AT 14TH WIFE'S FUNERAL, SAYS HE WON'T WED AGAIN

Vann, 100-Year-Old Negro, Philosophizes With Experience.

THE 13TH HIS HOODOO.

Orange County's Most Married Man Finds "Musical Ladies Makes Best Wives."

"Musical ladies makes the best wifes. I've had quite some few of them and I find that they amuses thereselfs peacefully at the pianner whilst you is amusing yourself in other ways."

"Ladies is not mercenary. They don't care for nothing else if only they is just suited."

"Good looks and a lovin' smile goes further than money—but it is a good idea to carry peppermint kisses in yore pockets."

"Treat a lady kindly and she will most generally rebate."

"I take notice that you can usually tame a lady and even wild lions by sweet words."—From the maxims of James Nicholas Vann, fourteen times a widower.

James Nicholas Vann is a widower some more. He buried Martha Maria, his fourteenth wife, to-day in the Vann family lot at Mount Hope, Orange County, near Middletown, alongside her thirteen predecessors. The bereaved husband gazed down the line of mounds and was much affected. It is probable that he will not marry again, on account of his age. He was born on April 22, 1807.

Dr. Vann, as he calls himself, or "Jim" Vann, as the irreverent call him, is Orange County's champion character. He has practised medicine, preached and studied law, been a historian, a hunter of big game, a teacher, a janitor of Middletown's best club, a body servant of wealthy men, and through it all has, from time to time, taken a wife.

Although the noted centenarian is a negro, all his wives have been white. He has had uniformly bad luck with them, too. Most of them died early. One was killed by a horse. One, the thirteenth, ran away. Martha Maria lasted longer than most. She had three years of life in the doctor's small residence, before pneumonia claimed her.

Coming away from the cemetery to-day the ancient negro wore the high hat and long frock coat which Middletown has learned to associate with a sorrow in his household. He stopped long enough to tell a reporter that he used to trap wild beasts for Dan Rice's circus, and that, in his earlier years, he secured from the Indians the secret of Dr. Vann's Gospel Medicine, a sovereign remedy for fever and all other diseases, which now, unhappily, is not in general use.

"A young and lovely woman," he said, "is the human heart's delight, but the old, designing woman, who insists on marrying you whether you are willing or not, is a jackal and a beast of prey. I shall probably not marry any more."

"Twelve of my wives were fair and lovely women, and are undoubtedly now with the angels. My thirteenth was not, and her name I will not mention. She is living to-day. The names of the first twelve were Susan Westbrook, her sister Nancy, and their aunt, Mrs. Kate Westbrook, all of Milford, Pa.; Miss Mary E. Petton, of Dingmans; Addie Graham, of Williamsburg, Va.; Sarah E. Deerpomp, of Philadelphia; Mary Jane Conkling, of Philadelphia; Miss Susie Corwin, of Milford, Pa.; Miss Annie Harding, of Philadelphia; Margaret J. Case, of Denver; Miss Ada Mineholdt, of Denver; Miss Julia De Wet, of Indianapolis; Miss Gertrude Laymont, of Indianapolis, and the 'Belle of Orange county, the thirteenth, and Martha Maria Harris, the fourteenth. I expect to meet them all in heaven. We will have a family reunion there."

NEW CONDUCTOR HERE FOR THE METROPOLITAN.

Herr Mahler Says He Will Not Succeed Conried—Burgstaller, Tenor, Also Arrives.

Among the passengers arriving to-day on the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria of the North German Lloyd line, were Gustav Mahler, who is coming over under a four-year contract to direct the orchestra at the Metropolitan, and his pretty wife. Alois Burgstaller, the tenor, who is to sing at the Metropolitan, was also a passenger. He had with him his son, F. E. Burgstaller.

Herr Mahler denied the report that he was to succeed Herr Conried as director. He said he knew nothing of the stories to that effect which have been circulated lately.

He said he expected to devote himself largely to Wagnerian productions.

DETROIT FIREMEN HURT.

DETROIT, Dec. 21.—Fire early to-day gutted the six-story brick building at the corner of Jefferson and Woodward avenues, occupied by Edwin S. George, fur dealer, and D. E. Kellogg, wholesale milliner. The total loss is estimated at about $140,000. Assistant Fire Chief Kelly and Fireman Robert Hummell were severely injured by escaping hoses. Hummell's skull was fractured and he may die.

