

South Jersey Republican

Tuesday next will be
New Year Day—the
Day on which you
Begin swearing off

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HAMMONTON, N. J. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1917

No. 52

Happy New Year!

School re-opens next Wednesday.

W. S. Layer was at home for Christmas.

Don't Marj came home for the Christmas holiday.

All Souls Church received, as a gift, fifty hymnals.

Mary will go up from here to see New Year's subscribers.

Miss Anna Crowell joined the same circle for the holidays.

The Hammononton Loan Association meets next Thursday evening.

Wilbur Weeks was a Yuletide visitor with Hammononton friends.

Miss Bertha McCrea is the happy recipient of a Christmas piano.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl F. Daniels, Riverside, spent Christmas Day at the St. Editor's.

Miss Pauline Hess, of Egg Harbor, took Christmas dinner with Hammononton friends.

Charles Boyer was one of Uncle Sam's happy boys who spent a day with his mother.

Edna Traylor, while visiting relatives in Paulboro, was taken with erysipelas.

Miss Mar L. Hoyt has been spending her holiday with relatives in Atco and Collingswood.

Regular meeting of the Civic Club will be held next Tuesday, evening 7:30, at the Club House.

Town Council held an adjourned meeting last night, to finish up, as they should, their year's work.

The regular drill Wednesday afternoon because of New Year's.

Edgewood Weeks was at Paulboro, N. J., at the Hammononton Island.

The War Relief Department of the Hammononton Guild will meet in the Parish House for work, next Monday, Jan. 1.

The "Woman's Naval Service" is engaged in knitting for the navy. Consequently no money was collected for wool.

Account of the serious illness of the pastor, Rev. W. H. Davis, will be no services at St. Andrew's Church, to-morrow.

The new Town Council will be organized next Tuesday, New Year's Day, for organization, election of rules, etc., election of officers for town, and appointment of committees.

Women's Civic Club wishes a happy and prosperous New Year. It will be glad to greet you at their parlor on New Year's Day, keeping open from four to six o'clock.

During the afternoon of a Merry Christmas, a pleasant event took place at Maple Villa. The Rev. Van Dright, pastor of the Methodist Church, christened the baby of Mr. and Mrs. Laleker, of Hammononton, N. J., naming the baby William James. Jas. Johnson and Lydia Johnson, being sponsors. Friends gathered, and after a very appetizing dinner, the afternoon passed with much enjoyment.

Mr. Laleker was formerly a Coast boy.

Through the efforts of citizens officers, Nicolas Ruggeri, who had been locked up in the town hall at the instigation of the War Department, charged with desertion from Camp Hancock, was given his freedom, Christmas Day.

He was taken to his home, where he was welcomed by his family, and danced with his lady friends on friends and relatives to his cell in the afternoon.

Today, as officers came and went, back to Atlanta, where they were to take charge of deserters, or leaving camp without

The Baptist Sunday School and Choir, on Wednesday evening, rendered a most enjoyable cantata, entitled "Christmas Great Heart," which had a moral lesson to it. Uncle Ben, the main character, had become hard hearted, through misfortune, but by the frequent use of Great Heart's magic dart, he became softened, and was one of the happiest at Christmas time, when he entertained a family of poor children.

Robert Moore, Sept. of the Atlantic Division of the Bell Telephone Co., died early on Sunday morning, of pneumonia, after a week's illness. Sincere sorrow is felt, for Mr. Moore was well liked by people all over the County, both by business men, and by the many to whom he had shown kindnesses. A widow, a son, and a daughter have the sympathy of many friends. Services were held on Wednesday, conducted by Rev. W. J. Cusworth.

Red Cross Drive.

The "drive," the past week, was certainly a success, 613 new members being added, who had contributed \$200.

To the chairman, Mrs. H. O. Packard, belongs much of the credit, though she unselfishly praises the collectors, both ladies and gentlemen.

Hammononton Juryman.

Sheriff Alfred J. Perkins and Jury Commissioner, on Wednesday drew the following jury panels, for Hammononton and vicinity, to serve beginning Jan. 8th:

GRAND JURY.

Hammononton—Wm. O. Hoyt.
Mullica Township—Alexander J. McKeown.

SMALL JURY.

