and embroidered, at 25 cents,  
50 cents and 75 cents.

Extra fine Bed-spreads at  
\$4, \$3.50, \$3, \$2.50, \$2, \$1.50  
and \$1

### Women's Bath Robes as a Christmas gift.

Bath robes made of Beacon  
Blankets, large sailor collars,  
at \$2, \$2.50, and \$3

## Useful Gifts for Babies.

Little bath robes

Sacque and Cap to match

Fine hand-knitted booties

Set consisting of sweater,  
leggings, cap and mittens.

**TOYS**—a complete stock.  
A big part of second floor of  
main building devoted to the  
display and sale of Games,  
Dolls, Trains, Sleds, Couches,  
Express Wagons, Hammocks  
Beds, Rocking Chairs, Tables,  
Sets of Dishes, Mechanical  
Toys, and scores of other  
things too numerous to men-  
tion. Santa Claus will be in  
Toy Department.

Bring the children, so they  
can tell him what they want  
for Christmas.

### Shirts

As a gift for men.

No trouble to find what you  
want,—stocks are complete,  
and you can find anything  
you desire.

Madras and percale Shirts  
at 48 c, 75 c, and \$1,—either  
soft or laundered cuffs.

Plain and striped pongee  
shirts at \$1 and \$1.50

Pleated shirts at \$1, \$1.25,  
and \$1.50, in plain and neat  
stripes.

Tango shirts,—plain white  
and colors, at \$1.50

Silk shirts, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50,  
and \$4, in white, cream and  
different color stripes.

Woolen shirts in gray, blue  
and grass green, at \$1, \$1.25,  
\$1.50, \$2, collars attached.

## Neckwear

As a gift.

Four-in-hand Neckwear,—  
packed in neat boxes, at 25 c,  
and 50 cents, \$1 and \$1.25, in  
silk or knitted.

## Suspenders

As a gift.

Packed in fancy boxes, at  
23 c, 45 c, 75 c, and \$1

Set of suspenders, garters,  
and arm-bands, at 45 c, 75 c,  
and \$1 a set.

## Kid Gloves

As a Christmas gift.

Tan kid gloves at \$1, \$1.25  
\$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50

Black kid gloves, \$1, \$1.25  
and \$1.50

Gray kid gloves at \$1.50

Gray Suede gloves at 50 c  
and \$1

## Traveling Bags and Suit Cases

As Christmas gifts.

Suit cases, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50,  
\$2 and \$2.50

Leather suit cases at \$3.50  
and \$4

Solid leather cow-hide cases  
at \$5, \$6, and \$6.50

Extra fine quality suit case  
of selected stock, light weight,  
at \$7.50

Bags at 75 c, \$1, \$1.50, \$2

Leather bags, \$3.50, \$4

Extra fine leather bag,  
leather lined, \$5, \$7.50, \$10

## Bath Robes

As a gift for men.

Blanket bath robes,—  
shawl collar, cuffs and pockets  
trimmed with fine silk cord  
to match. Price, \$2.50, \$3

## BANK BROTHERS' STORE

Hammonton

New Jersey



## THE LITTLE DOCTOR

**R**AWLEY had met the little doctor some months before at Gaiway, the occasion being the ranchman's spring shipment of stock.

All the way across it had been particularly unfavorable for the drive. On the summit it was cold and wet, with landslides interfering with the trails well down on the slope. Lower, it was hot. At the long out just out of Gaiway the wind went down, leaving a shivering sun in a perfectly clear sky. Men and beasts alike, worn out, suffered terribly. Cattle dropped by the score, and finally Pedro, head herdsman, had slipped from his saddle in a dead faint.

Going on was out of the question and the payment he had expected to make on his ranch looked as though it would have to go over.

Rawley's temper was not of the best and it was a white heat when Juan and a girl rode up and dropped from their saddles. Rawley needed but one glance.

"I told you to bring a doctor. Why didn't you?" he roared at the Mexican, who cast a sidelong glance at his companion and grinned sheepishly. The girl herself was composed. "I am a doctor," she said.

Rawley's anger had been too fierce to disappear with suddenness, and his only reply was a supercilious glance at the girl's face and person.

Business was responsible for her being there, and she went about it with an air of unconsciousness and appeared not in the slightest disturbed. Rawley looked on, assisting when he could, and by the time Pedro had decided to postpone dying he had recovered his usual urbanity and expressed himself as grateful.

A week later Rawley was at his ranch, Pedro being away with a shipment. As long as he lived, Rawley never knew what caused the stampede. The cattle were quietly sleeping; the men stretched in their blankets about the fire, dozed. There was not a sound on the mountain side. But suddenly the undergrowth rustled with startled life, and the herd was in motion.

Instantly every man was on his feet, calling, singing, anything to give the cattle confidence, but the stampede was already under way. Then the men mounted and dashed off, some among the herd, others skirting it, hoping to keep the run to the safest portion of the mountain side, straight forward. But it scattered badly, and Rawley, shouting orders, put his horse to a sharp run. Every feature of the landscape plainly could be seen in the bright moonlight, the ground was a familiar run, but his horse went down and he was hurled through the air, bringing up finally against a boulder.

Rawley came to himself after a while, thinking that the camp fire was out, and that the herd still slept. Later the little doctor sat by him. She looked troubled and broken, and he wondered that he ever could have thought of her as hard-hearted and cynical.

Presently the baying of the hounds drifted along the mountain. It was Juan's kennel. He would know Daco's hoarse bellow and Susa's high yelp anywhere. And Bleacha and Baba—fine dogs, great friends of his!

Dully he wondered why they were out. They were running low, now close to their—rat-tat, rat-tat, rat-tat. Why that was the ranch's emergency signal! It was Juan's revolver that had spoken and Juan was chief in charge in Pedro's absence. Something was wrong. Wolves, probably, from North Pass harassing the calves. They had been troublesome before.

Then something cold touched his face and he seemed to wake again. Juan's dogs whined about him; the little doctor, with her hands clasped and tears streaming down her face, was at one side and crushing through the sage and chaparral were Juan and Thomas, and all the others, their eyes staring and their cheeks like ashes.

It was a long time before the tangle in Rawley's brain straightened out. And it was only the little doctor who could assist at the task. She had taken a short cut down from a mountain call and had come upon him lying as he had fallen. For a night and two days she had stayed by him, holding to the little life he possessed and hoping for the help that finally came.

"I owe you so much," he told her at the end of the story.

"A man may owe a great deal to his physician," she half laughed, "and think nothing of it."

"That may be," he said, and put out hands that the little doctor allowed to clasp her own. "But, then, he'd rather owe it to his wife."

### A QUICK DELIVERY LETTER.

It is a curious fact that a century and a half ago a letter once traveled much more rapidly than over it has done since. It was in 1763 that Lord March suggested that he would cause a letter to be conveyed one hundred miles within an hour. His lordship engaged a score of cricketers, all expert throwers and catchers, had the missile enclosed in a ball, and, arranging his men at intervals in a circle, got them to throw the ball as swiftly as possible from one to another. At the end of the hour it was found that the letter had traveled almost exactly one hundred and twenty miles.

## THE BARBARIC EAST.

Girls Who Have Their Teeth Knocked Out.

There is one corner of the Far East where the fresh, appealing beauty of young womanhood, by a curiously barbarous custom, is always painfully obliterated. And all because the people are strict vegetarians! It is urged by those of the Occident who reject the meat diet that vegetables make for perfect bodily health, good digestion, clearness of eye, and general soundness of person. And so appears to be the case with the Battocks, and, though paradoxical, it is because of this fine physical state of the whole people that the beauties of the tribe are disfigured.

The typical Battock girl is lithe, faultlessly proportioned, and moves with a natural grace, erect as a duchess. Her skin is smooth and of the delicate texture and color of Dierpiep bronze, shading to deeper tones. Her eyes are black, well arched, and usually of a soft, contemplative expression.

Her hair is a smooth, glistening black. She wears it rolled back from her forehead, and her head-dress resembles that of the Italian peasant. It is fashioned of a piece of blue cloth and fastened and kept in place by large silver earrings, which are attached to the lobes of the ears by a piece of cloth which is passed through the ears.

Her costume has none of the complexities of Western fashion. It is beautiful and almost classic in its simplicity. It consists of a dark blue garment wrapped around her in such a way as to give the effect of a Greek robe worn with something more of the undress effect of society at the opera, for there is a liberal freedom of the beauty's arms, back, and breast. And yet, withal, it is modest compared with some of the modes one sees in big cities.

And the arcadian effect is heightened by the girl's feet, innocent of covering, well arched, small and aristocratic—for a mere barbarian.

Up to a certain period her teeth are sound, white, and even. But all this undergoes a sudden change when she reaches the marriageable age. Then she is held down to the ground, and all of the smiling jewels of her mouth are knocked out, according to the Spartan custom of her race. The reason given is that this disfigurement is to show they are strict vegetarians, and, therefore, are above the flesh-eating beasts.

Only the front teeth are eliminated and so the smile of the bronze beauty loses all of its brilliant charm—at least for the sentimental stranger in the land.

### NO TIME FOR IDLE TALK.

Professor Jewett, of Oxford, was one day taking a walk with a young tutor. Arriving at Tewksbury, the quaint old town seemed asleep in the summer sunshine, and the tutor said, carelessly, "I believe there are more dogs than people in the streets to-day." Jewett instantly awoke from his reverie, and said, sternly, "If you have nothing more sensible to observe, sir, you had better be silent altogether."

### LEAPS FIFTY FEET.

A dog that makes a leap from a height of fifty feet is the latest in the way of trained animal acts. This remarkable feat is performed by Dink, one of a troupe of trained dogs. A little platform is arranged at the top of the ladder, to which Dink mounts by climbing rung by rung. When once secure on the platform he looks down at the audience and wags his tail, as much as to say, "Now look at me." He then looks down at his master, crouches into position, and with less fuss than a dog would ordinarily make in jumping from a chair, Dink makes his leap and lands safely on the stage. It took almost one year to teach Dink this perilous trick. First he was taught to jump down from a height of five feet, and each week the platform was raised until it reached a height of fifty feet.

### SHAKING HANDS.

A Man's Hand, a Woman's Hand, a Baby's Hand—Hands—what a World these Hands have helped to shape! So, is it any wonder that the adopted mode of greeting and good will should be by grasping and—Shaking Hands?

All I want to know about a human being is how the Shakes Hands, and you may take your fancy Palmist's chart and hang it in the wood shed. I know I can trust and love the full hand Shaker. I don't care how rough or smooth the palm or fingers may be. I want to feel the Heart jumping out there. I want to feel that that's where character silently says it's easy.

Oh, how bounden up in more foolish forms we are! But Shaking Hands is none of them.

This is a busy world and folks don't all have time to ask of you from whence you came, or how long you expect to stay, or how much you claim to carry around in your Brain Box, but each and all do have time to talk of what you are in your Hand Shake. So, here's a Hand Shake for you across the Silent miles.

## SOME QUEER WAYS OF TELLING TIME.

A boy who does not own a watch need not go without any knowledge of the time of day. There is a boy who works in a wheat elevator, in an Iowa town, and this is how he manages it. A big window almost fills one side of his little office. Into a corner of the window creeps the sunlight early in the morning and it shines in all day long and creeps out of the other corner in the evening. On the floor where the edge of the shadow from the window sash falls just at noon the boy has placed a long chalk mark for one o'clock and so on up to six. The forenoon is similarly divided on the floor. Each day by simply looking at the edge of the sun's light he can tell what time it is. Once in two weeks he changes all these marks because the shadows change as the sun gets higher in the spring or lower in the fall.

This clever device—any of you may use it—suggests the way the natives of Liberia in Africa, who have no clocks, tell the time. They take the kernels from the nuts of the candle tree and wash and string them on the ribs of a palm leaf. The first or top kernel is then lighted. All of the kernels are of the same size and substance, and each will burn a certain number of minutes and then set fire to the one next below. The natives tie the pieces of cloth at regular intervals along the string to mark the divisions of time. Among the natives of Singar, in the Malay archipelago, another peculiar device is used. Two bottles are placed neck and neck, and sand is put in one of them, which pours itself into the other every half-hour, when the bottles are reversed.

### "FADELESS" FLOWERS.

Luther Burbank, of San Francisco, has developed a "fadeless" flower. He calls it the "Australasian star flower." He evolved it from a half hardy annual found in West Central Australia. Burbank describes the flower as a "unique and beautiful plant, which grows readily from seed in any ordinary garden soil, preferring sandy loam. It blooms early in the season and continues to bloom for a long time." The fragrant flowers are of rosy, crimson shade, sometimes approaching pure white. They are produced in large, graceful clusters which when cut will retain their form and color permanently. The full grown plants are about a foot high. Though the stems of the flower may dry up, the blossoms do not fade. Mr. Burbank has a cluster of these blossoms in his library which have remained there unchanged for a whole year. Neither do they lose their odor.

