

With the Joyous Easter Message



The Rabbit and the Easter Egg

Why All Mankind Haile the Morn of the Resurrection

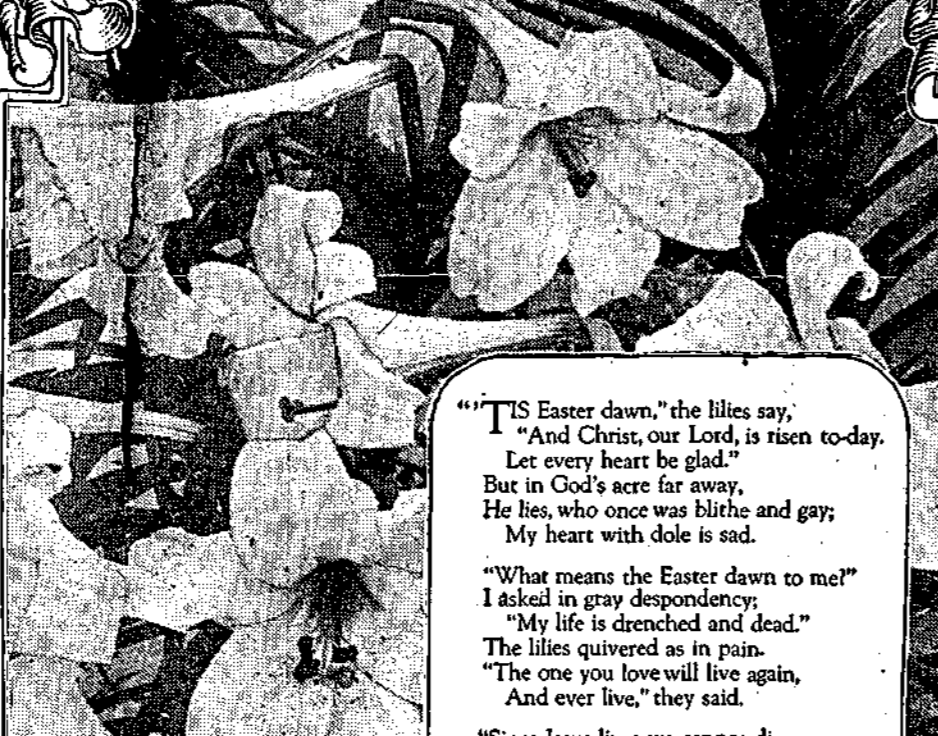
Now did the rabbit get into the habit of Easter eggs of olden times. In the Easter season, many are wont to circulate these to the rabbits and the Easter egg. Easter eggs are seen all over the Christian world on Easter Sunday, and wherever the eggs are there is the joyous message.

It is the gladder of all days because it typifies the hope that beyond the grave there is another life. This is the promise that we shall have again. It is the promise that we shall have again. It is the promise that we shall have again. It is the promise that we shall have again.

In the Old Testament, the rabbit is a symbol of the resurrection. In the New Testament, the rabbit is a symbol of the resurrection. In the Old Testament, the rabbit is a symbol of the resurrection. In the New Testament, the rabbit is a symbol of the resurrection.

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Easter Dawn



"It is Easter dawn," the lilies say, "And Christ, our Lord, is risen to-day. But in God's secret far away, He lies, who once was blithe and gay; My heart with dole is sad."

"Since Jesus lives, we cannot die, For he came on earth to buy A life eternal. There, Within a mansion safe, we rest, Secure from pain and care."

"O lilies, teach my heart to sing The anthem of your risen King. Their fragrant centers looked at me In love, and whispered tenderly, 'Yourself more freely give.'"

At all parts of the house of the people, the children enjoy the game of trying to see how many eggs they can find. In the Easter story, the women went to the tomb to anoint the body of Jesus. The women went to the tomb to anoint the body of Jesus. The women went to the tomb to anoint the body of Jesus.

THE story of Easter is a story of new life. It is a story of new life. It is a story of new life. It is a story of new life. It is a story of new life. It is a story of new life. It is a story of new life.

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WAITING FOR JOEL

The attachment had begun when Joel, a new arrival in the town of Carverville, met Joel. Joel was impudently descending, rejecting in the face of a banker grandfather and father. The banker's residence was the finest one in Carverville, and though Joel had fallen off from the greatness of his father's, he was still looked up to as a "Carrier". He was not the town snoot for his people.

So the shy Blodau was overwhelmed by his prompt attention. Joel was indeed attractive to twenty arrived young women in Carverville, but Blodau could not know that.

"The girl was pretty enough," he said, but how she could hold Joel was more than they could imagine. There was grandeur in the face of her, and grandfather, the girls of Carverville had long known the reason of their removal to the country. City expenses had become too large. Joel's father had been a banker in the city. He had been a banker in the city. He had been a banker in the city.

Blodau's attachment to the girl was not a secret. She was indeed a beautiful girl. She was indeed a beautiful girl. She was indeed a beautiful girl. She was indeed a beautiful girl. She was indeed a beautiful girl.

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The Prodigal Village

By Irving Bacheller

"I don't care the size of my finger whether I get your job or not. I feel like giving it for the summer and taking a rest." "Well, go ahead. I'll pay the bill."

The first speaker is William Crockett, the village lawyer, and the second Mr. J. Patterson. The third man is a young man named Bob. The fourth man is a young man named Bob. The fourth man is a young man named Bob. The fourth man is a young man named Bob.

The day that Henry Stair met and embraced Gabriel Power and went up Main street hand in hand with it was not the first time they had done so. They had done so many times before. They had done so many times before. They had done so many times before.

When the night had gone to bed and the day had begun to dawn, the two men were still sitting on the bench. They were still sitting on the bench. They were still sitting on the bench. They were still sitting on the bench. They were still sitting on the bench.

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"So the Easter Lily Became White"

By Julius Muller



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COUSIN EMILY

Hearing the rattle of the wheel, Lisa went out, peering through the porch-viser to see if Cousin Emily had come. Her father had stopped; someone was getting out. "I haven't seen her since she was a little girl," the woman said. "I haven't seen her since she was a little girl," the woman said. "I haven't seen her since she was a little girl," the woman said. "I haven't seen her since she was a little girl," the woman said.