Hammononton—E. W. McGovern, William Doerfel, Elliott M. Davis, Wilson S. Turner, J. V. Conover, W. Wallace Mayberry, Manley Austin, J. H. Young, H. L. McInnis, Charles O. Bober, W. F. Krummel, Rufus Hurley, H. E. Edsall, William Roemer, J. R. Imhoff, H. L. Monfort, George R. Bennett.

Mullica Twp.—Joseph W. Perry.

Farmers' Week in Hammononton.

Doubtless the farmers of Hammononton are looking forward to the annual event which takes place each year in Hammononton during the winter. These Farmers' Week have been a success in the past in the matter of attendance, interest shown by the farmers and in their value to the farmers.

This year the program will be of a very unusual nature. While the program in full will not be announced until later, it is to be hoped that the farmers will keep the dates in mind and reserve the evenings of January 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th. There will be four evenings this year, one of which will be in whole or in large part for the ladies who are interested in the management of their households during these strenuous war times.

All poultrymen should keep in mind the special poultry program for the evening of Friday, January 11th, when Prof. James E. Rice, of Cornell, will speak on the "Poultry Outlook." Prof. Rice is a well known and very well liked authority on poultry subjects. He is an author and teacher and needs no introduction to Hammononton poultrymen. Let every poultryman be present and bring his friends.

The complete program will, as stated above, be announced later.

Un-Claimed Letters.

The following letters remained unclaimed for in the Hammononton Post Office on Wednesday, Dec. 26, 1917:

Frank Edolla Mrs. M. E. Collins

Harry G. Shaw

Porter, Fred, Dale

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

Louis J. LANGHAM, P. M.

Bank Bros.

Bank Bros.

We Wish You All A Happy New Year

And express our heartiest appreciation for your liberal patronage.

Beginning January 2nd, this store will close at 6 p.m. on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Will be open 'till 8 p.m. on Mondays; and Saturdays 'till 10 p.m.

We hope our action will meet with the approval and convenience of our patrons. We are positive that it will meet with the approval of the Fuel Administration.

Women's and Misses' Coats Reduced

\$12.50 and \$13.50 Coats are reduced to	\$10.00
\$15.00 and \$16.50 Coats	\$12.50
\$20.00 and \$22.50 Coats	\$18.00
\$25.00 and \$27.50 Coats	\$20.00
\$30.00 and \$35.00 Coats	\$25.00
\$15.00 and \$16.50 Suits	\$12.50
\$25.00 Suits	\$18.00

BANK BROTHERS' STORE

Hammononton

Get the Habit of Buying in Hammononton!

Convince your neighbor that Home Buying is Local Patriotism.

GIRLS WANTED!

To Learn Hosiery Knitting.

\$8.00 Weekly paid while learning.

Experienced Girls can earn

\$13.00 to \$17.00 Weekly.

Always Steady Work All the Year.

WM. F. TAUBEL, Inc.

Happy New Year

Eagle Theatre Program for Week of Dec. 31st

MONDAY . Triangle .	Dorothy Dalton, in "Ten of Diamonds," and Comedy.
TUESDAY . Paramount .	Marguerite Clark, in "Miss George Washington," and Comedy.
WEDNESDAY . Triangle .	Louise Glaum, in "Idolaters," Pearl White, in "Fatal Ring," (12th episode)
THURSDAY . Metro .	Viola Dana, in "God's Law and Man's," and Comedy.
FRIDAY . Metro .	Viola Dana, in "Threads of Fate," and Comedy.
SATURDAY . Paramount .	Kathlyn Williams, in "The Redemptive Love," Burton Holmes Travel Pictures, and Comedy.

Let

The Workingmen's Loan & Building Association

help you to

SAVE

Saving is a necessity in times of war.

Patriotism requires it!

Your country demands it!

And you should practice it for

your own advantage.

A NEW SERIES OF STOCK will be opened January 7, 1918, at The Peoples Bank. Shares are \$1.00 per month each.

We loan money on dwellings and farms. Apply to the Secretary.

These are the men who will fortify your savings:

C. F. Osgood, President Wm. L. Black, Treasurer
M. L. Jackson, Vice President
William Doerfel, Secretary.

DIRECTORS

Samuel Anderson Wm. H. Bernabouse
George Elvin Charles Fitting
George Berry Chas. Davenport
C. I. Littlefield.