### CALL AGAIN.

A stern father who had repeatedly told a young man who was paying his addresses to his daughter not to visit the house again without his permission, which he never intended to give, was surprised when he answered the door bell late one evening to see the young man.

"Sir," he said, in anger, "didn't I tell you not to call again, sir?"

"Yes," said the young man, "I know, but I didn't call to see your daughter. I came on behalf of our firm about that little bill."

"Oh—er—er," stammered the stern father, "call again, will you?"

### END OF THE TALE.

Percy was newly married, and being a commercial traveler and away from home very frequently, he would say to himself:

"I wonder what Gwendoline is doing at this precise moment?"

He was thinking one day, when a brilliant idea struck him, and he visited a spiritualist medium.

"What," said Percy, "is Gwendoline doing?"

"She is looking out of the window," replied the medium, "presumably expecting someone."

"Ah!" continued the medium, "Someone enters the house, and she caresses him fondly."

"You lie!" cried the excited husband. "My wife is true to me."

"Now she lays her head on her lap and looks tenderly into his eyes."

"You lie," roared the jealous husband again.

"Now she kisses him."

"It's false!" yelled the young man.

"Now," said the medium, "he wags his tail."

"Ah!"

### WASN'T CAUGHT NAPPING.

One afternoon a rather sly woman went to the store to buy a souvenir bag, and after looking over the entire stock at great length she finally selected one to her liking.

"Are you sure," said the woman, making a critical examination of the bag, "that this is real alligator skin?"

"Oh, yes, madame," affably rejoined the storekeeper. "I am positive of it. As a matter of fact I shot the alligator myself."

"I was thinking," returned the customer, only partly convinced, "that it looks rather soiled."

"That, madame," was the ready response of the storekeeper, "is where it struck the ground when it fell out of the tree."

## MUSICAL SCOTS.

Dohnanyi, the famous pianist, tells a story of two Spotsmen who lived in the same flat. Each had a piano, upon which he strummed in his own room, and one day a friend suggested that they should run the two pianos into the same room so that they could play music written for two pianos.

The two men thought it was a good idea, and accordingly the pianos were both placed in the same room. They practised diligently at a sonata for two pianos, but with little success for some time, the difficulty being that one had generally finished his movement two or three bars before the other.

At last, however, they succeeded in finishing one movement exactly at the same moment, and, says Mr. Dohnanyi, after having some "whisky" to celebrate the occasion, one said:—"Awful," Donald, now that we've been so successful with the first movement, suppose we try the second?" Donald looked at him in profound astonishment.

"Eh, but, Angus," he exclaimed, "that was the second movement that I was playing!"

### "I JUST KEEP STILL."

"How is it, Rob," asked one boy of another, "that you never get into scraps, like the rest of us?"

"Because I don't talk back," answered Robbie, promptly. "When a boy says a hard thing to me, I just keep still."

Many a man whose life has had in it a great deal of trouble and opposition would have saved much if he had learned in his childhood the lesson which this little fellow had mastered—that of "keeping still." If the hard word hurts, it will not make it easier to make an angry reply. If you do not answer at all, it stops right there; if your tongue cannot be restrained, nobody knows what the result may be. It doesn't matter so much what your playmate says, so long as you keep your temper and hold your tongue; it is what you reply to him, nine times out of ten, that makes the quarrel. Let him say his say, and be done with it; then you will find the whole annoyance done with much more readily than if you had "freed your mind" in return.

"Just keeping still" is one of the things that save time, trouble, and wretchedness in this world. The strong character can be quiet under abuse or misrepresentation, and the storm passed by all the sooner. Patience sometimes serves a man better than courage. You will find again and again, that the way to "keep out of scraps" is to keep still.

### DIPLOMACY.

When King Alfonso is staying at Saint-Sebastian he frequently goes across to Biarritz for the afternoon. A short time ago he arrived at the station there and hailed a fiacre. The driver recognized him, and on His Majesty demanding the fare said, "For the King of Spain it will be ten francs." The King smiled, and merely paid the ordinary fare as provided by the tariff, which he supplemented by a tip of ordinary dimensions.

A few days later he was again in Biarritz, and also took a fiacre. But on this occasion the cocher was more diplomatic. When asked the amount of the fare he replied, "Your majesty owes me nothing for the small service I have had the honor to render him." His Majesty replied to this courteous speech with the presentation of a 100-franc note.

### TELEPHONES FOR SLEEPERS.

"If you want to catch an early train there is no need now to buy a special alarm clock; if you want, in fact, to do anything at any particular time there is no need to rely either upon your own efforts or upon the possibility of the servant failing to call you. All you have to do is to ring up from your own number the supervisor or of your own exchange. You tell her your number, and state that you want to be called, say, at 7.30 tomorrow morning, or, indeed, at any time of the day or night. The request is docketed by the supervisor and given to the operator, who rings your bell at the appointed time and keeps ringing it until you answer. For this service a small charge per call is added to your account.

### TESTED BY A LONG DROP.

At the newest and tallest skyscraper in New York an elevator has dropped suddenly 600 feet without anyone being injured. As a matter of fact, there were no passengers, for it was a testing experiment. The car was placed at the forty-seventh floor, and was weighted with cast-iron up to a total of 7,600 pounds, representing its full capacity if crowded with passengers.

It was then set free by the pulling of a latch-string. The car was falling at the rate of two miles a minute when it reached the air-cushion tube which begins at the eleventh floor. Then its speed diminished gradually until it arrived at the bottom as gently as a feather.

Failure is always found at the point on the way where man ceases to try again.

## RICH AND HONEST.

Congress has discovered among its members a man who is so puccinofully honest that he has actually turned back into the Federal Treasury the amount of his salary for four days, which he spent away from Washington recently on private business. The name of the man in whose presence all Congress now stands in awe is Mr. Samuel Andrew Witherapoon, of Meridian, Mississippi.

There is a kind of tradition that somewhere in the statute books is a law which says a member of Congress shall not draw pay for the days he is absent and not attending to his public duties. But the oldest inhabitant does not remember that the law was ever anything but a dead letter.

Mr. Witherapoon tried to keep what he had done a secret. Probably he felt he ought not to embarrass some of his fellow members who are not so particular. The fact of his having reimbursed the Treasury in this fashion "leaked" from a quarter remote from the affairs of the wealthy gentleman from Mississippi.

### TELL-TALE TELEPHONE.

Modern science has added a new terror to the lives of employees. The Turner loud-speaking telephone might well be termed "The Invisible Boss." Should Miss Smith, of the shipping department, ring up Mr. Robinson, the salesman, and arrange a little dinner in Soho and a visit to the theatre, there is no knowing, with this new telephone, whether their employer himself is not listening.

There is no need to take the receiver off its handle or do any work at all. The employer merely presses a button, lools back in his armchair, and a small box on his desk begins to retell the gossip of the establishment in a high-pitched, ventriloquial voice.

There is no possibility of making a mistake. The tones of the speaker are perfectly recognizable, and even the noisiest typewriter cannot drown the stentorian bellow of the conversation that issues whenever any of the office lines are in use.

The employer's conversations, on the other hand, cannot be overheard by others. The principle of the invention is very similar to that of the dictograph. In fact, Mr. Turner invented both instruments. The transmitter depends for its extraordinary clearness on a special microphone, which uses minute hollow balls of carbon in place of the usual graphite crystals. The receiver is connected with a sound-box similar to that used in gramophones. The combination of the two instruments and a special system of wiring produce one of the most efficient of modern communication sets.

### MUST BE ORIGINAL.

A New York poet was favoring a friend with a few of his last verses. They were descriptive of a beautiful girl. The poet read:

"Her hair was massed in flowing curls.

The color of a whisper."

"This made the listener sit up.

"What's that?" he said. "Read that again."

"I thought you would say something about that," the poet answered. "I don't want to appear egotistical, but that little phrase gives some scope for the exercise of the mind."

"In what way?"

"Don't you see," continued the poet, "how beautifully that describes the shade of her hair. Every poet speaks of golden hair or raven locks. To be a success one must be original. It was nearly golden, and I convey the impression by means of that one word."

The friend looked puzzled.

"You have heard," said the poet, patiently, "that silence is golden?"

"Yes."

"Well, if silence is golden, what would a whisper be? It would be nearly golden, wouldn't it?"

### MISTAKEN IDEA.

While Patrick was on his way home one day he thought he would take a short cut across Farmer Watson's hay field. He had reached the middle of the field when he was startled by an awful roar behind him, and looking over his shoulder, saw the farmer's prize bull rushing upon him like a cyclone. Taking to his heels he ran for dear life.

"If I can only make that fence," he said, as he tore along.

Just as he got to the fence the bull got to him—with a perfect rear-end collision. High, higher in the air went the spinning Patrick, and on the descent he landed, in a bruised and punctured heap, on the other side of the fence.

Getting to his hands and knees, he faced the bull. It was pawing and tearing up the ground at a great rate, whereupon Patrick smiled and said:

"Faith, if it was not for yer bowin' an' scrapin' and yer humble' apoloxies, ye baste, I'd be thinkin' that ye checked me over the fence intentionally."

## WIT AND HUMOR.

### ALL HIGH CARDS.

The family of Peter Pink, living on the Hardman road, had two new kings born Sunday. This makes 4 kings for four queens in the royal family.—Lane (W. Ya.) Recorder.

General—Did you ever smell powder, sir?

Hank—Yes.

General—Where?

Hank—On my sweetheart's face.

### SURE ENOUGH.

Mr. Phrog—What makes you sit the broiling sun all day, Miss Mouse?

Miss Mouse—Trying to get a tan.

### SUMMER ENGAGEMENTS.

Ethel is engaged.

That's so? How long has she known the man?

Only since yesterday, when she arrived at the seashore. But she doesn't make any difference, she's only going to know him two weeks anyhow.

### NOT THE GAME.

A young woman who has recently taken charge of a kindergarten, at The New York Sun, entered a troll car the other day, and as she took her seat smiled pleasantly at a gentleman sitting opposite. He raised his hat, it was evident that he did not know her.

Realizing her error, she said, in tones audible throughout the troll car:

"Oh, please excuse me! I mistook you for the father of two of my children!"

She left the car at the next corner.

### HIS NUMBER.

"Now," said one young swell to another, "wasn't that a silly thing Harry Jolly to say?"

"What?"

"Why, he went into a shoe store quite a swagger place, you know, and the clerk, you know, took off his shoes off, don't you know, and asked him, quite regular, what number he wore. And what do you think the chump said?"

"Don't know, you know?"

"He said: 'Why, two, of course.'"

### IN HER GLORY.

Dolly says she has nothing to wear this summer. I wonder what she does?

Put it on and go bathing.

### ALMOST AS GOOD.

An Ohio visitor to Washington went into Senator B's room to call on the Senator. He was out, but his secretary was present.

"Seems like I've seen you before," said the visitor.

"Might be," replied the secretary. "Didn't you go to the Noneseuch Business College, out in Ohio?"

"No, I did not."

"What school did you attend?"

"Yale mostly," replied the secretary.

"Well," commented the visitor, glibly, "that's a good school too!"

### MONEY TO BURN.

"A bad season, and yet you do your rates at the last minute?"

"Well, these fashionable people couldn't go to Europe any more, have a hard time finding pensive enough to suit."

### SURE THING.

We believe in being cheerful, fall hats for men might have considerably worse.

### REAL HAPPINESS.

To be truly happy is a question how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not what we have.—Stevenson.

### JOKELETS.

When a man jumps at conclusions he doesn't always light where he expected to.

"Georgie, don't you see that Jack is taking your candy?"

"I don't care. It's the kind that always makes her sick."

It must be hard on the fingers the jolly mite who is always cracking jokes.

Schoolmaster (entering boys' dormitory)—What are you doing out of this time of the night, Murphy?

Murphy—Oh, sorry, I got out to tug myself in.

Mother—How often do you want me to tell you to stop making that noise? While—I'd rather you wouldn't tell me at all, ma.

The more bread the baker makes the more he kneads.

The "higher love" may be different from all other kinds in the beginning, but somehow it always ends in exactly the same spot on a girl's lips.



## A WREN FAMILY

ABOUT a foot from the little half-window in the east gable of the old house, at home there was a knot-hole through the weather-boarding. The wrens nested in a knot-hole every year, the same or their descendants. Next to the light shining through the window of the attic bedroom, the innumerable little birds were my alarm clock in the morning. Many times I, with boyish persistence, to enter that hole, so that I might spy the nest; and one time mother's scissors disappeared down the fern between the weather-boarding and the joists.

