
1911

Place: RIVERTONTitle: THE NEW ERA

Newspaper Inventory

Year: 1911

Month	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
Jan.						M							M							M							X				
Feb.			X							X							X							X							
Mar.			X							X							X							X						X	
Apr.							X							X						X								X			
May					X							X							X							X					
Jun.		X						X								X							X						X		
Jul.						X								X					X								X				
Aug.				X						X							X								X						
Sep.	X							X							X							X						X			
Oct.						X							X							X							X				
Nov.			X							X							X							X							
Dec.	X							X							X							X						X			

Other Comments: SEPT. 22, 1911 Supplement (1 page each)

KEY

X = issue filmed
 M = issue missing from film
 P = page(s) missing in issue

JANUARY

INTERESTING NEWS BITS in and around Palmyra

Mrs. A. J. Reeves is entertaining her mother.

Dr. A. P. Lore is entertaining his brother.

Wesley Connor, 24, and son, are staying with his parents.

Miss Mame Plum and Miss Rohr were in Philadelphia Saturday.

Mrs. William Roach spent Monday in Philadelphia with her father.

Mrs. John Harbourn, of Philadelphia, spent Saturday with Mrs. Eula Roach.

Mrs. Charles Slater, of Philadelphia, spent Tuesday with Mrs. A. H. Walters.

Miss Mary Stencker has returned home after a month's stay in Frankford, Pa.

Mrs. Oliver Cross, of Philadelphia, spent Monday with Mrs. Richard Boehme.

Miss Edith Lebo, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schriber.

Miss Katie Mulligan, of Frankford, Pa., spent Tuesday with her sister, Mrs. E. Koser, Jr.

Mrs. A. C. Roray is visiting her sister, Mrs. William Reece, of Newark, Del., who is very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wiggins have returned home after spending several weeks in Philadelphia.

Miss Mary Kildare and Miss Bertha Gull, of Philadelphia, spent Saturday with Mrs. Charles Bille.

At the men's meeting next Sunday afternoon in the Methodist Church Datto Reed will make the address.

Mr. Albert Goodwin and family, of Henry street, have returned home after spending a month in Millville.

Miss Mae Macpherson and Mr. Wilford Miller, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Powell.

Mr. Walter Strain, entertained a number of young men at a stag party last Tuesday in honor of his birthday.

Mrs. Edith Sleeper will address the women's meeting in the Methodist Church next Wednesday afternoon.

A rummage sale will be held in the Field Club rooms on Thursday and Friday afternoons, February 9 and 10.

Miss Nellie Mulligan, of West Chester, Pa., has returned home after a week's stay with Mr. and Mrs. E. Koser, Jr.

Mrs. Harry Keimig, Sr., and Miss Mary, Sarah and Margaret spent Sunday and Monday with Mrs. William Wood.

Sunday will be McKinley Day. The day is marked by the wearing of a pink carnation, the favorite flower of the martyred President.

Mrs. J. E. Greenwalt has returned to her home in Harmony, Del., after spending several weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Roray.

The social given by the Ladies Aid of the Baptist Church Wednesday night in the basement was a decided success. The next one will be announced in this paper.

The special services at the Methodist Church will be continued next week. On Tuesday evening Rev. E. A. Conover, of Pottsville, will preach, and on Thursday evening it is expected that Rev. H. L. Burkett, of Delanco, will be the speaker.

"The Parish of Methodism," which was to have been the subject of the sermon at the Methodist Church last Sunday was postponed until next Sunday morning. In the evening the pastor will speak of "Christ's Question to Need: Humanity."

Rev. F. L. Jewett attended the meeting of the Inter-Church Federation of Trenton today. Governor Wilson made an address at the afternoon session. This Federation includes all Protestant Churches and 1800 ministers were invited to attend today's gathering.

It has been erroneously reported that Barclay Peck, who killed his cousin, Katie Anderson, many years ago and who was sentenced to twenty years in State Prison, is out on parole. Ex-Senator Samuel K. Robbins who as a young lawyer was known as Robert S. Oakhill, defended Peck at his famous trial, states that Peck served out his full term less the usual commutation for good behavior and is therefore not on parole. Peck now stands charged with attacking a Burlington resident with a blackjack and will probably have to meet the charge in the usual course but not as a prisoner who has violated his parole.