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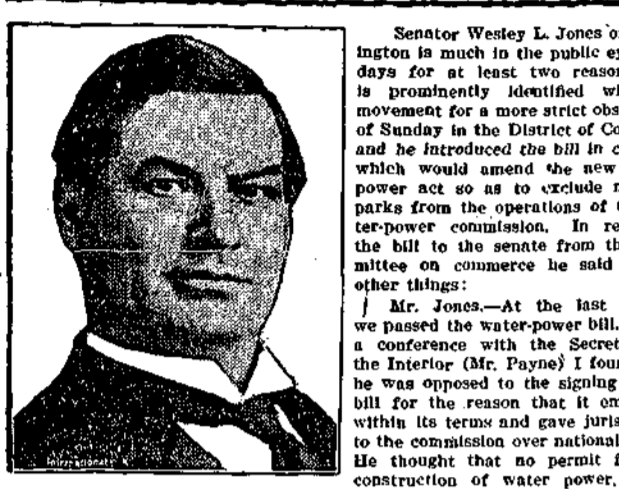
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In the PUBLIC EYE

Senator Jones of Washington



Peter of Serbia Failing Fast

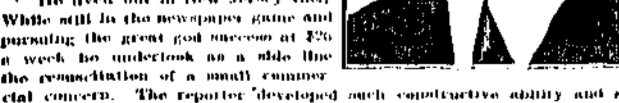
King Peter of Serbia, now seventy-nine years old, is very feeble, according to reports. He is totally deaf and spends all his time in bed in an invalid's wheelchair.

Defending the Constitution

David Jayne Hill objects to the inclusion of the National Association for Constitutional Government among the organizations chartered with conducting a lobby at the capital.

Graduate of Newspaper School

Thomas W. Lamont of New York, who is active in the public eye through his prominence in financial matters, is one of the many successful graduates from the newspaper school.



Mayor and Aldermen Simply Dollar Mad

Mayor and aldermen are simply dollar mad, according to a report from the city council. The council has passed a resolution authorizing the mayor to issue bonds for the purpose of raising money for the city.

Home Steader

Author of 'The Fox Faces' and 'The Lone Wolf' Etc.

"You don't learn anything, Riles. Do you? You don't know anything more about making money than you did 20 years ago."

The Roman Catholic Church Built Over the Grotto of the Nativity in Bethlehem

The Roman Catholic Church built over the grotto of the Nativity in Bethlehem is a masterpiece of architecture. It was built in the 13th century and has since been a place of pilgrimage for millions of people.

The Two Greatest Festivals of the Christian World

Christmas and Easter are the two greatest festivals of the Christian world. Christmas celebrates the birth of Jesus Christ, and Easter celebrates his resurrection from the dead.

Easter Song

Easter is the time when we celebrate the resurrection of Jesus Christ. It is a time of joy and hope, and a time when we remember the love and sacrifice of our Lord.

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Eric Escapes the Edgewater Dirty Devils

Eric escaped the Edgewater dirty devils, according to a report from the police. The devils were a group of men who were causing trouble in the neighborhood, but Eric managed to escape them.

Holy Place Preserved

The Holy Place Preserved, a report on the preservation of the Holy Place in Bethlehem.

The Holy Place in Bethlehem is a place of great religious significance. It is the place where Jesus was born, and it is a place that has been preserved for centuries.

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HAPPENINGS in the BIG CITIES

A New Way of Impersonating an Officer

A new way of impersonating an officer has been discovered in the big cities. The impersonators were seen in various parts of the city, and they were causing a great deal of trouble.

Certainly, 'All the World Loves a Lover'

Certainly, all the world loves a lover, according to a report from the city council. The council has passed a resolution authorizing the mayor to issue bonds for the purpose of raising money for the city.

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The Dark Mirror

Author of 'The Fox Faces' and 'The Lone Wolf' Etc.

The Dark Mirror, a report on the dark side of human nature. The author discusses the various ways in which people can be corrupted and how they can be redeemed.

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THE EASTER PARADE

The Easter Parade, a report on the annual Easter parade in the city.

The Easter parade is a popular event in the city, and it is held every year. It is a time when people come out to enjoy the weather and to see the parade.

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NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Vice-President vs. Speaker of the House

WASHINGTON—In the vice president's more important office of the United States government than that of speaker of the house of representatives...

Impeachment of Eleven U. S. Officials

ELEVEN federal officials have been impeached in the history of the United States. These facts are recalled in connection with the action taken by Representative Victor of Ohio against Federal Judge K. M. Landis...

John Herrin's "Center of Population"

This center, less than 200 years old, is the center of population of the United States...

Court Martial Sentences to Be Milder

REMARKABLE decreases in the number of the army and a growing desire in the navy by court martial sentences are expected by the judge advocate general's department to result from a new set of court martial regulations...

Princess of Mars

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

CHAPTER IX. We Plan Escape. The remainder of our journey to the planet Mars...

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"Is she injured?" asked of Sol. "I believe so," replied the girl. "I am sure she is. She is unconscious."

Spook River's Specter

By R. Ray Baker

The reason, I think, is a foreboding that a foreboding of what? I looked up, so far as I was concerned there was no sky. It was a grey, featureless, and with no stars...

She Drew Upon the Marble Floor

CHAPTER X. She drew upon the marble floor the first drop of barometric terror that she had ever known...

HUBBY FIXED IT, ALL RIGHT

Of course He Made a Slight Mistake, but We All Know His Really, Really Good Nature.

After the manner of men in general, he was apt to take odd notions of odd things at odd times...

CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE DEEMSTER

Condensation by Caroline Ticknor. The Deemster was a man of a certain rank and position...

IMPROVED CHURCH INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

LESSON FOR MARCH 20. JESUS ON THE CROSS. GOLDEN TEXT—God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us—Rom. 5:8.

SENATE PASSES DRASTIC DRY BILL

Provides a Penalty of \$500 Fine or Six Months in Jail for Buying a Drink. WIDE POWERS OF SEIZURE. Four Senators Vote Against Measure.

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STOP, LOOK, LISTEN!

Say, do you remember when you were sailing along in your Rolls-Royce or (Ford) and suddenly came that sound so familiar and dreaded by all motorists—Bump—Bump—Bump—and had to get out and get to work in the rain, snow or boiling sun on a nice, dirty, muddy tire, yank it off and patch where you have picked up a nail; then Pump—Pump—Pump—toil, sweat and ruin your clothes for a little measly puncture.

"BLU DEVL PUNCTURE STOP"

Which will stop all punctures, keep your tires properly inflated and make your tires and tubes wear longer and let you enjoy your ride in comfort without that thought, "If I just don't have a puncture!" For when you ride with Blu Devl Puncture Stop in your tires you know you won't have to get out and get under because of a tack, nail or spike that seems always to be bobbing up in the way.

