

MIDDLEBUSH. GIVEN SILVER DOLLAR FOR EACH YEAR SHE HAD TAUGHT HERE

MIDDLEBUSH, June 27.—An informal reception was held in the new school building Saturday afternoon from three to five o'clock, in honor of Miss Ida Hummer, who has completed her twenty-fifth year of teaching in this place.

SAMUEL GOMPERS. Labor Chief Who Seeks to Avert War With Mexico.



Photo by American Press Association.

ENTERTAINED BY THE YACHT CLUB

A very pleasant evening was enjoyed at the rooms of the New Brunswick Yacht Club recently when the members entertained a number of their fair friends.

LADIES' AID PICNIC ON WEDNESDAY.

Owing to the stormy weather Sunday, the picnic of the Hebrew Ladies' Aid Society was postponed until Wednesday, June 28th.

HELD UP NEAR PARLIN.

A party of employees of the Union Powder Company, at Parlin were reported to have been held up at June's Crossing, near Parlin on Saturday night and relieved of their pay, which they had just received.

"Yes, I have everything pretty much my own way in life," said the Optimist. "Make the best of it while you can," advised the Pessimist. "You'll probably get married some day."

Visit Atlantic City. You will enjoy the invigorating breeze of the ocean at this time of the year. Stop with us at the St. Charles, where you will find everything conducive to a pleasant sojourn.

NORMAN DERR, FORMER BRUNSWICK GIRL, NOW FRENCH LIEUTENANT

During the past five or six months it has been the occasional good fortune of a small circle of New Brunswickers to read extended and interesting letters written by a soldier-nurse stationed at the front, in a French hospital town. Those to whom this rare privilege came clamored for its extension.

No one, especially no French sympathizer should be excluded from their perusal, and the people in New Brunswick in particular might be justified in claiming a right to a share of the never before existing letters, most of which were written by a French nurse who had been in the hospital town since the beginning of the war.

It is of especial interest to New Brunswick that the writer of these rare letters is Miss Norman Derr, granddaughter of the late Mrs. W. Latham, of Langollen, Livingston avenue, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. Z. Derr and niece of Edward Latham, Mrs. Louise Robbins and Miss Kate Crawford Latham.

Many of the letters are addressed to Miss Derr's parents, while others have been written to Miss Derr's parents, and in these spontaneous outpourings one recognizes an enthusiasm and a naturalness which probably could never have existed had public notice been in the writer's mind.

To give an idea of the eagerness and enthusiasm with which the book is awaited, I will mention that in one western city alone, five hundred copies have been ordered, whereas no more effectual appeal could be made to the ever generous and responsive public of New Brunswick than by submitting to them an extract from one of the letters in question.

"I happened to tell my scheme to the young chemist who assists in the operating room. As he is enthusiastic to forward me in every way, from carrying the wounded to providing me with chocolate which quickly disappears down thirty-three throats (to his great disappointment) he said it was a great idea but too much for me alone, and he suggested interesting his mother and her Paris friends.

"I happened to tell my scheme to the young chemist who assists in the operating room. As he is enthusiastic to forward me in every way, from carrying the wounded to providing me with chocolate which quickly disappears down thirty-three throats (to his great disappointment) he said it was a great idea but too much for me alone, and he suggested interesting his mother and her Paris friends.

"I happened to tell my scheme to the young chemist who assists in the operating room. As he is enthusiastic to forward me in every way, from carrying the wounded to providing me with chocolate which quickly disappears down thirty-three throats (to his great disappointment) he said it was a great idea but too much for me alone, and he suggested interesting his mother and her Paris friends.

noa make mischief, and bent under the weight of my tiny gifts—attached with tri-color. At the very top I finished and constructed by me and an able-handed wounded soldier, with the tri-color at the topmost point—above the stars, mark you! and little silk flags of the Allies clustered below with a microscopic Stars and Stripes.

"After the tree was lighted, I flew off to the Salle de Pansements with 'Grandpere,' and a few minutes later out stepped as perfect a Pere Noel as ever walked through the pages of a story book—A French Pere Noel—no Santa Claus. A blue grey cape—mine, but don't tell—covered him from top to toe, and on the long white beard and peaked hood the fresh snow glistened cheerily—a combination of mica, boracic acid and cotton cord not at all banal—in his hand a knotted cane and classic lantern, feet tucked in courses as if he had been a real actor.

"Once when we went into a Salle d'isolement where a poor fellow was languishing in the last stage of septic poisoning, there happened something strange and indelible that I must have taken the apparition for something heavenly, for first a dazed look came over his face, then a marvelous smile, and he stretched out his arms. I bent down and whispered a Christmas message, and put an orange in his hand. It was his last consciousness.