Many taxpayers, whether owners of automobiles or not, will be interested in the resolutions adopted by the State Board of Agriculture at Trenton last week, which protested against "the enactment of any law having for its subject any additional concessions to non-resident automobilists." A similar view was expressed by the State Grand jury which met at Atlantic City not long ago. Taken together as the representative organizations of the agricultural interests of New Jersey it is safe to assume that the sentiment of at least fifty thousand farmers was voiced. This attitude on the part of such an influential element is active opposition to the tactics employed by the non-resident automobile manufacturers and their allies in this State last Fall when they tried to bulldoze the legislative candidates into pre-election pledges to support "reciprocity" legislation this Winter, if elected.

Moravian Church Notes.

Services in the Moravian Church next Sunday:

7:30 a. m., Sunday School and pastor's Bible class.

10:30 a. m., litany and sermon by the pastor, Paul S. McIntire, M. A.

7:00 p. m., Y. P. S. C. F. Subject "The Bible's attitude towards Mission Work" led by the pastor.

7:30 p. m., song service. Anniversary of the Union Service. Sermon by the pastor.

You are cordially invited to worship with us.

Card of Thanks.

Mrs. Leonard Harding desires to thank many friends for their kind words and sympathy.

Baptist Church Notes.

At the annual meeting of the Philaena Class, held at the home of Mrs. W. K. Stager, last Friday evening, the following officers were elected:

President, Mrs. E. W. Wiggins.

Vice-president, Mrs. Thomas Branson.

Secretary, Mrs. O. P. Caldwell.

Treasurer, Miss Helen Sawyer.

Assistant secretary, Mrs. R. W. G. Bon.

Teacher, Mrs. W. K. Stager.

Assistant teacher, Mrs. A. C. Hirsch.

2d assistant teacher, Mrs. O. T. Hardy.

3d assistant teacher, Mrs. G. T. Hardy.

One year ago this class started with a membership of 15 and during the past year has increased its membership to 45, thus being the largest women's organized Bible Class in the county.

The notices for the coming week are as follows:

Sunday morning at 10:45 a. m. the regular preaching service of the church.

2:30 p. m., Bible School including the Thilow Baraca Class for young men and the Philaena Class for young women.

Congratulations are hereby extended to this Bible School for having the largest men's organized Bible Class and the largest women's organized Bible Class in the county.

Evening service of worship at 7:30, consisting of a short service of song and praise followed by the regular preaching service.

Pastor Steinmetz will preach at both morning and evening service.

Tuesday evening (next) 7:30 o'clock Pastor Steinmetz can be found in the committee room of the church to meet all inquirers.

Tuesday evening at 8 p. m., regular prayer service of the Church.

Friday afternoon at 3:30 the boys and girls meeting in the basement of the church. Illustrated talks to which all children are invited.

Friday evening at 8 o'clock the Boys Brigade meets in the basement of the church for instruction and drill under the command of Captain Royal Jones.

Thursday evening, February 2nd, the Thilow Baraca Class will hold their initial banquet in the basement of the church.

"The cutting away of a man's sin is the wonderful 'trade Christ ever performed.'"—John R. Mott.

All are welcome to all of the above services.

REV. SAMUEL STEINMETZ.

Surprise Party.

On last Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grubb were tendered a pleasant surprise party by a numerous party of friends and relatives, accompanied by the "Rubber Band" of thirteen pieces. A very pleasant and happy evening was spent and at 12 o'clock they adjourned to the train for Philadelphia.

The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Skeen, Sr., Mr. R. A. Skeen, Jr., Mr. Lewis R. Skeen, Mrs. Lee Potts, Master Harry Potts, Mr. W. W. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Warren, Miss Gladys Warren, Mr. and Mrs. George Grubb, Mr. Royal Grubb, Miss Sydney Grubb, Mr. Harmer Born, Master Millard Grubb and Mr. Lewis G. Grubb.

About 11 p. m. a very substantial lunch was partaken of. Speeches were made, also dancing participated in. A special feature of the evening was a very difficult jig danced by Prof. Alexander and Prof. Warren. Several fine operas were sung by Mrs. Skeen, assisted by the leader of the band, Prof. Sam Quaver. The party was unanimous in their applause and all were pleased with the evening's enjoyment.