HAMMONTON PAINT

A first-class House Paint
well recommended.

Sold by **JOSEPH I. TAYLOR**

Auto and Carriage Painting,
Auto Tops Re-covered and Repaired

Furniture Re-finished.

Second and Pleasant Sts.,
Hammonton, N. J.

NOTICE.
The Annual Stockholders' meeting of the Hammondon Trust Company, for the election of Directors to serve for ensuing year, will be held in the Company's office on Tuesday, January, 8, 1918, at 10:00 A. M.
ROBERT PICKEN
Secretary and Treas.

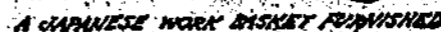
And when at last peace on earth comes, again the rest of the prophecy be fulfilled? Good will toward men—toward Germans? It is not in human nature that their misdeeds will soon be forgotten or forgiven. There will be for them a period of moral isolation—a period in which they may awaken to a sense of monstrous moral failure of their leaders and of themselves. When such an awakening occurs, the world will not be disposed to prolong their punishment; it may even show a readiness to help a miserable and misguided people upon the new path of prosperity and peace. Then will be the happiest Christmas in history, a Christmas when the sword of Christ is sheathed forever and the song of the angels rings true over all the earth.

Russo Brothers' Market
We Deliver Both Phone

FANNY'S FOLDING FLAT

[illegible]

THAT this hard mattress will make your bed a haven of comfort and rest during the high season of the season of "dog days," convinced you of the folly of ever sleeping on anything thicker. That, however, reveals drawbacks as Autumn deepens into Winter. Draughts, seeking to come from under the floor, saving of sub-cellar dampness, find among the springs supporting the mattress, and, call your bones to the marrow. Forgetful of your midsummer vows, you think longingly of the discarded half-foot thick mattress, as wish that the one on which you now sleep also might be made *extra* as warm. Well, do not throw it away until you try a simple and inexpensive experiment. Its first cost is the nickel that you would spend anyhow for many-sectioned Sunday newspapers. Of these dispensers of world news spread evenly over the ground, two resin draughts, and one on the floor, while two new cotton filled mattresses laid upon the top of the feather bed and far more than new the newspapers covering the springs every week or longer, preferably—and on day see to it that they hang for a few hours a day.



"Brazil is seeking to regain her position as one of the great cotton-producing countries of the world," says Joao da sa Pereira, of Pernambuco, special commissioner of the Brazilian government, who was in the United States to study the methods of planting, cultivation, ginning and manufacture of this staple.

"In 1830," said Mr. Pereira, A. J. Willard, "Brazil enjoyed the distinction of being the second largest cotton-producing country in the world, the United States alone exceeding us in the production of this article."

"The greatest profits that came from raising sugar and coffee caused the planters to neglect the cultivation of cotton, and Brazil has steadily dropped behind, until now the production is comparatively small. In Pernambuco, for instance, which State produces probably as much as any in Brazil, the average crop of

needed 150,000 bales. The Brazilian government has been brought to a realization that the production of cotton is essential to the welfare of the country. It will become one of the great industries, for no part of the world is so well adapted to the growing of cotton. We have an ideal climate for the raising of cotton and a vast territory. "In late years it has become apparent to the people of Brazil that there is an over-production of coffee, and with the view of encouraging the production of other crops to take the place of the decreased production of coffee which must come the government is endeavoring to educate the farmers in cotton growing." Washington Post.

WATER POWERS:

It has been estimated by Prof. W. C. C. that the total available water power in the United States is more than 30,000,000 horsepower, and that this can be increased to 40,000,000.

power by storage (hydroelectric) is estimated that the difference in cost of steam power and water power is \$10 per horsepower per year, at the minimum. Thus the manufacturing regions of the southern States alone, which are depending on steam instead of water power, would save \$20,000,000 per year.

The development of the water power of Niagara indicates the possibility of the manufacture of electricity in the power Niagara might generate. Estimated by Prof. Uuwil at 700,000 horsepower. The same authorities estimate that there are fully 3,000,000 horsepower available on the Mississippi, while the southern United States region can furnish a minimum of 3,000,000 horsepower. — C. A.

