

W. R. Seely

SOUTH JERSEY STAR

Twenty-first Year, No. 11.

Entered as second-class matter at Ham-
monton, N. J., post office.

Thos. B. Delker, Publisher

Single Copies, 5 cents.
By Mail, \$1.50 per year.

Hammonton, N. J., July 15, 1921.

GET YOUR REPAIRS DONE NOW
Council has received notice from the Atlantic County Board of Freeholders that the permits will be issued for the opening of Egg Harbor road, for the purpose of making sewer repairs, extensions or connections for a period of five years after September 1, and that all such work should be done as quickly as possible, as work has already been started on improving that highway, according to a contract awarded a short time ago.

THIEVES ON JOB
Thieves early Thursday morning broke into and robbed the store of James Trombros, a well-known business man in the heart of the town, cleaning out both cash registers and taking away an unknown quantity of confinery. Entrance was effected by breaking the lock on a window on the side of the store property.

HAD NARROW ESCAPE
Walter Trino, aged 19 years, of Elmwood, was seriously injured Wednesday afternoon when his hand came in contact with a live wire while on the roof of a building at Amstel Arsenal. Trino fell to the ground, fracturing one or more ribs, and sustaining other injuries. Although 4000 volts are said to have passed through Trino, his recovery is expected.

FIREMEN ON RUN THIS WEEK
The Hammonton Fire Department was called out this week to the third of a series of fires at or in the immediate vicinity of the Hotel Raleigh. Little or no damage was suffered.

MARRIED
Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Gertrude M. Hoffman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Hoffman of Egg Harbor City, to Maltier F. Brown, of Hammonton. The ceremony was performed on July 6 at Egg Harbor City.

The proposal to construct an addition to the Hammonton High School, costing about \$20,000, and to build a new school house, costing about \$250,000, is arousing much interest, and a big turnout is expected when the special school meeting is held on July 22.

So-Cool-A is now on sale, 25c per bottle, at Black's, Russo's, Ruberton's, Conover's and Simon's, wholesale, 6 or more bottles, at Star office. Each bottle makes 15 good glasses of orange, cherry, lemon or raspberry flavor. A dandy thirst quencher.

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FOR SALE.
Progressive Everbearing Strawberry Plants. Plant now for crop this season.

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Folsom, N. J.
85 acres cranberry land in Borough of Folsom.

D. M. RODEFFER,
Folsom, N. J.

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Piano tuning.
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Choice building lot, 40x182, Grand street, close to Line street. \$200. Also splendid location on Twelfth street between railroads, a coming money-making center. James Myers, Egg Harbor road.

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Two rooms, unfurnished, all conveniences. Apply 114 Pleasant street.

REALTY FOR SALE.
3-acre farm, good 6-room house, barn, chicken house, pig pen, garage, 2 1/2 acres in young apple orchard. Only 17 miles from Philadelphia on good road. Price for quick sale, \$2800.
7-room house, all conv., chicken houses, garage, apple and peach orchard, 1 1/2 acres good soil, 1/2 of a mile from station. Price, \$4200.
6-room house, good condition, one acre land, all planted in raspberries, grapes, plums, etc.; near town. Only \$2700.
8-room house, just completed, on new concrete foundation, garage, chicken house, etc.
4-room bungalow, barn, pig pen and chicken house, 5 acres land, 1 1/2 acres in raspberries, 1 1/2 acres in black diamonds. Price, \$1700.
10-acre farm, 1 acre strawberries, 1/2 acre asparagus, 1 acre raspberries, 1 acre dourberries, 3 acres woodland, 6-room house, chicken house and barn. One mile from station on good road. Price, \$3500.

MYERS
Penn. Sta.,
Hammonton, N. J.

IN RE-SCHOOL NEEDS
Hammonton, N. J.
July 11, 1921.

Mr. Editor:
The public is called again to a meeting to vote upon building propositions to be submitted by the Board of Education. The Board has taken into consideration the pressing needs of our central schools, and, after carefully thought out plans, is coming before the voters and taxpayers with two propositions, both of which are needed.

These are to be discussed and voted upon in the coming special election to be held Friday evening, July 22, 1921. The following facts have been compiled to give the voters a clear conception of the present needs of the central schools:
School room needed to give full accommodations to all grades.
For grade one, three rooms; grade two, three rooms; grade three, three rooms; grade four, three rooms; grade five, four rooms, grade six, five rooms; grade seven, four rooms; twenty-five rooms necessary.

It is not a practical thing to put grades above fourth on one session days. Plans of Board of Education for next school year.

FIRST. The addition to the existing so-called High School Building, four rooms. If authorized, it is contemplated these rooms will be erected in time for use by the time the schools fill up the coming term. This will afford quick relief for some of the congested conditions.

SECOND. The erection of a new building, contemplating room for High School with modern up-to-date accommodations, also a number of rooms for elementary grades, an auditorium, gymnasium, rooms for domestic science, etc.

When this new building shall be ready for occupancy, it is the intent that the present High School quarters be converted into approved class rooms for the elementary and primary grades.

In connection with this plan, it must be borne in mind that the present High School quarters have been declared by State and county school officials as "inadequate and unsuited for High School purposes."

It should also be borne in mind that all the pupils on "one session" days are not getting all they are entitled to.

Respectfully yours,
F. C. BURT,
President, Board of Education.

NOTICE
Return all empty cement
bags at once. July 20th they
sell at one cent.

H. K. SPEAR.

PIPE FOR SALE.—I beams, channels, angle iron, shafting, pulleys, reinforcing iron, sash weights, equipment of all kinds, etc. **ACORN IRON & METAL COMPANY,** Atlantic City, N. J.

EAGLE THEATRE
EAGLE THEATRE THIS SATURDAY

William Farnum "Riders of the Purple Sage"
Our usual clever comedy
Monday—Blanche Sweet "That Girl Montana"
Episode 9—"Son of Tarzan"
Tuesday—Special Cast "Devil's Angel"
Fox News and Bray Pictograph
Wednesday—Alice Brady "Fear Market"
Century Comedy—"For Sale"
Thursday—Harry Carey "The Blazing Trail"
Episode 1—"Diamond Queen"
Friday Special—George Arliss "The Devil"
Rolin Comedy, "Won Your Home," and Fox News
Admission, 20c
Saturday—Bryant Washburn "Road to London"
Chester Comedy—"High and Dry"

PALACE THEATRE
PALACE THEATRE THIS SATURDAY

Tom Mix "The Big Town Round-Up"
Charlie Chaplin "A Night in the Show"
Next Saturday—
Tom Moore "Hold Your Horses"
Lyons and Moran "Blue Sunday"

THE MODERN FUNERAL

There is something in the face and form of one called from earth which speaks of divinity. Milton, standing over the lifeless body of a child, saw there more than mortality—"For something in thy face did shine that showed thou wast divine."

It is a mistaken idea that the duties of the modern funeral director begin and end with the furnishing of the receptacle in which the dead form is to repose.

When the Angel of Death enters the home our first thought should be to engage the services of a mortician whose integrity and judgment is a safeguard against confusion and discord. The trained embalmer and sanitarian, the thorough professional, fitted by years of experience to minister to our needs and requirements, is a comforter whose service the voice of consolation, however sincere, cannot displace.

THE JONES SERVICE
Embalmer, Funeral Director and Sanitarian
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This book is not what the Ford Motor Company has to say about the Fordson Tractor, but what the tens of thousands of users have to say. Get the book. It is yours for the asking. Keep in mind the fact that behind every Fordson Tractor are all the resources of the great Ford Motor Company; likewise that reliable "Ford After-Service" which assures the keeping of the Tractor in working order every day in the year. Remember also that the Fordson Tractor, like the Ford car, is simplicity itself in design and construction; easy to understand and easy to operate. Come in and let us tell you more about it. It is more important to the farmer today than anything else.

The Age of Machine Power on the Farm is no longer a matter of speculation; it is here—an established fact. It is the latest advanced step civilization has taken. It comes to the farmer with the full promise to lift the great burden of drudgery and wearisome, wearing-out toil from the muscles of man and carrying them with much more profit by power of machinery, with the result that larger production, more comfort and greater wealth will come to the farm homes wherever the Fordson is employed. **COME IN AND TALK IT OVER.**

BELLEVUE GARAGE, INC.
E. A. CORDERY, President.
Egg Harbor Road, Hammonton, N. J.

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THE man or woman who has the proper spirit of conscientious endeavor, plus a Peirce training, need have no fear of the future. It is significant that within ten years after graduation the majority of Peirce graduates are either in business for themselves or are officials or executives of large business institutions.

