

South Jersey Republican

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

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Vol. 56

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

No. 52

Happy New Year!

School re-opens next Wednesday.

W. S. Layer was at home for Christmas.

Deer Man came home for the Christmas holiday.

All Souls Church received, as a gift, a new piano.

Many will go up from here to see New Year's observances.

Miss Anita Crowell joined the new church for the holidays.

The Hammonton Loan Association meets next Thursday evening.

Wilbur Weeks was a Yuletide visitor with Hammonton friends.

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

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

Miss Pauline Best, of Egg Harbor, took Christmas dinner with Hammonton friends.

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

Miss Anne Trafford, while visiting relatives in Paulsboro, was taken with erysipelas.

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

Regular meeting of the Civic club will be held next Tuesday, starting at the Club House.

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

Will drill Wednesday night because of New Year's.

Edgewood Weeks was at Egg Harbor, N. J., at the Island.

The Y. W. Club Department of Needlework Guild will meet at the Parish House for work next Monday, Jan. 3d.

The "Woman's Naval Service" is engaged in knitting for the front, consequently no money was collected for wool.

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

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

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

During the afternoon of a Merry Christmas, a pleasant event took place at Maple Villa. The Rev. Van Dright, pastor of the Methodist Church, christened the baby of Mr. and Mrs. Laleker, of Egg Harbor, N. J., naming the child William James. Jas. Johnson and Lyla Johnson, being sponsors.

Friends gathered, and after a very appetizing dinner, the afternoon passed with much enjoyment.

Mr. Laleker was formerly a Costa boy.

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

Ruggeri was taken to his home, danced with by lady friends on friends and relatives in the afternoon.

As an officer came and took him back to Atlanta, where he was in the charge of deserters, leaving camp without

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

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

Red Cross Drive.

The "drive" the past week, was certainly a success, 613 new members being added, who had contributed \$300.

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

Hammy Juryman.

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

GRAND JURY.

Hammonton.—Wm. O. Hoyt.

Mullica Township.—Alexander J. McKeone.

SMALL JURY.

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

Mullica Twp.—Joseph W. Perry.

Farmers' Week in Hammonton.

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

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

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

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

Un-Claimed Letters.

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

Frank Edolla Mrs. M. E. Collins

Harry G. Shaw

Porter Fred Dale

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

LOUIS J. LANGHAM, P. M.

Bank Bros.

Bank Bros.

We Wish You All A Happy New Year

And express our heartiest appreciation for your liberal patronage.

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

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

Women's and Misses' Coats Reduced

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

BANK BROTHERS' STORE

Hammonton

Get the Habit of Buying in Hammonton!

Convince your neighbor that Home Buying is Local Patriotism.

GIRLS WANTED!

To Learn Hosiery Knitting.

\$8.00 Weekly paid while learning.

Experienced Girls can earn

\$13.00 to \$17.00 Weekly.

Always Steady Work All the Year.

WM. F. TAUBEL, Inc.

Happy New Year

Eagle Theatre Program for Week of Dec. 31st

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

Let

The Workingmen's Loan & Building Association

help you to

SAVE

Saving is a necessity in times of war.

Patriotism requires it!

Your country demands it!

And you should practice it for

your own advantage.

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

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

These are the men who will fortify your savings:

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

DIRECTORS

Samuel Anderson Wm. H. Bernhouse
George Elvins Charles Fitting
George Berry Chas. Davenport
C. I. Littlefield.

LAW AND LIBERTY

Exodus 21:1 and 2: "And God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God that brought thee out of the land of Egypt and out of the house of bondage."

The Scriptures from which this text is quoted reveal the Children of Israel in a very critical state of their history. They are living in the Wilderness of Sinai under the guidance of Moses, their great leader.

Their suffering under the Oriental tyranny was unbearable. The cruel tortures which were heaped upon this proud people had the purpose of breaking their national spirit and making them a very nearly successful. They were crushed and humiliated by the burden of their slavery and had reached that point of utter submission to their masters that they had lost all hope of recovery.

When Moses, their emancipator, tried to rouse their spirit into a bold defiance of their masters, he was met with a stubborn refusal to bring them into further subjection and increasing their burdens and sorrows.

It is an appalling calamity to see a proud, heroic people, once free and happy, losing their own vision, content to bear the shackles of foreign slavery, and so far from being glad to be freed, they are glad to be kept in their chains.