"The American Woman Is a Flirt and a Hypocrite, But She Has a Very Fine Back; I Saw It at the Opera," Says M. Ular

In Other Respects She Reminds Him of a Cook Done Up in Her Sunday Best—Society Women All Geese.

LACKS "ARISTOCRATIC" LOOK

She's the Inventor of Flirtation, and When You Find Her Beautiful, Alas! You Find Also That She Is Wooden.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Nixola Greeley-Smith.
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"The American woman," said M. Alexandre Ular, foreign editor of the Pétit Journal and our latest and sternest critic, "has a very fine back.

"I saw it in all its beauty at the Metropolitan Opera-House last night, and I must say I admired it. Also her shoulders, which she so proudly exhibits.

"But for the rest, my opinions of her have not altered from those I expressed last week, except that I think her more hypocritical even than I had supposed.

"Seen in all her splendor at the opera she is certainly more beautiful than the French woman, but she has neither her grace nor her charm.

"The scene at your Metropolitan does not compare with that at the Opera-House in Paris. The performance, I must admit, was good, but for the rest I found it very ridiculous. The arrangement of the boxes is particularly funny.

"The women, in all their gorgeous costumes, with their too abundant diamonds, hang suspended over the house as if they were in the baskets of so many balloons, and they don't look any more at ease than if they were.

Like Cooks in Their Sunday Best.

"Many of them looked, if you will pardon me, like so many cooks in their Sunday best. They showed off. They were conscious of their clothes, of their diamonds, and acted as if they could not become accustomed to them.

"The little old lanterns suspended from all the boxes made them look like Chinese flower boats. In Paris the Opera House is always brilliantly lighted. The opera is a reunion of the wit and beauty and fashion of Paris as well as a musical production. It is a fairy scene of light and luxury, where every one appears perfectly happy, entirely at ease."

"I remember the time, M. Ular," I said, "when the foreign visitor criticised us for the brilliant lights in our opera house and our theatres. They said we sacrificed art to showing off our gowns, and called us savages."

"Only savages could say that," was the reply. "Germans, perhaps. Wagner actually tried to have the Paris Opera House darkened for the performance of his 'Valkyrie,' but he was unsuccessful.

"Another thing that struck me here is your foyers. Nobody uses the foyers here. They look like empty sheds or stalls. And the people in the body of the house carry their hats and coats with them because they are too stingy to pay twenty-five cents for having them checked.

"I do not speak of these people, for they were practically buried in their big chairs, and I did not notice them. In the foyer I saw three beautiful women; two of them were Spanish, the other German."

Beauties? Yes, but Wooden.

"And you saw no beautiful Americans?"

"Oh, yes, several; but they looked as if they were cut out of marble or wood, and they have not the air of race, of aristocracy, that French women of the world possess."

"And how do our brains compare?"

"Oh," answered M. Ular lightly, "society women all over the world are geese. There are, to be sure, exceptions. I have met one woman of real intelligence here. Miss Morgan, daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan; I talked with her at a dinner, where she sat on one side of John Mitchell and Mrs. Harriman sat on the other. That struck me as very peculiar; this representative of labor sitting between these two members of multi-millionaire families. Paris would laugh at it.

"Miss Morgan seemed to me to possess intelligence. She had the gift of conversation."

"You say society women are geese? Do you hold the general European idea that all women are less intelligent than men?"

"Oh, no," disclaimed M. Ular quickly, "on the contrary, they are much more intelligent. They have made a slave of man. They make him work for them. Man has, perhaps, become stupid from work; but man is more persevering than woman; he sticks to one idea longer.

Immoral, Because She Flirts.

"I have no complaint to make of the American woman's intelligence. In fact, in America man is more enslaved to woman than anywhere else, and in that respect yours is the most civilized country in the world. But I do say that the American woman is hypocritical and in a certain sense immoral.

"The American woman invented flirtation. We have no such word in our language and had to borrow yours. Flirtation is very immoral. You play with fire."

"Why," I asked, "is that immoral? You and many other foreigners have declared we are unsexed. In that case we have asbestos temperaments and can play with fire with impunity. I will illustrate. At the opera last night you saw the asbestos curtain raised for the performance to go on. But the moment a fire started that curtain would have been dropped. The American woman may flirt, but she respects all the fire laws, and the audience always knows that an asbestos curtain of reserve is somewhere about."