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Secretarial (one to two years)
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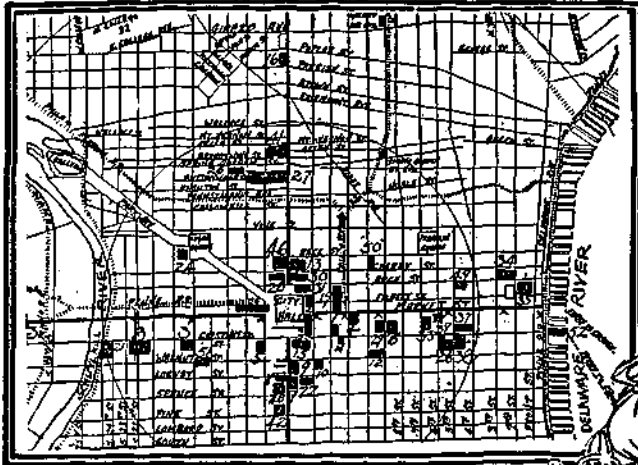
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Shoes for The Whole Family
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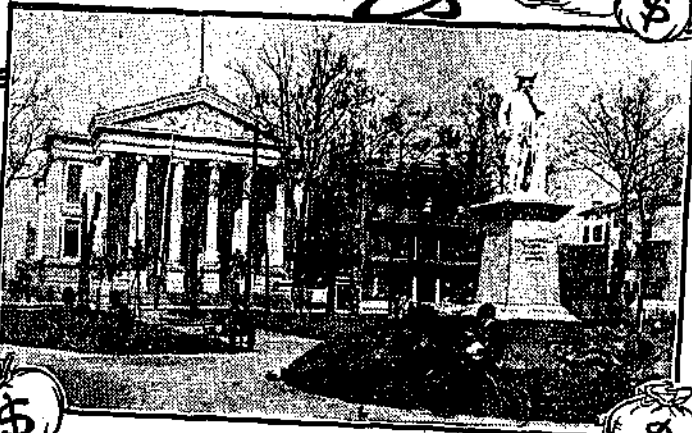
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Don't Be A Wish-I-Had
YOU BREATHERS
YOU UNBELIEVERS
COME, LET YOUR EYES
SEE THE PROOF
of this master movement

**BUY NOW!
COME TO-DAY
Get the Pick!**

Baker Estate Noax: \$800,000,000 Mirage



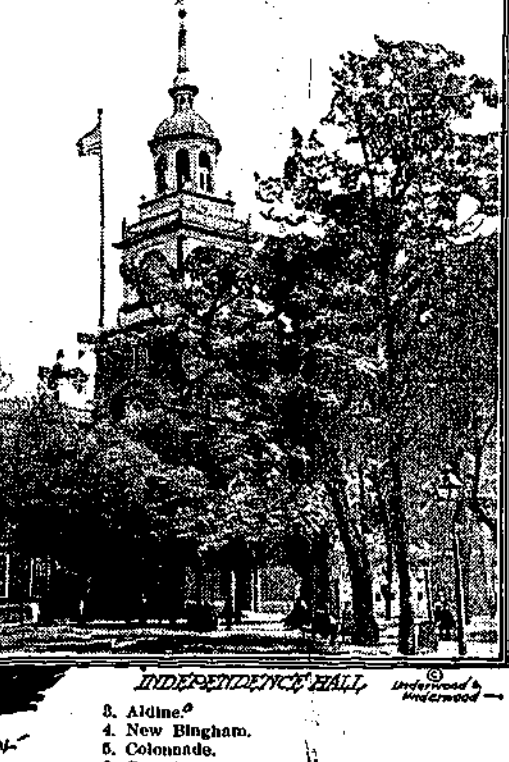
HEART OF PHILADELPHIA



INDEPENDENCE HALL

ALTHOUGH some may scoff at the authenticity of the rapidly growing claims of the Baker family upon the \$800,000,000 heart of Philadelphia, there is no doubt in the mind of Myron C. Baker, 906 Belmont avenue, Chicago, as to his right to benefit should the claims prove valid. He contends he is the true and legal great-grandson of the man who, it is alleged, owned the \$800,000,000 tract of real estate in the Quaker city. However, Mr. Baker is in no hurry.

"Now, if you will look on page 516 of this book," he said, "talking down a copy of the 'Biographical and Genealogical History of Indiana'."



3. Aldine.
4. New Bingham.
5. Colonnade.
6. Green's.
7. Walton.
8. Hittenshouse.

ally the property not of the few, but of the many. The very heart of the city of Philadelphia, the fifty-fifty division of property. The only stipulation is that your name is Baker or that you can prove your connection with the family tree of a supposed "Colonel Jacob Baker," who roamed these parts in Revolutionary war days.

Just imagine this! Some morning soon commuters stepping off trains at Broad street station or swarming up of the Market street subways in ye city of Brotherly Love may find lock and chain on the whole of Philadelphia's busy center. There will be "Hands Off" and "No Trespass" signs everywhere. Pretty soon the sheriff will appear. Upon a stated day he will auction off all this property at a sheriff's sale.

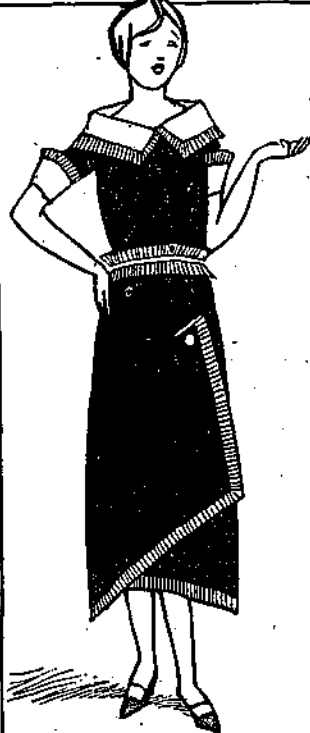
12. Walden.
13. Adelphi and Lyric theaters.
14. Keith's theater.
15. Garrick theater.
16. Reading terminal.
17. Broad Street station (Penna.).
18. Baltimore and Ohio terminal.
19. Historical society.
20. John Harrison Laboratory of Chemistry.
21. Academy of Fine Arts.
22. University of Penna. museum.
23. United States mint.
24. Hahnemann's works.
25. The House of Arts.
26. Central post office.
27. Odd Fellows hall.
28. Masonic temple.
29. Franklin institute.
30. City hall.
31. Christ church.
32. Custom house.
33. Carpenter's hall.
34. Central high school.
35. Philadelphia Textile school.
36. Drexel institute.
37. Scitabill Hillen hall.
38. Washington's theater.
39. Adelphi's theater.
40. Philadelphia College of Pharmacy.
41. Philadelphia Art Alliance.
42. Chestnut street wharf.
43. Subway elevated stations.

So you see, the Baker heirs will draw down considerable. But the Philadelphia officials say of the Baker estate that "there ain't no such animal." The mayor of Philadelphia asked John S. Broadway, chief counsel of the bureau of legal aid, for a report. Here is his report:

GINGHAM IS THE STYLISH FABRIC

"The best thing I can tell you about gingham," said the head of a highly successful firm in America importing materials for wash dresses, "is that they are the best thing in the world. No other cotton dress fabric approaches them in volume of sales this year."

both gathered and plaited, are seen. If you are a youthful amateur dressmaker you may prefer the Mexican note sponsored so strongly by Joanne Lanvin of Paris in her spring and summer collection of clothes. A frock shows the straight bodice just described, with a Mexican collar fastened to one side. By way of variety, this skirt is plaited and cut longer in the front and back than it is at the sides, but any plain skirt may be used with a bodice such as this.



The Charming Straight-Line Dress of Brown Linen, Illustrating the Abundant Use of Organdy Plaiting on Wash Dresses.

The prettiest dresses of this fabric are simple, the beauty of such a dressing lying in the selection of colors and perhaps an unusual bit of trimming. Checks Brighten Landscape. It might be expected, with the present craze for dull, black silk dresses, that black and white cottons would be chosen. But fashion, ever contradictory, says no. In wash fabrics we must be gay. Black and white cottons had their innings last year. Now their place is usurped by red and white checks. There is a goodly showing of brown and white as well as many greens, but reds are most prominent.



Red and White Checked Gingham Frock With Trimmings of White Organdy and Flowers Embroidered in Red Watteau.

Embroideries are not lacking on wash dresses, but they are reserved more especially for models of linen or crash. A straight-line frock of natural color crash is most attractive with heavy embroideries in brown. The skirt portion was embroidered with heavy threads of mercerized brown cotton from the hem to about the knees; it was a chemise dress. The bottom of the sleeves were ornamented in like manner, and so was a narrow collar which stood straight up around the neck, but turned down in the front, as the bodice was plaited and folded back to form revers.

Dress That Harks Back to 1880. A new way of using worsted embroidery on a linen frock, and also of obtaining a good deal of color, appears in a demure gray chemise dress. It has an apron tunic in the front only, attached to the waist portion at a low line. The trimming consists of appliqued motifs of bright colored linen in novel shapes attached to the dress with worsted contrasting hue.

An variation of the embroidered trimming, straight chemise frocks of heavy white linen—the chemise model is used for the heavier fabrics—are trimmed straight down front and back panels with points of red and white checked gingham. The gingham also is stitched in pointed effect around the neckline, which is somewhat high but a shallow oval in form, and around the sleeves.

The short cap sleeve, which is just a little puff, is used in summer dresses of the lighter materials, such as cottons and crepes. It also makes an occasional appearance in some of the heavier fabrics, but, although the dress itself is of a heavier cotton, the 1830 sleeve is of a thinner material. For instance, a quaint looking dress of flowered chintz, made with a straight bodice and full gathered skirt, has puff sleeves of white organdy, the cuffs of which are stitched with red wadded. Further touches of the organdy appear in the form of pleated cuffs encircling skirt and deep, round neck.

Modest Hairdressing. The modes of hairdressing in Paris indicate a vogue for smooth and unclashed arrangements of the hair, as in opposition to the much waved and puffed coiffures which have been worn for several years. The exaggerated psycho knot lay down on the head is much affected by Englishwomen as well as Parisiennes. Although the hair is arranged not only with plainness, but apparently with precision, most fastidious hairdressers are worn. The large flannel comb is retained. The newest combs are of ivory rather than shell. These white combs are most effective. For those who do not like an all-white comb they may be had with beautiful trimming in color as well as with settings of precious stones.

Hanging Gowns. The dyed lace evening gown is often accompanied by a square cape of the same lace lined with tulle.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

"Dine well and wisely and the cares of life will slip from you; its vexations and annoyances will glide into nothingness."

HEALTH VALUE OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES. Vegetarian schools have great faith in tomatoes as a medicine for biliousness and all forms of liver trouble; this is because of the vegetable calomel in large quantities which is found in that fruit.

Rhubarb or pie plant, when properly cooked, is a good laxative while its agreeable acid is cooling and stimulating. The tender green leaves, combined with other greens, are especially good served as greens. Lettuce is considered a sure remedy for nervousness and insomnia. Even Shakespeare has one of his characters remark: "Did I eat any lettuce to supper last night that I am so sleepy?"

And of water cress, "a cheap but wholesome salad from the brook." Containing so much sulphur, this dainty little green tends to purify the blood. This sulphur, in vegetable form, is all ready to be assimilated, while the form we buy is not. Dandelion greens carry a high percentage of iron, while the tender young leaves make a fine salad. Mixed with potato, it improves both kinds.