I never saw the nest, for the little birds cunningly hid it deep from the rear of their numerous broods. I was happy until the young were out to fly. At such times the family cat, a patriarchal old Maltese, acted himself the Dante of the wren tribe, and destroyed every bird that lost its balance and fell earth. When the little ones were out to fly, I divided my time between guarding them against the predations of old "Malt" and hoeing weeds out of the cabbage. In the most trust, the birds got by far greater share in the division.

Incidentally with my return to old home not long ago, I acquired a fracture that kept me in bed two weeks. They put me to sleep in the little room. The once blackened walls where the "mud daubers" deposited their mud were now covered in an atrocious flowered wallpaper. Little half-window was covered in lace curtains. How I longed to see and tear those lace curtains away and let the sunlight stream in over the checkered counterpane as it when I was a boy!

There was only one familiar thing. The first morning I was wakened by the sound of something apparently scratching on the roof. As I awoke, and the noise continued, I thought dreamily that some cat was trying to scale the roof, old Malt in spirit, perhaps. Then I remembered the wrens. It was spring, and they were building. All day the busy little birds carried their nesting material, and with infinite patience knitted it into the diminutive knot-hole in the wall.

When I was able to go out, Aunt Mary placed an armchair beneath the old locust-tree that grew beside the well, and I sat there from day until night, watching the house-building of the wrens. Madame Wren was the more industrious of the pair, and also the more persistent. Frequently monsieur would become so tired with the spirit of the spring that he would be compelled to sit on the coaming and gurgle off a portion of it in a strain of liquid melody. Madame did not sing, but her cheerful chatter as she hurried about was filled with the love of home.

I am at a loss to know what became of all the nest material that had been collected by the birds during the years they had occupied that hole. The work done this spring I made estimate—a very conservative one, seems to me. The pair certainly had a large basketful of twigs and moss, and one at a time down that hole. Their method of getting the material into their nest into the hole was with a great deal of care. Their experience never reached them a sense of proportion. Madame would fix up to the top of a locust twig six inches above her mouth, perch on the rim, endeavor to poke that stick into a six-inch slit crosswise through a two-inch hole. But although they tried it hundreds of times, they never seemed to learn the fact. Madame would work and toil, drop the twig and carry it up again, push and shove from every angle, but the perverse thing would not go in. After repeated trials, she would work the twig through her bill until she held it one end, and then push it in with the rim, watching it as it fell; then she would dive down, and probably arrange it to her satisfaction, for she would pop out and hurry away for another. She never failed to place her burden, but the gentleman was not so persistent. He would probably drop the twig after several ineffectual attempts to get it in, flit away with an air that said plainly, "What's the use?"

The foundation properly laid, the nest proper was not difficult. The wren's nest furnished an abundance of soft feathers, admirable bedding for eggs and young birds. The little bird carried enough downy feathers stuff a sofa pillow. One day early in May Mrs. Wren inspected the habitation, called it good, perched in the hole, with her body half-outside, and spoke into a lilting song of exultation, to pair settled down to housekeeping in earnest. Monsieur sat on the rim, his chosen chair, and sang from morning till night, and then practised under his breath long after the stars were out. Madame did not sing a great deal, just a little

murmur, as if she were practicing a new cradle-song, as she slipped about picking up insects. They are not believers in race suicide, these little brown birds, for they bring out from seven to eleven birdlings at a sitting, and frequently rear three broods in a season. Ten or twelve days after the nest was completed madame did not appear, nor did I catch more than a fleeting glimpse of her for fourteen days.

I was reading in the armchair one afternoon, when she came tearing out of the hole in the greatest excitement. I thought at first that a rat had gnawed into the nest and attacked the little mother, but soon learned from the tone of her chatter that the event was more important even than a rat. Monsieur came down from his choir-loft to investigate. Madame said a few words to him, and he popped into the hole, took a look, and came tearing out, yelling at the top of his voice, "O glory be, it's true! There they are nine of them! Just think of it, nine babies, all our own! My, what a job to feed them all, and the cost of living so high!"

And it was a task. The pair began at once, for nine hungry mouths admit of no delay. They began securing the orchards, gardens, hedgerows, shade trees, shrubbery, every place that would be likely to harbor an insect. The bill of fare of the baby-house wren is strictly insectivorous, and wrens are the most useful birds about the place. The little ones are fed frequently, and observations made during the infancy of the brood under consideration revealed some very interesting and important facts regarding their menu. I had ample opportunity to watch and tabulate the character of insect food the nestlings demanded, and at the same time keep a record of the number of times the parents visited the nest. I found that the mother bird, who was more industrious than her mate, visited the nest with food on an average of twenty-five times an hour during the hours of daylight. The father made fewer visits, due, I am convinced, to the fact that he probably ranged farther afield than his mate. I believe this from the fact that his offerings were generally of larger size than those of the female.

Let us take the record for one day, May 25th. I began my vigil at half past seven: the parents were away at the time. The mother soon came with a green caterpillar; the next two visits she brought flies; then she made several visits with insects that I was unable to classify. After that she brought a May-fly, then a Hessian fly, then several May-flies; then several worms—she had evidently found a colony of cutworms, and was visiting the spot. Then a grasshopper came in, then a large miller that had stayed out too late. Several winged flies, which I was unable to classify, came in turn; then more May-flies, a spider, another grasshopper, several saw-fly larvae, a cutworm, a botfly, a small beetle, a rose chaffer. And so on through the day; at each visit her bill was laden with some noxious and injurious insect.

Another day, when the young were nearly ready to leave the nest, I kept tally, and found that in four hours and twenty minutes the mother bird alone brought in twenty-three tent caterpillars. There were many other kinds of insects, but I was only tabulating caterpillars.

As the babies grew larger, the food became chiefly beetles and the larger insects, grasshoppers and crickets, although the smaller ones were not ignored.

Fortunately, the house-wren has never been considered detrimental, and it is too small to tempt the destructive instincts of the small boy with a gun. It has escaped persecution. Much may be done, however, to entice these industrious and highly beneficial birds about the place. They are so easily satisfied with nesting sites that it would seem work well spent to provide for them places to build about the house and in the orchard. I have frequently supplied house-hunting pairs with homes by nailing empty tomato-cans on the fruit trees or beneath the eaves of the buildings. But if you wish to fill their hearts with joy, procure a small hollow log, cut off sections of it some ten or twelve inches in length, nail a board over top and bottom, bore a two-inch auger-hole in the side, and nail these on the trees. A pair will soon discover one of these, and more than repay your kindness by glowering your orchards and gardens of destructive insects. If you wish to be especially accommodating, place a heap of dried sticks and a quantity of chicken feathers where the birds can get at them handily.

If you enjoy watching the ways of birds, nothing will afford you so much amusement and information as to sit beneath a nearby tree and watch the birds building; and after the young are hatched, it is a lesson in economy to witness them feeding the ever-hungry little ones.—Youth's Companion.

"Was it your wife I heard calling you up this morning?"

"No; it was my wife you heard calling me down."—Buckeye.

## Jests from the Jokesmiths

### ON THE RUN.

"Ran into town yesterday to do some shopping."

"Buy much?"

"No; ran out of money."

### FROM SAD EXPERIENCE.

Friend—What a staid person your stage manager is.

Playwright—Staid! If you ever have him rehearse a play—you'll find that he's quite a cut-up.

### OFTEN THE CASE.

Gibbs—Ever notice that when a man is engaged to a girl he is mad if he can't always be alone with her.

Dibbs—Yes, and I've also noticed that after they're married he's madder if he has to be.

### BAFFLING.

"Yes, I think the next lecture I shall give will be on Keats."

"Oh, professor, what are Keats?"—Sketch.

### SHE COULD.

The Stout Lady—All this talk of the inability of man towards woman is rubbish. This morning in the tube three men offered me their seats.

Her Slim Niece—Did you take them, Auntie?—London Opinion.

### BY PERMISSION.

Country Squire (at his tenants' dinner, to one of them)—What, no salad for you, Ferdy?

Bartholomew—No, thank you, with your kind permission, they don't agree with me.—Pilegenda Blatter.

### UNRIVALLED EXPERIENCE.

Prospective Employer (persuading reference)—Have you any knowledge of the silk and satin department?

Applicant—Spent all my life among 'em, sir.

Prospective Employer—And sheets and blankets?

Applicant—(forcibly)—Born among 'em, sir.—Town and Country.

### A PALPABLE HIT.

Sharp—You are constantly worrying over nothing.

Mrs. Sharp—You do worry me considerably, dear.

### A GREWSOME SUBJECT.

Mrs. A—So your husband is all the time talking shop. Well, you mustn't mind that.

Mrs. B—I wouldn't, if he was anything else but an undertaker.

### THEN OF COURSE SHE SMILED.

The young wife, refused a new hat, bitterly complained that she had a lot to put up with.

"Yes," replied her husband, "and if you knew how little I have to put up with you would not ask me to put up for a new hat."

### HIS WORRY.

"My poor wife! Buried on a Friday, too! I hope it won't bring me bad luck."—Palo Melo.

### OUR SNOBS.

Her Ladyship—Isn't that my gardener's daughter, Ollie?

Ollie—Yes, your ladyship; quite a mistake, touching my 'at to 'er. Why, she's as poor as I be.—Punch.

### "THERE'S A REASON."

The Salesman—Plovers' eggs, madam? Just arrived.

The Customer—Rather small, aren't they?

The Salesman—Just a trifle, madam, owing to the cool strike.—Sketch.

### REFINED ATHLETICS.

"There is a great deal more refinement in athletics than there used to be."

"Yes," replied the sporting man; "but every now and then some pugilist breaks loose and talks about 'slugging over the ropes' like a political candidate."—Washington Star.

### HOOD'S BIT OF FUN.

An English bee-yonder wrote over his shop door:

"Hear sold here."

Tom Hood, who saw it, said it was spelled right.

"The fluid the man sells," Hood explained, "is his own brain."

### A THRIFTY SUITOR.

He—"I am a poor man, you know."

She—"When we are married I can learn to cook, dear."

He—"Haden't you better begin practice while your father is supplying the raw material?"—Boston Transcript.

### HELPING THE GAME.

"Bahi!" exclaimed the Socialist.

"Money is filthy lucre."

"Well, I've done the best I could today," replied the man who dabbles in stocks. "I've cleaned up \$1,000."—Lippincott's.

### THE PENALTY.

"It seems to me that I have seen you before."

"You have, my lord. I used to give your daughter singing lessons."

"Twenty years!"—Casell's.

### IN AND-OUT.

"After all, you know, there is room for both men and women in this world. Men have their work to do, and women have theirs."

"It is the woman's work to provide for the inner man, and it is the man's to provide for the outer woman."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### HANDICAP OF SEX.

Mr. Grump (a savage bachelor)—I don't see why a man should get married when a good parrot can be bought for \$25.

Miss Readywit—As usual, we women are at a disadvantage. A grizzly bear can't be bought for many times that.—Boston Transcript.

### DIFFERENT THEN.

"They say he's honest to a penny."

"Perhaps. But did you ever lend him a book?"—Exchange.

### TELLING.

Wills—"I've got to cut out this high life while my wife is away."

Giles—"What's the trouble now?"

Wills—"The page and the neighbors are beginning to tell."

### SAME SHAPE.

Customer—"What have you in the shape of oranges?"

General Storekeeper—"Well, we have baseballs."—Harlem Life.

### OH, SHAW!

"Our college won."

"They did? Rah! Rah! Rah! What did they win?"

"The debate."

"Oh, pshaw!"

### SOCIAL HORTICULTURE.

Cultivating friendship.

Weeding out acquaintances.

Sowing wild oats.

Baking the servants over the coals.

Looking after one's stocks.

Planting one's foot down on extravagance.

Harrowing people with one's ill temper.

Digging up the coin.—Boston Transcript.

### THE WHOLE DAMRELL FAMILY.

The Kansas reporter who wrote the following birth notice is certainly no dud at paying compliments:

"A handsome girl baby, which is not to be wondered at, considering its mother—came to Jim Damrell's house last evening and will stay until she finds a better man than her dad, a thing it will take her many years to do. Grandfather Williams steps high, while 'Grandmother Williams smiles like the good soul she is.' All to the stupor, that!"

Primus: "Johnson is a philanthropist."

Secundus: "What does he do?"

Primus: "He's so sorry for poor children who have no Christmas that he spends his time telling them that Santa Claus is a myth."

"Do you think you'll be able to pull through," anxiously inquired the needle to the thread.

