

May's Landing Record.

VOL. XXVI

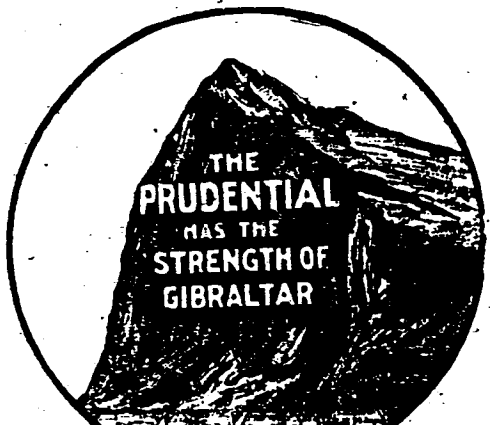
MAY'S LANDING, ATLANTIC COUNTY, N. J., SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1903

NO. 42

\$1,000,000 of Life Insurance
taken out in THE PRUDENTIAL
by Mr. Wanamaker illustrates the
confidence of business men in the
Company's Able and Conservative
Management—Permanent Strength
and the Profitable Dividend Returns
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The Prudential

Insurance Co. of America.
HOME OFFICE
Newark, N. J.
John M. Dwyer, President;
Edgar B. Ward, Vice-President;
Forrest F. Dryden, 3d Vice-President.



from the...
Never was there a lovelier scene on a field where men were met to shed
each other's blood, a noble challenge, nobly met.
When it was over there was an interval of silence; but as the light died
out of the sky, and the stars appeared, the sound of rifles was heard again.
The Great Highway.

UNCLE SAM'S QUERY.



"What's all this fuss about? Seems to me you've given a pretty good account of yourself whenever called on."

MANILA SETTLEMENT HOUSE.

One Already Established and Appeals to American Women.
A settlement house has already been established at Manila, and the women at the head of it have issued a strong appeal to the American women in the Philippines to lead their influence and personal endeavor to establish a fraternal relation with the natives, and to aid in uplifting them from their state of ignorance and ignorance. The appeal reads in part:
"Our Settlement House" in Manila has been started not for purposes of proselytism, but that its workers, living among the natives, may exemplify the Christian life in its spirit of helpfulness. We shall try to get into close touch with the common people, learn their language, know their difficulties, see things as they see them. We shall have a well-equipped dispensary, with assistance of skilled physicians, native and American. A kindergarten is provided, other agencies of civilization with "doubtless be developed as time goes on. We particularly wish to have it understood that the use of any equipment which may be gathered here and any experiences we may acquire, we shall gladly share with others.

JOAN

A GREAT old sweet-smelling garden, and one little maid when he was lost, "It's just there," pointing down the road. "Goodbye, gold lady, I must be quick," said Joan. "You will be home soon, and I'll be home soon, and you see, A.M. mother will be home soon, too."

She started at a run, then looked back over her shoulder at the sunflower with a troubled little laugh. "My legs won't work properly," she said, and struggled on. "The sun had gone behind great threatening clouds, but Joan took no heed. All her mind was centered on getting on. She took no more rest till she came suddenly upon a group of poppies growing in the grass at the wayside; by them her legs stumbled and gave way, and she sank down on to the grass. She whispered to them in a little voice that was breathless and full of tears. "I want mother and Man Daddy," she said, and then she lay still and set all her teeth together to keep the sobs back. But

She left the lilies, and walked on in deep thought. At the end of the path her wee red sunshade was tied with a string to a nail in the wall. Such a long while it had taken to fix that sunshade "properly," but Joan eyed it rapidly now.
"Are you ker-wite happy?" she said, peeping round at the clambering white and pink convolvulus behind the little parrot. "Poor muslin ladies, didn't the wind blow you drefful?"
Then she saw a little blue butterfly, as she fluttered about from flower to flower, and finally called over the wall.
"If I was a butterfly," she said to the convolvulus, "I would soon find Man Daddy." She sighed, so that her small muslin-pharosed bosom gave a big heave. "But then," with another thought, "I'd have to leave mother."

