

before they get a chance
corn or even to shrivel the wheat.

Undergoing Repairs.

The Church of the Ascension has been undergoing a state of repairs in the last few weeks that has been greatly needed for sometime. The tower has been improved by a new roof, surmounted by a handsome gilt cross, the gift of two communicants. The eastern vestibule has been stained and varnished and other improvements put in that makes it much more attractive. The southern vestibule has been repaired and thrown open as the main entrance to the church, connecting with a broad aisle, the pews having been arranged in that order. New windows have been added, a new roof covers the vestry room and the choir stall enlarged, which gives more room for that important part of the services. The church has been thoroughly cleaned, a number of new kneeling benches and a new floor supplied, and altogether the church presents a pleasing appearance. The ladies of the "Daughters of the King" expect to put in new and modern pews and new furnaces during the coming season, and further improvements will be instituted from time to time. The committee having these repairs in charge consists of H. G. Beatty, M. L. Gortner, C. H. Race, with Mrs. W. B. Clark as chairman, and much credit is due them for the prompt and efficient manner in which they have discharged their duty. The Church of the Ascension is "Burlington's historical church," being the first church built in the city, founded in 1861 by Rev. Wm. H. Hickox, the first clergyman of the Episcopal church in this section. Many of our oldest residents have been connected with this church from the beginning of its history and have freely given of their means to keep alive the services so dear to church men. Among those "whose rest is won" and are numbered with the saints in Paradise, but whose good example and interesting devotion will be ever held in loving remembrance may be mentioned are Rev. Hickox, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sands, Hiram McAllister and many others who labored with zeal and gave unsparingly, often of scanty means. "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them." The present rector of the church is the Rev. C. E. Brandt, who holds services in this church every alternate Sunday. A good Sunday school is one of the pleasing and useful features and a cordial invitation is extended to all to attend services at the Church of the Ascension.

It is a cold day when north Burlington can't get up a wedding. Matrimony, like smallpox, seems to be catching. It first broke out among the kids and it is now raging among those of more mature years. It just seemed that no one good enough for Lem Woods ever would be found, but Lem comes to the front all right enough this week.

all the work done.

F. Hopkinson Smith told a yarn of the Southern slave who diagnosed a boy's illness in her master's home. "It's a case of too much watermelon," she said. One of the others informed her with great dignity that there could be no such thing as too much watermelon. "Well," said she, "then there ain't enough Loy."

When he got a chance Hop set them agoing again by a temperance story of the plantation days. A favored servant left alone with a guest to whom he had just served the delectable mint julep said "I notice, Massa George, that when you drink a julep you always close your eyes. Now, why do you do that?" To which the guest answered indulgently: "If I looked in the glass when a julep is before me my mouth would water so 't would spoil the taste."

And Beauty and the South called Hop back and made him tell an old one—or was it a way of getting even? For he told them of the man of Erin who took his boy to the cobbler's to have a pair of shoes made and bade Crispin be sure to make them of a good fit.

"French kid?" said the cobbler.

"No, damn you! born here in the Fourt' ward!"

Dr. Wyeth said that New York city was a Southern colony now and that this was the largest assembly of Southern men and women that has ever gathered in the city at one time and place. It numbered between 500 and 600.

...becoming the business center of the city.

Mr. Tweed, of Denver Colorado, is here looking up the poultry and egg business this winter. He is a live and energetic young fellow, and has bought in the last ten days 225 turkeys, 350 chickens, and over 400 dozen eggs. He ships all his poultry to the mountains, and having the knowledge and experience of the western market he is able to pay the farmers Kansas City prices. Headquarters at the Patrons' co-operative store.

Saturday James Reiley, of Le Roy, while

Deaths

Mrs. Anna Sands Tweed, 81 widow of Edward Schirmer, died this morning at the Saratoga Hospital. She was born in New York City May 9, 1855. She resided at 142 Lake Avenue for the past four months.

Surviving are two stepsons, Joseph and Edward Schirmer, White Plains; one niece, Mrs. Frank Knickerbocker, Mount McGregor; two nephews, Edward and Richard Tweed, New York City.

The funeral will be held at the Kark Funeral Home tomorrow at 8:45 p. m. The Rev. Irving G. Rouillard will officiate. Services will be held Thursday at 2:30 p. m. in Woolworth Memorial Chapel, Woodlawn Cemetery, New York City, where burial will take place.

venience of the family.

TWEED—Richard, retired New York Police Department, formerly of Clark and Tweed, 369 9th Ave., suddenly on Oct. 20, beloved husband of Grace, father of Richard and Frank of the New York Police Department. Funeral from parlors, 241 W. 14th St., on Tuesday, Oct. 24, at 9:30 A. M.; thence to St. Michael's Church, W. 34th St., where Solemn Requiem Mass will be offered. Interment Calvary Cemetery.

VAN INGEN—Mrs. Josephine M. (nee McGuire), beloved wife of Bernard J. Reposing at McGrath's Funeral Home, Bronxville N. Y.

No Sect in Heaven.

Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name;
"Good father, stop! when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for Heaven, and when I'm there,
I shall want my book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain,
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to "the Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was made;
"My coat and hat must be of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that,
And then, as he gazed to the farther shore,
His coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he went into Heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing away—away,
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of Psalms,
Tied nicely up, in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in Heaven "all round" might sing.

But I thought he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised, as one by one,
The Psalms and the hymns in the waves went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do!
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,
And the saint astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink:

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow,"
"But I have been dipped, as you'll see me now;"

"And I really think it will hardly do,
"As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
"You're bound I know, to the realms of bliss,
"But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend at the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree,
The old or the new way, which could it be?
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring long and loud
Came ever up from the moving crowd:
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true,"
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true."

But the brethren only seemed to speak,
Mouest the sisters walked, and meek,
And if even one of them chanced to say
What trouble she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide.

A voice arose from the brethren then:
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men';
"For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
"Oh, let the women keep silence all!"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream,
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side;

Side by side, for the way was one,
The tedious journey of life was done,
And Priest and Quaker, and all who died,
Came out alike on the other side.

No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
Nor gowns of silk, or suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

When Violet said, "I think I'll go to Newark and try there," Daisy looked waggish and said: "I'll go along too."

"This Is Suicide," Writes Broker; Kills Himself

After going with his wife to Kensico Dam the night of the Fourth, to watch the fireworks display, Austin Clapp, 52, wealthy insurance broker, went to the cellar of his home, No. 7 Hinsdale Ave., White Plains, sat in an old rocking chair and shot himself through the heart with a .38 caliber revolver.

His body was discovered by his wife and Edward Schirmer, a friend of the family. Clapp had pinned a note on the cellar door, directing his wife to call Schirmer, before entering the cellar.

She followed the instructions. Clapp had written a second terse note, addressed to the police and informing them: "This is a suicide."

He left no word for his wife.

The maid in the Clapp home told police that she returned from an outing at 1 a. m. yesterday morning and saw Clapp sitting at a desk, writing.

Medical Examiner Amos O. Squire pronounced the death a "suicide while temporarily deranged."

Business difficulties are believed to have been the reason for his act.

July 6, 1934

Along with the black cloud comes the silver lining, but the lining seems fearfully thin as compared with the size of the cloud.

Miss Tweed announces the marriage
of her sister, Miss Anna Sands Tweed,
to Mr. Edward Schirmer, Wednesday,
April 5, at Grace Church, this village.