"Yes, guess so," was the curt reply.

"How's your brother, Tommy?"

"Ill in bed, miss. He's hurt himself."

"How did he do that?"

"We were playing at who could lean farthest out of the window, and he won."

## IN MOTHER'S SHOES



Only mother had not said, "Take good care of the boys on Fourth of July, dear."

Claudia's plunk and white face was sober. A great weight seemed pressing down upon her young shoulders. How could she take good care of four boys on the Fourth of July?

Suddenly she shuddered, for she remembered the dreadful picture that the magazines and newspapers had used the year before in pleading with the public for a "sane Fourth." The boy lying with bandaged eyes was slim and straight, like Francis; the mother in agony beside him, the father at the foot of the couch—they might have been mother and father. And here was she, Claudia Gay, but fifteen years old, a regular scarefaby, left to take care of Francis and Leo and Blair and "Little Jack Horner!"

"I never can do it in the world!" she groaned. "They're saving up all their money for firecrackers and pistols—they've saved a lot!"

Poor, sick father! Of course mother had to go to him, but if she only could have gone on the fifth of July, very early in the morning!

Claudia was the oldest of the little Gays, and seemed all her life to have carried a load of care. In her early days she had worried lest her dolls might take cold, and lest the baby's little bow-legs might never grow straight. But never before had a Fourth of July distressed her.

There might be ways, of course, to outwit her brothers; Claudia was skilful in inventing "ways," and at this moment she could think of a splendid one. But it would be deceptive, and therefore it did not appeal to her. If she pretended to be sick all day, the boys would not fire off their crackers for fear of disturbing her. "But I couldn't do that!" she sighed.

Then she remembered Great-Aunt Debbie, who lived next door. She would not have to pretend that Great-Aunt Debbie was sick. If she called the boys together, and said, "Poor Aunt Debbie! Think how your cracker noises will disturb—" Claudia caught herself up. Aunt Debbie, was perfectly deaf. All the cracker noises of Fourth of July could not disturb her!

So Claudia reluctantly decided that she would have to take her mother's place and superintend personally all the explosions. She would have to be on hand all day, to see that none of the boys injured their eyes or their fingers. And Claudia was afraid of "things that went off." She had never consented to have anything to do with firecrackers. Her Fourth-of-July she had always spent in her own room, carefully cuffed.

The patriotic cakes she could make quite easily, standing at the big kneading board. She had the receipt, and she knew how to put the little flags in red, white, and blue candied on the white frosting. She had a wild idea of making so many patriotic cakes that it would take the boys all day to eat them. It was such a wild idea that she laughed, and felt a little more courageous.

"I think I could fire something off right this minute!" she boasted. "With my eyes shut and cotton in my ears!" But she knew sadly that on the fateful day she must keep ears and eyes wide open. Mother had always done it.

As the days went by, Claudia's dread increased and intruded upon her dreams at night. Forebodings persisted in crowding into her mind. She kept seeing Francis lying on a couch with awful bandages round his eyes and herself kneeling beside him.

One night she got out of bed and padded away down the dark hall. She entered Francis's room, and with outstretched hands, felt her way to his little white-painted bedstead. She caught hold of the sleeping child and shook him.

"Wake up, Francis—just a minute! I want to feel your eyes open!" she implored. "Sit up in bed, and when I scratch a match, look right straight at me! Say you can see me!" And it was not until he had followed out her agonized instructions that she stole back to bed. Oh, she would watch him and the others every minute on Fourth of July! "If it kills me," she said, solemnly.

At last she confided her dreads and forebodings to her bedridden Great-Aunt Debbie. On account of Aunt Debbie's deafness, she had to shout her confession.

"Say it over again, deary; I didn't get it all. You're dreading Fourth of July, you say? For fear you'll get burned?"

"No, no, for fear they will—the boys! And lose their eyes and fingers and things. Mother said to take care of them. O Aunt Debbie, you don't know how scared I am! I'm scared for me, too—I'm afraid, Aunt Debbie I can't bear things that go off!"

The little patriotic cakes were all ready on the turkey platter—spread out at a respectful distance from one another on account of the stickiness of Claudia's frosting. There were three rounds of cakes. The patriotic song-book was open on the piano, and

Claudia had patiently practiced the accompaniments that her mother had always played.

Very early on the morning of the Fourth she put on her oldest dress and went down to the boys.

Where were the boys? Where was the nose? She could not hear a single fizzing or banging anywhere.

"Francis! Leo! Blair!" she called. "Jack Horner! Where are you? I'm coming!"

She found them industriously at work on the back porch, but saw no packages of crackers and torpedoes. They were jamming cookies and clumsy, ragged-edge sandwiches into a basket.

"We're getting ready for the picnic," volunteered little Jack Horner, over the edge of a sandwich.

"What picnic?"

"Fourth-of-July one. You get your hat on, Claudia. It's going to start right away."

"But—put your crackers! Francis Gay, what have you done with the things that go off?"

Francis faced about. "Ain't any. We never bought one. Think we would—after Blair heard you telling Aunt Debbie? Fellows with sisters have got to take care of them. We took a vote to have a picnic instead, and we're going to pay your fare both ways."

"And treat you!" chimed in little Jack Horner.

Claudia's sweet face went from pink to red. She stood in the doorway, radiant. The boys loved her—they were going to take care of her! This was a beautiful discovery, to make out of a clear Fourth of July sky.

"Why," she cried, "I thought you were just boys, and you're brothers."—Globe.

ANIMAL AFFINITIES.

No one knows the laws which govern animals in choosing their friends among other animals, but it is possible that qualities have as little and temperament as much to do with their friendships as with those of human beings. Such affinities exist, even in the case of wild animals in captivity, and the keepers at the Bronx Zoo tell dozens of stories of these mutual likes and dislikes.

There is a curious case right now in the monkey house, according to the New York Sun, where a queer little animal called a coal seems to have fallen a victim to the charms of a black ape. The two are never apart.

The monkey house has been the scene of many interesting friendships. There was the case of Polly and Dobong, a chimpanzee and an orang-utan, that counted the rest of the monkey world well lost so long as they had each other.

The greatest cronies in the monkey house are Dick and Susie, a pair of chimpanzees that have been keeping house together for about a year. Professor Garner brought Susie home with him from the Africa jungle, and a clever little body she is. So far as Dick was concerned, to see her was to love her. He has a temper which can only be described as "ornery," but his behavior toward Susie is that of a gentleman.

One of the funniest of the zoo friendships is that of Alice and Congo. Alice is a big Indian elephant and Congo a pygmy African, said to be the only one of the species in captivity. Although he is full-grown, he is only about half as big as Alice, who seems to regard him with a curious mixture of feelings. She protects him and bosses him as a mother does a child. But she also regards him with the jealous adoration of a mature spinster for a dashing youth.

As Dick Richards, their keeper, says: "Alice is just crazy about that kid!"

The lions, the tigers, leopards and other animals of the cat tribe are not given in captivity to friendships. But when it comes to bears, there is a different story.

There used to be two Himalayan in one of the pits, and they were the best of friends. A year or two ago one of them died, and the incidents which followed constitute one of the most thrilling and touching chapters in the history of the zoo.

Naturally, the keepers wanted to remove the body of the dead bear, but the surviving friend of the deceased refused to give it up. With his paws he pushed toward it the leaves that had fallen into the enclosure, and he brought straw from the dens in the rocks. All this he heaped over the carcass until he had it completely covered. Then he planted himself over it, and fought off any of the other bears that came near.

It was out of the question for anybody to enter the pit and get the body, so the keepers, by means of a pole, pushed and pulled it over to the side, tied ropes to it, and lifted it over the iron fence. The bear fought them every inch of the way, seizing the pole in his jaws, and being overcome finally only by the force of superior numbers.

Since the loss of his only friend, the Himalayan story, most of the time in a corner and moans.



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The intelligence which makes such a man save money enables him to realize that one of the best promoters of thrift is life insurance.

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Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$64,000

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## South Jersey Republican

Issued every Saturday morning

Entered in Hammonton Post-Office as second-class matter by

HOYT & SON, PUBLISHERS

Orville E. Hoyt William O. Hoyt

Subscription Price: \$1.25 per year, \$1.00 in Atlantic County. Three cents per copy.

On sale at office, and at Well's News Room

Advertising Rates on Application. Local Phone, 402-423, 1095.

**SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1914**

All those who will be affected by the proposed increase in passenger rates, who have or contemplate purchasing monthly, fifty or hundred trip tickets, are urged to be present at Town Hall this evening, between seven and eight o'clock. The Board of Trade's committee will be there, to gather data which they will forward to the State Utilities Board, at Trenton, on Monday. On Wednesday, the State Board received applications from the Railroad Companies for vacation of their order which suspended the advancing of rates. If the roads gain their point, fares will be raised next Tuesday.

The storm, which has lasted a week, did great damage in many localities, particularly along the coast, where the wind blew a gale, wrecking board-walks, undermining houses, carrying away structures that were considered storm-proof. In Pennsylvania, trains were delayed and communication cut off by fallen wires.

It is with pleasure that we note the contract awarded for the improvement of Twelfth Street, thus opening another highway to Hammonton market. Freeholders Black and Osgood are to be commended for looking out for the interests of north Atlantic County.

Look over the Christmas advertisements in this issue of the South Jersey Republican, and you will find it worth while to do your shopping right here in Hammonton.

The sun shone for a few hours, Thursday,—the first for nearly a week. But we had rain in abundance, and furies of snow.

Mail or express your Christmas packages early; do not wait until the last week, or they may be delayed in transit.

Only ten shipping days left before Christmas. But perhaps you have finished your shopping.

Officers at Tuckerton caught the horse thieves last Friday afternoon, at Tuckerton, and notified Mr. Bernshouse. James Applegate, by direction of the Prosecutor, took the boys, Peter, Kurtz and Frank Polissi, to Mays Landing.

Burke & Bonham, Inc., of Plainfield, have been awarded the contract for improvement of Twelfth Street from Hammonton to Wheat Road, Vineland. It is to be fifty feet wide, thirty feet roadway. The price is \$67,519.58, which does not include the several bridges.

### Un-Claimed Letters.

The following letters remained unclaimed for in the Hammonton Post Office on Wednesday, Dec. 9, 1914:

Mr. Vincenza Fedoga Mr. Giuseppe Florio  
Mr. G. D. Henson Mr. R. H. Henson  
Mrs. Gertrude Maxwell Mr. Charles Hawling  
A. H. Hinder, Chief Mr. Steve Polco  
Mr. John J. White

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

### A CORRECTION.

DEAR SIR:—In your report of the protest meeting, held in the High School building on November 30, you draw a wrong conclusion from my remarks on the New Jersey Public Utility Commission. I therefore ask you to print the following:

In my remarks at the protest meeting, I urged those who were taking part in the effort to stop the increase in fares from going into effect, to act in no uncertain way, as our cause could be won only by us making a good showing before the Commissions that will hear the cases. I further said that there was no danger of the railroad's interests suffering in a fight like this, as they will be well represented, and even if the Commission should make an order under which the roads could not make a living profit, they would be unable to enforce it.

The courts have in the past, and will in the future, set aside any order made by the commissions that is confiscatory in its nature. Neither have the Commissions had power to order new classes of tickets sold to places where the roads have never sold them before. With these exceptions, the New Jersey Public Utility Commission is organized under a statute that gives it as much power as any like commission in the United States. The people may rest assured that if either the Interstate Commerce Commission or the New Jersey Public Utility Commission find the new rates named by the railroads to be unfair and discriminatory, and make an order that they shall not go into effect, they will have power to enforce that order.

WM. B. PHILLIPS.

Get your advertising in early, next week,—that is the last before Christmas.

Tax day, the twentieth, comes on Sunday. Pay on Saturday.

Dear Mr. Editor and People of Hammonton:

The terrible war in Europe has certainly played havoc with people of Belgium, and there is no doubt that thousands of them not only need help, but perhaps are starving; and they look to the people of the United States for help. We, including Hammonton, have done nothing for them, and may do more; but (with a big B), dear reader, we must not lose sight of the fact that right here in our own dear town of Hammonton there are many poor people who not only need coal and wood to keep warm the coming winter, but may also need food to keep body and soul together; and I for one say, "Enough for Belgium." Let us look right here at home, and raise a fund to help the needy who are under the eye of those of us who have plenty. After the money, clothes are on hand, let the ladies of our societies distribute the same they deem best. Now, dear friends, come along with your mites, to see what can be done by Jan. 1st. I will head the list with five dollars who will be the next? and the next? and the next? I will take upon myself to appoint Mr. W. R. Tilton as treasurer, who will receive contributions at any time, at The Peoples Bank. DR. J. A. WAAS

### NEW SERIES

IN THE

**Farmers' and Merchants' Building and Loan Association**  
Will be opened Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1914.