Splach, which is called the broom of the blood, stands at the head of vegetables in percentage of iron. This vegetable has a most beneficial action on both bowels and kidneys. The onion, too often snubbed by those who would to ultra fine, holds a high place as a fatiguing, stimulating, laxating and generally purifying the whole system. Beets are a nerve tonic, make new blood; the Greeks held the beet ideal for brain workers.

Cucumbers are rich in potassium and phosphorus; even in ancient times they were used for the complexion, internally as well as externally. Carrots rank still higher in these days with the beauty specialist; when eaten raw, one a day, they are a sure cure for a muddy complexion. Grapes are one of the favorite fruits and are usually taken by all with cleansing and tonic effect.

All art starts from simplicity; and the higher the art rises the greater the simplicity. —William Morris.

DAIRY COMPANY'S DISHES. A dish of baked bananas to serve with broiled steak is a most appetizing dish and is prepared thus: Remove the peeling from a half dozen large bananas, cut them in half lengthwise to remove all the coarse threads and lay in a well-buttered glass

baking dish. Grate the rind of an orange and one-half lemon and add the juice of each with one-half cupful of sugar. Pour over the bananas, adding two tablespoonsful of butter. Bake during the baking, about twenty minutes.

Sour Cream Pie. Beat the yolks of four eggs until light and creamy, add a cupful of sugar, the same of chopped raisins and some cream, with one-fourth teaspoonful of cloves. Place in a double boiler and cook until smooth and thick. Line a pie plate with rich pastry and bake the crust. Fill with the mixture, cover with a meringue, using the whites of the eggs mixed with four tablespoonsful of sugar. Bake roughly over the top and place in the oven to brown lightly.

Pear Salad. Take halves of peeled very ripe pears, or the canned variety may be used if drained. Sprinkle with a teaspoonful of lemon juice and fill the center with the same of chopped cheese. Place on lettuce leaves and cover with a dressing made with the pear juice. If canned fruit is used, add a little pineapple juice, olive oil, catsup, lemon juice and paprika, with a dash of salt, and sugar if fresh fruit is used.

Peasorine.—Put a cupful of fresh ripe peeled peas through a sieve, add a cupful or less depending upon the sweetness of the fruit and the taste of the family. Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff, then fold in the peasorine and cream. Pour into a well-buttered baking dish and bake in water until firm. Serve with whipped cream.

Vegetable Dish.—This is the season to cook young onions, carrots and peas together, adding a bit of browned salt pork cut in bits, a cupful of milk and seasonings, just as it is ready to serve. Cut the carrots and onions in thin slices.

Potato Souffle.—Boil and mash ten potatoes, press through a sieve, add two onions chopped fine, three slices of bacon, chopped, the yolks of four eggs well beaten, two tablespoonsful of chopped parsley. Add a cupful of milk, mix and fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Bake in a buttered dish until puffed and brown. Serve at once.

Heinie Maxwell

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

Good Leaves House for Law



Representative James W. Good of Iowa has resigned from the house and will practice law in Chicago. Democrats joined Republicans in a round of complimentary speeches, centering around the presentation of a silver service. Mr. Good has served since 1902 and for more than two years has been chairman of the appropriations committee. In Chicago, where he is well acquainted through campaign work, he has become the senior partner of the law firm of Adams, Childs, Bobb and Westcott, taking the place of the late Elmer H. Adams.

Mr. Good believed that the house should be an agent to restrain expenditure, not to stimulate it. He contributed largely to persuading his associates to return to budgetary first principles. He made the enlarged appropriations committee a true budget agency, although a budget act was introduced by the late Elmer H. Adams.

Mr. Good kept the statute book by President Wilson's veto. He was a reforming chairman, vigilant, conscientious and courageous. He cut the estimates much deeper in two years than they had been cut in all the twenty or thirty years preceding.

Mr. Good was born in Cedar Rapids, where he has served as city attorney and has practiced law. In the first campaign he was the chairman of the Illinois division of the speakers' bureau, working with Senator Harry S. New of Indiana.

Lasker Heads Shipping Board

A. D. Lasker of Chicago (portrait herewith), who served as advertising manager for the Republican national committee in the last campaign, has accepted President Harding's offer of the chairmanship of the shipping board. Mr. Lasker is appointed for a term of six years as the representative of the central portion of the country. The other members appointed are: T. V. O'Connor, Republican, Buffalo, N. Y., president of the International Longshoremen's union, appointed for five years as representative of the Great Lakes region; Former Senator George E. Chamberlain, Democrat, Portland, Ore., four years, Pacific coast; Edward C. Plummer, Republican, Bath, Maine, three years, Atlantic coast; Frederick L. Thompson, Democrat, Mobile, Ala., reappointed for two years, Gulf coast; Meyer Henson, Republican, Los Angeles, one year, Pacific coast; Rear Admiral William S. Benson, retired, Democrat, Georgia, reappointed for one year, Atlantic coast.



Chairman Lasker is an advertising man; he is Lasker and Mr. Plummer are lawyers; Mr. Thompson, vice chairman, is a newspaper owner and publisher; Mr. Chamberlain was wartime chairman of the senate military committee.

According to Chairman Lasker, the board will attempt to build the future of the American merchant marine "solidly on the development of private initiative and operation."

Your New N. P. Commissioner



Polks—particularly those of you who have not sworn off completely and those who hope to get a beer prescription for that chronic ailment—will be glad to hear that John O. Emery, a returned, pleasant, genial, jolly, little man, but earnest and conscientious withal.

Mr. Emery, after surveying the situation pleasantly but firmly, avers that he intends to enforce the prohibition law to the full extent of his power and calls on all citizens—drinking as well as pro-prohibition teetotalers—to help him make the country as dry as the law contemplates.

Emery, American Legion Head

John O. Emery of Grand Rapids, Mich. (portrait herewith), has been unanimously elected national commander of the American Legion by the national executive committee. He succeeds the late Frederick W. Galtbrath, Jr., who was killed in an automobile accident at Indianapolis, Thomas J. Branigan of Hartford, Conn., was elected vice president, succeeding Mr. Emery in that position.



The commander is a coal estate broker in the Michigan city. He was born there July 4, 1862. He resigned as president of the Grand Rapids real estate board to enter the ground officer training camp at Fort Sheridan in August, 1917, and was ordered overseas as a captain November 27 of the same year.

Captain Emery served with the 101st Infantry in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, where he commanded a company of the Eighteenth Infantry regiment of the First division. He led the First Battalion of the Eighteenth Infantry over the top in the St. Mihiel and Argonne-Meuse offensives and was wounded severely by shell fire Oct. 9, 1918. He was returned home immediately.



THE CLAN CALL

by Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.

"WHO HID 'EM?"

Synopsis—Young Carlyle Wilburton Dale, of "Bill Dale," as he is known to his friends, son of a wealthy coal operator, John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway Switch, in western Tennessee, abandoning a life of idle ease—and incidentally a bride, Patricia Clavering, at the altar—determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Babe" Littleford, typical mountaineer girl. "Babe" is a character of the hills, taken from John Moreland's home. Moreland is chief of the "clan," which has an old feud with the Littlefords. He tells Dale of the killing of his brother, David Moreland, years ago, owner of rich coal deposits, by a man named Carlyle. Moreland's description of "Carlyle" causes Dale to believe the man was his father. Dale returns to the Littleford home, talking with "Babe" Littleford next day. Dale is ordered by "Black Adam" Bull, bully of the district, to leave "his girl" alone. Dale replies spiritedly, and they fight. Dale whips the bully, though badly used up. He arranges with John Moreland to develop David's coal deposits. Ben Littleford sends Dale to meet John Moreland to meet him with his followers next day, in battle. Moreland and his men are killed. Dale, the guns belonging to the Littlefords and the Morelands mysteriously disappear. Dale arranges to go to the mine to get money for the mining of the coal. The two clans had their weapons, which the women had hidden, and the up for battle.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"To disarm the Morelands so that when the enemy comes they will have nothing with which to defend themselves!" Dale didn't know much about these hill feuds. "No, Miss Littleford, I can't say that I think it was a kind thing to have a feud with the Morelands." Miss Littleford arose and faced Dale. Her cheeks were flushed. "Has the lady come?" she demanded lily.

"No, but—" "All right," the young woman broke in sharply. "If the money hasn't come, what're you a-keekin' about?" Her brown eyes were full of fire. They defied, and they withered, and Bill Dale suddenly felt that he was smaller and of less account in the scheme of things than that uneducated, wildly superb creature that stood before him.

"I beg pardon," Dale said evenly. "I didn't mean to offend, y'know." His quick contrition struck the girl. Her mouth quivered. She dropped her fishing-rod, and began to toy absently with the end of her long, thick plait of brown hair.

"I've need so much of this fightin'," she murmured triumphantly. "That it nukes me go to pieces. I ought to beg yore pardon, mebbe, and I do. . . . I've seed a good many fine, strong men brought home dead or a-tryin' from the battlefield, but I never see no Littleford has killed Morelands, too. Our side about as many as the other, I reckon. I'd be glad to give my life to stop it."

"I'll help you, if I can," Dale told her. "Perhaps you can make friends of the Morelands and your people." "You don't know what a hard thing it'd be," she replied tearfully. "The two sets has hated each other ever since I can recollect. And you won't be here very long, I reckon."

"I may be here for the rest of my life," said Dale. "If it be so," inquired Babe. "You see that's the way it goes. I'm going to develop it for the Morelands." Babe looked at him with a tiny herald of hope in her eyes. Babe also could speak again these came from somewhere back in the mow of the sound of her father's voice.

"Habit! Oah, habit!" "Habit!" cried the girl, half crying, we'll try. Old Major Bradley, he'll be up here afore long to spend the summer, and he'll help us. He's a mighty good man; y'are shore to like him. He generally stays with us when he's here. You go easy with John Moreland; but when you get him, y'all have 'em all. I'll work on pap. The ain't no danger o' trouble right now, anyway. Goodby, Bill Dale!"

