

G.O.P. STAND MAILED BY FREILINGHUYSEN

Senator in Jersey City Says Party Will Win on Its Year's Record

CITES GREAT ECONOMIES

Jersey City, April 25.—Senator Frelinghuyesen, in a speech last night in Jersey City before a meeting arranged by the Hudson County Republican Committee, declared the Harding Administration had slowly but surely brought order out of the chaos caused by the war in the one year the Republican Party had been in control.

"Militant Republicanism is the watchword of the hour," he said. "The Administration of President Harding and the legislative achievements of a Congress overwhelmingly Republican have simply proven that they should be sustained for another two years."

"The party record of the last year is the issue in the campaign which is about to be held in Jersey City. On that record we stand and shall win."

"The present Administration, when it entered upon full control of the Government a little more than a year ago, found a country saddled with a colossal executive departments in chaos, waste and extravagance rampant, a weak and vacillating policy in control, and the Government rolling back with useless and superfluous employees. A year later it had reduced the expenditures to three and a half billions of dollars per year."

"Near Pre-War Level" "Deducting the two billions of annual expense due entirely to the war, such as interest on the debt and the maintenance of the sinking fund, the ordinary expenses of the Government are today very near the level of a year before the United States entered the war. The most serious overlapping in the departments is finding remedy in the work of the agencies created by the Administration for the complete reorganization. Rigid economy has been practiced; business methods have been put in operation, and under the fiscal restraint about the budget system two billions of dollars have been saved."

"Fifty thousand Federal employees have been dropped from the rolls in the City of Washington alone during the last year, and in the Federal service throughout the country more than 800,000 have been eliminated."

"The Frelinghuyesen record and the results of the Arms Conference, and said the people will give President Harding and the Republican Party full credit."

"Five billions of dollars have been saved to the taxpayers of the United States alone by the reduction of naval ratings and building during the past year," he continued. "Great Britain has relinquished that control of the seas which she has sought for three centuries to maintain and she has admitted America to an equality with her."

He added that consummation was achieved as the result of "one of the most masterful strokes of diplomacy on our annals."

DAYLIGHT SAVING ADOPTED BY COURT

Schuylkill County Bench Directs Conformity With Local Train Schedules

MOTORISTS RUIN STREET

Pottsville, Pa., April 25.—Although Pottsville City Council has refused assent to the daylight-saving plan, the Schuylkill County Court yesterday decided to adopt daylight saving next Monday, and the Courthouse clocks will be set accordingly. Court found it necessary to do that because of the Pennsylvania and Philadelphia and Reading railways changing the time of running their trains.

City Council has refrained from endorsing the plan because all the other big towns of the county, including Shenandoah, Mahony City and Ashland, are determined not to adopt the daylight-saving plan. There is certain to be much confusion here regardless of what City Council does.

On Sunday, thirty-eight automobile drivers broke the barriers of Nicholas street, which is being tarred and repaired, and drove over the street, virtually destroying the repairs being made by the city. Yesterday it was resolved to fine every man who drove over the street, and the fines will be used to pay the damage. City officials yesterday forwarded the names of machines to Harrisburg and legal proceedings will be begun as soon as the names are obtained.

Enormous damage has been done to fruit crops in this section by frost for four continuous nights, the heaviest of which was Sunday. It is possible that late apples escaped the damage, say orchardists, but even this is not certain.

For the purpose of Americanizing the 38,000 foreigners of the Schuylkill region, court has been asked to appoint Dr. J. M. Lloyd as an Assistant County Superintendent of Schools. An act of Assembly gives court power to make the appointment at a salary of \$8000 a year. The judges took the matter under consideration.

The first violence in the almost four weeks of suspension of coal mining was reported here yesterday. Police arrested Percy Keebler and Jonathan Withelder, a mechanic at the York Farm Washery. It is alleged the defendants demanded that work at the washery be stopped, and on refusal they attacked Withelder and pummeled him.

I. B. McCool, Alderman, held the defendants under \$500 bail.

Results of Commission's Inquiry on Highways Made Public

Washington, April 25.—(By A. P.)—Large expenditures will be necessary to bring the two and a half million miles of rural highways in the United States up to the standard of efficiency comparable to their extended use in motor transportation. In the opinion of the Joint Congressional Commission of Agricultural Inquiry, whose general conclusions on the subject were announced today.