She sighed again. "Mother says, 'Don't worry, Joan, when I ask when Man Daddy's coming home, and then she kisses me over so to make up.'"
She trotted on again with hands behind her back.
A woman looking from a window turned away in anguish from the small feminine imitation of Man Daddy. Suddenly the chubby legs twinkled in wild haste up the garden, across the velvet lawn, out of the open gate into the road.

"I can go 'most as fast as a butterfly," said Joan, "and I'll find Man Daddy at the nice place where Fido was took when he was lost, where there were such a heaps and heaps of dogs. I know Man Daddy'll be there," with a gleeful chuckle that brought the dimples laughing to her cheek. "Mother never thought of that, I believe it was the lilies what put her therik in my inside."

Along the hot, dusty road, meeting no one in this peaceful dinner hour, she trotted, her sunbonnet dragging behind and her yellow hair flying in the glowing cornfield on either side.
In her desire to emulate the butterfly she got over the ground at a surprising pace. She put all her heart and soul into her endeavor, as she always did into everything she undertook. Life to Joan was a deed, and a famous thing. "She hardly knew," that her curls were swinging to her damp little brow. By the time the village dinner hour was over the village was left far behind by Joan's determined legs. She began to meet people, and a few asked her where she was going. Joan's beaming, moist smile and her answer, "I'm looking for Man Daddy," satisfied them. "But presently Joan stopped to talk to a great sunflower holding its golden head at her over the railing of a little garden. It was when she caught sight of its friendly face, that she knew how her legs ached.
"You see, Joan," said Joan, sitting down just one minute beneath the sunflower and kissing up at it wistfully. "I'm not really a butterfly, and my legs hurt a little."

Man Daddy, but—wistfully—"I didn't and you, did I?"
He glanced across the bed at the woman's down-bent head.
"Yes, Joan, you did. If you hadn't looked for me I should not have come." She half smiled.
"But—"

"Never mind now, little one. It's all through you I am here."
"Honest Injun, Man Daddy?"
"Honest Injun, Joan?"
She beamed, satisfied.
"If I hadn't looked for you, you wouldn't have come. Aren't you even so glad, mother?"
Low and earnest came the woman's answer.
"Yes, dear."
"May I go and tell the flowers now, Man Daddy?"
"But you haven't tied up my string, little one—"

"Not this time. Lie still and be good, little one."
"Yes, Man Daddy. Kiss me."
He bent over her and kissed her. "You, too, mother." Then suddenly she dimpled gleefully. "I want a jumble kin," she said.
There was a little constrained pause. "You haven't forgotten, Man Daddy?" In shrill tones of woe.

"No."
"You haven't forgotten, Man Daddy?" In shrill tones of woe.
"No."
"You haven't forgotten, Man Daddy?" In shrill tones of woe.
"No."

"Thanks to the researches of a Russian savant, man may now, like Jove, defy the lightning's stroke. He has invented a garment that is said to be of a certain protection against a stroke of the electric fluid. It is light and flexible and does not in the least interfere with the movements of the wearer. The garment is made of fine gauze, of brass threads, and consists of a shirt and trousers, and reaches below the feet. The sleeves and in girths that are provided with buttons for fastening. A hood covers the head, buttoning on the body part of the safety garment."

When the wearer of this garment approaches too near the current of an electric machine, instead of harming him, the current is conducted to the ground by the suit of gauze and the person inside experiences no inconvenience. The wearer of the suit can stand between the poles of a high tension current of electricity and the sparks will pass from one to the other across his intervening body without shocking him, the discharge going through the metallic covering.

The inventor of the lightning protector donned his gauze garment and placed himself under a conductor that had a tension of 50,000 volts. With his hands, his elbows, his arms and his head he attracted brilliant sparks, but was not the least inconvenienced. He grasped with his hands two electrodes of 1,000 volts pressure and caused a current as strong as that when he withdrew his hands an electric spark two feet long shot out from the machine. At the termination of the experiments it was found that the gauze garment had not been damaged by the sparks, with the exception of small holes at the points of contact, that did not impair the protecting action of the invention.