Subscriptions received by the Secretary, at the  
**HAMMONTON TRUST COMPANY.**

Joseph R. Imhoff, President Robert Steel, Vice-President  
J. C. Bittler, Treasurer Robert Picken, Treasurer

**DIRECTORS**  
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John T. French

**Is your heating plant ready for its winter run?**  
Better let us look it over.

**Harry McD. Little**

Odd Fellows Building.

**TOMKINSON'S**  
**Hammonton and Philada. Express**

Philadelphia office, 210 Market St., where orders and packages can be left up to 2 p.m. Orders can be left at Applegates cigar store. Local Phone 1253.

Moving and hauling of all kinds done on short notice. Tomkinson's Auto-Express, Blue Anchor, N. J.

## SELECT YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM STEEL'S STORE

We have served you the past twenty-one years

THE QUALITY IS INSURED

Better prepared to meet your demands this year

### Diamonds

Rings, \$1 to \$10; Tie pins, \$5 to \$25; Cuff links, \$8 to \$25; Tie clasps, \$5 to \$10; La Vallieres, \$6 to \$20.

### Silverware

Of the standard makes—Corham Community, Wallace and Rogers Bros. Any article for the table.

### Bracelets

Many to choose from. Gold filled, \$1 to \$6.50; solid gold, \$10 to \$20.

### Tie Pins

In a tie pin we can please you—50 cents to \$15.

### Umbrellas

Useful indeed for man or woman \$2 to \$5.50; for children, \$1.25

### Brooches

A stock that leaves nothing to be desired. Gold filled, 50 c to \$2; solid gold, \$1.50 to \$15.

### Chains

Of guaranteed quality, for your watch or locket, and neck. \$1.50 to \$7

### Clocks

The new designs in mahogany, \$2.50 up; gold plated, \$1.50 to \$3; solid brass, \$2.75 and up; ivory, \$1.35 up.

### Watches

A watch, the ideal gift. A good selection of bracelet watches, \$10 up; plain polished watches, for monograms, \$7.50 to \$30. The Howard, Hamilton, Waltham and Elgin, for men, \$7.50 to \$50; for boys, \$1 to \$5.

### Cuff Pins

Many designs to choose from,—gold filled, 20 cts. to \$1.25; solid gold, \$1 to \$4 a pair.

### Hat Pins

Sterling, gold filled and solid gold, a pleasing gift, 35 c. to \$2.25

### Bar Pins

In great variety; 35 cts. to \$2

### Kodaks

A good line to show you; \$1 to \$10. All supplies in stock.

### Society Emblems

Plus, charms, and buttons for all lodges, \$1 up.

### Cuff Links

Plain for monogram, or engraved patterns. Gold filled, 50 c. to \$2. Solid, \$2.50 to \$7.

### Jewel Cases

China, silk-lined, silver and gold plated, 50 cents to \$5.

There is a distinct advantage in coming to our store to purchase your gifts,—the articles are not selected for a transient trade, but for you, customers, whom I have served for twenty-one years.

### Miscellaneous

#### FOR WOMEN

Manicure Articles  
Desk Brushes  
Bonnet Brushes  
Hair Receivers  
Scissors  
Thimbles  
Coin Purse  
Mesh Bags  
Mahogany Trays

#### FOR MEN

Match Boxes  
Cloth Brushes  
Military Brushes  
Key Rings  
Shaving Mugs  
Cigarette Cases  
Pocket Knives  
Stamp Boxes  
Leather Bill Books

**Our Ivory Line** comprises Combs, Brushes, Mirrors, Cloth Brushes, Jewel Boxes, Manicure Articles, Shoe Horns, Salve Boxes, Clocks, Photo Frames, Desk Articles.

**Engraving** We will gladly do, if the articles are selected in time.  
**Satisfaction** is the basis on which every sale is made.

**We extend a freedom to come and see our Great Holiday Stock.**

**Remember,** Our name on the box of your gifts insures quality.

**ROBERT STEEL, Jeweler.**

### Auto Brushes

The Sanitax brush, \$3  
Auto clocks, \$5.50

### LaVallieres

One of the leaders this year. Special values. Solid gold, \$2.25, \$3, \$3.50, \$4, up to \$18.

### Musical Merchandise

Violins, Mandolins, Guitars  
Music Stands, Instrument cases, music books, etc.

### Fountain Pens

We have genuine Waterman's Ideal, \$2.50 to \$5.

### Victrolas

There should be a VICTROLA in your home this Christmas. Come and make your selection. Sold on the convenient payment plan,—\$10 to \$200.

### Toilet Sets

Comb, brush and mirror, in silk-lined box, silver plated, \$5 to \$8; sterling silver, \$13 to \$20.

### Fobs

Appreciated by all young men. Silk, with charm for initials, or gold filled, \$1 to \$6.

### Brass Goods

The best finished line made,—fern dishes, desk articles, smokers' articles, jewel boxes, candle sticks, photo frames.

### French China

Appeals to every woman. It comprises water jugs, bowls, tea sets, cracker jars, celery and roll trays, bon-bon dishes, cake plates, and a great variety of single plates and small articles.

### Gillette Razors

Give him a Gillette this Christmas,—\$5.

### Tie Clasps

Gold filled, 65 cents to \$1.25; solid gold, \$1.50 up

### Victor Records Albums

These make a much better gift to those who have a gift to give. Our stock is large; if not we'll get it for you.

### Rings

Always acceptable,—Signet, \$1.25 to \$6  
Stone set, \$1 to \$10  
Diamond set, every stone carefully selected, \$10 to \$100

### Manicure Sets

In leather rolls for the travel bag, \$2.25 to \$4; in ivory \$2.25 to \$3.75.

### Out Glass

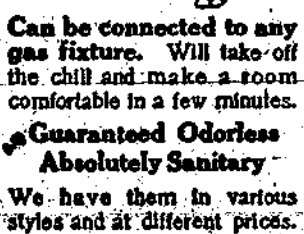
Hammonton made, first quality bowls, napkins, celery trays, tubs, compotes, tankards, cups and cream, mayonnaise, vinegar, relish dishes. Factory prices.

### Pocket Knives and Cigar Cutters

Gold filled, \$2.50 to \$3.50; men's waltham watch chains.

### Leather Goods

Writing cases, card cases, road ticket cases, traveling cases with brushes, cigar cases, mail rolls, coin purses, collar cases.

**R. 3 Cts.**

WILSON S. TURNER, Sub-Agent  
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In the sign we nailed on the barns of  
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Agent for  
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**20 WORDS 10c**  
OR LESS

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## PULPIT TOPICS.

### THE SIGNS AND THE COMING.

(Luke 21:25-36)

The doctrine of the Second Coming of Christ has come down through history with a shadow upon it. Mightily in its effect upon men's lives, that effect has sometimes been of a sad and sinister nature. So powerfully has the imagination been impressed with the solemn content of these prophecies and its awful accessories that the balance between it and other constituents of revelation has been disturbed, leading to sadly distorted views, to morbid fears, and even to mental aberration. Men have been known to forsake their daily work, to withdraw themselves from the ordinary concerns of life, and sit down to wait for the end which their interpretation of signs showed to be impending. This perversion was rife and mischievous in Paul's day, and it has outcropped in every following period, including our own. The doctrine has been a dangerous one when wrested from its connections and viewed apart from the whole teaching of Scripture. It is, however, a component part of revelation, and we need only consider it in its relations with the whole plan of God to see how blessed and necessary a part it is. To think of the full carrying out of God's great purpose; to think of the thorough completion of all that has been undertaken, is a satisfaction to mind and heart. To look forward to an end encourages us in our strivings and gives us faith in a work which must often seem hopeless and endless. And if the signs of that end are connected with threatenings and terrors, let that concern those who have made themselves liable to such fears. In us perfect love hath cast out fear. If we are led to careful living and stirred to more earnest care for our fellowmen, this teaching has served its purpose so far as warning goes; and on its other side we are given matter for the highest satisfaction, for wonder and exultation.

#### Signs in Nature.

There shall be signs. That is nothing strange. No change is unaccompanied by signs. When we note the swelling buds we say that spring is near. When we note the shortening days, no one need tell us that winter is at hand. There shall be signs then also; signs of the winter and spring time of the earth; signs in the sun and in the moon and in the stars. It is just what we should expect. It was a star which pointed the first pilgrims to the birthplace of our Lord. At His death-scene the sun refused to give his light. It will be so also in the latter days. Sun, moon, stars, sea and heavens, His creatures, will bring forth fearful warning of what is coming to pass.

There are strange connections between nature and her God; bonds and sympathies which lie beyond our knowledge and are only surmised by faith. Who knows how far this universe is sentient? Who shall say this silent motionless creation has not its proper life? Who shall declare the mysterious currents of life, which flow from God into all His works? Is it not written that, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, waiting for the adoption?" This solid earth, its plains and mountain chains, the vast reaches of watery space; the placid heavens and the great oris which move in changeless paths ordained of old; these all have their consciousness; they wait upon God; they answer Him as deep answereth unto deep. And when He comes again, they will announce Him as victors of the Judge of all the earth.

#### The Consternation of the Guilty.

Terrible and overwhelming will be the announcement to those who have put their faith in the usual, who have trusted that the things that have been always shall be. Their trust shall be quickly shattered. It shall sink beneath them as a broken staff, for the power of heaven shall be shaken. Proud and self-reliant hearts shall faint for fear, and among the nations shall be distress and perplexity. The strong and mighty shall seek hiding-places, for who may abide the day of that coming, and who shall stand when He appeareth, for He is like a refiner's fire?

And yet these prophecies are meant in mercy. It is meant to break up false security; to stir to repentance and bettering of life. The unforgotten dare not look upon this coming and strive to put the thought out of mind and memory; for it is a terrible thought that torments and conceals, and is forever over when the clear-sighted Judge appears to cleanse His kingdom once for all.

#### The Joy of the Redeemed.

To imagine an end to this world and a final breaking up of what has been established; as utter change, of the modes of existence; an overthrow upon a life whose environments are untried, is disquieting to thought and makes necessary a new view of the world. Men hesitate before a change so radical as that, further showed a true knowledge of the heart when he said, "There be very few who would not rather that the day of judgment might never come."

Yet that is not the effect which this Gospel is meant to have upon us. The pure in heart who see God will not

feel strange when they live constantly in His presence. Those who have loved Him under all the present disadvantages will only love Him the more when these disadvantages have been removed. Those who realize that they have here no abiding city and are accustomed to look forward to the heavenly metropolis, will feel quite at home when they have reached there. There will be no sharp break in the lives of those who here love God, only a continuing growth under far more genial conditions in the line they have always sought to pursue. The cherished relationships of life will not be abandoned, but transformed. So the blessed life to come should not seem strange and unfamiliar in our thought; and the coming of our Lord which heralds it should be the most welcome prospect our minds may dwell upon.

Yes, it is in every respect a joyful day, a desirable day, a blessed day; and the more perfectly we comprehend what it means, the more we shall desire it. So Jesus describes it, "When these things begin to come to pass, then look up and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." There is here no figure of speech, no picture of fancy, or He has added His solemn asseveration: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

#### The Warning.

"And take heed to yourselves lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares." Let us beware lest our hearts be overcharged. Whether with care or pleasure, whether with lust or labor, let us be jealous of the occupancy of our hearts. Surfeiting, the exact equivalent of that word is overdoing. The best thing may be overdone. Let us beware of doing evil not only, but also of overdoing what is not evil. To be diligent in business is a good thing; but beware of the surfeit of business which usurps that leading place which is Christ's alone. There are many noble arts and useful professions and pure enjoyments. Let us thank God for them and pray Him to keep us from using them to that surfeit which leaves no room for Him. Our capacity for love and interest is limited, let us not spend it on the inferior.

"And drunkenness." Do we need to speak of this? the curse of it; the shame and degradation of it; the utterable havoc it has made in lives; the innocent it has involved in ruin; the manner in which it takes men from under the power of the Holy Spirit to put them under the worst impulses of their nature. Surely, no one who is under that bondage can long for the coming of that day. Let us, as Christian citizens, exert ourselves in every wise and well-considered measure in battle against this foe of God and man.