"This moment, Miss Littleford," and he took a step after her. "Are you any the less a danger right now?" Babe halted, faced about nervously, and smiled a little. "Don't call me 'Miss' no more," said she. "I make no fool of it. Child me what everybody else calls me, of y' don't mind. Why, every one of 'em Littleford has a right hand night the name of the Morelands here. Meet me here at midnight, and I'll tell you about it. Goodby, Bill Dale!" "Goodby, Babe!" he smiled.

CHAPTER V.

At the River Again, John Moreland met Dale at the gate.

laughed Bill Dale. "They're pretty enough. Most feet, y'know, are necessary evils, like chimneys and rain-spouts. I like 'em. All but their everlasting fightin', they're good people, Bill Dale. . . . Each side, y' see, is brought up to hate 't'other side. I'm ashamed to tell it, but I understand the fast plain folks soon my Uncle Sam and Abner Moreland. It started a long time ago, and it started over nothin'. Grandpap Littleford and John Moreland's pap got in a dispute over whether Kalamuck was in Virginia or Nawth Carolina, and went to fightin' about it. Moreland happened along, and they went to fightin', too. Thank goodness, it was on Sunday, and none of 'em didn't have their rifles with 'em. What- ever else we are ain't up here. Bill Dale, we generally respects the Sabbath day. I see it noty."

"I see it noty," Dale muttered sympathetically. "I've seen my own mother set down in the floor and take her boy's head in her lap—oh, such a big, fine boy he was—while the blood run through her eyes with mother's arms and mine around him. It was all we could do for him, was to love him. I've seen sisters watch their brothers die from Moreland bullets, and young women watch their sweethearts die, and wives watch their husbands die. . . . I tell you, Bill Dale, them Morelands never misses when they have even half a fair shot. Y'ou'd be perfectly safe in a-lettin' any of 'em shoot dimes from atween yore finger and thumb all day. And it's the same way with the Littlefords. They're fighters, too, every one, and they don't give in any more than the Morelands do."

"Addie Moreland knows what it is to take her dyin' boy's head in her lap, whilst blood run through her dress to her knees. His name was Charley, and he was bad; he'd drink, and once he shot up Carterville. But Addie, she shot up loved him better'n Cale or Luke. Whimsen has her eyes on the worst boys the best; 'cause they need it the most, the worst boys does. . . . It's the women that pays, Bill Dale, when the fightin' starts. The women o' this valley is right now on needles; they're afraid the men'll find their rifles. You can guess what the guns went to attend to. The women hid 'em 'most night after the men had gone to sleep! By good luck, they had almost a whole night for it. You must be shore to keep it to yourself— but I know you will. Addie Moreland, she started the idee. She got Granny Moreland to spread the word amongst the winners o' my people. When the fightin' fever set o' dis down the guns'll all be brought back and put where they belong."

She arose and stood there smiling down upon him. He was staring at the swirling water without seeing it at all. "Her voice brought him to himself. "What're you a-thinkin' about, Bill Dale?" Dale went to his feet. He saw that she was smiling, and he smiled, too. "I was thinkin'," he said, "of the difference between you and some other women I know."

Her clear brown eyes widened. "And I reckon I seem purty 'count, don't I?" "No, not at all. It is—er, quite the opposite, Babe. You make them appear ungentle to attend to."

Babe Littleford's countenance brightened. She did not doubt that he meant it. He was not of the sort that flattered. She began to like Bill Dale at that same moment.

And Bill Dale told himself as he went homeward that he was beginning to like Babe Littleford. He did not fight the feeling, because it somehow made the world mean a better place. Early the following morning Dale made ready for his journey to Chattanooga. Having learned the evening before that he was going, by Heck had come to accompany him to the Halfway Switch.

The two set out. They had three hours in all to cross David Moreland's mountain before the arrival of Dale's train, and they walked feverishly.

They had not gone a dozen paces when they came from somewhere down near the river the sound of a rifle shot. Both stopped and faced about quickly.

"I'll be doggoned if the Littlefords ain't found their weapons!" exclaimed by Heck. "They have, lead, an shore as a church!"

"How do you know?" Dale's voice was troubled. "I guess 'em," and Heck narrowed his eyes. "At 'at was Ben Littleford's old 30 Winchester. I know that gun of I heard it at the mouth pole. The ban't it's been cut off, and it don't sound like other Winchester."

As the fighters reached dangerous ground they dropped to their hands and knees and began to crawl through the tall grasses, the trowered and the meadow clover. They were intent

upon reaching the shelter of the trees that lined the banks of the river without being seen. The stream here was more than fifty yards wide; this was fine Cat shoals. The two lines of trees stood back a rod or so from the water, making the final shooting distance some seventy yards.

Unawed Heck: "Le's set down here and watch it; hey?" Dale was silent. The very air was filled with the spirit of tragedy. The far-off tinkle of a cowbell seemed tragic; tragic, too, sounded the song of a bird somewhere in the tree branches overhead.

"I'd ye hear us, Bill?" "I think," Dale muttered, "that I'd better not go away until tomorrow. I can't leave matters like this. Do you know of any way to stop that down there?"

By Heck shrugged his shoulders. "By Heck know o' any way to stop the rain and settin' of the sun?" he grinned. They went back to John Moreland's cabin.

It was altogether by accident that the Littleford chief found his weapons. He had dropped a small coil through a crack in the door. Babe was quick to say that she would crawl under the house and look for the coil, although she had just put on a freshly laundered blue-and-white calico dress. Her anxiety showed plainly in her face. Her father questioned her sharply, and she answered in a gasp of horror. Littleford's suspicions were aroused.

So he came out from under the cabin floor with his hands full of the steel of rifle barrels, and with the rifles forgotten. He placed the rifles carefully on the floor of the porch, turned and caught his daughter by the arm. "Who hid 'em?" he demanded gruffly. "I hid 'em," was the ready answer, defiant and bitter—"I mean! Where you a-goin' to do about it?"

Littleford flung his daughter's arm from him. He was king, even as John Moreland was king. His keen eyes stared at the young woman's face as though they would wither it. "What made you hide 'em?" he growled. "Say, what made ye do it?" "To try and save human lives, 'at's why!" Babe answered. "That man from the city—what'll he think of a doin' this-away, a-shootin' like crazy wildcats?"

"I don't want you in this here mix-up," he said decisively. "You must stay clear out of it. You ain't used to this way o' fightin'. Asides, y'are our hope. More'n that, mebbe, you owe yore life to Babe Littleford; you can't get around that, Bill Dale."

He went on, after a moment, "Er, I git my light put out today, I want ye to do the best ye can with the coal."

When Dale and his companion reached the cabin, Addie Moreland met them. Anxiety was breaking her heart. "Mr. Dale," she pleaded, "I want you to go down thar to the river and see of the anything ye can do to stop it afore it begins. You jest walk out bold in the open and ye won't be shot at, an' I'll be obliged to ye. Oh, I know the ain't but one chance in ten thousand, but I'm a-prayin' y'all strike that one chance."

Dale knew that he could do nothing toward bringing peace, and he knew that John Moreland would be angry at his interfering. But he nodded and went toward the river. He didn't have the heart in him to refuse.

Then there came the keen thunder of a rifle shot. Dale halted for a moment. Between two eyesores on the nearer side of the river he saw a puff of smoke rising lazily from behind a water oak on the farther side; a Littleford had fired first. Dale went on, moving rapidly and trying to keep himself always in plain view.

The feud forgotten. (TO BE CONTINUED)

HAD NEWS OF IMPORTANCE

But Tompkins, Habitually Polite, Heated to Address Anyone but the Head of the Firm.

Tompkins was of a nervous disposition. He was somewhat slow and hesitating in time of emergency. When he entered an office one day and found a stranger there, instead of the man he wanted, he somewhat lost himself.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" he began "but but are you Mr. Brown, the head of this firm?" "No," I forgot to say I'm not. "I'm sorry, very sorry indeed," went on Tompkins. "I had something I rather wanted to tell him. Do you think he'll be home?" "I'm afraid not. Is there anything I can do for you?" "No, yes, perhaps—er—perhaps you'll do as well as Mr. Brown. May I ask your name?" "Certainly." And the stranger gave it. "Delighted to meet you," said Tompkins. "And now, what can I do for you, sir?" asked the new friend. "Oh, it's a very small matter—not of the slightest consequence—or, that is, I came to tell the head of the firm that the building is on fire!"—Louis Angoules Thues.

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Salvation by Matrimony

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

"Coming? There's the last bell." Zillah called to her cousin Frances from the topmost step. Still Sunday sunlight made her glow like a rose newly open.

Two men were already seated in their pew—tail, young, well set up, well looking in every way. They stood deferentially outside for the two girls to seat themselves, and later went through the ritual with a reverent ease that bespoke habit.

"Then he must have known my father too. Did you ever hear of Gordon Trubus?" Zillah interrupted. "Father! I'm his namesake," the stranger said, holding out a card, which read: "Gordon Trubus Whitsett."

"Don't say that! Nature knew best," young Whitsett said, looking down at her. Then Frances, and the other stranger, both acquiesced. The four of them sought the vestry, where the rector rejoiced over them almost as if they had been brides from the bazaar.

"Everybody goes home with me to dinner. Yes—you too!" shaking her finger at Zillah. "Please, if you think you mind going by my Aunt Zillah's, your aunt—well, I don't care. I don't trust you out of my sight. Daddy will be home from that threeseam convention—and gladder than anybody to see you. He'd die for me, I'm sure, if I let his namesake escape," and smiling at Billy Whitsett, she always I double welcome for the friend of his friend.

"Frances, take that lad along with you. I know my Zillah—she is not in her wits—if you have to use force do it gently, please." The rector laughed. "Frances frowned—in spite of what she did not mind doing Zillah's bidding, nor envy her the ease with which she carried things before her. But it was hard to have to make conversation with some one new and strange. She had no small talk whatever, not even of the weather.

aggregation away to the Trubus home. A stout and ruddy gentleman at ease on the piazza got actually pale as he shook his namesake's hand. After a machine gun fire of greetings and inquiries, he was roaring through long distance: "Jack Whitsett, you account, come right on to the love feast. Not a word from you this dozen years—now that boy of yours is doing his best to steal my only girl. Asked for her. What you talking about, man? That's old stuff—clean out of fashion. Never mind the hundred miles and more—bet you've got a car that knocks off 80 to the hour without half trying. We won't wait dinner for you—but there'll be supper later. Come, I say! Your country calls you. Answer here in person."