"That," M. Ular obligingly conceded, "is an interesting exposition; but it does not agree with my observations. You have seen a cat play with a mouse—cajole it, caress it softly with her paw, worry it through every stage of hope and despair, and finally break its backbone with her teeth. That is what the American woman does with a man, only she breaks his heart instead of his back."

"Hearts," I hazarded, "are so much more easily mended than backs."

"Not always," replied M. Ular, almost sentimentally. "The American woman, believe me, is a flirt and a hypocrite, and as I saw her last night in the boxes at the opera she is also, in great majority, a goose."

M. ULAR At The Opera House

MANY DROWNED WHEN NEW BRIDGE COLLAPSED.

ALLAHABAD, India, Dec. 21.—A new pontoon bridge at the junction of the Ganges and Juma Rivers, which was opened to-day, collapsed while crowded and 100 persons were thrown into the waters.

Many were drowned, while a panic seized those on shore.

A MUSEUM OF JEWELRY.

Great Display of Diamonds at Casperfeld & Cleveland's.

The great jewelry museum of Casperfeld & Cleveland, for fifty years at No. 144 Bowery, has been famous the country over for its large collection of diamonds and precious stones. Every year it has put forth its best efforts to procure the rare, the original and the beautiful in gems and jewelry, and it may truly be said that its holiday display for 1907 excels anything that has ever been attempted by it. For weeks the store has been and is still thronged with visitors curious to see the remarkable display of blazing diamonds and rare jewels, and marvelling at the magnitude of the collection. The Christmas quandary finds speedy decision there, for the variety of the goods and the large range of prices satisfy the most fastidious, the most extravagant and the most modest of tastes. The store at No. 144 Bowery, on the "Bowery Savings Bank Block," is convenient to all points. It is one of the easiest stores in Manhattan for Brooklynites to reach.

The watch display is notable for its size and beauty, consisting of gold, silver, gun metal, enamel and other cases, from the severely plain to the elaborately engraved and diamond-studded. Every movement is reliable; some most delicate and ingenious. The prices are quoted at 25 per cent. less than prevailing market rates. Until Christmas, to facilitate holiday shopping, the store will be open evenings until 11 o'clock. *a*

MAN GRAZED BY AUTO WHEELS DIES OF FRIGHT

Shock of His Narrow Escape Results in Fatal Attack of Heart Disease.

John Leffert, a street sweeper, was frightened to death to-day on Park avenue when he was grazed by a speeding auto-truck of the New York Transportation Company. When the auto flashed past Leffert between Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh streets the wheel-hubs just touched his knees.

Charles Ahearn, at the tiller of the big auto, laughed down at Leffert but noticed that the sweeper had turned deathly pale. Looking back from Thirty-seventh street Ahearn saw Leffert stagger and fall face downward on the street. He stopped his auto and ran back but Leffert then was dead.

The fright the sweeper had received by his narrow escape from being run down brought on an attack of heart disease, a Bellevue Hospital ambulance surgeon declared, and was the direct cause of death. Ahearn, who lives at No. 116 Varick street, was arrested and held by Magistrate Kernochan in the Yorkville court for trial on a charge of homicide. He said:

"I signaled to the man to get out of the way. His back was toward me as he was sweeping, and he paid no attention. I thought he was going to step aside, and did not check the speed but steered away from him. He stepped right in the path and we just grazed him."

An examination of Leffert's body failed to find a scratch or bruise. He lived at No. 316 East Thirty-ninth street.

BROKER FOUND DEAD IN ROOM BY HIS WIFE

Thomas G. Milsted, a broker on the Consolidated Exchange, was found dead in bed in his apartment at No. 262 West Eighty-third street to-day by his wife, who went to call him for breakfast. Dr. Frank Fielder, of No. 1 West Eighty-first street, who was summoned, was unable to determine the cause of death and notified the Coroner.

Mr. Milsted was fifty-two years old, a big, jovial, popular man. He had an office in the brokerage house of W. Jenks Merritt, at No. 44 Broad street. The market had been going against him of late and he had sustained severe losses, but the members of his family say that he did not appear to be unduly depressed; in fact, he spoke confidently of his ability to rehabilitate his affairs as soon as the panic should pass over.

At the suggestion of his wife Mr. Milsted had prepared for an elaborate Christmas celebration for his three children. He went out to Davenport, Ia., for his brother John, who arrived in New York a few days ago and was stopping at Mr. Milsted's home.

