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The Lord High Purveyor of Squabs to The President

Newfield, N. J., March 11.—About the chestiest poultry sharp and truck raiser in this section of Jersey, or of the eastern states, for that matter, is Frank Chew, who runs a broiler and squab foundry a couple of miles from town. He has a right to his feelings, too, if there's anything in official recognition. If he lived in England, he'd be

able to hang a lion and a unicorn over his porch and have his cards printed: "By Special Appointment Purveyor of Squabs to His Majesty and the Royal Family." As he is an American, and a good one, he has to be content with the knowledge that birds from his lofts will be consumed by President Taft and his guests. This isn't quite the same as a cabinet appointment, but it is going some, at that. When Mr. Chew came into the house

this morning, after visiting his live stock, he found in the mail a nice white envelope with "The White House" embossed in one corner. Inside was an order for fifty pairs of squabs for the President's table. After reading it over several times, he joyfully took the household into his confidence, and then went down to the lofts to look over the birds approaching the killing age. Satisfied with conditions there, he

came into town, and with elaborate carelessness let it be known that the United States government was not overlooking Newfield industries. By 10 o'clock the streets were humming with the news. Mr. Chew was elated, but more as a citizen than as a squab raiser.

Is Quite an Honor.

"It's quite an honor to be filling orders for the president," he said. "This

is the first time this section of Jersey has been given any recognition of this sort, and every one feels justly proud."

There is no envy in the town, either. This is an affair in which small personal feelings are surrendered, and the honor of the countryside conserved. That's the view folks are taking of it. "You're the foremost citizen of Newfield," said Postmaster Frank S. Morrell, "though you do live two miles out

of town. Everyone's tickled over this thing, and it's up to you to make good. What kind of birds are you going to ship to the president?"

"Well, I've got about a thousand pigeons in stock now, and several hundred squabs. Take my word that President Taft will get first choice of the lot," said the fancier.

MARSH: Gold Medal Four times won.