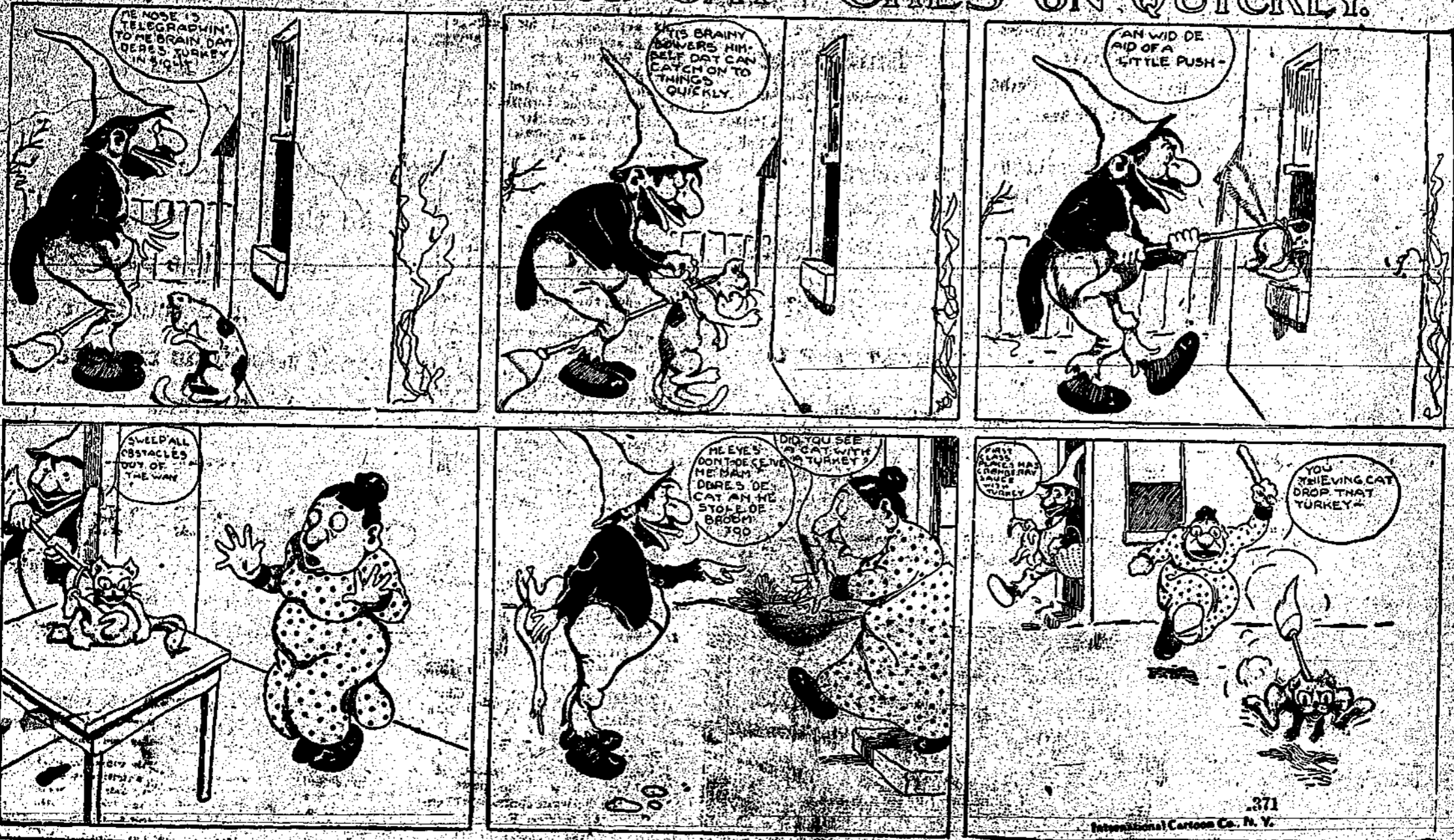
When Elsie came home from a neighbor's house munching a chocolate, her mother said reprovingly, "Now, Elsie, how many times have I told you not to ask Mrs. Grey for chocolates?"

"I didn't ask her for any," replied Elsie calmly. "I know where she keeps them."

"The auto followed the trolley," and the airplane follows the auto. What do you expect to follow the airplane?"

"The ambulance."

BRAINY BOWERS CAT - CHES ON QUICKLY.