The commission, Chairman Anderson said, will recommend that Congress continue to promote an adequate program of highway construction and maintenance directed to the more effective correlation of highway transportation with rail and water transportation and that the States and counties also continue their highway programs with particular reference to farm-to-market roads.

The necessity of co-operation among the States to effect a uniform basis for taxing motortrucks and other motor vehicles fairly to represent the proportion of highway expense chargeable to such vehicles, will be urged by the commission. The importance of motor transportation to the farmer was found not only to have been its effect in extending and broadening his markets, it was said, but in the sharply reduced cost of moving his produce to market.

The Daily Novelette

Patty of the Swings

JEFF MACALLISTER didn't join out with the All-America Shows till the circus had been on the road for three weeks and Harry Thomas, the head ticket wagon man, was on the point of jacking his job. Then the "old man" came to Jeff's terms and wired for him to relieve the amiable but impossible Herbert as soon as the limited would bring him. Big show ticket sellers are born. Jeff was as good as the best. Thomas and he made the finest team in the business. It was big money that the old man had to pay to Jeff. "My last year at it," Jeff told Thomas when the latter had joyfully greeted him. "This season's pay will fix me for the peach orchard."

Herbert was working out his last show, a slim matinee. So Jeff, shaking hands with old acquaintances by the door, drifted over to the big top. He was swapping jocular insults with McCarron, the show's detective, near the performance entrance, when two girls wearing robes of flame and white, passed close to their way to No. 1 ring. "Who's that?" demanded Jeff, with his eyes on the second of the pair. "Lay off," laughed McCarron. "They're the Montrose Sisters—do a pip of a double on the swings. But the black one'll bite your eye out if she sees you looking at the yaller haired one. They're sisters, all right, and the brunettes' boss."

"Humph" was all the rejoinder Macallister made for his eyes were on the girls as they swung their gay robes to an attendant and ran into the ring. Veteran of the circus as he was, Jeff to his amusement found himself curiously concerned about that slender, infinitely graceful figure with the golden hair that was being lifted by the running rope to that perilous perch far under the canvas. He didn't stop to think that he had seen scores of women risk their lives on the trapeze, on hundreds of occasions without a tremor.

It proved to be, indeed, a splendid act, as McCarron had said, with three-fourths of the risk devolving on the light-haired sister. But Jeff Macallister only enjoyed it very and when, with the running rope spiraled about one lavender-clad leg, the girl slid slowly with extended arms, back to solid earth again. Then he drew a long breath, like any of the hicks in the audience.

It was stout Mrs. Boyle, an old-time loyal friend of Jeff's, who, by virtue of her office as dresser and an inborn love of matchmaking, introduced Macallister to the younger of the Montrose sisters—at his earnest solicitation.

And when Patty Montrose—Patty Kaw, at home, as she promptly confessed to him—met Jeff's earnest brown eyes with her own almost violet gray ones, her heart beat faster than it had ever done when she looked up the far length of a fifty-foot center pole at the beckoning trapeze.

Within a week—though nowhere there a more time-filling business than that of a circus on the road—Jeff Macallister had made so many opportunities for confidential talks with Patty Kaw despite the expert opposition of the handsome, dominating

Laida, that Patty knew all about the beach orchard down in Delaware, and would have been blinder than any circus girl ever was had she not realized whom it was that Jeff hoped to make mistress of his home. So when Jeff, on the Sunday lay-off, circumvented Laida and took Patty for a drive in a hired car, she was prepared for his proposal.

"If wasn't a hard-boiled show guy," declared Jeff, "and didn't know that the second season was the safest, I'd have you off those swings and quit the game tomorrow, even if I had to stick a plaster on the orchard. But never again, sweetheart, after next fall—no more of the road or the high perches for my wife."