A surging laugh came over the wire. Hearing his young Whitsett smiled: "He'll be here." Then to the rector: "The pater is strong for 'pure religion and undefiled'—don't you dare put any progressive stuff at the reading desk tonight, if you care to keep his friendship."

"I suppose hunger makes even a minister impolite," his wife chided gently. "You should certainly know better than to ask such leading questions after all you said this morning of the gospel of perfect love!"

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Alumni of Columbia Have Fun in Costume Parade



Columbia university's graduating class of 1900, as it appeared in the annual costume parade, the feature event of the commencement exercises. Twenty-five classes of by-gone days were represented in the parade.

Leipsic Trials Really a Farce

Germans Who are Guilty of the Major Crimes in the War are Not Arraigned.

KAISER NOT ON THE LIST

Many Other Notables, However Were Among the Accused, But Probably All of Them Will Get Off as Easily as Has William.

London.—The real German war guilty probably will escape trial. They'll get off as easily as the kaiser, whom British politicians promised to hang.

This impression is given added foundation by the procedure at the trials of the small fry on the allied list before the German supreme court at Leipsic.

As presented to the German government last year, the list was the most formidable in the aftermath of warfare, either ancient or modern. The accused ranged from princes to privates, and the crimes from murder to theft.

The list was made up of leaders represented by the various allied nations. America was conspicuous by its absence. The others were divided.

Kaiser's Name Omitted. Because William Hohenzollern and son, the former crown prince, had fled to Holland, their names were not pressed. But among the other personages were the following:

Georgia's Smudge Fish to Rid Spain of Mosquitoes

Madrid.—Minnows imported to Spain from Augusta, Ga., may eradicate mosquitoes which carry malaria in many districts in Spain. Experiments have been conducted for the purpose of acclimating the fish, and it is found that the work of scientists in the direction has been successful.

The minnows which belong to the species Gambusia affinis, are known to feed upon the larvae of mosquitoes and hope is expressed that they will prove an efficient weapon against malaria.

warning the hospital-ship Lindver Castle and with having afterward fired on and sunk boats containing survivors with consequent loss of 284 lives.

Prepared—Seven Cases. The British prepared seven cases in full. These were the cases against Heppen, Muller, Frinks and Newmann, charged with acts of cruelty to prisoners of war at various camps, and the following naval cases:

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PRESENT TO AMERICAN FARMERS

Pleric Acid Left Over From War To Be Given Them.

Washington.—More than 12,000,000 pounds of perlic acid, one of the highest power explosives, accumulated for war purposes and made useless to the war department by the armistice, will be distributed to farmers for agricultural purposes.

When the war ended the stock of perlic acid, in addition to more than 20,000,000 pounds of TNT.

The letter was distributed in various governmental agencies for use in railroad construction in Alaska, public roads in the national parks and various projects on Indian reservations.

No TNT was distributed to individuals, and that fact is a single accident has marred the use of transportation of the millions of pounds of the high explosive, according to officials of the bureau of mines.

The question of what to do with the 12,000,000 pounds of perlic acid puzzled government officials for months, and the war department had almost decided to tow the explosive out to sea and dump it overboard in the interests of the public safety, when it was decided to institute a series of experiments in an effort to find some safe commercial use for it.

BLACK CAT SAVES PASSENGER TRAIN

Engineer's Mascot Gives Warning of Washed-Out Trestle Just in Time.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Tobey, a Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad cat, black as jet, born in the roundhouse, was accustomed to noises of the machines running in and out. Tobey always managed to keep from under the wheels after he had lost his tail under a switch engine.



Began to Dash Madly About.

When the engineer started out he whistled. Tobey would make the cab in a jump and curl up at the engineer's feet and go to sleep.

When Tobey appeared for the run one evening recently he seemed to have a premonition of evil, for he showed reluctance to board the locomotive, but was finally persuaded.

About two in the morning Tobey sprang to his feet and began to dash madly about, clawing at the engineer's feet. Then a light flickered by that told of a high trestle a few miles beyond. The spring rails had made the track "spongy" and raised the stream beneath to a raging torrent.

The engineer knew the bridge had been condemned a few weeks before, so he closed the throttle and jammed on the air. The train came to a stop a few rods from where the headlight showed a chasm that had been spanned by a bridge a few hours before. There were several Pullmans in the train and all occupied.

Lost \$50 Bill Lined Mouse Nest in Piano. It was nothing new to a piano tuner sent to tune a piano in a home in Altoona, Pa., to discover a mouse's nest under the keyboard, but his curiosity was aroused when he saw the nest lined with a certificate from the bank's treasury.

APPLES OF DUST

By MAUDE S. HALLAM

"See! See! Monsieur, 50,000 francs for me; mon Dieu, do you hear, for me! The little Marie will shed no more tears, no more shall she hunger, no more shall she stand at the wash-tub till she drops, with the little ones screaming around her. Yes, monsieur! the Grand Prix lottery. I took the money she had put aside for food, and she, the little Marie, thought it best. Ah! how she cried, the petite. But no more shall she weep. The doctor said she must have rest, food, change of air, or she will die. So I took the money and bought a share in a lottery ticket, and see what fortune is mine! Fifty thousand francs!"

The little man rushed about inquiring for everyone was willing to listen to his tale of good luck, most of them with envy, but some felt pleased that it was great. For Jean Berrier was one of the unfortunate with a sick, a dying wife, who had struggled manfully to get the months of her husband and three small children ever since he, Jean, fell from the scaffolding of a building on which he was working and broke his leg, six months ago—struggled and worked till the little body had succumbed to the strain, and for weeks she had lain without the strength to crawl across the floor to the now empty pantry.

And to crown her misfortune, the little board of francs she had saved against such a time had mysteriously disappeared.

He began to pass her lips for two days now, and the little ones were whimpering with cold and hunger, while Jean—where was he? Had anything happened to him? Never before had he left for so long! And she was tired, old, so tired that she was getting dark and cold—so cold! She would sleep and forget the cold.

There was a stumbling noise as of a drunken man coming up the stairs, then a rush of stronger, swifter footsteps, and the crippled Jean burst into the room, inarticulate, with his face gray, his eyes staring, and sympathetic neighbors and even strangers, brought by the little man's enthusiasm.

"There! little one! Here are silks and satins, horses and carriages, servants and mansions for you! What! asleep, little one?" and in spite of his earlier he tipped across the room, the pale little figure on the rude couch—so still one could almost fancy—ah, not that! Merciful heavens, not that!

Dropped unheeded was the haze of gold, forgotten all the joy of riches. Silent the reigning neighbors, the little Marie had passed to the House of Many Mansions, through the Gates of Jasper, the Streets of Gold. Awestruck and abashed the crowd passed slowly from the room, leaving the stricken husband three starving, whimpering children pitifully crying for just a crust of bread—and a floor strewn with glittering gold coins.

FIRST PLAYED IN IRELAND

Croquet Made Its Way From That Country to England, and From Thence to America.

The first treatise on croquet that came to our little village was by Ruyne Heil. The book was first published in London in 1853; it was a New York edition in 1865; a Boston edition in 1866. Some of the boys, admiring the mallets on sale, had them made of fancy but heavy woods. The first strokes were laid, thick with gorgeously colored ribbons to mark the balls. The game encouraged friction among the older players. Young women were courteous in putting a foot on the ball and saw to it that they were heedlessly shot.

THE SAUCY CLOUDS.

THE night as Mr. Moon-man looked over the tops of the trees and mountains he saw a number of saucy little clouds scudding about.



Mr. Moon-man ducked and dodged until at last he found a space between them that would send only to send from them.

At last the old man lost his patience and sent a message by star for the old Sky Witch.

Old Sky Witch came hurrying along on her broomstick, her long black cape floating behind her like a big cloud.

"Well, here I am," she said, "what can I do for you?"

"Hurry as fast as ever you can to the four corners of the Earth and tell the winds to come here quickly; or I shall not be able to shine at all tonight," said Mr. Moon-man.

Old Sky Witch did not stop even to ask what was the matter, but off she flew and was soon out of sight, and all the time the saucy little clouds kept on bothering Mr. Moon-man.

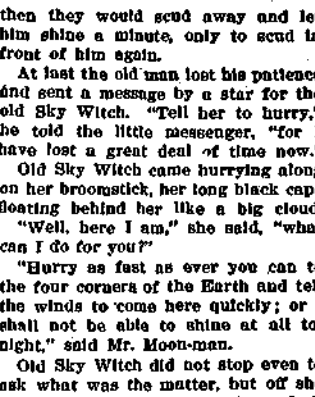
He did not have to wait long, for as soon as the winds got the message from the Witch they blew quickly to help Mr. Moon-man out of his trouble.

"Away with you, you little tormentors!" called the winds, as they blew from north, south, east and west, and scudding away as fast as they could the saucy little clouds were soon in a far-off part of the sky and old Moon-man sent his bright beams on the earth without being disturbed.

"Thank you," said Mr. Moon-man; "sorry to call on you at this time in the night, but those saucy clouds were pestering me beyond endurance."

"Oh, that's all right," answered the winds; "we are always glad to help a friend, and away they blew and left the night all still, but the big Earth was bright with the happy smile of Mr. Moon-man."

Mary Miles Minter



This is charming Mary Miles Minter, the winsome and famous film favorite, photographed as she sailed for Europe. Miss Minter goes abroad to rest and see the sights.

How It Started

THE material which we now know as "rubber" was formerly called elastic gum. One of the earliest uses of this gum had been to create marks on paper, and the chemist, Priestly, in about 1770, suggested that the material which crased or "rubbed" so effectively should be called "India rubber."

The Right Thing at the Right Time

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

IN A STRANGE TOWN.

"I am not a Virginian—but an American," Patrick Henry.