The family sat up last night until nearly 12 o'clock, talking and laughing and singing. Mr. Milsted had not been to business during the day because of a bad cold, but his illness had not, apparently, affected his spirits.

John Milsted said to-day that he did not believe his brother had committed suicide. He added that if the broker had been in need of assistance he could have secured it from members of his family.

TRAIL OF THUG LEADS SLEUTHS TO THE TOMBS

Prisoner Held for Small Theft Identified by Victim as Burglar.

At the request of Detective-Lieutenants Stransky and Cook the entry against the name of George Jame, a prisoner in the Tombs, was changed today from petit larceny to assault with intent to kill. He is now held without bail to await the result of injuries suffered on Dec. 17 by Dr. Eustratius Coccoras, of No. 15 James street, the leading physician of the Greek colony.

Dr. Coccoras awoke in his room just before daylight on the date mentioned to find a man ransacking his effects. He jumped out of bed and tackled the intruder, who drew a razor and slashed him across the throat. The cut was deep and Dr. Coccoras fell unconscious.

Jame, a Greek, living at No. 703 Sixth avenue, was detected in a small theft and arrested the next day by a policeman attached to the West Thirtieth street station. Stransky and Cook, who had been assigned to the case, received a tip that Jame might have been implicated in the assault.

They went to the Tombs and found Jame in a cell, attired in his underclothes. He protested against allowing the detectives to see his outer clothing, but they got it and examined it. The trousers and coat were stiff with blood.

In Jame's room at the Sixth avenue address they found a soft hat, covered with blood, and a razor. They took Jame to Bellevue Hospital, where Dr. Coccoras positively identified him as the murderous James street burglar. Dr. Coccoras is in a serious condition, and may not recover.

EDWIN D. PRICE, ACTOR AND MANAGER, DEAD

One Time Husband of Fanny Davenport a Victim of Pneumonia in Omaha.

A despatch from Omaha to-day reported the death from pneumonia of Edwin D. Price, the theatrical agent, who for nine years was the husband and manager of Fanny Davenport. He had been an actor before he met and married the great actress in 1879. After that he managed the various productions his wife appeared in until 1888, when they quarrelled and were divorced.

Later Fanny Davenport married Melbourne McDowall, who appeared with her in many of her later successes and to whom she left the bulk of her fortune when she died in 1898.

During recent years Edwin Price has managed theatres in Philadelphia and the West.

PHILADELPHIA WOMAN IN PARIS SANITARIUM.

PARIS, Dec. 21.—Mrs. Joseph Nelson Patterson, of Philadelphia, the American woman who yesterday was taken in charge by the police of this city because of her eccentric behavior in the street, was to-day transferred from the conciergerie prison to a private asylum, where she will be treated until she is in a condition to be sent to the United States.

This transfer was made through the efforts of Frank H. Mason, the American Consul-General. Mrs. Patterson is suffering from acute mania. Her husband left Paris for the United States two weeks ago, after installing his wife in an apartment here.

TO PREVENT THE GRIP.
LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine removes the cause. To get the genuine, call for full name and look for signature of E. W. Grove. 25c. *a*

MAY BE NO CASH FOR AHEARN ON SALARY DAY

Comptroller Metz Wants to Know Status of the Borough President.

It isn't at all unlikely that Borough President John F. Ahearn may be forgotten when the salaries are passed out at the end of the month. A conference regarding the legal status of Ahearn was held at the office of the Corporation Counsel to-day.

Comptroller Metz has asked for an opinion as to whether or not he should recognize Ahearn as a city employee or allow him to sign the payrolls of the office.

George McAneny, President of the City Club, which organization brought the charges against Ahearn before the Governor, called upon Corporation Counsel Pendleton to-day to discuss Ahearn's case. With him were Assistant Corporation Counsel Francis C. Hoyt and Commissioner of Accounts John Purroy Mitchell. Mr. Hoyt acts as personal counsel to Mayor McClellan.

The Corporation Counsel did not commit himself on the subject, but took it under consideration.

Leaving the office of the Corporation Counsel, Mr. McAneny went to the Supreme Court, where, it is said, he discussed Ahearn's case with one of the justices.