Blu Devl Puncture Stop preserves rubber as oil preserves leather, something that the motorists have been looking for since the manufacturing of cars.

Blu Devl Puncture Stop will not stain or spot the finest piece of serge or mar the most highly polished surface.

Live and Reliable—Agents Wanted.

**FRANK E. PERRONE
WILLIAM TELL
FRANK MERLINI**

Exclusive Distributors for Atlantic and Cumberland Counties

Arnold's Service Station at Elwood, N. J.
Sub-Agent

THE NEW HALL

The movement in Hammonton for the erection of a community hall, to be built by popular subscription of shares at \$50.00 a share, is meeting with favor and a fair measure of success. This hall is something that Hammonton has been waiting for for years to build and now that the project has been launched, it becomes a get-together proposition worthy of the support of any citizen or organization of our town. Many good reasons for such a hall might be given, all of which are no doubt clear to any citizen who is aware of the conditions at present detrimental to a large public assembly for any purpose. We meet it is true, but there is no place to stage a play unless we contend with very unsatisfactory, unsanitary and almost hopeless conditions. No place with seating capacity for over two hundred and fifty people, and no place with chairs enough to seat that many without borrowing from other parties. Secondly, as a matter of civic pride, Hammonton ought to build this hall. Its pride has been put to shame in this respect long enough to satisfy most of us. We want a hall to show the stranger, or a prospective new citizen, when he asks where the hall is. At present we have to swallow our pride and state that we have only an apology for one, so might almost as well have none. Even the one we have has been condemned.

We might be enjoying plays which pass us by and go to a nearby city because we have no place to stage them. Build a hall and have it proved to you if you doubt it. We might have conventions and other assemblies of far-reaching importance meet in Hammonton if we had a hall to accommodate them.

But, no, we have no hall, so most of these things go by and we make shift and get along somehow; we bewail the fact and say it is too bad and continue to keep our talent wrapped up in a napkin or we have up to a short time ago.

Well, now why not have a hall? I am out with a subscription list selling shares of stock in a hall and looking each day for people to come forward and buy shares. Why don't you help me out so that I can secure enough to justify calling a meeting of stockholders? Call me up at the High School any day, hail me on the street or send me word by messenger. I am struggling to get \$10,000 to begin with and will arrive in the course of time, but having passed the turning point, why not help me to arrive by April 1st? Time payments will be given.

W. M. J. BRAMAN.

"PLANT 'EM NOW"
A fresh lot of select Frost Proof Cabbage Plants on sale at "Star" office, 60c per hundred. Plant 'em now!

"THE PRODIGAL VILLAGE"
Be sure to read this serial. First chapter in today's "Star." It will remind you of the war days of Anatol Arsenal.



THRIFTY POWER
WAS

PEOPLE OF OUR TOWN



The Other Character in this Cartoon is out of the Office and Four Blocks down the Street, but the Editor is still Telling Him what he thinks of being called a Proletarian because he hasn't cut the Price of his Newspaper yet. The Editor is charging Fifty Cents a year more than He did Twenty-Five Years ago!

J. L. COLLINS

MILK FROM TUBERCULAR TESTED COWS

Bellevue Avenue
Buttermilk

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DEAN STANLEY RENWICK
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law
After 3 P. M. every Monday at Hammonton Trust Company
Other times, 311 Market St., Camden
Bell phone.

LAW OFFICES

ORVILLE P. DEWITT
Red Cross Building every Friday afternoon. Consultation free.
Camden office, 517-19 Federal Street.
Both Phones.

MUSIC SCHOOL

Director Carlo Nicosta
Member of the Society of Composers of Paris, France
Piano, Violin and Voice
Harmony Taught
French and Italian
Languages Taught
RANERE BUILDING
Bellevue Ave. P. O. Box 267

THE HAMMONTON MACARONI WORKS

Egg Harbor Road
Near 15th Street
Manufacturers of High-grade Macaroni Products of All Kinds

Easter Easter

AT THE Hammonton Candy Kitchen

We have been working, day and night, to prepare the finest lot of Easter Eggs, Easter Candies and Easter Novelties that our patrons have ever seen here

Remember our goods are Home-Made and Made Good.

Pure Materials, Experienced Workmanship, Right Price.

YOU-KNOW-THE-PLACE

Hammonton Candy Kitchen

Easter Eggs

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"Teachings of LaSalle and Marx Therefore Take No Hold on Americans."

By DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT, Harvard University.



The Pilgrim expedition in search of religious liberty was organized as a commercial stock company. Most of the shares were taken by British men of business who invested in it money only, and were properly called the Adventurers; but every man that "went," that is, encountered the hardships and risks of the enterprise, had a share of the stock (value £10) assigned to him without payment of money, and an additional share for his wife and for each child over sixteen years of age. This method of organizing a stock company remains to this day highly suggestive. Those who "went" were called the Planters. They ultimately bought out all the Adventurers. The company was to feed, clothe and build shelters for all the Planters, and was to be entitled to the proceeds of their labor during four days of every week, the product to go into the company's store. At the end of seven years the whole property of the company was to be divided among the shareholders and the contract of the Planters with the company was to terminate.

It took the Pilgrims only about a year and a half to learn that even especially selected men and women would not work as well for the company as they would for their own families, even when the colony was threatened with serious scarcity of food. A new allotment of land was promptly made and the product of work on that land went directly to the family which provided the labor. It was their private property.

The Pilgrims learned quickly, by their experience, that the doctrine of "no private property" was impracticable, even in a community bound together by religious convictions. To this day, people of American stock believe heartily in private property, individual and family thrift and the transmission of savings to descendants. The teachings of LaSalle and Marx therefore take no hold on Americans.

Organized Campaign in the Senate for Direct Election of Presidents.

By EDWARD G. LOWRY, in Saturday Evening Post.

As soon as the suffrage amendment is ratified and out of the way there will begin in the senate an organized campaign to abolish the electoral college. The proponents of the plan come from direct primary states. They represent the same political thought that brought about the direct election of senators. Now they want to take the next step and bring about the direct election of presidents. They seek to make it easy and possible to have independent candidates for the presidency when the voters of either or both the two great rival parties are dissatisfied with the nominees of the national conventions. They know they will have popular support for their plan. It will be strongly urged in the senate and before the country.