An Englishman's Experience.
A prominent marine engineer from London, who has recently sent to Baltimore to inspect a British steamer, tells the following story:
"It was in the days of the 'shovel engine,' as the men were called who had reached the throttle through the smoke hole, that a British steamer was at Huayla needing attention to machine gear. A new and young superintendent engineer was sent from England to look over the vessel. Being of the new school of engineers and with a Board of Trade certificate, his questions were very technical and correspondingly fogging to the minds of the two engineers who had reached their post by a long service in the fireroom. In the course of his inquiry of one of them he had reverted to the pitch of the propeller.

Standing his companion, he who had been thinking in professional wisdom from the new outlooker said:
"Giddy, mon, that new 'super' is a clever fellow. He even asked about pitch for the propeller."
"What? Pitch for the propeller?" said the second. "Why, Archie, he refused me paint for the engine room."

Being Edited by Father About It.
"Mr. Markley," stammered the girl's over, "Edith—er—that is, your daughter told me you wanted to see me."
"Yes, so she told me," replied the girl's father. Philadelphia Press.

Science AND Invention

The aurora borealis, as lately seen in the early afternoon by an English observer, appeared as a black arch with black streamers against a blue sky. The sun was shining brightly, and some bright white clouds were being driven rapidly in front of the aurora.

By means of a new system of printing called "calligraphy," the ordinary typewriting machine can be employed for making the matrix from which printing types are cast. By special devices the difficulty of bringing the ends of the lines into vertical alignment and of making corrections has, it is asserted, been successfully overcome.

A rise of body temperature from 84 degrees F. to the normal to 107 degrees is speedily followed by death. Drs. Halliburton and Mott find that all globulin coagulates at the latter temperature, and they conclude that the fatal results of high fever are due to coagulation of this protein in the blood.

Some fifteen years ago a Virginia gentleman purchased in Alexandria, Egypt, a native who had found in the wall of a building broken during a conflagration, what appeared to be a mass of corroded copper weighing twenty pounds. It was kept as a search ornament, until recently it was found to consist of about 500 Roman coins, struck in the days of the early Caesars. Professor Dunnington, of the University of Virginia, finds that the coins contain one part of silver to four of copper, but when dipped in acid a part of the copper disappears, leaving a white metal. He believes the coins passed for silver. The mass had become encrusted with a double skin of malachite and of red oxide of copper, and remarkable changes had gone on within, although the lettering and the dates remained legible.

GETS ROYALTY FROM KIPLING.
Bright American Boy Suggested a Series of Stories to English Author.
Mr. Doubleday, who is one of the American publishers of the books of Rudyard Kipling, has a small son who is bound to make his mark in the business world. When in America Mr. Kipling was a frequent visitor at the Doubleday home and the small boy's admiration quickly grew to devotion. He watched with the most fervent interest every step of progress in a book of Mr. Kipling's as it went through the publishing house, and he had a moment of real ecstasy when he held in his hand the first finished volume. One day he came to his father with an eager, questioning face.
"Papa," he asked, "don't you believe Mr. Kipling is going to write any more children's stories, something like the 'Jungle Book,' you know?"
"Don't know, my son," answered Mr. Doubleday, "but I wish he would."

"And now, papa, I want to make a business proposition. If Mr. Kipling should write some of these stories I have asked him to and if you should publish them and they should sell like hot cakes, would you be willing to pay me 1 per cent royalty for thinking up new plots?"
"I shall be most happy to, my boy," said the father, with a regular contract as you do with authors?"
"Most certainly."
"And advance me 5 cents now on my royalties to mail a letter to Mr. Kipling?"
Mr. Doubleday gravely laid a nickel in the boy's hand.
"The contract was drawn up that afternoon."

One month later came a cordial letter from the famous author to say that the suggestions were fine, exactly what he wanted, and that already he was at work on the first story.

WOMEN OF THE ORIENT.
No Place in All the World So Good as Cairo to Study Them.
In no other city of the Orient has one so good an opportunity to study the women of the east as in Cairo. In this, the "smoking pot" of the Moslem races, Persians, Arabs, Turks and Greeks, together with a half dozen other races, dwell side by side, mixing with the native Egyptians. Women of all these races are on parade every afternoon on the Moussy or Mohammed-Ali street, the shopping street for the rich residents. All these women walk abroad heavily veiled, each one closely accompanied by a eunuch. In these afternoon promenade-for shopping is with them mainly an excuse for a sort of half-freedom—they show by their eyes, which are the only parts of their faces not hidden by their veils, that they would not be averse to a little flirtation, but the alert, scowling eunuch keeps them moving on. The masculine acquaintance of the Mohammedan woman of Cairo is limited to her husband and her attendant eunuch.