"Grandpere" acquitted himself masterfully, made enchanting little discourses as if he had been a real actor instead of a simple peasant from the Oise, and Medecin-Chef, who at first had been dubious of the undertaking, was enchanted. When the distribution was over I filled the arms of Pere Noel with red from the Oise, and Medecin-Chef, who at first had been dubious of the undertaking, was enchanted.

"I forgot to mention that one of my wounded men made a speech for me and bed and everyone cheered for Mademoiselle Miss." "Mademoiselle Miss" has arrived in town and is on sale at Reed's Bookstore at 50 cents a copy.

CLAIMS HE WAS ROBBED OF \$60 AND GOLD WATCH

At 12 o'clock yesterday, Frank Rosenberg, of this city, telephoned to police headquarters that he had been held up and robbed on Albany street between the bridge and Water street. Patrolmen Cox and Hardy were sent to that vicinity to investigate the story, but found no trace of the hold-up man.

Yesterday, Rosenberg appeared in person at police headquarters and told the story of the hold-up. He said he had been drinking all night, with a company of men. Coming out of the place at 12.30, he alleged that he was held up by the men with whom he had been drinking. They rifled his pockets, taking \$60 in cash, a gold watch, a gold handled penknife set with a diamond and even his eye spectacles.

BODY FOUND OF BOY WHO FELL OFF DOCK AND WAS DROWNED

The body of Joseph Ratz, the four year old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Ratz, who recently opened a store in this city, was found on the meadows on Sunday, near the Perth Amboy plant of the National Electric Company, at Keasby. The boy had been missing since May 23. He is believed to have fallen off the dock, while playing.

A boy playing on the meadows came across the badly decomposed body yesterday noon and notified the Woodbridge authorities. Coroner Hirner, of Woodbridge, with Paul Messah, of Keasby, and William Bartram, recovered the body with difficulty.

PAID \$1,000 FINE. Frank Newman, former proprietor of a saloon at 5 Peace street, this city, was released from the county jail on Friday, upon completing the week's term of imprisonment imposed upon him by Judge Daly on his plea of guilty to selling intoxicants to three local girls. Newman paid a fine of \$1,000 to Sheriff Houghton before he was released.

In next Sunday's New Brunswick Times will be printed a page of farm topics of practical value, a feature that will appeal to everyone interested in any branch of farming. The page is compiled by New Jersey experts.

He Got Hold Of the Wrong Stenographer. By EDWARD T. STEWART

The president of the G. Y. and W. Railroad was sitting in his office at his rosewood desk when an official entered in reply to a tap on his silver bell. Handing the subordinate a letter, he said:

"Take that into the office of the company's attorney and tell him to treat it in the usual way." The letter was from a young woman who made her living by stenography and typewriting. She had traveled on one of the company's trains, and as it was nearing the station stood at the door, bracing herself against the car end.

A few months after the pigeonholing of the girl's offer the president sent for his stockbroker and said to him: "Mr. Barker, I have noticed a very slow rise for a month past of the shares of our road. I know of nothing to put them up. Our monthly statement shows some falling off in the earnings, and there is some doubt about our maintaining the regular dividend. Can you explain the rise in view of the facts?"

"Please sell a thousand shares for my account," continued the president, "and every point of the price of the stock rises, sell another thousand shares." The result of this order within a couple of weeks was that the stock went up five points, and the president was "short" of it 5,000 shares. That means that he had sold shares which he did not own at less than the market price.

When the stock declined to a figure below what he had paid for it he would buy it and make the difference. As its president, he knew that the stock was not worth what he sold it for and did not doubt that he would make a good thing of the transaction.

But the stock did not go down. Instead it continued to rise. The president, who had good nerve, kept on selling stock that he did not own, and one day having called upon his broker for a statement of his account was informed that he was "short" 20,000 shares. This was somewhat unsteady, and the president directed the broker to hedge by buying 10,000 shares in lots of one and two thousand.

The broker reported that his buying of 3,000 shares had put the stock up 2 1/2 points. The president looked grave. The road was a small one, and its outstanding stock was not more than 500,000 shares, most of it in hands that had held it for years. If the seller could not buy the stock he had sold for delivery he would lose a fortune. He put off taking any action till the next day, when there was a flurry in the stock on the market, and the shares jumped twenty points.

"First let us settle a little account held against your company," said the operator, "by a former employee of mine. My stenographer has been so seriously injured that she has been deprived of making her living." The president asked for further information, which the operator gave him.

"How much damage do you think our company should pay the lady?" asked the president. "What will give her an income of \$2,500 a year. I think fifty of your first mortgage bonds would be accepted." The president telephoned for the bonds, and while they were waiting for them he and the operator settled for the stock the former had sold the latter. But the operator said that he would not exact a fictitious value for the shares he had bought and made a settlement by which the president lost nothing.