I quote one of the senators who is prepared to take an active part in the campaign to abolish the electoral college:

"Everybody knows that nearly all political conventions are manipulated and controlled by powerful influences that have selfish ends in view rather than the benefit of all the people. We have a practical illustration before us at this moment. If a few men are able under existing conditions to control the nominations of two great rival parties, as they have done recently, without consulting the wishes or the wants of the voters, then the only right given to the voter is that of choosing between these two samples which are set before him. This is in reality a denial of the right of suffrage. At least the right of suffrage so given is not absolute.

"If the electoral college were out of the way all that would be necessary would be to announce the name of the independent candidate and to comply in the different states with the method provided by law for putting the one name on the ticket. It would be a very simple procedure, inexpensive and perfectly practicable. Every state in the Union which has an official ballot provides for a method of putting names on the ticket which are not nominated by political parties. Such machinery is already provided for in every state, and applies to every office except those of president and vice president, and the reason it cannot apply to these positions is because the electoral college stands in the way."

"We Find That the Thing That Mankind Is Hungry for Is Illusion."

By W. L. GEORGE, British Novelist.

Why do people read stories? Is there a fundamental story hunger in people, or is the craving for a good yarn an artificially stimulated taste? I do not believe that the question can be answered as simply as that. If we go down to fundamentals we find that the thing that mankind hungers for is illusion. We labor, and we do not like it, and so to console ourselves we invent an illusion about the nobility of labor. We want to be great, to be noticed, to have stirring adventures, and because life is commonplace we invent the illusion of romance—hence the story-telling art.

If I should analyze the old craving of "Tell me a story," I should divide it into three primary illusions. First there is the illusion of the glorious, bright, beautiful world—the rosiest world that one may see only with rose-colored spectacles. It is an escape from the world in which plans do not work out smoothly, situations are not pat, ambitions are frustrated.

Second, there is the illusion of the world of adventure, in which things are happening thick and fast, in which men and women are lifted out of their ruts into bright new paths of stimulation and achievement. And, as this illusion works out in a story, the commonplace reader sees himself in the position of the brawny and handsome hero, and, of course, gallops gloriously through all the adventures.

The third type of illusion is the illusion of humor. It represents the philosophy of the man with a good deal of digested experience, who, finding that things will not go as he pleases, deliberately builds up for his intellectual life a world of cheerful cynicism—a world of laughter and merry doings, in which the blows of real life are softened by a refusal to "take them seriously."

And the kind of illusion that any person seeks in fiction depends, as I see it, upon the kind of treatment he has had from life.

Black Poms

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(A 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

John Blackmore was bored to suffocation in the big city called New York. Glancing out of his boarding house window to the sunny street it seemed to him that every man passing was jaunty and happy and had an unmistakable air of being on his way to get the Only Girl and take her out for the afternoon.

John had no Only Girl nor even a half-way girl to go to see on Sunday. And Sunday without a girl was worse than an egg without salt. John hated his own company. He liked having good friends, but had been forced to leave them all when the firm he worked for sent him East to fill a most flattering position.

John fell to pondering dully on what he would be doing were he still out in the homelike small town where everyone knew everyone else. Lily, Elsy, Mary or Caroline would be going out on the river with him. Lily, Elsy, Mary or Caroline would have on a freshly ironed white dress with spotless white shoes and a great floppy hat to shield an adorable face from sunburn.

And John would be gazing happily from time to time under that hat. There would be a neat box of lunch withiced tea in a thermos and plenty of homemade chocolate cake. Later there would be a glorious sunset, still later a more glorious moonrise, and still later under that wonderful moon, he, John Blackmore and Lily, Elsy, Mary or Caroline would perchance steal a moment or two from lovers' hours before taking the weary but happy trip home.

John had read his Sunday paper from cover to cover, all but the advertisements, but so homesick did he become that he picked up the sheet again in sheer desperation and began a careful review of the "Lost and Found" column. There might possibly be some drawing string in those personal notes.

One did attract John. It was an advertisement for the return of a black Pomeranian answering to the name of Pet. The girl who had lost Pet was apparently dying slowly but surely over the loss. John grieved with her. Her name was Jane Montgomery and she lived up in what John had always termed the End of the World, being One Hundred and Eighty-first street.

Now, John's ideas of Pomeranians was a big vague, but he determined to find out for himself. He went to a dog and take it to Jane. There was always a faint chance that Jane would be attractive, worth while and all that sort of thing. John was a very hopeful type of man and he very much wanted a girl with a freshly starched white dress to take out on Sundays.

The married couple in the room behind him had an animal that closely resembled a dog. It had short black hair, a tail that waved in the air at most any angle and long spindly legs. Mike was, however, the most beloved pet of the couple. Perhaps Mike had played an important part in the couple's wooing. John hoped Mike was a mascot. He decided to borrow Mike.

He knocked gently at the rear door and told his scheme. The couple being newly married and full of romance agreed willingly. John gritted his teeth when he saw Mrs. Woodruff. Her gown was pink and fluffy and her hat wide and white. She had a pink parasol and she and Henry were about to start for a Sunday afternoon boat trip. Henry went so far as to scratch the name "Pet" on a bit of leather he had used for a wrist watch and encircle Mike's lean neck with it.

The Woodruffs laughingly wished John the very best of luck but firmly insisted on the safe return of their beloved Mike.

"She must not be so attractive as to wheedle our Mike away from you," Mrs. Woodruff admonished. John grinned. "If Jane Montgomery is as attractive as that," he stated, "I will buy Mike an ornate cloak for next winter."

And feeling in his bones that he and Mike would be promptly put off either subway or elevated, John jumped into a taxi with the animal and gave the chauffeur an address at the end of the world. John cared not in what manner he spent money of his excellent salary so long as it was in quest of the right girl.

Mike had never had so long a ride in a taxi, but he seemed to enjoy it, since his great floppy black ears pricked up from time to time, and when John addressed him the straggly tail wagged happily.

John pulled himself well in hand when they drew up at the curb and tried to get into the atmosphere of a man who had found a lost pet Pomeranian and was firmly convinced that the animal he had was that same dog.

He and Mike went up three flights of stairs to apartment 3 and rang the bell. It was answered by Jane herself. John pushed Mike well to the front and gazed questioningly at Jane. Jane was all, and more, than a jaunty, lovelorn young man could desire.

When she caught sight of Mike her eyes took on an expression that was difficult to define. And when they met

John's they lit up with a twinkle that prompted a grin from John.

"I found this Pomeranian and the name Pet is on his collar," Ned John, and hoped she would like him and Mike into the tiny, cool apartment.

"She did, Jane led the way into a most divine little sitting room that seemed a cover of pink geraniums and nasturtiums.