VERMONT'S LAST "PAINTER."
Two Countrymen Track and Kill Him and Get \$12 State Bounty.
"They're people in Vermont as thought that the painters was all dead," said "Black Bear Joe" of Hen Mountain to a writer in the Boston Journal, as he sat on a barrel in the back shop of a Main street store in Burlington. "But they wasn't. I heered one on 'em screech up at Hen Mountain in the middle of the night this winter, an' it friz my blood up tighter a drum."
"I came down by Montgomery Center way t'other day, an' there I heerd tell on the biggest painter that I ever seen."

"Some folks call 'em panthers an' some folks call 'em painters, an' more'n all of 'em call 'em wildcats. But the real name, I heered tell when I was down to the sportsman's show, was a mountain lion. Them's the critters that they let the President shoot down in Arizona, an' they is scheduled to run up as far as Canada an' down across the northern end o' New York an' over into Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont."

Last Christmas Master Doubleday received his first check, the royalties of 1 per cent on the "Just So Stories." It amounted to \$300.

"The painter was lying along a log, an' maple when they came up with their dogs in leash an' after letting out one or two o' his bloody screeches he went into the trees and began running along an' jumping from limb to limb an' tree to tree. Every now and then he would stop an' screech back to fight an' over his shoulder he'd call a man any time, 'specially at night."
"At last the dogs drif him into a tree that stood all alone an' there he turned at bay. Jewett fired at him, the ball going through the shoulder muscles. The great cat fell sprawling into the snow, but immediately ran up another tree, where a bullet, fired from the rifle of Sheldon, reached his back. "Oid as I am I'd given a year o' the fast end o' my life for have shot the last painter in Vermont, for I call late that's what it was. Ain't been none shot here for fifty years as I know on."

"When I was a boy they pulled down cattle an' children 'most every day. Sheldon an' Jewett took him to the town clerk of Montgomery Center, collected \$12 bounty. Might as well close the account. Ain't no more coming in."

Back to the Farm.
After ten years as a St. Louis policeman Hugh Macdonald tired of life in a great city and has gone back to the country. Like Clarence the Cop, he has been "transferred again," but this time at his own wish.
He has gone back from the force to the farm; from politics to potatoes; from courts to carrots; from station to stable; from clubs to "clods"; from "plug-uglies" to plows; from "pinches" to parsnips; from mud to meadows; from garbage to garden; from blood to blossoms.

He has gone back from with to roses; from arrests to rest; from post rooms to cool rooms; from sunbaths to sunflowers and sunsets; from violence to violets; from helmets to holly hocks; from dens to daisies; from running crooks to running brooks; from murderers to meditation; from quick thieves to quiet thoughts; from "green goods" men to the green things of Nature herself.

Who shall say that he has not chosen the better part of life? "God bless the country and the man made the town," says a paper and read it—Central Maine Daily.

Not Telling Too Much.
"Extry!" yelled the bright newsboy. "All about the terrible runty-gummy grab-rab!"
"The terrible what, did you say?" inquired the inquisitive man.
"He didn't say," replied the boy. "Buy a paper and read it."—Central Maine Daily.

Center of Population.
When Henry Mark, of Tabernash, Ind., goes to his barn he-and steps upon a neatly carved slab bearing the inscription "1900" he has 15,000,000 people on all four sides of him, for he is the center of population of the whole United States.

A Race of Bananas.
Nearly everybody smokes in Japan. The girls begin when they are ten years of age and the boys a year earlier.

Costly Books.
A Peoria friend of the late Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll tells how, while he was called upon one day by General John A. Logan, says the New York Times. The colonel was upstairs at the time, and General Logan was ushered into the library, where, on a table, were three volumes of Voltaire's works, an edition de luxe representing all that was best in the book-binder's art. General Logan picked them up one at a time, absorbed in his admiration of their beauties. While so engaged Colonel Ingersoll entered the room.