IT is always a bad idea to knock the other man's home town. Especially if you happen to be in his home town.

It is a mistake to remember that the stranger in a town like New York or Chicago really has no home, but himself when he continues to pour forth his disparagement over the city of his temporary sojourn.

It really indicates nothing more than a person's own narrowness to "knock" another town in this way. If the man from a large city goes to a small one he should take it for granted that things would be different.

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FARE RATES TO BE RECONSIDERED

Supreme Court Sets Aside Decision of Public Service Commission on Increase in Fares.

BAR EXAMINATION CANDIDATES

State Prison Death House Crowded Beyond Capacity—Legislature to Probe Coal Combine—Public Service Must Furnish Current.

Trenton.—Evidence submitted during the hearings on the application of the Public Service Railway Company for authority to put into effect an emergency fare of 10 cents showed conclusively that at least a considerable part of the proposed increased fare is justified.

Coal Dealer Probe

The New Jersey Coal Dealers' Association, whose president, Joseph A. Lucking of Newark, is to be one of the witnesses in the special committee of the legislature starts its coal probe.

Bar Examinations

Results of the recent bar examinations were announced by the examiners. Fifty candidates qualified for admission to the bar as attorneys and 59 attorneys qualified for the counselor degree.

Death House Crowded

For the first time in this state since 1907, when electrocution was substituted for hanging as the method of executing the death penalty in New Jersey, the capacity of the death house at the state prison is found insufficient to provide accommodations for the condemned men awaiting the last gasp.

A LINE OF CHEER

By John Kendrick Danga

A LINE OF CHEER, a word of nature's plan for the world, is poetry in the most perfect sense.

THE name is derived from the fact that the word "cheer" is a word of nature's plan for the world, is poetry in the most perfect sense.

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IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lesson

By REV. F. S. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

LESSON FOR JULY 17 THE CONVERSION OF SAUL.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 9:1-19. GOLDEN TEXT—This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.—1 Tim. 1:15.

1. Saul's Burning Hatred of Jesus

Saul knew full well that unless the movement set on foot by Jesus was stopped it would supersede Judaism, and he was entirely ignorant of the genius of Christianity.

2. A Voice from Heaven

This was the Lord's voice calling Saul by name and asking, "Why persecutest thou me?"

3. What Will thou have me to do?

The dictator is now willing to be dictated to. The Lord told him to go into the city where information would be given him as to what he should do.

4. Saul entering Damascus

The eagerly persecutor goes quite humbly into Damascus led by his attendants. For the space of three days he remained in blindness and fasting.

5. Ananias' vision

Ananias' vision (vs. 10-12). In this vision the Lord appeared and instructed Ananias to go to Damascus and lay hands on the man of the street and Saul's hand.

6. Ananias' faith and hesitancy

Ananias' faith and hesitancy (vs. 13-16). He feared Saul's mission and the authority by which he came.

7. Saul baptized

Saul baptized (vs. 18, 19). After Saul received his sight Ananias baptized him.

8. The Way of Women

When the once wealthy Mrs. Frank parted from her husband and decided to work for her living, she became a housewife.

9. Saul's conversion

The day of Saul's conversion was the day of the death of the old Saul and the birth of the new Saul.

10. Saul's conversion

The day of Saul's conversion was the day of the death of the old Saul and the birth of the new Saul.

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MISS ANN

By HAZEL V. PARR.

On that hot August morning the sun beat down mercilessly on the little village.

At the click of the gate and the sound of a quick step on the brick path, Miss Elizabeth Ann pushed her spectacles up from the tip of her nose.

"Why, Bobbie Andrews! Bless my soul! We didn't expect you back for at least a month yet. Bless my soul! Elizabeth Ann!" she called, as she turned in the doorway.

"Yes, auntie." Then as she saw the man, "Bob" in a second she was in his arms laughing, sobbing, crying, all in the same breath.

"I can't believe it's true—back—oh! I can scarcely believe it's you."

As the two lovers, arm in arm, went down from the little porch, and over to the old grape arbor, Miss Elizabeth Ann resumed her seat and her knitting behind the honeysuckle vines.

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth Ann," she had called, stepping to the door.

"Yes, auntie—coming."

It was she, Miss Elizabeth Ann, who, in her quaint hoop-skirt and black hair arranged smoothly in braids around her ears, had stepped out shyly to greet her lover, Bobbie Andrews.

Then Elizabeth Ann had walked down the brick path with him, and when the gate had clicked and he started up the village street, she waited to wave her handkerchief as he turned back.

John Andrews was answering his country's call. This was a parting—the final parting—he had not come back to her as had Bob to little Elizabeth Ann.

REBUKE THAT WAS DESERVED

How Andrew Jackson, Warrior President, Gave Buchanan a Fairly Gentle "Call Down."

Andrew Jackson, warrior and President, was a follower of the doctrine which exalts the value of attending to one's own business. On one occasion James Buchanan, who was a diplomat, a gentleman and a scholar, and somewhat of a "ladies' man," although he lived and died unmarried, brought an English woman of high degree to call upon General Jackson, then monarch of all he surveyed in and around the White House.

Leaving the lady in the reception room below and going up stairs to the President's private quarters, Senator Buchanan (for he was the newly elected senator from Pennsylvania at that time) found Jackson upstairs and unbeknownst to him, sitting at his desk, before a dressing gown and slippers, before a dressing bag, before a smoking pipe, before a book, before a paper, before a pen.

"Buchanan," said the old warrior, rising and deliberately kneeling the ashes out of his pipe. "I will tell you something that will do you good, and that is, that I once knew a man down in Tennessee who made a fortune by attending to his own business."

Canadian Soldiers Well Treated. That the Canadian pension scheme involves the payment of \$10,000,000 yearly to the 20,000,000 pensioners was the declaration of Col. John Thompson, chairman of the board of army pensions committee, during his visit at Edinburgh, Scotland, in connection with his annual inspection tour. Under the recent amendments to the act, the pension to Canadian soldiers is any amount that they may be entitled to.

But They Are Forgotten. Just thinking says there have been enough remembrance speeches to keep the world's only right forever if people would only pay attention to "em."

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
Estate of Doris Doerfl, Deceased.
Pursuant to the order of Albert C.
Abbott, Surrogate of the County of
Atlantic, this day made on the applica-
tion of the undersigned, executors of
the said decedent, notice is hereby
given to the creditors, claimants, de-
bent to exhibit to the subscribers,
under oath or affirmation, their claims
and demands against the estate of the
said decedent, within six months from
the date of this notice, or they will be
barred from presenting or recovering
the same against the subscribers.

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KIP WINS FIRST PRIZE.
Kornik Kip won the first prize offered by the Hammonton Trust Company for an essay on "The Advantages of a Bank Account." Read the essay.

THE BENEFITS OF A BANK ACCOUNT
The question that arises so often is, "Should I save my money?" The answer is self-evident. Most naturally one should save his money. The idea of saving is not peculiar only to the human race, but it extends to animals as well. The dog buries his bone, for that bone may stand between himself and starvation. The squirrel hides and stores the nuts and acorns. He, too, knows that the rainy day must come. And as time goes on, it may come in the form of a business failure. It may come as an accident or sickness. Liberty loans successfully if it had not been for the banks all over the country buying up bonds to keep the loan saved in a penny earned" is the foundation of one of our country's greatest public and private benefits.

It is the approved remedy by economists for the prevention of the rainy day, which must come to each of us in the course of a lifetime. And it is beneficial to the government in providing the necessary means for the maintenance of our government's credit. It should be made the first lesson taught to future generations in the home, and should be kept forever green in the hearts of all who are patriotic enough to buy up bonds to keep the loan

up to the mark. Could these banks have done this if the nation at large had not behind them? Could this government have successfully fought back the Hun without the banks? Of course not! It was only by co-operation that this war was accomplished, and so we see that indirectly the success of our government depended on the bank accounts of its people. Surely that was being a benefit to the government in the true sense of the word.

It is perfectly comprehensible that a habit which benefits the individual as well as the nation is desirable as a permanent custom. So in conclusion, to man up its benefits we can say that it is beneficial to the government in providing the necessary means for the maintenance of our government's credit. It should be made the first lesson taught to future generations in the home, and should be kept forever green in the hearts of all who are patriotic enough to buy up bonds to keep the loan

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New Perfection Oil Cook Stoves are sold at most hardware, furniture and department stores.

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Try our "Big Special," it is meeting with great favor
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The new price is amazingly low. It will appear absurd after you have had one ride behind the motor that accelerates from five to twenty-five miles per hour in nine seconds flat.

And remember, please, the "Glenbrook" is a distinctly new product—not an old model repainted and re-christened with a 1921 label. It is a splendid investment now and will be a splendid investment one year from now.

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HAPPENINGS in the BIG CITIES

New Version of the Eternal Triangle



CHICAGO.—George M. Buckelfield, 9 East Superior street, worked in the daytime and Edward Weber, 720 North Clark street, worked at night.

Mr. Weber, his wife, Nora, at his side, was taking the benediction of the vespers time air along North Clark street, near Erie.

"Say," belted a male voice, the while a braving hand gripped Mr. Weber's arm, "where do you get this stuff? Walking with my wife, eh? Nora, what does this mean?" And Mr. Buckelfield eyed the couple fiercely.

Nora was mute and immobile. But Mr. Weber wrenched away and let by a Jack Dempsey to Mr. Buckelfield's chin.

"You'll get smart with me, uh?" he observed as Mr. Buckelfield wobbled.

a bit. "You'll make cracks to me and my wife—you!"

A right to his mouth caused him to desist. They clinched, went to the sidewalk, rolled to the pavement, pomelling industriously.

When the Harrison street patrol arrived they were pried apart, cleaned up a bit, and removed to the station, where they were placed in the same cell. Nora had disappeared. They resumed the battle until Mr. Weber was removed to another cell.

"I'll get you when I get out," he informed Mr. Buckelfield. "I'll show you you can't pull that stuff on my wife."

"Your wife. She's my wife," replied Mr. Buckelfield.