"Are you a dog fancier?" asked Jane, sending a swift glance straight into John's eyes, then a long one at the (un-Pomeranian) outlines of Mike.

"Well—I did not suppose Pet was a pedigree Pome, but I did think he might have a tooth or a hair or two that was sufficiently Pomeranian for me to have brought him up here."

Mike meantime was snoring about the apartment; then he returned to take up a friendly position beside Jane.

"He is black, anyway," she laughed and stooped to pet him. "I would love to keep him—since he is lost."

"I'm awfully sorry," quickly and thoughtlessly John apologized, "but the couple I borrowed him from want him back safe and sound."

Jane looked up, eyes wide and suddenly comprehending. Then she smiled, but said nothing.

John's dark red hue spoke volumes. Then knowing he was caught red-handed, he blurted out the whole story. His loneliness, the girls in white starched dresses, the wonderful Sundays—all came out in a breathless tale of woe.

John wondered at the peculiar expression in Jane's eyes and a sense of holding back something, whether it were tears or anger he was not quite sure.

But he was destined not to know at the moment, for a knock at the door proclaimed the arrival of another Pomeranian finder.

John glowered at the young, good-looking chap who brought it as if he were his most deadly enemy. But Jane's treatment of the new arrival and her reply that the dog was not her lost treasure in a way made the sun shine a bit more brightly for John.

"He realized when the door had closed on the chap that he, too, must now take his departure.

"I am sorry," he said, "that I cannot find the dog you so highly treasure, but I will leap at every black Pome I see, with the hope—"

Jane laughed softly if perchance there was the hint of a tear behind it all. "There isn't any dog," she confessed with color mounting high. "I was just as lonely as you—I wanted to wear my freshly pressed white hat and my wide picture hat and—"

When they were married a short time after there was an annual prowl about the tiny church during the ceremony, and he was not even a near Pomeranian, but he was a very much loved black dog with nondescript ancestors.

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Old Greece Is In Style Note

Paris designers are using ever so many Greek effects in dresses, writes a prominent fashion correspondent. The romantic morganatic marriage of the young king of Greece and his June visit to his bride, living in Paris, set the French dressmakers to thinking of the beautiful possibilities for fall fashions in the native Greek costume, both ancient and modern, the result being a decided Greek note in the autumn collections.

The wife of the king of Greece, who is very beautiful, and her younger sister, equally lovely, wear charming Parisian clothes. The youth and beauty of these two girls plus the royal romance of one of them appeal to the creative genius of the Paris dressmaker and milliner, consequently "a la Grecque" will be very fashionable in Paris. As there is so much of real merit in Greek inspiration, one may expect many lovely things during the coming winter.

Designers Turn to Greece. Greece is only one of the many countries to which designers have turned for their inspiration. Makers of clothes appear loath to give up any successful idea that has been brought out recently, and we find the old mingled with the new.

The Egyptian influence is still felt, as is the Italian Renaissance. To Florida have dressmakers turned for embroideries and to Russia for loose, baggy sleeves and blousing bodices as well as embroideries. Truly, we have an unusual mixture of fashions. Spanish styles have not relinquished their hold. Many ideas are still gathered from the picturesque costumes of Spain.

There are several things, however, upon which all agree—the slender silhouette, the more somber colors for day time wear—black, browns and grays leading—and, striking contrast to these, brilliant hues for the evening. They agree, too, in the tendency toward the high collar, long sleeve and the unevenness of skirts at the hem, which tends to make them more graceful. All of these points are brought out in every collection. The collections are being constantly augmented and we may expect a great many interesting developments from the numerous ideas already advanced.

Dresses that fit in with the present-day fashions may be made by using the forms of the ancient Greek costumes with few changes. In an interesting frock we see the straight Greek dress of about the Sixth century. The embroideries are exact copies of those used on an old Greek costume. In the sleeve lies the only real change in the design. A medium shade of tan devyng is used for this frock and the embroideries are in beautiful shades of brown. A narrow belt of brown leather girdles it.

Model of Mousseline. An interesting model is developed in coral mousseline de sole and gold cloth, with coral chains forming a grille and shoulder straps. It will be recalled that the ancient Greek military dress showed plaits and even that of the present day carries a remnant of



Plaited Dress of Blue Crepe Roman Embroidered in Gold.

the idea of plaitings which were so characteristic of the costume of Greece during the height of their imperial glory.

We usually think of Greek dresses as having been simple and beautiful always, consisting of the straight chiton a garment which was cut and partly sewn or the chiton achieved entirely by means of drapery. The Greeks, however, had changing fashions, just as we have today. There were periods of overelaboration, which saw the dress laboriously and artistically folded.

A Grecian effect with plaits, very much modernized, is developed in pale blue crepe Roman. In color this model suggests the Greek, being pale blue

and gold, the latter forming the embroidery and bands on the skirt and on the jacket. A big double looped sash at one side is seemingly a continuation of the crepe bodice.

Autumn Models Have Plaits. Any number of the smartest models for autumn have plaits. Coats, suits and frocks fresh from their recent voyage from Paris show plaits of every kind and description, which indicates that it is impossible to go too far with this trimming to please women.

One of the most extreme uses of plaits for the new season appears on a model suit developed in beautiful crepe Roman. Black is the color selected for this suit, the coat of which is very long and slightly blousing at a low waistline. The sleeves are loose and cut in one with the garment



This is a Simple Evening Frock of Gray Crepe.

itself. The interesting application of plaits lies in the form of a fan-shaped panel on the jacket. This panel has fine horizontal plaits placed as closely together as possible. These lie very flat. The skirt has a corresponding plaited panel in the front, which hangs a few inches below the hem of the skirt itself. A lovely white embroidery and white fox collar and cuffs emphasize the vogue for black and white. A band of the embroidery is placed down either side of the panel and around a shoulder and back yoke in the coat.

Designers Use Erminette. A few years ago, when women wore white furs in the sweltering heat of summer, the craze for white fur reached such an extreme that for some time after the well-dressed woman was loath to wear any white fur. We can only hope that the present-day revival will not run to any such extreme. For the present, at least, snowy fur trimmings are on models from the most exclusive houses.

Erminette is being extensively exploited as a trimming by the Paris designers. This fur very closely resembles real ermine, one of the pelts always greatly in vogue. While it is not as expensive as the real fur, it is not cheap. As well as being used for a trimming in the form of narrow edging and for large collars and deep cuffs, it is combined with seal in evening wraps. White skin is used to make great muffling collars and deep cuffs on the most elaborate of evening wraps, some of the newest of which are formed of beautiful silver brocades.