He took it so far granted that Patty only sighed happily. It was in the sleeper, over on the siding, that night that Patty, not without misgivings, confided the great news to Laida. Laida, bending over her black trunk, was portentously silent, seeking self-control. When she faced Patty she was written on her countenance. "You poor kid," she exclaimed. "If I had only known! You'll have to get over this, girl—all over it. That Jeff Macallister is all wrong. 'All wrong?' Laida, what do you mean? What do you know about him? You said you didn't know him at all."

"It was today, dearie. Mrs. Boyle—you remember how she talked to us when we came with the show—how she said: 'Circus folks, performers, are as straight as anybody and better than most, but a girl can't have anything to do with men from the executive car.'"

"But it was Mrs. Boyle that introduced us," protested Patty, near to tears. "Yes," assented Laida, "that's why she came to me this afternoon and said she was worried and blaming herself. 'It was Macallister,' she whispered to me, 'that made that little French wire-walker throw herself under the train the one I told you about.'"

For ten minutes Patty Kaw stared at nothing. Then she roused herself. Laida said: "Don't worry, dear. I shall never speak to him again. Mrs. Boyle wouldn't lie."

"I SMITE a mean, malefic lyre To chaunt in syllables of fire That joy which so jocosely duces To titillate my gastric juices; That soft libation which imbues My tonsils with angelic dews— May rare affatus on me swoop, For I would sing today of soap, Soap of the bean—bean soap."

It swooning, ecstasied delight— Ah, who could help but shout and cheer For such a brave and glorious soup, Soup of the bean—bean soup!

I WOULD apostrophize the Bean. My favorite flower, what I mean, For nothing can my innards suit As does the essence of this fruit; It makes me happy, makes me gay, It drives my troubles all away. And when its jovian fohor carries Within my smallest capillaries My sub-conscious loops the loop, So glad it is to get such soup, Soup of the bean—bean soup!

SOUP OF THE BEAN.. BEAN SOUP—By J. P. McEVROY

Patty sent a chuck tent boy to Jeff with a bitter, final little note, and tore up without reading the note the boy brought back. Twice that Monday Laida's sheer strength of fingers alone saved Patty from a fall. And Patty felt that she wouldn't have cared. At the night performance Jeff intercepted her on her way from ring to dressing tent. And Patty, white faced, appealed to the ringmaster, who happened to be close by.

"Sorry, Jeff," said that autocrat of the big top during show hours, "if the lady says 'no,' it's 'no,' to the old man himself."

So crashed into wreckage of misery the new-born romance. Patty was deprived even of the potential solace of talking about her troubles with Laida, for on the very next day Laida entered upon a romance of her own which consumed all her thoughts.

There had come to the show on Patty's happy Sunday an iron-gay, reserved looking person whom the old man had introduced to executives and to the boss of "Mr. Haight, my friend and guest," instructing them that Mr. Haight was to have the run of the show.

Quietly, with the eyes of a keenly intelligent novice, the visitor saw everything was everywhere. He saw Laida—handsome, fearless, queenly Laida—and thereafter saw little else. He talked to her quietly, almost diffidently, but persistently. And Patty thought she had never seen her inscrutable sister so pleasantly excited as she seemed to be. Haight lingered on with the show, traveling in the old man's car.

Two weeks from that fatal Sunday night Patty was wondering why Laida hadn't returned to the sleeper when the portress brought her a note. As she opened it a check fell into her lap. She read: "Dear Kiddie—I'm married—to Mr. Haight. He is really more than half owner of the show, a widower, with oodles of cash. Sorry to bust up your team, but—you know! Phil says so give you this check and tell you to go home—I think you'd better. If home—it'll be all right with the old man—got to be. Ta-ta! We're going to Florida for the trip. I'll write."

"P. S.—Oh, I forgot. Maybe I was kind of mistaken about Jeff Macallister. Forgive me, kiddie, but I couldn't have got along in the show business without you."

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Of course it was to Mrs. Boyle that Patty straightaway repaired. "Did I ever hear anything against the boy's character?" indignantly protested that good lady. "Would I have kicked him on to a good little girl like yourself, then? Go on with 'you!' He's as straight as a string!"

Patty did forgive Laida. It was when she settled herself in the home-bound express, with the feel of Jeff's kiss on her lips and his words in her ears; "It come for you, dear, the day the show closes in the fall."

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