Mr. McAneny announced that a meeting to protest against the re-election of Ahearn had been called for Monday afternoon in the Hotel Manhattan. The meeting was called by R. Fulton Cutting, head of the Citizens' Union. Members of the City Club and other reform organizations have been invited to the meeting, which will begin at 4.30 o'clock.

EIGHT HORSES BURNED TO DEATH IN BRONX FIRE

Eight horses, one a fast trotter, were burned to death by a fire which destroyed the one-story stable at One Hundred and Thirty-seventh street and Lincoln and Third avenues, owned by Joseph Loughlin, a truckman, just after midnight this morning.

The fire was discovered by Patrolmen Murray and Schumway, who forced open the door and started to lead out the horses. The first, an old gray horse, fell dead just as it reached the doorway. Its body blocked the passage and the patrolmen were unable to move it and were forced to retreat from the building.

By the time the firemen reached the barn the other seven horses had been suffocated or burned to death.

AMERICAN GIRL IS MARRIED IN PARIS.

PARIS, Dec. 21.—Margaret Hurley, daughter of the late Michael Hurley, of Lynn, Mass., and Capt. Carlyle MacG. Dunnar, of the Twentieth British Hussars, were married in this city to-day.

50 VOLUNTEERS GIVE NEW SKIN TO SAVE FRIEND

Wound Made by Fireworks Explosion on the Fourth Would Not Heal.

GRAFTING NECESSARY.

Priest and Fellow Members of Holy Name Society Eager to Help Their Secretary.

When Frank Waters, secretary of the Holy Name Society of St. Lucy's Church, Jersey City, and one of the most popular young men in the parish, leaves St. Francis Hospital two weeks hence, he will wear upon his body tangible evidences of the self-sacrificing devotion of his friends such as few could command. A big section of the skin on his left side and thigh will be skin grafted from the flesh of fifty young men of the Holy Name Society who have volunteered to help him.

Already thirty of these young men have undergone the process by which pieces of their skin have been transplanted to the tissues of Waters. Within a week twenty more will offer themselves to the surgeon's knife, and from the success that has attended the former operations it is reasonably certain that Waters will soon be able to resume his duties as a clerk in the offices of the Erie Railroad.

Waters is twenty-one years old and from his early boyhood was an active member of the various boys' and young men's societies connected with St. Lucy's. He was also an athlete—a big, strong, clean, temperate young fellow with a lot of vitality and character.

How Waters Got Hurt.

On June 17 he married May Markey, the pretty daughter of Capt. Markey, of the Jersey City Fire Department. The young couple went to a Fourth of July picnic given by the Holy Name Society. In the evening there was a fireworks display under Waters's direction. In some way a skyrocket was exploded close to him and the full charge of fire struck him on the left side, searing the skin from the breast to the knee.

The wound became infected with poison from the explosives in the rocket and for nearly three months Waters hovered between life and death. His devoted bride spent all the time the hospital regulations would permit at the side of his cot and her encouragement aided his natural stamina and physical strength in pulling him through.

When the immediate danger of death had passed the surgeons found that the raw wound caused by the fire would not heal. They decided that an extended operation of skin grafting would be necessary, and sent for Father X. J. Watterson, assistant rector of St. Lucy's.

Priest First to Volunteer.

Father Watterson, a young, vigorous priest, volunteered to furnish all the skin wanted from his own body. Joseph Barclay, a fireman, lying on a cot adjoining that of Waters and suffering from injuries sustained in the course of his work, was another volunteer.

Dr. Graham, who had charge of Waters's case, informed the brave priest and the fireman that their offer would not suffice. He said that to save Waters it would be necessary for many healthy men to consent to have pieces of their skin grafted to the wound of the patient.

Father Waters called a special meeting of the Holy Name Society, stated the case, and called for volunteers. Every member present at the meeting arose and insisted upon submitting himself to the operation; finally fifty of the youngest and strongest were picked.

The first six to contribute skin were Edward Kane, Joseph McGowan, Thomas and John Keenan, Joseph Lee and Michael Cleary. Others followed them in small squads and the work will continue a week longer.

Dr. Graham says that the operation thus far has been wonderfully successful and that the contributions of twenty additional members of the society will furnish young Waters with a complete coat of new skin over the raw surface left by the accident.

OLD STATEN ISLANDER DEAD

Surveyor W. H. Bostwick Expires at Age of Eighty.