A CHINESE STRATAGEM.

Legend of How the Projected Invasion of an Indian Rajah Was Averted.

Rajah Suran, who was one of the greatest rulers of India, overran the entire east with the exception of China, killed innumerable sultans with his own hand and married all their daughters. It is said that when the Chinese heard of his triumphant progress and learned that he had reached their frontier they became much alarmed.

The emperor called a council of his generals and mandarins, and upon the advice of a crafty old mandarin the following stratagem was carried out:

A large ship was loaded with rusty nails, trees were planted on the deck, the vessel was manned by a numerous crew of old men and dispatched to the rajah's capital. When it arrived—the most wonderful part of the story is that it did arrive—the rajah sent an officer to ask how long it had taken the vessel to make the trip from China.

The Chinese answered that they had been young men when they set sail and that on the voyage they had planted the seeds from which the great trees had grown. In corroboration of their story they pointed to the rusty nails which, they said, had been stout from barn as thick as a man's arm when they started. "You can see," they concluded, "that China must be a very long distance away."

The rajah was so much impressed by these plausible arguments that he concluded he would not live long enough to reach China and abandoned his projected invasion.

Getting Ready for the Start.

We know of many who are all in trim for the start in the Bible contest, which commences next week. There are, however, many from whom we have not yet heard, and it is time they got into line. The New Era is a prime necessity, and unless you order at once you may be left without a paper from which to cut the coupon certifying that the necessary reading has been done. There is only one coupon in a paper, so that a copy is essential for every competitor. If you have not already ordered the paper, you had better do so, and if you have, what better blessing could you confer upon some friend than by inducing him or her to take up this New Era study course and sending this New Era during the term it covers? Think about it and "do it now." We take this opportunity of thanking the large number who have spoken words of appreciation for giving the people of Riverton and Palmyra the opportunity of reading these "Suggestive Questions," and for the course of Bible study as previously outlined. A revival of Bible study promoted by the secular press is causing all good people to rejoice. Use the attached coupon for yourself or a friend.

Send The New Era from now to January 1, 1912, the close of the Bible Question Club Contest, for the special price of \$1.00 enclosed. Count me a member of the Local Club.

Name.....

Address.....

The Old Testament Canon.

Last Sunday evening the Rev. Mr. Armstrong gave the third of a series of instructions on the Bible, taking as his topic, the formation of the Old Testament Canon, or the making of the Hebrew Bible. In his tract in previous lectures, the history of the English translation, he explained that his present purpose was to pass to a consideration of the Bible in its original form: of what the Bible is, and of how it came to be.

"It is a well-known fact," he said, "that no other book has been translated into more languages, that there is hardly a dialect in which the Scriptures, 'it is wholly or in part, have not been rendered.'"

Accordingly the Bible has assumed a recognized place, and in some instances, a very important place in the literature of many of the nations of the world.

"So pre-eminent a position has it attained among ourselves and in our literature, English and American, so vast has been its influence upon our institutions that sometimes one almost forgets that the Bible is not an English work, but came to us from a distant land, from a people whose mode of life and ways of thinking were very different from ours."

At a time far antedating the beginning of our civilization.

"The Bible is not a single book, but as its very name implies, a whole set of books, a library in fact, the work of many different authors, embracing various forms or kinds of literature and extending over a period of more than a thousand years. The Old Testament represents a national literature. It is not the complete literary product of the Hebrews by a great deal, but it is a truly representative collection of their writings consisting of such works as they esteemed worthy of the title of Sacred Scripture. In it are preserved the ancient traditions of the Israelites respecting their origin, the historical records of the nation from its beginning to post-exilic days, the chronologies and rituals and legal codes of priests and laymen, the wisdom of the Hebrew poets and philosophers, the songs of Hebrew poets and the messages and sermons of Hebrew prophets. This collection comprising the thirty-nine books from Genesis to Malachi inclusive is termed the Hebrew Canon.