"And the cares of this life." These are placed side by side with surfeiting and drunkenness as equally dangerous with them to those who await the coming of the Lord. "The cares of this life," not the cares of life eternal, but, "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Where we forget that our Heavenly Father knoweth we have need of these things before we ask, we allow them to eat out our hearts. And they all show unbelief; they engross our thought and divide God's dominion in us. Let us cast our cares upon Him who careth for us that we may be free to await His coming. We can at least endeavor through the power that worketh in us to will and to do, and thank God that there is coming an end. "When these things begin to come to pass," He says, "then look up and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh."

#### "Your Redemption."

Sold under sin, we have been brought back, we are slowly entering into the purchase, and we shall possess it fully by and by. Born under sin, in conflict with temptations, the sordid touch of the world always upon us; few are the days of our years, but full of toils and tears, imperfect works and disappointed hopes. But, God be thanked, we are moving on, on to an end; and that end is our redemption, our deliverance, our renewal. Things will be different then, for God shall have made all things new. In this something to fear, or is it rather something ardently to long for as our heart's great desire, the goal and crown of life?

We have no knowledge as to how soon that day will come. It is hard to say how many of these prophecies have been fulfilled. It is certain that some have been. It may be that most have been. These latter days have been full of strange stirrings and prophetic movings. Who can say that we are not now beholding that dawn light which comes before the day? It is a stirring thought and must thrill us through and through. For have we not had enough of the pains and losses and bereavements, the lusts and sins and mistakes which are our inheritance here? Have we not had enough of them to long for the deliverance? Certainly only those who love their sin can fear the day of salvation. The whole logic of God's plan, the whole logic of the Christian hope, points to that day as the end and crown of the original purpose. Shall we rejoice in the beginning and not rejoice in the end? Surely if the beginnings of God's

blessed provisions for us were tidings of great joy, their maturity will reveal the gladdest Gospel men can ever know.—P. H. R.

### EPWORTH LEAGUE.

Topic for December 13, 1914.

#### WHAT IS THE MEASURE OF OUR LOVE TO CHRIST?

John 13:36-38 and 21:15-23.

The first step toward finding an answer to this question is to ask ourselves what we mean by the word love. That word is sometimes used as a synonym for natural affection, and sometimes, as a synonym for romantic sentiment, and sometimes as a synonym for sexual passion. And all these uses of the word are legitimate according to the dictionary. And a great many persons do not know that the word has any other meaning. But in the Bible it is used in a different sense. When Jesus said, "God so loved the world that He gave His Son." He was not thinking of any of these sorts of love. And when He said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," He was not thinking of any of these sorts of love.

The love which we are commanded to give to God, and to our neighbor for God's sake, is the love of devotion, the love of sympathy, the love that leads to service, the love that tries to see the good in a man and to draw out the best elements of his character. We cannot altogether control our affections, or our emotions, but we can consecrate ourselves to service, and by service we can learn to love.

We can cherish a feeling of gratitude to God by thinking much of His love for us and of what He has done and has promised to do for us, and we can seek to show our gratitude by trying to please Him. And if we do that constantly, and keep looking up to Him, with confidence in His love for us, we shall learn to love Him more and more. Our love to Christ is measured, then, by the extent of our willingness to serve Him when service is difficult, or when it involves self-denial of some kind. It is also measured by the place which He occupies in our thoughts. If our thoughts are occupied almost the whole time with outward things, or with our desires and ambitions, and if we think of Christ only when His claims are forced upon our attention in some way, then we have no right to give ourselves credit for loving Him; even if we do cherish a sort of sentimental loyalty to Him which expends itself in sentiment, and does not interfere in any way with the pursuit of our own desires and pleasures.

It is to be feared that very many persons are fooling themselves with the idea that they love Christ who have no real sympathy with His intense desire for the salvation of sinners and who never even try to make it their chief aim to glorify Him. He Himself has taught us that there will be terrible surprises at the last: "Many will say to Me in that day, Lord, Lord, did we not prophesy by Thy name, and by Thy name cast out demons, and by Thy name do many mighty works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from Me ye that work iniquity." (Matt. 7:22, 23. Read also Matt. 15:11, 12 and 44:46.)

#### CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY.

Topic for December 13, 1914.

#### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Proverbs 2:1-7.

One would not need to go outside of the book of Proverbs to find many gems of thought.

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life (Prov. 4:23.)

All the ways of a man are clean in his own eyes; but the Lord weigheth the spirits. . . . There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death (Prov. 16:2, 25.)

Secret thou a man wise in his own conceit; there is more hope of a fool than of him (Prov. 26:12.)

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding (Prov. 4:7.)

The book of Psalms also sparkles with gems from the treasure house of infinite wisdom and love.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty (Psalm 91:1.)

Delight thyself in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart. . . . Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him (Psalm 37:47.)

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee (Psalm 55:22.)

The whole 66th chapter of Isaiah is a succession of glorious thoughts, and again in the 67th chapter, we read, "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with Him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones" (Isaiah 57:15.)

But the purpose of this topic is to set the members to reading thoughtfully that each may pick out for himself some thought which he finds helpful. Because specially fitted to the present need. The New Testament is so full of glorious and helpful thoughts that it would seem impossible for anyone who comes to it with a sense of need to miss finding some thought just adapted to his need. Take, for example, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th chapters of John and the 8th chapter of Romans.

#### ASKED AND ANSWERED.

One of Dr. Aked's stories is about an eccentric American who, wanting to get married in a hurry, arrived with his intended bride outside a clergyman's house after midnight and insisted on being married on the spot.

Very unwillingly the clergyman got out of bed, and having roused some members of his household to act as witnesses, he proceeded to tie the nuptial knot.

Things went smoothly enough till he asked the American:

"Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

The American stared at him in astonishment.

"Say, boss, what d'ye s'pose I yanked you out o' bed at this hour o' night for?"

#### CALLAHAN'S ACCIDENT.

Mr. Callahan received the insurance agent with no special enthusiasm. The fact that one of the Celt's eyes was concealed by a bandage did not add to the attractiveness of his expression.

"Have you reached any decision as to whether you're going to insure with us?" asked the agent. "You said that I might call again in a few days."

Mr. Callahan smiled grimly. "There was two of 'em at me to get an accident policy," said he, breathing heavily. "I told you an' him both you might call in again, and he come first, the day before yesterday, and I insured with his company. That very night I met up with Malachi Casey on the way home, which was what I expected would happen. An' whin we'd finished with one another I was like this."

"Yesterday mornin' I sinds for the insurance man, and says I to him, 'Look at me,' I says, 'an' estimate the damages an' pay them.'"

"He squirmed right out of the door, sayin' 'twas no accident I had. Now, if meetin' with Malachi Casey after keepin' out of his way for six months is no accident, I'm done with insurance companies, an' the sooner ya lave this house the better 'twill be for ye."

#### HOW THE RANGE IS FOUND.

One of the most important instruments used on a warship is the rangefinder, for without this instrument it is practically impossible to aim the guns accurately, without first incurring a serious delay in getting the range by trial shots. Rangefinders all work on much the same principle. Images of the ship or other object sighted on being received through the two object-glasses, one located near each end and on the side of the tube, being reflected and refracted by a system of mirrors and prisms so that both are brought to the eye of the observer, who looks through the eyepiece located at the middle of the tube and on the opposite from the object-glasses.

The right-hand object-glass transmits only the upper half of the object sighted on, and the left-hand object-glass the lower half. When sighting on a ship, for example, the rigging and funnels will appear to be offset horizontally from the lower part of the ship, so long as the instrument is not set for the correct range. The images are then brought together by a thumbscrew that moves one of the prisms, and this sets a scale that shows the distance in yards to the ship.

#### PASTS SUPPLIED WHILE YOU WAIT.

On one occasion a gentleman was waiting on at his room by a very deaf middle-aged woman. She imagined that she heard quite well, and would answer at random, wandering into long, disjointed conversations with a persistence that rather annoyed the gentleman.

Some ladies came to tea one afternoon, and without telling them of her affliction, he proceeded to address her with a smiling face by all the opprobrious epithets of which he could think, and of which the presence of ladies permitted. The ladies, very naturally, were amazed, especially as the woman, taking her cue from his face, smiled cheerfully in return for such remarks as: "Bring some more anything, you darling old blithering idiot!"

They only began to suspect the truth when he asked her to supply them with some details of her "lucid past." And she replied: "I've ordered one from the fish dealer, but it hasn't come!"

When a girl exclaims, "This is so sudden!" she probably refers to the shock the man feels the moment he realizes that he has proposed to her.

### SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON.

For December 13, 1914.

#### THE GREAT COMMISSION.

Matt. 28: 16-20; Luke 24: 28-49.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Matt. 28: 20.

Luke's account of the appearance of our Lord after His resurrection is very brief. He condenses the whole story into one day, and tells of only three appearances on that day—one to Peter (verse 34), one to two disciples, with whom He walked to Emmaus (verse 13-33), and one to all the apostles immediately afterwards. The statement that "He led them out until they were over against Bethany" (verse 50), follows without any break in the narrative, as if the Lord's visible ascent into Heaven had taken place on the evening of the day on which He rose. Instead of forty days later (Acts 1: 3).

But while Luke omits many facts which the other evangelists, and Paul, supply, yet Luke's narrative is exceedingly important, for he alone tells us of the walk to Emmaus and he alone records the fact that Jesus took special pains to convince His disciples that He was standing among them in His natural body by asking for food and eating it.

John tells us that on another occasion Jesus invited Thomas to put his finger into the print of the nails in His hands, but if we had no other proof of the substantiality of our Lord's resurrection body, it might be argued that it was not the natural body, the body which had been buried, but a body assumed for the occasion, in which He appeared. Our Lord's own declaration of the fact, and His asking in the presence of His disciples to prove it to them, as recorded by Luke, leave no room for any question on the subject.

It is difficult to understand why Luke writes as if after His resurrection, Jesus had only appeared to His disciples on one day, seeing that he is believed to have obtained his knowledge of facts chiefly from Paul, and Paul tells of more appearances than anyone of the evangelists mentions. (See 1 Cor. 15: 4-8.) Moreover, Luke himself, in the first chapter of Acts, says that Jesus appeared to His disciples "by the space of forty days," before He was "taken up," and disappeared in a cloud. But we find omissions of this sort very frequently in the Bible, showing that the inspired writers were not concerned about giving their readers a perfect knowledge of the exact order of events or of the relation of different events to each other, or of all the circumstances connected with them.

We need always to remember when reading the Bible that its sole purpose is to teach us about God, about the thoughts and ways of God and our responsibility to Him, and that the historical narratives in the Bible are not given to teach history, but to show God's relation to human history. And for this purpose completeness of detail and even precise accuracy of statement are not necessary.

The Holy Spirit guided the writers in their choice of material and in their manner of presenting it, but evidently did not furnish them with the knowledge of facts which they could obtain from ordinary sources of information. It is no part of God's plan to go for His children anything that they can do for themselves.

"All authority hath been given unto Me in Heaven and on earth." This statement teaches us that Jesus was not to lose His identity when He ceased to be visible to His followers. As when on earth, He is now one with the Father, but also, as when on earth, He is still the Son, and not the Father, and He derives His authority from the Father. He represents His disciples before the throne of God and intercedes for them. (Eph. 3: 14; Heb. 7: 25.) And after "He shall have abolished all rule, all authority, and power," and "put all His enemies under His feet," then shall the Son also Himself be subjected to Him that did subject all things unto Him, that God may be all in all. (1 Cor. 15: 24-28.)

During His lifetime Jesus said, "All things have been delivered unto Me of My Father" (Matt. 11: 27), but evidently that assertion referred to the future. The ill-deed to universal sovereignty had been passed, so to speak, but Jesus was not to enter into possession till after He had accomplished His great mission.

But note that in both cases when Jesus thus asserted His supreme authority it was for the purpose of assuring His disciples of His power to protect, to sustain and to comfort them under all circumstances. On the first occasion He said, "All things have been delivered unto Me. . . . Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." And on the second occasion, He said, "All authority hath been given unto Me. . . . Ye therefore, with you always." He was sending His disciples out "as lambs in the midst of wolves" (Luke 10: 3), a little company of nobodies to attack and conquer the whole world, and they needed the assurance that they would not be left to fight the battle alone or in their own strength.

It is the unified face that feels the shining of the sun.

### GOOD OF HIM.

Cohen and Isaac, in addition being business rivals, disliked each other intensely, and both missed an opportunity to even it up. One day Isaac was greatly pleased to see Cohen walk into his office and greet him cordially.

"I gave you a splendid reference the other day," said Cohen. "I was not doing so well, but your daughter married the other you gave her a dowry of \$5,000. You started your eldest son in business with another \$5,000. I said had a magnificent house, which owned, and you had one of the businesses in the town."

Isaac, who was somewhat aback, said, "Well, that was kind of you, Cohen. May I ask whom you gave this fine reference?" "Why, certainly, Isaac, the come-tax assessor."