One great designer has invented an entirely new shoulder line of Greek influence in which the material is held up over one shoulder and cut to appear as though falling off the other

Embroidery Is Featured. Martini et Armand feature embroidery on the backs of garments only. A large disk design in contrasting colors is a favorite pattern. An embroidery design may extend across the back of a coat from shoulder to shoulder or be placed horizontally from shoulder to hem. On dresses the embroidery used in the latter way is very often of silver threads. Much embroidery on white velvet, white satin and white net is prominent. A few models show white embroidery on black, the preference being given to the former.

An interesting model in white and black has a foundation skirt and bodice of black satin, with the trunk of white net embroidered in a grape design, the grapes being white and the leaves black. White velvet dresses are embroidered in heavy black silk and jet.

Gray wool on blue serge is a combination that we have grown accustomed to and one that is still used, but white worsted embroidery on black velvet is unusual. Gold and silver embroideries are not neglected. There are usually seen on shiftons, blouses or mousselines.

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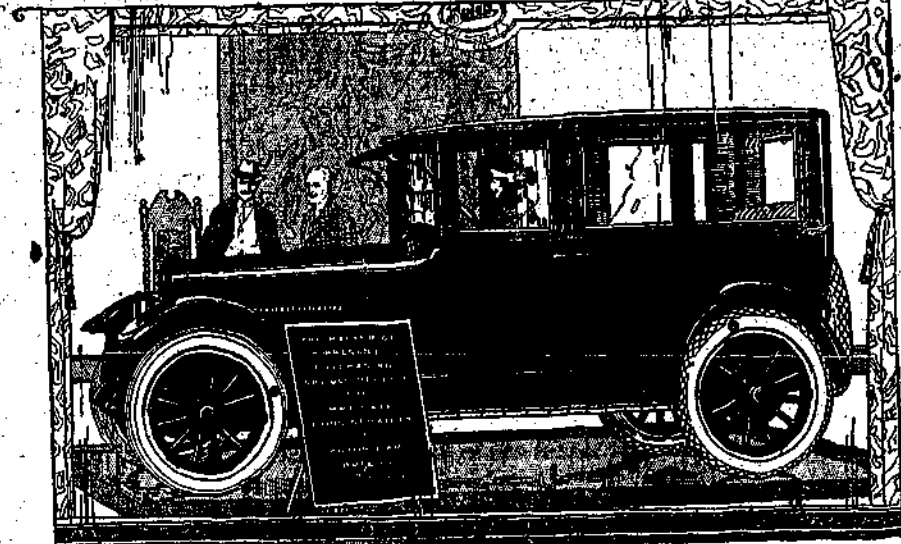
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OVATIONS TO FRANCIS WILSON AND DE WOLF HOPPER AT FORREST

Monday, March 21, Begins the Last Week of the Wonderful Production of This Most Famous of Comedians.

Francis Wilson and De Wolf Hopper in "Ernie," occupies the one big evening success of the theatrical season in Philadelphia, hitting the spot with a comedy that is the most popular and most successful of the season. The play has been produced for two weeks more only, the first performance taking place on Saturday night, March 20th. Not only in all Philadelphia, according to reports, "Ernie" is a splendid performance, but with the possible exception of "Ben Hur," there has never been an attraction that has drawn more throngs from out of town. "Ernie" is a world of merriment to those of the former generation, has proved a joy to the younger theatre patron of today. Francis Wilson, an actor and full of capers as ever, and De Wolf Hopper, with his magnetic presence, and a comedian who fills the role of the second act, and after appropriate speeches, reads letters to the audience, and in a most amusing way, tells the whole story in a most amusing way. The whole play is a comedy of the first order, and is a most successful production to the Philadelphia theatre. It is a comedy and a comedy of the first order, and is a most successful production to the Philadelphia theatre. It is a comedy and a comedy of the first order, and is a most successful production to the Philadelphia theatre.

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Palatable and easily digested, the best baby food for weaning time is

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'The Woods'

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

THE CALL OF THE WOODS.

Talk of your "call of the wild,"
"Nature" an' "similar stuff!"
Talk of "the forest" an' "gl—"
Haven't I heard it enough?
Why am I cranking an' chattering?
What is it all in' me?
What's my complaint?
Just "the woods!" If it ain't,
What in the world kin it be?

Out of the woods it breaks forth—
Call of the wild in the air.
What do I hear
With my listenin' ear?
Somebody's "coaxin'" me there.
Wind has swung 'round to the north.
Sky has a promise of snow,
Moon in the hill
It is silver an' still;
An' I am longin' to go—
Breathin' the breath of the pine,
Walkin' the layroad again,
Hearin' old tales,
An' trampin' old trails,
Bunkin' with men that are men—
Men that are partners of mine,
Fighters an' workers an' kings,
Men who have stood
By my side in the wood
At the beginnin' of things.

Woods? I have lived, man an' boy,
Up in the woods forty year,
Orbin' their streams
Where the quickenets glenna,
Fought 'em from store-boom to rear,
Tasted their pain an' their joy,
Drunk of their fun an' their woe,
Sorrow an' song—
An' it's there I belong—
Lord, but I'm crazy to go!
(Copyright.)

LAST NIGHT'S DREAMS

—WHAT THEY MEAN

DREAM CITIES.

IT IS not an uncommon experience to find ourselves in a dream city. Perhaps it is one which we recognize though it may be changed by the dream phantasmagoria; familiar buildings may take on a strange aspect, or strange city buildings appear in unexpected places. Sometimes we recognize it as a city we have always wanted to see and never have seen; and sometimes it appears to be one of which we never have even heard. Not infrequently a name for the place is suggested in our dream—a name which we are sure is new to us. It is a cheap way to travel and, the mystics say, not a bad one. For, while to visit cities in the waking life is an expensive operation, to travel to the cities of dreams is accounted a most favorable omen and means riches ahead. Unless indeed the city be on fire; then take care of your finances or poverty will overtake you.

It is generally agreed that if your city of dreams is a strange one to you, and you see it in it, you will shortly change your residence with, as a rule, favorable results to your business.

All scientists do not agree with Freud that every dream is the fulfillment of a wish, but it is easy enough to fit this dream into its category. An analysis of our dream will generally enable us to discover the origin of the strange name propounded by our

dream-consciousness for the strange city in which we may find ourselves. Thus Freud dreams of being at a strange place called Fleiss and one further on named Hearsing. Fleiss was the name of a friend. Hearsing was put together from the names of places near Vienna which so often end in "ing" and the English word "hearsay." He had been reading a poem about a stammering dwarf named "Saidhe Hearsing." By connecting the final syllable of Hearsing with Fleiss was obtained Vliesing—the German name for the port of Flushing through which his brother passed in coming from England to visit him. (Copyright.)

Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

OTHELLO

OTHELLO was a violent specimen of brutish manhood who was written up by W. Shakespeare after he had departed this life, and it was safe to do so. Nobody wrote up Othello while he was in the flesh without being assailed by remorse and a corps of trained nurses.

Othello was a large man with a sunken exterior and feet which had to be fitted out of stock. He was a great warrior and was sent into Turkey every once in a while to increase the death rate. Turkey at that time was animated by the same humane and law-abiding instincts as those which now endure her to the civilized world. It was on his return from a depopulating mission to Turkey that Othello met Desdemona and married her at one of the largest church weddings of the season. For a time it seemed as if the wedding would have to be postponed, as Desdemona wanted one of her close per-

Faithful

By R. RAY BAKER

"I am about ready to give up. What's the use of defying Fate?"

"Please don't talk that way, Carson. I'm afraid to think of it."

The young woman and young man were seated on a bench, beyond reach of the most ambitious waves that thundered along the island shore and dashed foam over the smaller rocks. A red semicircle peeping over the blue horizon was all that was visible of the retiring orb of day.

Already, far in the east, a gray disk was growing more distinct. Luna was taking her place as sentinel of the heavens.

The girl's garments dappled in the slight breeze. They had once been of a fashionable cut, but now they were torn and patched. The young man's clothes looked as though they had been purloined from a cornfield scarecrow.

"But it's so hopeless," he went on, ignoring his companion's pleading. "We're doomed forever to remain on this speck of dust on the sea. Here it's six months and not a ship has been sighted. It looks to me, Sue, as though Fate put us aboard the ill-fated Seymour and then wrecked it. Just so, you and I should be brought together. It's so difficult to continue this way. Just say the word and our companion in misery, who happens to be a minister of the Gospel—more of Fate's handiwork—will perform the ceremony that ought to make us both happy."

The girl drew away.

"It can't be," she said firmly. "I remember my promise, and you should remember yours. I told Manuel Garrison I would be true to him, come what may, and I intend to observe that pledge. See, I still wear his ring. And how about Elsie Gleewell? Didn't you tell her the same thing? How do we know that Fate didn't arrange these things just as a test of our faithfulness? No things must go on as they have. It's difficult—as much so for me as for you—but they must continue."

The semicircle dropped below the line that joined sky and water in the west. The shadow of dusk drew their shadowy folds tighter about the earth. The girl shivered.

"But, Sue," the man persisted, "I love you more than I ever could care for Elsie. She is a wonderful girl and all that, but after you and I have shared all these hardships I never could be happy with her. Besides, if we're doomed to spend all our lives on the island, why shouldn't we be as happy as we can make ourselves? Couldn't you be happy with me?"

She gripped his arm.

"Carson, don't tempt me any more, I beg you. If it makes you feel any better, I care for you, too. I was engaged to Manuel when I was doing. He's a wonderful fellow—and a promise is a promise. It was about a year ago, in New York, that I saw him last. He was preparing to take his first voyage as commander of a coastwise passenger ship. And at that time we renewed our pledge. Now, please, don't talk that way any more."

"That's where I saw Elsie last," the man mused. "She was on her way to join her father in Argentina. We promised the same thing and I've tried—tried so hard; but these circumstances are unalterable. Let's go back to the beach."

He undressed her from the rock and they walked up the slope to a crude habitation built of ship wreckage in the center of a cluster of trees. At the doorway a middle-aged man, clad in tattered garments of black, met them and smiled beatifically.

"Six months and no sign of rescue," he sighed, but he quickly dispelled the frown that flashed to his face and smiled joyfully. "Let us pray once more for deliverance."

They knelt and prayed. Then they parted and the minister had provided. It was a frugal repast which consisted from the standpoint of variety, but was plentiful. The menu consisted mostly of wild fruits, although there was fish from the island's fresh water lake and a kind of tea brewed from forest herbs.

The evening was spent in reading the only book that was available, the minister's Bible, and the trio retired early to the uncomfortable bunkers they had built in the three box-like alcoves they called bedrooms. They slept soundly for they had been working hard, constructing a new and more elaborate home further up the slope.

The yellow moon was high in the heavens when, up from the horizon, crept a thin speck, increasing in size as it neared the island. Soon it was not more than a half mile away, and from it flashed a beam of light that played across the water and finally rested on the strip of land. An instant later might have heard the creaking of a window as an anchor was lowered into the depths.

The minister was first to rise, while the sun was casting its earliest rays up from the east. He went out to fill his lungs with fresh sea air, and when he saw the strange object off shore, he let out a shout that was altogether too lusty to fit with the dignity of his calling.

"A ship!" he cried. "A ship! Wake up, everybody. Deliverance has come! Our prayers are answered."

In a few moments his companion

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE AUTUMN PARTY.

"We'll have to have a party," said Peter Gnome to the other fairies.

"That we will," agreed Billie Brownie.

"Let's have it soon," said Bessie Brownie.

"Very soon," said Peter Gnome.

"We'll have it this very afternoon," said Peter Gnome. "I'll go for the pumpkins now. We must have them for it must be a regular autumn party."



"Surely it must be that," agreed Peter Gnome.

"Shall we ask the Breeze Brothers to take around the invitations?" asked Bessie Brownie.

"They're always the best ones," said Peter Gnome, "except on the quiet days when they're too sleepy and lazy, poor dears!"

"It's windy enough today," said Bessie Brownie.

So they sent around their invitations that very morning by the Breeze Brothers and in the afternoon all the creatures of Fairyland and Brownie-land and Gnomeland and Gobliland and from all those parts were at the autumn party.

After the guests had all arrived, in came the pumpkins, dressed up like Jack of Lanterns, with little candles burning and flickering.

They were brought in on an enormous hay wagon driven by Witty Witch, and the horses were decorated with all the different autumn flowers which could be found along the country roads.

Then old Mr. Giant came wearing a huge wreath of Everlasting Flowers around his head.

"I want to wear them to show you I meant I'd never be coming around and I'd never desert my friends," he said.

"Goodie!" they all shouted.

"Well, hadn't I better be coming around?" asked Jack Frost.

"I don't know," said Peter Gnome. "Of course you must come before the chestnuts are ripe, and soon we're going to have chestnut parties."