It is difficult for many young persons to form plans for the future because they do not know either what they could do or what they would like to do. It is only when Israel were designed to keep them constantly in mind of his claims upon them and of their covenant relationship with him, and also to keep them separate from the heathen nations around them, and the year of Jubilee was a sort of culmination or climax, recurring every seven years.

Well, we are not living "under law" but under grace. That is not a reason why we should be content with the status quo.

THE LEAGUES' JUBILEE

The fifth year was a great year in Israel, a year of release for all Israelite bond-servants and of restoration of farms to owners.

Another reason was that God claimed sole ownership of the land, and the people were to be kept constantly in mind of that claim by the law that the land could not be sold away from the lawful heirs.

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One thing is certain: those who do not know or care much where they are going are not likely to get anywhere in particular. It is only the purposeful life that offers any promise of success, or any encouragement in the face of disappointment and trials.

It is well to consider a life-work that is well to consider a sort of employment, and there is no difficulty now in determining the best of work after the greatest inducements to the average man.

This is the era of the mechanic and the farmer. It is a time to plant or to put in either of these forms of service, and for most young men they offer not only sure employment, but a brighter future.

Electricity is the greatest force in the world, and the most ubiquitous commodity known to man.

STORAGE-BATTERY TRACTOR

A small storage-battery truck is now being made for indoor and outdoor hauling which greatly reduces the cost of doing things in a factory, warehouse, and in general.

Here's to the man who, checked, rebuffed, despairs not, neither grieves. Who pulls himself together, fights, and finally achieves.

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HERBS TO THE MAN!

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

For December 30, 1917. Golden Text: With Jehovah there is loving kindness. Psalms 133 and 134.

There is in Psalm 133 a beautiful picture of the Christian Church. It is a picture of the unity and love that should characterize the people of God.

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GRANDMOTHER MAKES A LIVING

Family wanted sweaters and delighted to be of some use. The children were "wasteful" of having "just money money" to keep from being a burden.

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WHY PEARLS ARE LOST

The French visitor talked as if it were a matter of American women to drop their pearls necklaces.

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CREATING TEMPER IN CHILDREN

ALL the excellent advice in this story through first-class pedagogy, including your neighbor's own practical counsel, I have never seen before.

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TESTS OF TRUE LOVE

True love is a little slow, or in starting, than is false love. It is a little more dignified, a little more truthful and pure from the start.

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MAKE USE OF YOUR INGENUITY

Woman should go into the field of invention. There is joy in doing things that are new and original.

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YOUR SON'S ENEMY

You are your son's enemy. It is not a matter of hate, but of a sense of responsibility.

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WHEN WARM OR BORED

It was a warm, sultry day. The humidity was in an awkward position about about one's head.