Mr. Armstrong traced the history of the formation of the Canon, which he said was a gradual process, begun probably by Ezra after the return of the Jews from Babylon and continuing until the second century B. C. He spoke also of the high veneration for the text of the Bible which was one of the results of canonization and of the contact of the Jews with Greek civilization. After the Maccabean rising against Syria in the second century B. C. this exaltation of the Scriptures became such that 'it item' the Jews grew to 'think they had eternal life.' Out of these inordinately high views developed the Jewish doctrine of verbal inspiration and absolute infallibility, which doctrine held ground even to our own day, though they have now given way to a view at once more spiritual and more rational which regards the inspired writers rather than the writings as inspired, and this for the purpose of the revelation of spiritual truth, not for the inculcation of historical or scientific knowledge. The speaker pointed out that while the Old Testament exhibits all the diversity, all the varieties of character and origin that may be expected in a national literature it is a fact that no other literature is linked into one whole like this, insistent with one spirit and purpose. In the deepest sense the Bible is one, the inspired, authoritative record of God's gradual and progressive revelation of Himself to humanity.

In conclusion the speaker made some remarks on the Apocrypha, of which he said, there is no evidence that its books were ever a part of the Hebrew Canon though they contain many passages that are spiritually edifying and might with profit be drawn on somewhat more extensively than they are for purposes of devotional reading. More over they are almost the sole source of our knowledge of the affairs of the Jewish nation during the critical period embraced in the last three centuries of the Christian era. On incidents in the history of the Maccabees Longfellow has a poem "Judah Maccabee."

The topic next Sunday night will be "Poetry and Prophecy in the Old Testament."

Prisoner to students—I took it for a lark, your honor.

Judge—No resemblance whatever, for you must have been drunk. (Laughter.)

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

On the Sunday School Lesson by Rev. Dr. Linscott For the International Newspaper Bible Study Club.

Copyright 1911 by Rev. T. S. Linscott, D.D.

Jan. 29th, 1911.

Copyright, 1911, by Rev. T. S. Linscott, D.D. 2 Chron. xviii:1-13.

Golden Text—Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Matt. vi:33.

(1) Verses 1-4—What advantage was it to Jehoshaphat in being the son of a good father and the successor of a good king?

(2) Does a good predecessor, in any position lessen or increase the responsibilities of his successor? Why?

(3) What did Jehoshaphat do to protect his kingdom and how did it show wisdom?

(4) What should we do to protect ourselves from our spiritual enemies?

(5) What king or kings reigned in Israel while Jehoshaphat reigned in Judah?

(6) Why was God so good to Jehoshaphat?

(7) If a man is true, all round, to God, does that alone guarantee his success?

(8) Verses 5-6—Which gives us the greater influence, and why, great ability or thorough goodness? (This question must be answered in writing by members of the club.)

(9) What are the qualities in us which tend most to make people love and be kind to us?

(10) Is it possible for everybody to have his heart "lifted up in the ways of the Lord," and what are its advantages?

(11) Will love and loyalty to God guarantee us against the seduction of riches and every other temptation, almost against every other real loss?

(12) Verses 7-9—What is the chief guarantee of the permanent success of this country?

(13) What are the three public institutions upon which we most depend for the true prosperity of our country?

(14) Why analogy is there between the methods of Jehoshaphat and that of our public schools, and adult Bible classes?

(15) Verse 10—In view of the moral grandeur of the Bible what can you say for, or against, the State making its teaching compulsory in the public schools?

(16) Why ought not all adults, whether professed Christians or not, to attend and take part in some adult Bible class?

(17) Verses 10-11—Taking the world as it is, which is the stronger influence a great nation like this can exert among the nations, and against invasion, a powerful navy or loving righteousness?

(18) What had been the general relationship between the nations here mentioned, and the former kings of Judah, and how did Jehoshaphat change the great change for the better?

(19) Verses 12-13—What would have been the difference, in the success of Jehoshaphat, if he had possessed the same ability but was not a God-fearing man?

Who Jones Was

Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastmont.

It was more than thirty years ago that a Boston policeman named Jones was walking on the Common with such a queer look on his face and so many evidences about him that he was lost that he accented him and asked him for information concerning himself. Jones could give very little. He didn't know whether he was in Boston or Chicago. He didn't know how nor when he got there. He didn't know whether his name was Jones or Montmorency.

It was the duty of the police to solve the mystery. The case was written up and published broadcast. A close personal description was given, and many of the papers published his picture.