WHEN PURP BARKED

THE EAR that Uncle Scott heard to milk his range cows for six months about missing a milking of a prospective milk of the mountains, his him, and he badly must go on, what was there no one Grant's place, his path to the San employment bureau for another about a week, during which Grant had to do what milking he with his left hand, a young fellow appeared at the ranch with a note the employment bureau. The larger begged to state that the bear was not a professional butter-rancher, but, as he said, he had done a little farm milking. It was hope he would answer. At any rate, Scott shook his head dubiously. When he read the note, on a but ranch, a farm milker's hands gave out in less than a week. Besides, he wanted a man who had experience as a vaquero. However, he told Grant to take the new hand down to the dairy and to get to work.

The new milker, whose name was Purp, was a strong-looking fellow just out from Indiana. Bob's surprise he proved to be a useful milker. His hands did not slip or swell to any extent, and he could keep up the work. The two Swiss set to work milking thirty cows in the customary stunt for a professional milker.

For the first three weeks Uncle Scott let Bob put in his time between milking and helping the two Swiss feed the calves and make the butter. That was to make up to them for having to milk so hard the week after they got hurt; but now Uncle Scott wanted to start Bob in on the vaquero work.

Although Bob was a very likable fellow, he was inclined to be overconfident; his success with the milking undoubtedly heightened his good opinion of himself. At last, Grant noticed that when he told Bob how to lead a vaquero horse by drawing the rope across its neck, the other listened differently. Bob, who had been considered as the best rider in the neighborhood back in Indiana, probably considered considerably at being told how to lead.

"Now, remember," said Grant finally, "that horse has got on a Spanish saddle, and that one light touch on the reins is enough to spin him halfway around. And don't ever jerk up on him. You'll pull him clear over."

Grant started to tell Bob some more about bringing wild horses from the brush canon. But Bob interrupted him in his good way. "I guess I know a fresh cow to the lot. I

got up all of dad's wild heifers back in Indiana."

"All right, Bob," Grant replied cheerfully. "Go to it."

The next morning, when Grant appeared at the dairy, Bob hailed him. "Say, Grant," he called, "you know that big red cow that's all horns and backbones? Well, I named her Old Longhorn. She came fresh yesterday, but the minute she saw me she went ploughing off into the brush. I forgot her, all right, but she's hidden the calf. Of course it's up there in that thickets some place now, but I'll bet the man doesn't live who can find it."

"Yes, he does," replied Grant. "And you're talking to him. But I learned how from our old vaquero, Tio Romo. He condescended to tell me after I had had no end of trouble for four months. I saved much," said Tio Romo. "Just bark like a dog. If they no come than, yap like a coyote. That make her come on the run to her calf every time."

As soon as he was through milking, Bob mounted his vaquero horse and galloped away up the brush canon. When he had ridden nearly a mile he reached the thicket where he had last seen Old Longhorn's calf. Old Longhorn was grazing quietly about a hundred yards distant. Bob at once proceeded to "bark like a dog," but Old Longhorn did not seem to notice him. For all the attention he paid, his effort, she might have thought that it was a brown cowling or that something had caught in his throat. Then Bob began to "yap like a coyote." But that was even a more difficult undertaking, and the sounds that he made did not seem to impress Old Longhorn in any way whatever.

Bob scratched his head for a while. Finally he had a bright idea. Yes, he would get Purp.

Purp was a little, pale yellow dog that belonged to the grandchildren of Tio Romo. The youngsters had a flowing Castilian name for him, but we always called him Purp. He was generally to be found hanging round the milking chute, where the Swiss used to feed him warm milk out of his own little pan. Purp had been thin most of his life, but of late he was becoming portly.

Grant happened to catch sight of Bob galloping back up the canon with the fat little yellow dog following him. Tio Romo came along just then, and Grant said to him:

"Tio, take a fast ride up the canon. That young countryman of mine is trying to get himself killed."

Bob galloped back to the spot where he had last seen the calf. The canon bed was a quarter of a mile wide at that point and the brush-clad ridges rose precipitously on either side.

Old Longhorn was now out of sight in a side ravine near by. "But I'll fetch her," said Bob, with a chuckle, and pointing to a bird, he cried, "Sic em, Purp! Sic em!"

The milk-fed little dog, however, was too much blown by his run to take any interest. He was panting heavily and persisted in sprawling on the ground in the shade of the ridge. So Bob decided to let him rest a while. Probably it was that while that saved Bob's life.