"Hurry up, Jack, and ask us more questions," said Master Chilly.

"You'd better wait awhile," said old Mr. Giant. "Wait until the evening anyway."

"Oh, I will," whispered Jack Frost, and they all felt as though their cheeks had been nipped ever so slightly by the cold.

They built houses of leaves and they made great bonfires which they danced about. The bonfires were larger and more wonderful than ever they had seen.

Lots of the guests kept arriving all the time. For you see the autumn leaves had been invited, and they came rushing in, running and dancing, and flying and scampering and rustling and falling from the trees.

They came in all sorts of costumes. Some wore red and some wore brown and some orange and some yellow and some wore scarlet and some wore pink, and as the leaves dropped the fairies and gnomes danced with glee for such beautiful colors were falling down on the houses of leaves.

But after the houses of leaves had been made, and there were paths and walks and yards and every thing you could think of the Breeze Brothers came scampering in blowing everything this way and that.

"We were asked to the party too," they said.

"Of course you were," said the late autumn flowers as they blew about a little in their places on the horses.

"Of course you were," everyone shouted.

So an the Breeze Brothers blew their trumpets which they had for special parties and as they blew the leafy guests this way and that, and as old Mr. Wind whistled and the flowers sang ever so softly, the people of Fairyland danced and sang this song:

"Many colors in leaves we see,
Many colors in flowers we see,
Oh what joy it is indeed,
To know we've all the colors we'll need,
And of their beauty let us sing."

He saw them.

The geography class was in session, and the teacher pointed a finger to the map on the wall.

"Here, on one hand, we have the far stretching country of Russia, White," she asked, looking over her pupils and settling on one small boy at the end of the class, "what do we see on the other hand?"

White, he hoped with fright, hesitated a moment, and then answered:

"Warts!"

SCHOOL DAYS



THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"Fox-Trot!"

VARIOUS efforts have been made to trace this name for the popular dance to the pace or trot of a horse, some investigators going so far as to locate a certain Mr. Fox who owned a horse which trotted in a peculiar fashion, and, because of which, he referred to one of the nearest dancers (at that time) as a "fox-trot."

But, while there was a man named Fox connected with the origin of the term as commonly used today, he was a valuable dancer, not a horse fancier. When this dancer desired to introduce a number of new steps into his vaudeville act, early in 1914, he took certain portions of the one-step and added to them a number of variations of his own, filling the entire performance as "The Fox-Trot," a new dance originated solely by the performer himself. Society, eager to take up something new in the line of dancing, studied the steps and it was not long before the entire country was flocking to the synchronized melodies which precisely fitted this kind of amusement. The only reward that Fox received was that his name, without the capital letter, was spread broadcast over two continents. (Copyright.)

MILITANT MARY

I thought he loved me for myself, but by and by, I WAKED And realized he loved me for THE LAYER CAKES I BAKED!

Profitable Egg Producer.
An egg produces 400,000 eggs annually, but of these only 400 or less reach maturity.

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

by Nellie Maxwell

Good Things for the Family.

Roll out one cake of compressed yeast in one-fourth of a cup of lukewarm water, add one cupful of scalded and cooled milk and one and one-half cupfuls of flour; beat until smooth, cover and set out of draughts to leaven.

Light. Add one-fourth of a cupful each of melted shortening and sugar, two egg yolks beaten light, one teaspoonful of salt, the grated rind of a lemon and flour for a dough about three cupfuls. Knead until smooth and elastic. Cover and not add to become double in bulk. Turn upside down on the molding board, roll into a rectangular sheet, brush with melted butter, dredge with sugar and cinnamon mixed, sprinkle with half a cupful of currants, and roll as a jelly roll. Cut into slices as thick as long. Cream one-fourth of a cup of shortening, beat in one-fourth of a cup of brown sugar and spread mixture on the inside of a cast iron frying pan; lay in the bun and when doubled in bulk, bake one-half hour. The sugar and butter should garnish the bottom of the bun. Serve turned upside down, glazed side up.

Hard Sauce.

Beat one-third of a cup of softened butter to a cream, and add cupful of light brown sugar gradually; when well mixed add two tablespoonfuls of cream, drop by drop, and finally one teaspoonful of vanilla and a few drops of lemon extract or a grating of lemon rind. Ginger and lemon rind may be used in place of the vanilla and a few tablespoonfuls of creamed dates added to give bulk.

SOLACE IN WRITTEN WORD

Society Linked in Chain of Affection Through the Periodic Visits of the Mail Carrier.

Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son, Roosevelt's letters to his children, Paul's letters to the Romans—these are literature because of their sagacious advice, their splendid style and their lofty admonition. But every letter over written in literature in one sense—in the sense that it reveals life.

Little, throbbing bits of life taken from one living human being and sent to another living human being—that's what letters are. That is why they are always interesting. That accounts for the never-waning popularity of the mail carrier. For, as Douglas Jerrold said, there is "a stray volume of real life in the daily packet of the postman; eternal love and instant payment."

Life blood of human society courses through a letter, be it the packet of gossip a mother sends to her married daughter, the diplomatic appeal of a college boy for a check from father, a long love letter between sweethearts, or just a hastily scrawled note of friend to friend.

Letters—mingled words! They are one thing under the sun that never palls, that never chaps, that never grows old or monotonous! "The consolation of life," said Voltaire.

"In a heavy, oppressive atmosphere," said Shakespeare, "when the spirits sink too low, the best cordial is to read over all the letters of one's friends." And Tupper tells us that:

"A letter timely writ is a rivet to the chain of affection,
And a letter untimely delayed is as rust to the solder."—Kansas City Star.

Hired Chief Priestesses.

The old Greeks were not enough in their creation of gods and goddesses, but highly logical in the treatment their super-beings received. One of the best examples of this was the custom of hiring the Pythia, or chief priestess of the temple of Apollo at Delphi. At first beautiful young virgins, secured from the families of peasants because of the belief that such girls would be more pure in heart than the where city sisters, were placed in the position of chief priestesses.

Trouble arose when one of them fell victim to the charms of a young chap from Thessaly, and after an extended love affair eloped with him. To prevent the repetition of this, the Pythia thereafter were women of fifty or over, and far from good looking. Fearing that the handsome Apollo might resent no haggard collection of handmaidens, the priests decreed the best old crones, or white-haired priestesses, in the garb of young girls, on the theory that the continue would deceive the god.



"I Don't Know," Brothers came scampering in blowing everything this way and that.