William H. Bostwick, one of the oldest residents of Staten Island, died suddenly to-day at the home of his son, Harvey Bostwick, with whom he lived on Grymes Hill, Stapleton.

Mr. Bostwick was a surveyor, and, although eighty years old, was actively engaged in business. His son, C. Livingston Bostwick, is clerk of Richmond County.

Horrors of Fat Girls Coming Out

Coming out is the first great event of a girl's life. She thinks and dreams about it from the hour she understands what it means. It is to be her first triumphal social hour. Then how terrible must be the anticipations of the overfat young maiden who realizes her proportions are far from conforming to the standard of fascination set by the more shapely girls with whom she is about to compete! Hence ensue desperate efforts, by means of rigid dieting, curtailment of fudge and chocolate delights, strenuous exercising at the risk of developing a pure set and angular outline of figure, to take off the excess of matronly fat. Or else the distracted debutante flies for succor to the "patent" and "secret" advertised remedies.

The regrettably too frequently is that the so-called remedies and starvation diet ruin her stomach, while the exercise makes her coarse and muscular, and is accompanied by serious physical danger. A far better plan—one which other fat folks, by the way, whether male or female, old or young, may adopt with equal benefit—is to go to the druggist and get three three simple remedies: 1½ oz. Marmola, ½ oz. Fluid Extract Cascara Aromatic and ½ oz. Syrup Sim-Sim; mix them together and take one teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime.

With the aid of this harmless receipt one can reduce as much or as little as one pleases, quickly and safely. It works naturally, does not cause wrinkles and reduces the body symmetrically. Furthermore, it depends on neither exercising nor diet to help it do the work, and it will not distress the stomach. On the contrary, it is beneficial to the system, cleansing the blood and clearing the complexion. Finally it saves a girl's money, for any druggist will fill this receipt for a small sum.

ANYONE CAN MIX THE PRESCRIPTION

Tells of Home Made Mixture to Cure Kidneys, Bladder, and Rheumatism.

A large New York health publication tells it readers of a number of simple and safe prescriptions that can be made at home. The following, however, for the cure of rheumatism and kidney and bladder troubles receives the greatest praise, viz., Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. These simple, harmless ingredients can be obtained at any good prescription pharmacy at little cost, and are mixed by shaking well in a bottle.

The dose for adults is a teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime, drinking a full tumblerful of water after each dose. It is further stated that this prescription is a positive remedy for kidney trouble and lame back, weak bladder and urinary difficulties, especially of the elderly people, and one of the best things to be used in rheumatic afflictions, relieving the aches and pains and reducing swellings.

A well-known local druggist states that this mixture acts directly upon the eliminative tissues of the kidneys; cleanses these sponge-like organs and gives them power to sift and strain the poisonous waste matter and uric acid from the blood which is the cause of rheumatism.

Cut this out and hand to some sufferer, which would certainly be an act of humanity.

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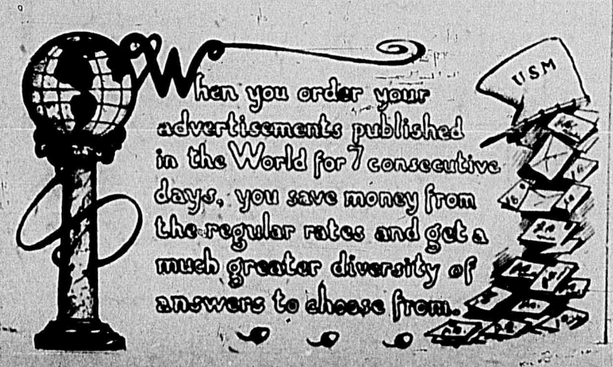
RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

BOWERY MISSION, 36 Bowery, nr. Canal st. President, Dr. Louis Klopsch.

To-morrow at 11 A. M., Mother Hicks's meeting and luncheon. Address by superintendent. At 3 P. M., testimony meeting; leader, Mr. J. H. Long. Christmas Day, at 9 A. M., distribution of family baskets. At 2 P. M., family gathering of Brotherhood of B. M. Converts. At 8 P. M., annual Christmas dinner and meeting.

Early morning breakfasts every morning at 1 o'clock. Free lodgings men provided for. Contributions received by financial secretary, Mr. John C. Earl, 92 Bible House, or J. G. Hallimond, superintendent.

Sunday World Wants Work
Monday Morning Wonders.



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