When the fat little dog had recovered his breath, Bob dismounted, called Purp over to a fresh squirrel hole and pointing down it, said, "Sic em! Purp! Sic em!"

With great gusto, Purp immediately began to dig the squirrel out. He soon had worked himself into a feverish state of mind, and with Bob laughing, urging him on, began to bark excitedly.

Immediately Bob heard the clacking of spilt hoofs on the rocks. As he hastily climbed into the saddle, a pair of long horns appeared round the turn. Those horns were evenly balanced, wide-spreading and strongly curved. Bob sat on his horse, grinning broadly. But his smile did not last long. For just then Purp paused to take a long, deep whiff at the squirrel hole, and then let out a couple of sharp barks. Bob instantly noticed that Old Longhorn was heading straight for the dog, and that he was charging down the hill. Moreover, the charging cow was less than two hundred feet away.

"I'd better get out of this!" he exclaimed. So great was his hurry that he "plough-reined" the mustang. Then, as his mount threw up his head and yawed confusedly in the wrong direction, Bob suddenly remembered some of Grant's instructions. He now instantly drew the line across the mustang's neck, but so roughly that his horse spun clear round and came up standing. Bob was not prepared for that move, and he saved himself from falling only by a sudden clutch at the saddle horn.

By the time Bob had got himself righted in the saddle, Old Longhorn was less than a hundred feet away. She was coming on a thundering run, brandishing her horns and apparently consumed with the intention of tossing Purp sky-high. When Bob saw that his horse was still between the busy little dog and the cow, he quite lost his head. He again tried to "plough-rein" his mount; but the beast yawed off sideways, and then reared.

Just at that moment Purp must have noticed the heavy pounding of hoofs on the ground; for now he stopped scratching and jerked back out of the hole. Then, as if instantly overcome with loneliness, he gave a startled yelp and scolded straight for Bob's mustang.

"Go back!" yelled Bob. "Go back!" But Purp never had been a good dog to mind.

Bob always declared that his mount yelped suddenly became unmanageable; but Tio Romo, who just then came in sight from round a bend in the canon, declared that Bob jerked up on the Spanish bit and pulled his mustang over.

The horse instantly scrambled to his feet and, leaving Bob sprawling on the ground, went clattering off down the canon. Bob suddenly became aware of two startling facts: the rushing hoofs were coming terribly close, and a fat little yellow dog was cowering dumbly behind him. Without even glancing at the charging cow, Bob bounded to his feet and fled for a scrub oak that luckily grew a few rods distant.

Bob made half the distance when

Purp, who seemed very much intent on keeping the mustang between himself and those horns, yelped again. In Bob's feet, Bob's mustang reared, which drew a natural yelp of pain, and longhorn, who declared that Bob made the remaining twenty-five feet to the scrub oak in one jump.

There were nearly a dozen of the scrub oaks and they grew in a cluster so that their tops interlaced. Any one of them would have made a safe refuge from a fighting cow, but as a refuge from a fighting cow, especially one with long, spear-like horns, they would hardly do. However, Bob was afraid to stay on the ground with Old Longhorn, and he hastily "shinned" the first tree he ran into. Fortunately, it was the largest one of the lot. Fortunately, too, there was another one growing about four feet away.

Bob immediately found that the scrubby tree top was bending under his weight. He instantly decided that he was too high; but if he slid down again, he would be too low—altogether too low.

At that moment Old Longhorn, who was lunging savagely after Purp, bumped into Bob's tree. Bob, feeling his support dip violently, gave his legs a desperate outward swing, and managed by rare good luck to lodge his feet in the upper branches of the nearest scrub oak. And there, barely supported by the two swaying tree tops, he hung. Old Tio Romo, who was now racing furiously up the canon, said that the cries that came to him were enough to tear a man's heart out. Bob explained afterward that he had no idea that anyone was coming, and that he was "hollering" so that the men could hear him at the ranch.

At the time it was no laughing matter. Bob's life hung in the balance. The only hope for him lay in the fact that faithful old Tio Romo was coming at a furious run.