And then explanations ensued. They left the station later arm in arm. They had discovered they possessed the same wife. Each summoned a taxi-cab at the station and hastened to his home. A little later they met.

"She's taken the bank book and ducked," said Mr. Buckelfield.

"She's taken the bank book and ducked," said Mr. Weber.

Mr. Buckelfield will testify for Mr. Weber in his divorce suit and Mr. Weber will testify for Mr. Buckelfield in his divorce suit.

Senor Ortega and His Three Photographs

DUNEL.—Senor Juan Ortega, lounging over the showcase in a Larnier street photographic gallery recently looked long and suspiciously at the three prints that Max Kephlinger, the proprietor of the place, had just handed him.

"Me?" asked Juan, finally.

"Sure, Mike, them's you!" exploded Max. "Glimme 50 cents—you understand? Four bits."

Juan tossed the three prints into Max's face.

"Me? Bah!" he granted contemptuously and turned to go.

But Max wasn't napping. He cleared counter with one leap and laid detaining hands on Juan's purple and orange waistcoat.

Juan, slipping out of his waistcoat, placed a left hook on Max's nose. Max staggered and put up protective elbows, and Juan placed a right swing on Max's stomach. Dizzy, Max grabbed up a pair of long shears and made a lunge at Juan. Juan dodged and grabbed a flashlight device, which he broke over Max's head.

Max struggled to his feet, but Juan picked up the mounted burro, which Max uses to pose "wild West" pictures, and crowned the proprietor with it. Max and burro settled into a troubled sleep together on the hard floor.



Juan then ripped up the ladies' dressing room, smashed half a hundred examples of Max's photographic art into little bits and sprinkled hypno acids liberally around the room.

Juan, to bring all to a fitting climax, stuck Max's boom into the stove. As it flamed he carefully withdrew it, intending to apply it to the drop curtain on which was painted a scene depicting the rear end of an observation Pullman, labeled "Denver Special."

Then Abe Garcia, special officer, broke in on the scene. He grabbed Juan. "What's wrong here?" he demanded.

Juan pointed to three soiled prints on the floor near the sleeping forms of Max and the stuffed burro.

"Max? Bah!" he said.

Society Function in City of Churches

leaped in front of the women. One plucked the arms of Mrs. Klein to her sides. Another snatched away her purse. The trio then dashed into a side street.

The four women screamed. Their cries attracted two Evanston policemen and a number of those who were departing from the Drew home. J. O. Cox, treasurer of the William Wrigley Jr. company, drove up in his automobile, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Barbara. With the four women and the two policemen he took up the trail. A dozen other automobiles, driven by guests at the Drew musicale, participated in the man hunt.

Mr. Cox having several minutes' start, succeeded in keeping the fugitives in view. With his machine at their heels the trio raced for the cemetery.

The Wrigley official vaulted the cemetery fence ahead of the policemen. The latter fired a couple of shots in the air and the thieves came to a stop. Mr. Cox collared all three.

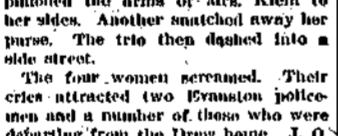
The return of the thieves to the Evanston police station was a real society function. Half a hundred Evanston residents, many of them prominent socially, followed the captives.

New Twist to the Mother-in-Law Joke

LOUISVILLE, KY.—The mother-in-law joke is so old that the ancient Egyptians used to chisel it on the walls of the pyramids as a record of the humor of their remote ancestors. But here it is Americans of the twentieth century to give a new twist to any joke! Kentuckians are the fellows that time; people and manners are queer down here since the dry season set in for keeps.

Well, myway, getting down to the facts, Walter Thornton, 82, Paducah cooper, married his mother-in-law, Thanksgiving day. The honeymoon lasted until the other day, when they were arrested on the charge of violating the Kentucky statute which says, among other things, that a man shall not marry the mother of his wife. A fine of \$3,000 on the attached, and if such a sentence is not terminated penitentiary sentence is the alternative.

Thornton married May Hale five years ago. Recently he obtained a



divorce on the ground of infidelity and he and his young daughter continued to live at the home of the mother-in-law, Mrs. Edna Hale, 42.

Arraigned before County Judge Lang, the newlyweds pleaded the bride was no longer Thornton's mother in-law after he obtained the divorce from her daughter. Judge Lang said there might be something in that and took the case under advisement.

Louisville judges believe this case is without precedent.



something was wrong, something was missing without which it could not prove convincing.

The head she must not touch, but one mangled stroke mar the excellence of his spirited gesture. Neither could she see any way to improve her painting of the figure. The folds of the skirt needed some little attention, set such, possibly half an hour's work. No; the fault was in a skirt and treated in a fashion too

The DARK MIRROR

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
Author of "The False Faces," "The Lone Wolf," Etc.
Illustrated by IRWIN MYERS
Copyright 1922 by the Author.

"RED SENT FOR ME"
Synopsis—Vaguely conscious of a double personality, but without any idea of its meaning, the girl, Leonora, makes her accustomed way into the Street of Strange Faces in the underworld of New York. Mario joins her. Greatly in love and seeing the fine qualities which the girl really possesses, Mario seeks to turn her from the path of inevitable destruction. She promises to marry him. At Ristic's cafe, gathering place of criminals, Leonora meets her persecutor, "Red" Carpana, and his associates, and is accused of betraying a fellow criminal to the police. She savagely defends herself. Police crash into the room and two are killed by Carpana, Leonora and the rest escape. In her studio, Fricella, Mario, wealthy artist, awakes from troubled sleep with a distinct feeling of having her life linked with Leonora's. Fricella has painted a picture of herself, in fancy dress—a gipsy—which has a strange effect on her. Ummered and fearful that her mind is affected, Fricella calls for her aid a dear friend, Dr. Philip Easdel, who is in love with her. He is stunned to find that her dream story of the police fight is confirmed by the newspapers. Fricella tells him about the mystery of her mother, who died when she was born. He sees the effect of the painting and pronounces it a case of autohypnosis. Fricella makes him promise not to go to the police and he begins investigating for himself.

IV. MERE PAINT AND CANVAS?
After one week of gadding about, of shopping and theaters and dances and motoring, Fricella felt quite fed up with distractions. She wanted to get back to her work. And wouldn't he be happy till she did?

And why not? she demanded when she failed to get Philip on the telephone and secure his professional permission to return to her studio. "A few days" of trifling was all he had stipulated; and those few had served. She dreamed no more of Leonora or Red Carpana or Mario. Today, all that, indeed, seemed remote and unimportant. What though she had dreamed a nightmare which coincided so mysteriously with actual events as to scare her nearly out of her wits? After all, it was at worst a dream; and in this delightfully substantial and matter-of-fact world, coincidences don't count with anybody except novelists hard up for a plot.

She found Ada Meyer pottering with a hopeless dab of still life, spent most of the morning giggling and gossiping, carried her off to the Ritz for luncheon, and left her there with some friends who, needed a fourth at bridge; an arrangement perfectly agreeable to Fricella; it was hard enough at any time to settle down to work after a spell of idling. It was the next thing to an impossibility with Ada on the premises.

The quiet of the empty studio was nothing and grateful, Fricella sighed contentedly, watched the heavy easel swing to its stand beside the pier glass, shuffled into a paint-smeared smock, and in the next fifteen minutes did nothing whatever but sit in a chair before the self-portrait, in striae, instant study of her work.

Again it seemed good in her sight, suddenly the beat (which she had ever seen; and yet she was dissatisfied). What mattered it to her whether or not it rained? She was condemned, apparently, to endless imprisonment in this dismal place whose threshold her foot had not crossed in so many days she had lost count of them.

The room grew dark, the sky more savage. A sword of lightning flashed the gloom, and again distant thunder boomed and rumbled into silence.

By the perit tin clock whose articulation was the only voice her hiding place had heard in days, the hour was barely five.

She wondered why she had taken the trouble to look. What was the use of it, this keeping count of time? What was this tedious but waste, one long-drawn torment of waiting in futility and impotence for the sign that never came to set her free?

She could have shrieked for sheer exasperation of enud without ally. She told herself that anything were better than such a fate as this. Why not shriek till her cries fetched the police? Or, better still, arise, go forth, and court arrest? A cell in the Tombs were preferable to this place of dubious security. Was she less a prisoner here than she would be there?

But who did not shriek, she did not move, she did nothing, but remained as she had been on awakening from the delirious stupor of uncessant sleep, so still she scarcely scooped a living, breathing being.

More lurid lightning, a deeper diapason of thunder, again that breathless hush.

Of a sudden she left the bed and in one soundless bound gained the middle of the floor, where she paused in the crouch of a hunted thing at bay, her wide gaze fastened to the door.

academic and tame to suit that brilliant counterfeit of life.

At length, rising, Fricella took up her palette and, from fat shining tubes squirted upon its batty surface sleek coils of color.

For hours she worked steadily, absorbed, till a premature change in the light broke the spell. With a slight frown of annoyance she looked up to find the frosted glass of the north-light overcast with pale blue shadow. No matter: her task was ended, and sooner than she had thought it would be. A few days more and she could varnish.

"She put aside brushes and palette, shut the windows (through which now a cold, strong draught was blowing) drew the draperies close, and returned to the chair before the portrait.

Reverie led her incessantly back to memories of the Street of Strange Faces whose dim reaches stretched away indefinitely behind that painted shape of dream. The effect of return to old associations grew strong, she could veritably see, she could almost smell and hear the Street.

She knew a period of mental uncertainty of daze and wonder, out of which grew the sensation she had once before experienced of confusion of identity with the woman in the portrait. Inexplicably something impalpable yet essential seemed to go out from her to the other, with whose spiritual essence it blended intimately, so that for the moment she had no true existence save upon that painted surface, where she paused, hesitant, doubtful, confused, as on some dark strange threshold, before passing on, and away into a vague half world, a place of vast and shapeless spaces where there was neither light nor darkness, wherein consciousness grew faint and the sense of Self was blotted out entirely.