A complete record of all the transfers of realty, as recorded in the Middlesex County Clerk's Office, is printed every week in the Sunday Times.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT. Ex-President Who Predicts Three Years' War in Mexico.



At two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, in the Sheriff's Office, in the City of New Brunswick, New Jersey, I will expose to public vendue, on WEDNESDAY, JUNE TWENTY-EIGHTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN.

Being the same premises conveyed by Jacob Wilbur and Addie V. Wilbur, his wife, to William Seabolt (or Seabolt), by deed dated October 11, 1907 and recorded in Middlesex County Clerk's Office in Book 529 of Deeds, page 132.

Wigg—"I make it a rule never to speak ill of my neighbors." Wagg—"That's right. They probably know as much about you as you know about them."

SHERIFF'S SALE.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY COMMON PLEAS—John Wortman, Administrator, etc. of Mary Ann Wortman, Plaintiff, vs. William Sebolt, defendant. Pl. Fa. for sale of premises dated November 5th, 1915.

Being lots No 318 and 319, on map of plan of New Brunswick, Terrace No. 2, dated May 1, 1906, made by R. C. Eliot, Civil Engineer, and filed in the office of Clerk of Middlesex County May 3, 1906, and more particularly described as follows: to wit: Fronting on a width 46 feet on Ward street, and running back on same width by and between lot No. 320 on the northwesterly side, and land owners to me unknown on the southeasterly side thereof.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, in the Sheriff's Office, in the City of New Brunswick, New Jersey, I will expose to public vendue, on WEDNESDAY, JUNE TWENTY-EIGHTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN.

Being the same premises conveyed to Morris Krauss and Sadie Krauss, his wife, by deed of Michael Jehn and wife, dated July 14, 1913, and recorded in Middlesex County Clerk's Office in Book 529 of Deeds, page 132.

Together with all and singular the rights, privileges, hereditaments and appurtenances thereupon belonging or in anywise appertaining.

EDWARD F. HOUGHTON, Sheriff. CHARLES H. RUNYON, Solicitor. \$17.46.

SHERIFF'S SALE—

IN CHANCERY OF NEW JERSEY—Between Mary L. Vilet, executrix, etc., of Daniel Vilet, deceased, complainant, and Charles T. Cowenhoven, et. ux., et. al., defendants. Pl. Fa. for sale of mortgaged premises, dated May 24, 1916.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, in the Sheriff's Office, in the City of New Brunswick, New Jersey, I will expose to public vendue, on WEDNESDAY, JUNE TWENTY-EIGHTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN.

Being the same premises conveyed to Charles T. Cowenhoven by deed of Nicholas R. Cowenhoven, dated November 8, 1876, and recorded in the office of the clerk of the county of Middlesex in book 163 of deeds at page 146.

Together with all and singular the rights, privileges, hereditaments and appurtenances thereupon belonging or in anywise appertaining.

EDWARD F. HOUGHTON, Sheriff. ALAN H. and THEODORE STRONG, Solicitors. \$15.38.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

Prices are soaring in everything connected with the printing trade. The market is so uncertain that paper dealers will not quote for longer than 24 hours, and the cost of raw paper stock and inks is advancing daily.

It is predicted that if the war continues much longer, all colored inks, except black, will be practically unobtainable, or at a prohibitive price. Many grades of ink have increased anywhere from 50% to 400%; paper and cardboard have gone up 15% to 75%. The moral is, if you have any printing to be done, get your order in now.

TIMES PUBLISHING CO.

A BOOK THAT HAS AROUSED TWO EMPIRES

Hindenburg's March Into London

Translated from the German Edited by LOGAN MARSHALL, with a Preface by L. G. REDMOND HOWARD, Author of "The Life of John Redmond."

FOUR MILLION COPIES SOLD IN GERMANY ALONE

Probably no book has taken possession of the popular imagination of any country as "The March of Hindenburg into London" has taken hold of Germany, where it is said to be selling as fast as publishers can turn it out.

In Great Britain No Better Incentive for Enlisting Has Appeared Than This Amazing Book.

In Great Britain the first large edition of the translation was eagerly snapped up, necessitating other editions as fast as they could be prepared to fill the enormous demand for it.

TO AMERICANS it lays bare, with many surprises, the intensity of the German belief in the godlike virtues of the Kaiser, their complete faith in the justice of their cause and their boundless confidence in the invincibility of their armies.

Ogontz Cover with Jacket in Colors. 211 pages 50 cents. Cloth Binding. Price 75 cents

SEND YOUR ORDER AT ONCE

ORDER THE DAILY HOME NEWS: Please send me Hindenburg's March into London at.....50c Hindenburg's March into London, Cloth, at.....75c Add 6 cents if to be mailed. Name..... Address.....