### THE DEARER WAY.

He was a jolly old tar, and he didn't know about boating parties wasn't worth coming. He was never at sea for how to make more money or get most out of those who patronized boats; so when he rowed a passenger to "The Smugglers' Rest" as he was pleased to call a cave that you could hardly find a small boy into, he paused on the bank and smiled amiably at his passengers.

"Now, ladies," he said, with nautical smile, "we've reached 'Smugglers' Rest.'"

"How interesting," murmured the ladies.

"What does it mean?" asked one. "Well, mum, it's just looks like the old salt. 'Between the and this boat were in there's of sunken rocks—big, jagged bits of calico if it touched 'em.' Is Consideration Point, 'cos I always stop and say whether to pay 50 cents to go the safe and way round, or whether they'll give a quarter each, and risk drowned. Which way—shall ladies?"

### NEGRO SHREWDNESS.

At the end of the first six months of his pastorate in Kentucky, Reverend Silas Johns had learned ways of his flock so thoroughly he knew exactly how to deal them.

On Sunday the collection was plorably small. The next week made a short and telling speech the close of his sermon. "I don't want any man to give me his share, brethren," he gently bonding towards the collection; "but we must all give according as we are favored and according to what we rightly have. I say, hab, brethren, he went on, a short pause, "because we don't any talented money in de box. Silas told me dat he'd missed chickens dis week. Now, if any ob my pore benighted brethren fallen by de way in connections from chickens, let him stay his dose de box when it comes to de 'Brudder Moses, will you please while I watch de signs an' dere's one in de congregation needs nix to wrattle in pray him?"

### GAVE HIM A . . .

"And what, my dear . . . you do with yourself in 'ing?" inquired his old . . . who had come to visit him . . . retreat.

"Well," replied young . . . evasively, still feeling a little old awe for his visitor, "one . . . you know, works with the microscope and occasionally has a game of . . . with the vicar. But by the way, I know you are interested in . . . dialects, and they tell me one . . . the cream of it at the Golden . . . over there. Shall we just look . . . investigate?"

The tutor consented willingly; they entered the cosy tap room, . . . sooner, however, did the land . . . catch sight of them than, turn . . . a youth sitting by the fire, he . . . lated.

"Get out of Mr. Harrison's . . . you lot!"

### THE WAY OF MOTHERS.

Mrs. Gordon had recently moved to the neighborhood.

"I thought I would come and . . . you that your James has been . . . ing with my Edward," said one of the neighbors one morning as she . . . ed at Mrs. Gordon's door, "and . . . the matter if I could."

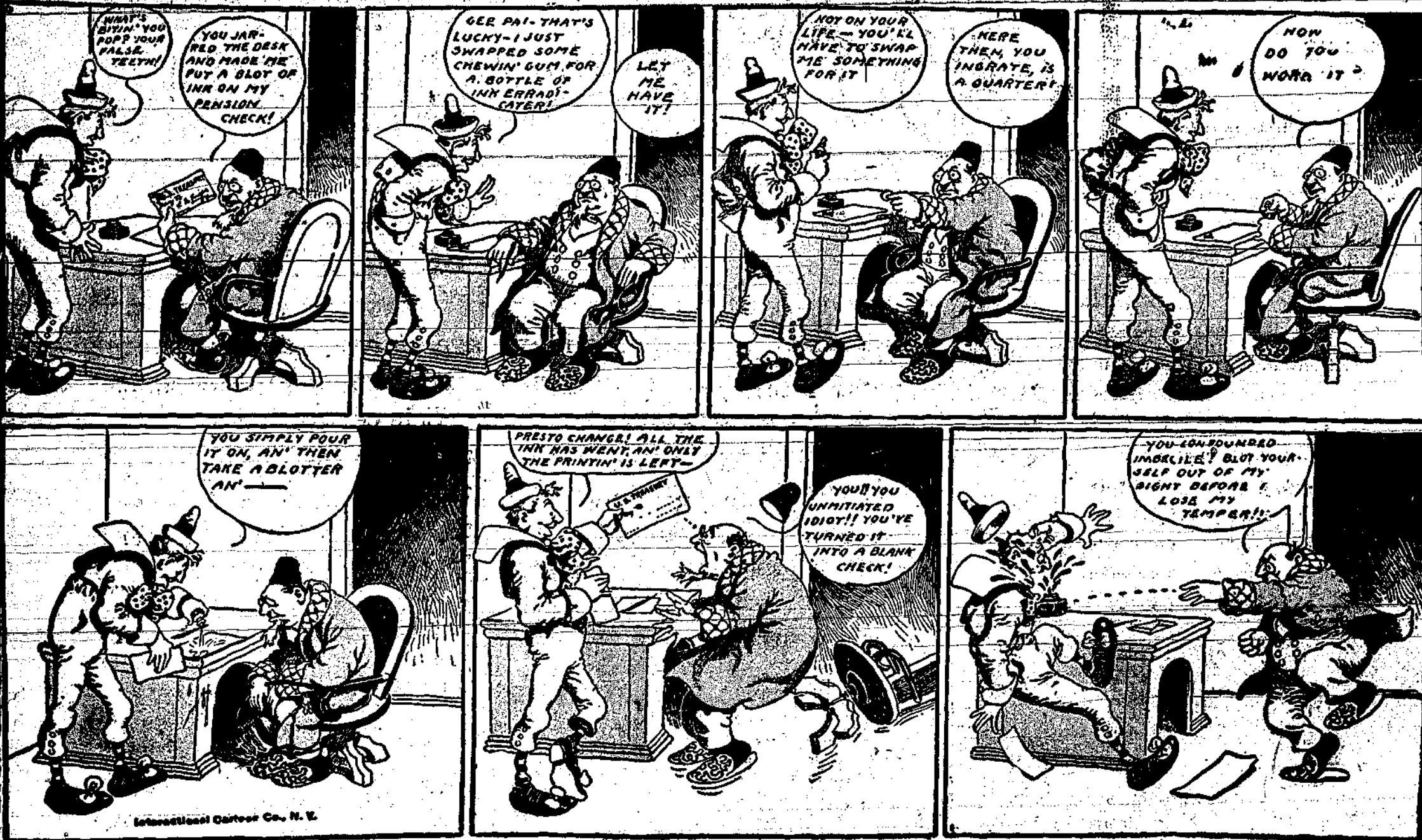
"Well, for my part," responded . . . Gordon, haughtily, "I have no time . . . enter into any discussion about . . . children's quarrels. I consider . . . self above such trifling things."

"I'm delighted to hear it," was . . . reply. "I'll send James over . . . stratter in an hour or two!"

Art is long and life is fleeting, the fact does not deter a lot of people who ought to be painting barns.



# 86 SIMON SHOWS PA THE WAY TO DO IT



## THE FAIRY AUNT

HE street the Stewarts lived on had once been an aristocrat among streets and its high steps still retained a slightly supercilious air, as of haughtily lifted brows in just such fashion it had lived to see them at the Stewarts lived there. Boardhouse signs decorated their staircases, glass windows for their displays had been added to fronts, and they had a general outworn finery put to everyday

The Stewarts lived in three rooms on top floor of one of the state-houses. There were four Stewarts, Mary, mother and Jack and Jill, and Jack and Jill, being twins and counted only as one. Mother and Jack and Jill, a mysterious and which meant to the children that they would all day and came home at night.

One morning had been gone and Mary, the twelve-year-old, was endeavoring to clean three rooms look tidy, when Jack and Jill came. The boy from the street brought it up, panting and out of breath.

"You, Mary," he announced, "it can't be. I never got any of it. Mary looked at the heavy envelope, with its address written in a delicate hand, and then she looked at Jack and Jill, a wide-eyed twin clinging to her elbow and the interested boy over her shoulder. She read: 'Dear Mary-It is years since I have seen you and years since I have been in the city where we spent our childhood, but I am passing through this week, and shall come to you on Tuesday. I know nothing of your family, except I am glad that you still live in the dear old house, and to see you. Your girlhood friend, Helen.'"

"A aunt for mother," decided Mary. "You see, I'm not a widow and don't want any girlhood friends. But, dear, to-day is Tuesday and mother can't come home, I know. What'll I do?"

"Press us up!" shouted the twins, and Mary, I suppose I will have to do it. Mary admitted. "But not the thing. You'd get all black. I'm going to sweep first!"

"You'll help!" shouted Jack and Jill, and each with a small broom, they went to their heads so vigorously that an enormous amount of dust was raised and various articles were restored to a red and red tied upon the cat Mary stood and viewed her work with satisfaction.

A gentle voice sounded from the room. "I knocked," it said, and no one came. And I heard child voices, so I came in. One never

hesitates to feel at home where there are children."

Mary smiled uncertainly as she went to greet the newcomer. She had never seen any one quite like this lady. She was tall and slender, with gray hair and a gray gown that seemed to harmonize with some gentle quality in her voice and smile.

"Mother's away," Mary explained. "She works, you know."

"I see," said the lady. She looked thoughtful and a bit surprised. "Do sit down," Mary urged, "the rocking chair's the best." Just brush off the cat, please, she'll go as well somewhere else. It's a lovely day, isn't it, ma'am?"

The lady nodded assent. She had caught a glimpse of yellow heads and big eyes in the doorway. Presently two chubby figures appeared, shy, thumbs in mouths.

"I was just dressing them, ma'am," the embarrassed little mother explained. "But there's no use keepin' 'em out. I hope you don't mind on this way."

"Mind!" exclaimed the lady. She drew a breath of sheer delight, delight in the delicious curves of their chubby arms and the rose tints of their skin.

Jack scuttled away to his treasure spot under the sofa, where he brought several drawings for inspection.

"They're very good, my dear," said the lady, examining the drawings thoughtfully. Her face looked grave and she kept them in her lap, glancing at them more than once as she talked to Mary.

Mary did not realize that she was talking much, but presently she had told the lady everything, all about the dead father and the brave little mother who worked to support them.

"I have you a picture of your mother?" the visitor asked at length.

"Only when she was a girl," said Mary. She brought it and the stranger inspected it eagerly. A sweet, sensitive face it was like Mary's own, but more spirited. The lady looked at it a long time. Then she laid it down without a word of comment.

"You have entertained me so delightfully," she said at last, "that I want to entertain you, too. Will you take a ride in my motor?"

Mother was a doubtful term to Jack and Jill.

"Does she mean off to school?" asked Jack, incredulously. When assured that she did, he whooped in such delight that Mary would have felt ashamed had she not been as excited herself.

That was the most wonderful day the little Stewarts had ever spent. The big car sped through green parks, along the lake shore, past shop windows with fascinating displays. An inexhaustible supply of peppermints from Aunt Helen's bag sustained the pitch of ecstasy. And to crown it all they visited a toy shop, where the twins bore vigorous spoils and had too many at delightful, shiny tables in a candy store.

When Aunt Helen left the happy trio at home Jill wept bitterly. "I don't want to lose my fairy Aunt

Helen!" she sobbed, confused memories of fairy godmothers in her mind.

"You shan't, dear," the lady assured her. "I'm coming back this very evening to see your mother."

Mrs. Stewart, abashed by sticky temptations, dropped wearily into an armchair.

"Do tell me the whole story," Mary, she demanded. "I'm sure I don't know any fairy godmothers. Hush, children, so mother can hear all about it."

A puzzled frown deepened on her face. A minute description of the lady's personal appearance did not dispel it. "Helen," she wondered, "who was Helen?"

The fairy aunt came early, knowing, as of course a fairy would, that tired mothers went early to bed. Mother Stewart answered her knock and drew her in with outstretched hand. The lady smiled at her a bit timidly.

"You don't know me," she said. "You never saw me before. But please don't think I intruded purposely. You see, my dearest friend, Mary Allen, once lived in this house. She married Stewart. It was years ago, of course. But I've been away and never knew how the place had changed. I found your name, Mary Stewart, in the directory, with the old address, so, of course, I thought—" she faltered, leaving Mrs. Stewart to supply the end.

"Then you're not our aunt!" cried Jill, in sudden woe.

"Indeed I am and always wish to be," smiled the lady. "If your mother will let me. You see I'm a lonely woman, Mrs. Stewart. I've no children, and your charming little ones have completely won my heart. I did not know until I saw your picture of my mistake, and then it was too late. Will you let them call me Aunt Helen always?"

"Yes," the mother smiled, "you're more than earned that right."

"And I wonder," Aunt Helen went on, "whether I've earned the right to send Mary to art school? She's gifted, I'm sure. Nothing could give me more pleasure."

Mary's radiant face dispelled mother's doubts.