V. BEYOND THE THRESHOLD.
Out of nothingness, out of a sort of inert chaos, spectral walls like veils of mist took shape, closed in, added unto themselves a floor and ceiling, assumed a semblance of stability, became a boxlike room wherein her spirit was pent in a mood of sluggish and melancholy waiting; a room hatefully familiar to her in its every hideous detail: its poisonous wall paper, stained ceiling and threadbare linoleum, its iron sink in the corner, its rude chairs and common table cluttered with soiled crockery and a gas stove linked to an overhead jet by frayed tubing, its shelf from which hung articles of dejected clothing, its shabby iron bedstead with sagging springs and the fumpy mattress upon which her Self lay, half dressed and half conscious, too bored to care whether she waked or slept.

Weariness and disconsolation were eloquent in her posture as she rested on her side, a hand between her head and the encased pillow, and written legibly in hush shadows under listless eyes, in sallow cheeks whose normal hue was clearer paler barely warmed by glowing health, in the unstudied downy of her masses of fine black hair, in the sulcan cast of her firm-lipped mouth.

A matter of far thunder swelled and died.

The girl moved only her eyes, looking up to a window that revealed the storm-black sky.

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alone repeated, a stealthy knocking on the panels.

With an ear to the crack between door and frame she seemed to detect a panting murmur: "Nora! Nora! Nora!"

She called, guardedly: "Who's there?" A voice of greater confidence replied: "Me—Charlie—le me in!" She drew a bolt and turned the knob, distrustfully opening the door a few inches with a shoulder to it, prepared to slam it shut with all her might should she find cause to think she was being tricked. In the outer murk, the pale contour of a face she knew was just discernible. She stood aside and let its owner enter.

"Well? What do you want?"

The Coke returned a twisted, placating grimace.

"I don't want nothin'. Red sent me to tell yuh he wants yuh."

"Red?" She caught her breath sharply. "Where—"

"I dassent tell. He made me take me out. But he wants yuh."

"When? How?"

"'Night. He says it's all right. Ristic's kep' his trap shut. Th' bullets



"Honest? Gawd, Nora, yuh got me Wrong!" the Coke protested.

ain't wise to Red and Leo's bang-out. He wants yuh shoud' come to him 'n'ight."

"He does?" There was a trace of challenge in her tone that was less disguised when, after brief deliberation, she demanded: "Suppose I don't? What if the bulls pipe me in the street? Suppose I don't come?"

The dope slave shuffled spasmodically.

"Red says yuh're to—"

"So you say. But how do I know he does? How do I know Red sent you here to tell me that? How do I know this ain't some dodge the Nut put you up to—or me?"

"Hones' t' Gawd, Nora, yuh got me wrong!" the Coke protested. "I ain't seen the Nut, nor inces other, s'nest that night. Red sent me."

"Prove it."

"How'n I gonna do that?"

"Go back to Red and bring me something to prove he sent you—that silver ring he wears—anything."

"I would, Nora"—the protestation was convincingly earnest—"but I dassent. Red'll half kill me if I go back without yuh. Besides, it ain't safe, got' there too often. The bulls might see and follow me."

"Well, what about me? What if they see and follow me? I suppose it's all right if I get pinched along with Red and Leo." The girl gave a gesture half impatient, half defiant: "Nothing doing. You tell Red I said so."

"Red says, tell yuh if yuh don't come 'n'ight somepin yuh won't like" happened to that Wop what's stuck on yuh."

Mario! Her lips framed without uttering the name. She retreated a pace, convulsively tightening the hat that clutched the folds over the khamsa above her bosom.

"What—what are you talking about?"

"What Red said to tell yuh. Take it from me, Nora, yuh better do like he says. Somebody's been givin' him an careful about yuh an' that Spanish guy—"

"Where'll I meet you?"

"In the room upstairs at—"

A lurid flame of lightning dried speech upon his lips. Terrified, he covered back to the wall. Darkness fell. Thunders shook the tenement on its foundations, crash upon rippling crash. Half stunned, the girl felt the leash upon her senses slipping. Her hands caught wildly at nothingness.

VI. THE STORM.
Body and soul seemed wald into one taut, string vibrating in agonized response to the fury of the tempest: she found herself standing far from the chair in front of the easel, in quivering affright gazing over-shoulder at the featureless long rectangle of the portrait in the shadows.

Rain sluiced the skylight in wind-whipped waves, with a crisp, tearing noise. Thunder rocked the skies, ripped and raved, rumbled away in lessening reverberations. Then without warning the gloom was abolished by a ghastly blac glare—and the face on the canvas started out of its dark background with an uncanny look of life, the ray mockery of its smile distorted into grinning malice. She was fain to switch on the lights to lay that ghastly leer.

Even then she dared not look again. With head averted, she swung the easel round so that the painting faced the wall.

Still she was ill at ease in the company of the thing. She could not forget how that cold electric glare had seemed to wake the painting into gobline life, transient but terrible. The memory of its jeering smile persisted. Like a specter unseen but importunate at her shoulder, round a corner of her consciousness, denied but insistent, the notion lurked of the work of her own hands turned monster, preternaturally inspired with an spirit of fa' i animus.

She had a crawling shiver of superstitious dread. Commonsense was powerless to comfort her with its assurance that she had merely had one more hypnotic hallucination induced by auto-suggestion. Instinct insisted commonsense for once was wrong, that there was more in this than the human mind, fettered to the claims of natural laws, could comprehend or cope with. Surely supernatural forces were here at work.

She strove without success to cast out that thought. . . . Comparing her wrist watch with memory of the hour marked by the clock in Leonora's refuge, she reckoned her lapse from full waking consciousness had not lasted longer than five minutes; in that scant spell her soul had journeyed far, tarried a while in communion with another, and returned with a freight of fears, of doubts and curses that threatened the stability of her reason; in those few moments the work of a week had been undone. She stood now where she had been immediately after the last preceding dream, poised perilously near the verge of detachment, haunted by a shape of fear no whit less awful if it were after all only the creature of her imagination.

Within five hours her other self must go to keep an assignation with a murderer. Fancy pictured Leonora stealing through streets of sinister shadow to that rendezvous with a fate inscrutable. . . . But not for Leonora was all this torture of solicitude. Through unquiescent silence Mario had been marked for Red's enmity. And where Red hated, tenure of life was treacherous. . . . Now it was revealed to her that, however inexplicable the affinity of their souls, however dissimilar their circumstances and irreconcilable their ways of thought and standards, in this respect Leonora and Fricella Maine were one: in love with Mario.

Acknowledging this incredible fact without protest, Fricella told herself she had loved Mario always, ever since that time, long past, when he had first figured in her life, of dreams.

And contemplating the prospect of living through the night to come, under whose impenetrable cover Mario and Leonora must work out their dark entangled destinies, while she waited, powerless to help or hinder, in an ignominious irremediable and unending, Fricella felt a shadow fall away from her understanding, as black and cold as Death.

The Hop Joint.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)
The Haasler Expedition.
The Haasler scientific expedition was made in the United States coast survey steamer Haasler, between Dec. 4, 1871, and August, 1872. P. O. Johnson commanding. The scientific investigations were carried on under the charge of Prof. Louis Agassiz, starting from Philadelphia, the route embraced the West Indies, Brazilian coast, Strait of Magellan, and the Pacific coast, islands to San Francisco. Hoop sea dredgings were made at all favored points.

PEPPERMINT OIL SAVES FARMER

Angry Bull Couldn't Stand Sting of Toothache Remedy Dropped in Eyes.

Platteburg, N. Y.—Edward Chabbott, a farmer near the town of Jay, hereafter won't go chasing up lost cattle unless he carries a bottle of oil of peppermint in his pocket. At least, so vows Mr. Chabbott today.

Here's why: Chabbott, with his hired man, Walter Smith, started out to round up some scattered cattle. The two men became separated, and Chabbott wandered into Thomas Gorman's pasture. Within was a temperamental bull that took offense at the red in Chabbott's cap.

The bull galloped for Chabbott. Chabbott galloped for the only tree in the pasture, which wasn't much more



Poured the Oil into the Bull's Eyes.

than a sapling. But Chabbott shinned up it and got just above the bull's head. The bull had a single-track mind. For two hours he butted the tree.

Just as Chabbott was ready to drop from exhaustion, he thought of a bottle of peppermint oil in his pocket, given him by a dentist to ease aching teeth. When the bull put his head to the tree-shaking task again, Chabbott pulled out that bottle, uncorked it, and poured the stinging compound into the bull's eyes.

The bull went away and laid down to think it over, blinking reproachfully the while at Chabbott. Then along came Smith, the hired man, who completed the rescue with a fence rail.

BOY IS BLOWN TO PIECES

Hamors TNT Shell He Found—Many Left Behind by Gifted Prospected by Army.

Lexington, Ky.—Chester Peck, an eight-year-old boy, was blown to pieces and several children were injured when a one-pound TNT army shell which he was hammering exploded here. Nearby buildings were shaken by the explosion.

A thorough search of this section of the county is being made, as more than five hundred unexploded shells left from a circus presented by the First division were thrown into the Ohio river at high water, and many are now being recovered by children and are a favorite plaything. Twenty-six shells were recovered in one night.

Left Waiting at Church, She Thrashed "Despater"

McKeesport, Pa.—Jilted at the altar, Miss Mahala Harrison, twenty-four, hunted the intended bridegroom and administered a sound thrashing to him, using only her fists. Carl Swanson is nursing bruises today and Miss Harrison returned to her post as telephone operator. No excuse was offered by Swanson for his non-appearance at the church, where Miss Harrison and all preparations for the ceremony were ready.

LAST SHOT IN DUEL KILLS

Frenchmen Battle Despite Over Ownership of Land With Magistrate Rifles.

Lille, Franco.—A dust to the death between two men of the village of Longfouthern, near here, was fought with magazine rifles. The duellists were Louis Durendant, aged sixty-five years, and Pierre Quells, forty-eight. Durendant lived until he had emptied the magazine of his rifle and then thumped the weapon at Quells, who ventrally put his last bullet through Durendant's heart. The men had quarreled over land each claimed. Quells was armed with a British service rifle, Durendant with a German Mauser.