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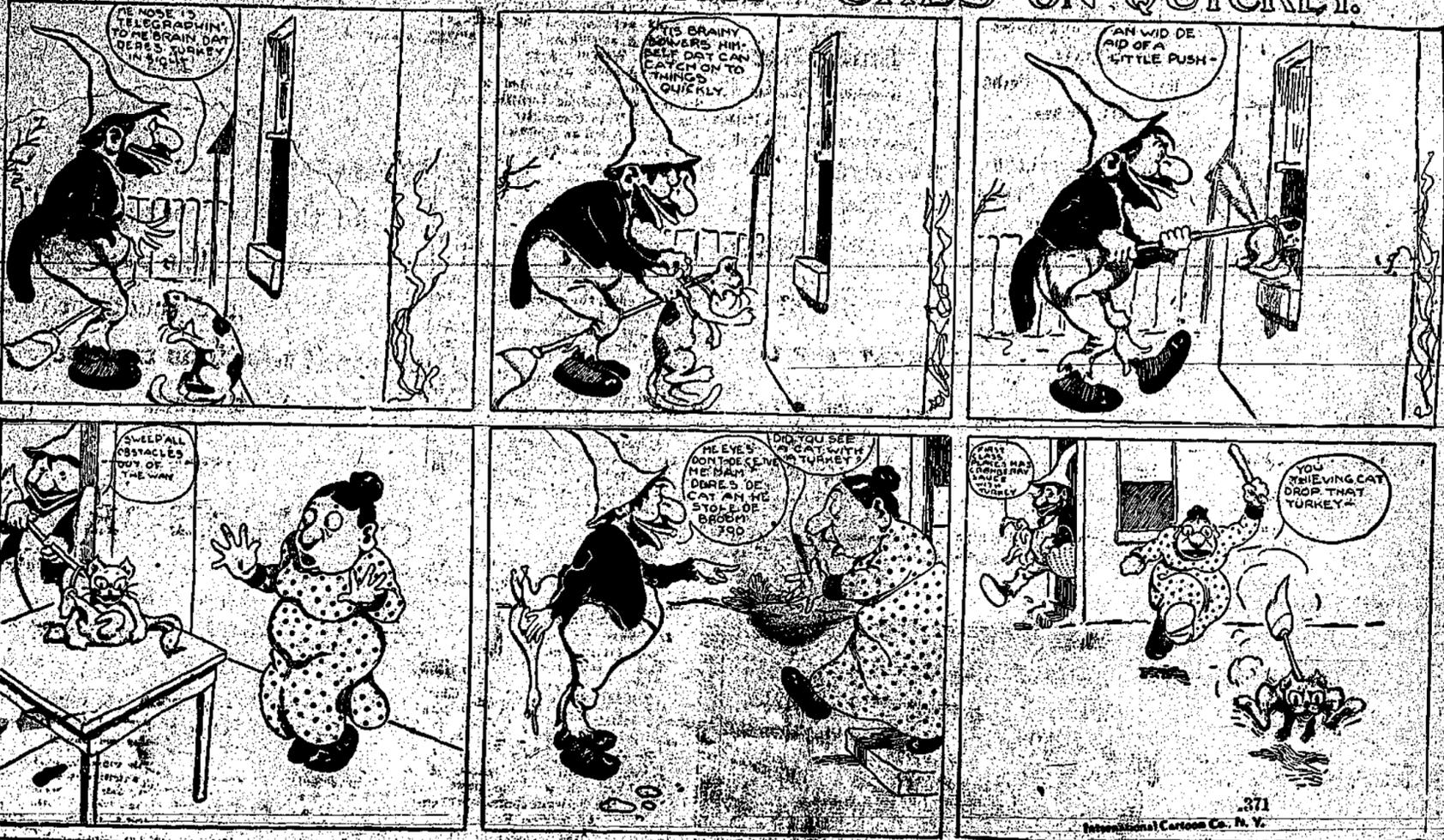
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BRAINY BOWERS CAT - CHES ON QUICKLY.



International Cartoon Co., N. Y.

WHEN PURP BARKED

THE EAR that Uncle Scott had to milk his range cows about worked for six months without missing a milking. It was a prospect, his him, and he badly must go on, what there was no one to milk the cows. Grant's place, this to pasture to the San employment bureau for another year.

Grant had to do what milking he could with his left hand, a young fellow appeared at the ranch with a note from the employment bureau. The larger begged to state that the bear was not a professional butter-rancher, but, as he said, he had done some farm milking. It was hoped he would answer. At any rate, he was the best that could send. Uncle Scott shook his head dubiously when he read the note. On a butchering a farm milker's hands generally gave out in less than a week. Besides, he wanted a man who had experience as a vaquero. However, he told Grant to take the fellow down to the dairy and to get him to work.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Tio, take a fast ride up the canon, and get yourself killed."

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

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

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

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

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

Immediately Bob heard the clacking of spilt hoofs on the rocks. As he hastily climbed onto the saddle a pair of long horns appeared round the turn. Those horns were evenly balanced, widespread and strongly curved.

Bob sat on his horse, grinning broadly. "But his smile did not last long. For just then Purp paused to take a long, deep whiff at the squirrel hole, and then let out a couple of sharp barks. Bob instantly noticed that 'Old Longhorn' was heading straight for the dog, and that he was charging fast. Moreover, the charging cow was less than two hundred feet away.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bob made half the distance when

Purp, who seemed very much intent on keeping the mustang between himself and those horns, leaped into Bob's feet. Bob, however, heeded not Purp's outburst, but, with a gasp of pain, which drew a surprised howl from the enraged Longhorn, he declared that Bob made the remaining twenty-five feet to the scrub oak in one jump.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The words heartened Bob tremendously, for until that moment he had pictured himself as meeting death along there in the brush. He was probably because of his position to get a glimpse of the smaller of the two trees that sank under his

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

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

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

HIS BROTHER'S CLOTHES

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

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

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

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

QUICK PROMOTION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A substantial cheque followed in due course.

ON DUTY ELSEWHERE

An Irish soldier had lost an eye in battle, but was allowed to continue in the service on consenting to have a glass eye put in its place, says an English paper.

On one occasion, however, he appeared on duty with a glass eye, and when asked why he was there, he replied, "You are my eye, and I left my eye on me kit."