"Yes," she said, at length. And the old house fairly seemed to smile that night. Its windows were alight far later than usual, and rays of cheer from happy hearts within shone through them into the night.

### CHANGE IS HERE.

She was concluding a diatribe. "We women demand a chance to expand."

"Well, it's all right, my dear," said her low brow husband soothingly. "I see hips are coming into style again."

### TO AVOID CONFUSION.

"There ought to be some presidential traffic rules in Mexico."

"What do you mean?"

"For incoming and outgoing presidents."

## KATIE

"Shure when ya left us, me beautiful darlin'."

"Twas little we thought o' the long winter's night."

As she sang, Mrs. Murphy gave the picture an extra polish. It would not have taken a Sherlock Holmes to tell that the little freckled-faced girl that grinned out of the frame was the "beautiful darlin'" of the song and the pride of Mrs. Murphy's heart. She rubbed the glass until it shone; not that it needed polishing, but, "twas Katie's picture" and entitled to every attention, as well as the place of honor in the house.

An observer might be led to believe that Mrs. Murphy was making preparations to feed a very hungry regiment. Pies were cooking on the window sill, a wonderful cake awaited the frosting and the cookies that decorated one corner of the table would have made all sorts of promises as to future obedience, even to keeping his face clean.

The persistent clang of the door bell made Mrs. Murphy jump so as to almost drop the chicken she was basting.

"Sure it can't be Katie," she cried, excitedly, giving the oven door a bang and untying her apron as she hurried through the hall.

"Maggie O'Brian!" she cried joyously. "Sure, it's glad I am to see ye," and the women embraced with a zeal that only two Irish sisters who have not seen one another in years could exhibit.

"I come to pay ya a visit, Nora," said Maggie when they had at last extracted themselves from one another's arms.

"Sure me Katie's comin' home from college this day. Come till ye see the posies on the table. She be goin' to bring her roommate to luncheon."

At this Mrs. O'Brian burst into tears. She cried as though her heart were breaking and putting her arms around Mrs. Murphy she sobbed. "Oh, Maggie, it's for ye I'm cryin'. I can't cry for myself; but I can't bear to think that, maybe, Katie won't like all these fixins'."

"Katie not like them!" Mrs. Murphy exclaimed indignantly. "Woman, it's crazy ye are. Sure I spent two weeks fixin' things Katie liked. It's silly, ye are, Maggie; I'm ashamed o' ye."

"Me Danny has a little boy," Mrs. O'Brian sobbed.

"Well, you're not cryin' because o' that. Is anything wrong with the baby—or his mother?" Mrs. Murphy patted her sister's shoulder. "It's all nervous and excited ye are. There, there, me dear. You're a grandmother now, an' I'm a great aunt. Isn't that foin' now, Maggie?"

"Sure," Maggie sobbed, wiping her

eyes. "I thought I'd be proud o' the wee lad. His mother's that elegant, she do be thinkin' a plain Irish grandmother's not foin enough for the boy. En the grand dress I made for his christen, Nora, but he'll never wear it. I thought I could hold him, but his mother says it ain't sanitary."

Nora sat down on Katie's chair and looked into Katie's mirror. "What do Danny say to sech goin's on?" she demanded.

Here Maggie broke down again. "Danny married a foin girl, Nora. She's a big help to him. He's that successful he says his home is her home, too. He'll come to see me when he has time. But his wife is jealous o' the boy's future." Maggie broke off suddenly. "Oh, Nora, me Danny's a good boy," she wailed.

"Sure," Nora agreed. "A rich woman is a big help to any man, but sure your strugglin' on the wash board to send him to college was a help, too."

"When me Maggie came home from college I spent hours a fixin' fer her, but she had et her lunch on the train. She called it 'luncheon,' Mrs. O'Brian said, dolefully.

"Me Katie calls it luncheon," Mrs. Murphy admitted slowly.

"En," Mrs. O'Brian went on. "Me Maggie said she'd eat a cabbage nab-sheated her."

In Mrs. Murphy's mind was focused a picture of the kitchen and the things awaiting Katie. She remembered that the girl had written she was taking up domestic science, whatever it was. She looked at the new carpet and curtains and at the elaborate bedroom set that had been her grandmother's. Would Katie be like Maggie? She remembered vaguely a neighbor's daughter who had refused to live at home when she finished college—in fact the girl had put the width of a continent between her and her father and mother.

A tier trickled down Mrs. Murphy's cheek and she wiped it away with a corner of her apron. For the second time that morning the bell rang. Above its clamor a girl's laugh could be heard. Mrs. Murphy never could tell how she got to the door. There was a rush and her head was buried on a strong young cheek. Katie's cheek brushed against her own. Katie's arms held her close and she could feel Katie's heart pounding joyously. "Me darlin'," was all she could find voice to say.

"Come on in, Floss, I want you to meet this mother of mine. Isn't she the silly old dear to cry over me?" "You're crying yourself," Floss laughed, and Mrs. Murphy took the strange girl in her arms and they laughed together.

"Mother, we're nearly starved. Floss hasn't eaten in a week in anticipation of the luncheon I promised her you would have fixed for us. Is it nearly ready?" Katie asked when they at last could talk coherently.

"Sure, it's waitin'," and Mrs. Murphy hustled out into the kitchen while the girls started upstairs. "Your Aunt Maggie's here, Katie," she called.

"All right mother. We'll see her at

luncheon," Katie answered. A few minutes later the two women heard the girls talking together.

"How sweet your room it isn't that dresser a dear? Real old fashioned, Kate Murphy, you are the luckiest girl in forty-seven States."

"I know it," they heard Kate answer. "It's because I have the best mother in the world, I guess."

### KEEP THE "EMERGENCY SHELF" FILLED.

Every woman should have an "emergency shelf" in her pantry, well stocked with tinned and preserved foods that can be quickly converted into luncheon or dinner dishes. With these resources to fall back on, the housekeeper can rise easily to any emergency. A light luncheon, arranged for, and several unexpected guests arriving, will leave her undismayed.

The shelf should always contain several cans of soup. Cold consommé flavored with sherry and thickened with gelatine is very acceptable served on a hot summer day; or a tomato puree, served hot with a little whipped cream on top of each cup, makes a delicious soup.

Canned salmon and chicken are invaluable for emergencies. There are many ways of preparing them. They may be heated and covered with a white sauce, or they may be used as salads.

Cheese is useful for canapés, and may be made into soufflés, fondus and many other delicious luncheon dinners. Besides being used for macaroni, cauliflower au gratin, etc.

Several cans of tomatoes should always be kept on hand. They are perhaps the most useful of all, as well as the cheapest, for they may be used for soups, sauces, added to an omelette, macaroni or rice, made into a scallop dish, stewed; and, if a jar of whole tomatoes is on tap, they are delicious sliced and fried and served with gravy.

Preserves and jams to be converted into desserts are almost a necessity. Jams may be made into tarts. Jellys served with crackers, cheese and coffee, and the glassed California fruits lend themselves to delicious compotes, dumplings and puddings, or may be served separately with whipped cream.

### VERY SENSIBLY, TO BE SURE.

Two Irishmen once went out hunting rabbits. They became separated, and one of them, hearing a succession of howls and a fearful scratching and hissing, ran toward his companion, whom he discovered with his arms around a tree, wrestling with a wildcat. "Pat, is that a rabbit?" he called out. "No," yelled Pat. "It's a wild baste." "Shall I come and help you to hold on to him?" was the next question. "No," answered Pat, pleadingly, "come and help me to let go of him." Which, under the circumstances, was a very sensible thing to do.

Somehow Intellect doesn't seem to have much to do with happiness.

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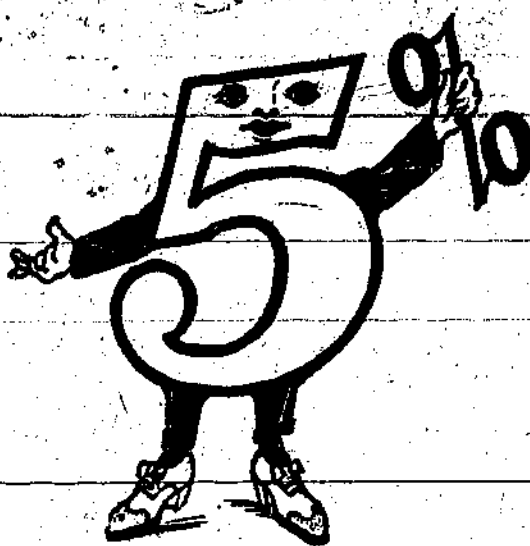


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Let us estimate on your wants.

**JOSEPH R. IMHOFF**



# Christmas SUGGESTIONS

This is an Advertisement  
of Gifts for "Him"!

Christmas and the Holidays are at hand, and our store is again headquarters for appropriate and lasting gifts at prices which really represent money saving. It is certainly to your advantage to make your selections now, while our big stock contains such wide and complete range of suitable presents. The next twenty days will be busy ones with us. Accept our advice, and make your choice now for delivery later on. We save you five per cent on all your Christmas gifts. **COME EARLY.**



### Visit our Big Shoe Department.

Christmas season finds in our big footwear department a wide range of choice style and dependable makes of shoes and slippers for every member of the family.

Black or tan, lace, button, gun metal, patent leather, vici, and calfskin shoes in all the prevailing popular styles.

We guarantee perfect fit.

Men's shoes, \$2.00 to \$5.00  
Ladies' shoes, \$2 to \$4  
Misses' shoes, \$2 to \$3.50  
Boys' shoes, \$1.25 to \$2.50  
Children's shoes, 50 c to \$1.25  
Slippers, 65 c, \$1 to \$1.50

### Shop Early

#### Sweater Coats.

Our Sweater Coat line is quite perfect.

We carry only the best,—the Perna Knit Coats and the University Coats.

Prices are \$1.75 to \$7

#### SHIRTS.

Christmas and the social season suggest new shirts as an appropriate gift for any gentleman.

Good taste is expressed in such a valuable gift.

Our shirt department is showing all of the popular patterns and designs of the season.

Find out his size, and let us show you what a little money will do.

#### Classy Christmas Neckwear.

If you admire pretty patterns and distinctive designs in neckwear, you'll surely find our showing unexcelled.

Four-in-hand and bow ties,  
25 cents to \$1.



There's not a man in town but what can find the very style and pattern for a suit or overcoat that he will appreciate and enjoy, providing he makes his selection from the unsurpassed display of our Chicago tailors.

By leaving your measure TO-DAY we can guarantee delivery before Xmas.

**THE PRICES ARE REASONABLE**

#### Time to get New Suspenders.

If you wish to give an inexpensive present that any man would consider himself fortunate to receive, send him a nice pair of suspenders.

Prices range from 25 cents  
to 50 cents.

#### Dress Gloves.

The approaching holiday season, and the weather, both call for fashionable dress gloves for men. We therefore have greatly increased our lines in all the becoming colors and shades of leather, and styles.

Prices range from 50 cents to  
\$2 and \$3.

#### Special Boxes of Christmas Hosiery.

If you don't know what else to get for father or brother, you'll always guess-right if you buy him a box of fancy black hose, in fine cotton, mercerized lisle, or silk—  
25 cents and up.

#### Let Us Order your Christmas Suit and Overcoat

From our Chicago Tailors

**Edw. V. Price & Co.**

Select Your Own Style To-Day!



#### Here's the Place for Furnishings.

In this popular department you will find a large variety of merchandise at very low prices.

Father, son, brother or cousin, each will be delighted with anything you select. Look over the stock to-day; it is complete.

Collars, cuffs, cuff buttons, jewelry, collar and cuff mercerized and silk umbrellas, plain or fancy handles.

Our assortment of Christmas and holiday gifts is complete, and we can assure you almost every special box.

### Shop Early

#### Headquarters for Hats and Caps.

You can always put on a safe selection that a stylish hat or cap will be appreciated.

In presenting gifts to friends with a hat, it is advisable that the hat should harmonize with the outfit. Our salesman will be glad to advise you.

Our Christmas hat showing contains all the styles of the very best quality color.

Stiff and soft hats, \$1.75 to \$2.50.

Caps, 50 cts., 89 cts., \$1 to \$2.50.

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Stiff and soft hats, \$1.75 to \$2.50.

#### Underwear.

Experience shows that the best Christmas gift is the one that is most useful. Included in this line are guaranteed durable underwear.

Our underwear department contains only the very best from the leading mills.

Single garments, 50 c to \$1.50.

Union suits, \$1 to \$2.75.

Come and see us, everybody, at the old stand,  
**MONFORT'S Gents' Furnishing and Shoe Store**  
Bellevue Avenue, Hammonton