As Bob hung there on the bending scrub oak tops he was within easy reach of that furious wild cow's horns. It was very fortunate indeed that Old Longhorn was so much on the ground in her pursuit of the fat little dog; but it was decidedly unfortunate that Purp could not get it out of his head that Bob was his protector. If he could have heard there and everywhere through the clump of scrubby trees, that he always dodged back to the two times Bob was almost shaken out of his perch as the cow crashed into one or the other of the trees.

It was said that Tio Romo could throw a lasso round a bush and catch a cow by the tail. That was doubtless putting it rather strong, although Tio was undoubtedly one of the finest vaqueros in San Diego county. He was approaching the clump of scrub oaks now and was recklessly urging his feet mustang. Bob heard him shout encouragingly, "Hang on, boy! Hang on!"

The words heartened Bob tremendously, for until that moment he had pictured himself as meeting death alone there in the clump of scrub oaks. He was probably because of the smaller of the two trees that he sank under his

weight. Bob instantly lightened the weight of his legs by supporting himself as much as possible by his arms. Whereupon the tree to which he held with his hands dipped alarmingly; it dipped a little more, then held. And there Bob clung, almost afraid to breathe, lest the tree give way beneath him, and fearing every moment that Purp would come scudding back and that the cow's angry rush would bring him to the ground.

Then suddenly Bob heard the sharp whee-ee-ee-ee of a flying rawhide noose and the s-s-s-s-h-h-h of the triumphant vaquero. Almost at once, although it did not seem a short time to Bob, there came a reassuring "All right, boy!" And Bob, dropping limply from his perch, stepped out from the clump of oaks to find the wild cow lassoed and tied.

Then the chastened milker, with a meek and panting fat little dog following close behind him, marched humbly back down the canon. Youth's Companion.

HIS BROTHER'S CLOTHES

Anyone who has been the youngest boy of the family and has consequently had to wear his older brother's outgrown clothing can well appreciate the feeling that prompted Karl's reply in the following story from the Chicago Tribune.

One autumn Karl entered the same kindergarten that his brother Robert had attended during the previous year. Very frequently the teacher called him Robert by mistake, until she became provoked at herself and said to him:

"Well, Karl, I don't know why I always call you Robert."

"I guess I know," answered Karl, seriously. "I've got on Robert's waist and his pants and his shoes."

QUICK PROMOTION

For an hour the American consul in a Mexican town had been sitting in the hotel dining room. At last the proprietor came to him. The story of what happened appears in the Philadelphia Press.

"Pardon, sir," he said, with a low bow, "were you waiting for anything?"

"Yes," replied the consul. "Yesterday I told Ferdinand, your head waiter, that I would dine here at six o'clock. It is seven o'clock, and he hasn't appeared yet."

Ferdinand joined the army early today," said the proprietor. "If the sonor—"

"Gone, has he? The accursed! Why didn't he let me know he was going?"

"More respect, please, sonor," protested the Mexican, with dignity. "Ferdinand has won steady promotion and is now a general."

A weary-looking tramp begged for something to eat at the back door of a suburban home, and was given a whole plum cake. In less than two hours he was back on the same doorstep.

"Lady," said he, when the good housewife answered the timid knock, "would you be kind enough to give me the recipe for that cake you handed me this morning?"

"For goodness sake, man," exclaimed the astonished housewife, "what do you want that recipe for?"

"To settle a bet, lady," answered the tramp. "My partner says you use three cupsful of cement to one of sugar, and I claim you only use two and a half."

The scapegrace son of an affluent tradesman came to the end of his resources recently, and sent home a piteous appeal for funds, adding that, if help were not forthcoming, he and his wife would be driven to the work-house.

The reply was crushing. It came in the shape of a laconic telegram: "As you have made your bed, so you must lie on it."

But the quick-witted scapegrace was equal to the occasion. Without a moment's delay he wired back: "Haven't got a bed. Sheriff took it yesterday."

A substantial cheque followed in due course.

ON DUTY ELSEWHERE

An Irish soldier had lost an eye in battle, but was allowed to continue in the service on condition that he have a glass eye. One day, however, he appeared on duty with a new artificial eye.

"What's that?" asked the sergeant. "You're a new man, are you?"

"No, sir, I'm the same man," replied the soldier. "I lost my eye in battle, but I was allowed to continue in the service on condition that I have a glass eye. I was allowed to continue in the service on condition that I have a glass eye. I was allowed to continue in the service on condition that I have a glass eye."