After he had hung around for a month he went to work as a common laborer, but waiting and hoping for news all the time. It was well for him that a wealthy man living in New Haven became interested in the case and determined to follow it up as a fad. Jones was only too willing.

He was first given a thorough examination by alienists. Jones was found just as sane as the alienists themselves. That may have disappointed for he had to admit it. Eminent surgeons then examined him to see if his state had not been brought about by some accident to the brain. Nothing of the sort could be shown. Jones was of phlegmatic temperament and not the man to worry his head over anything. A score of people were allowed to question him. Of course the idea was to bring forward something to remind him of himself and surroundings before the mysterious change. Almost every family name ever heard of in New England was mentioned; but he did not recognize it among them. Quite sure that he had, while, ever given names were called over in hopes to strike home, but this failed. Then there was a list of names of boys and girls, but he shook his head at each one. Then a list of trades was called over. He asked what a carpenter and a blacksmith were. He did not know what a scythe or a plow was.

For two weeks the wisest and keenest of men worked over Jones to kindle the lost spark, and then things changed about just as might have been looked for. A majority of the committee and through four-fifths of the public denounced the man as an impostor. It was argued that he was a tramp who was looking for a soft thing, and it was even urged that he be arrested. Only the New Haven man stuck to him, and perhaps that was more through obscurity than anything else. He went back and reviewed the whole case from the beginning. As Jones had no money, it was fair to suppose that he had reached the city on foot. A man out of his right mind and acting queerly could not have traveled far even over country highways without being noticed or taken up. As the newspapers, daily and weekly, had given him so much prominence, but without anybody coming forward, his nearest relatives were not subscribers to any public journal or lived in a secluded locality. Again, Jones must have been a man who frequently went out of his home or his wife would have been worried about him and announced his disappearance. This was the correct line of reasoning, and it soon brought results. Had he been a tramp, the first thing he would have been no long drawn wires around the landmark side of Boston and then on with his man. He got just one hint to guide him before starting. On the street one day as they were passing a machine shop Jones paused to inspect a machine at the door. From the way he went about it it was judged that he had been considerable to do with machinery. It was wonderful how easily a knot is right when you get hold of it the right way. Two men traveled over the city, looking for a home and they were soon as they were out of the city a very farmer or traveler was asked if he knew Jones. On the second day, when forty-five miles away and just as they were passing a long line of a house and a chair shop at the foot of it, they encountered a woman. She was asked if she knew him.

"Why, he's my husband! Samuel, who on earth have you been all this time?"

Samuel rubbed his eyes, stretched and gaped and got down and kissed her. Nothing ailed him now. He was all right. He was a country craftsman, with a shop driven by water power. He was also an inventor. He had left home to visit Boston and see about having a model made. On the way he had either lost his money or been robbed. He is a long way from home and he has a long way to go before he can get a blow on the head. He may have been badly frightened. Brooding over his invention might have unsettled his mind. At any rate, he reached Boston as he was walking to his shop, and as no newspaper reached the house, his wife had been nothing about it. He had often been away for a week, and on this occasion she figured that he was staying a little longer to complete the machine.

The only points you may argue over are: Why didn't people in his vicinity recognize him, and would things have been so bad if he had been lost? Why didn't his wife? You must argue them out to your own satisfaction. I have simply to add that his name was Bascom and not Jones and that he was a good deal of the corn planter in his day.

Two Faced Babies.

"Not that I don't is a born snail, but some babies must be two faced in the cradle."

"Oh, that's not possible."

"Don't know. I know a child that looks like his mother when she goes out in a coat and in the same house of a circle when he begins to be a baby."

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7:55 p. m., Sunday only

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P. R. R. TIME TABLE

In effect Sunday, Nov. 27, 1910.

Arrive at Riverton	Leave Riverton	Arrive at Phila.	Leave Phila.
6:10	6:38	6:41	6:50
6:12	6:41	6:43	6:44
7:04	7:31	7:34	7:35
7:44	8:07	7:44	7:46
8:08	8:31	8:14	8:17
9:41	10:10	9:42	9:44
10:30	10:55	10:32	10:34
11:45	12:14	11:47	11:49

Arrive at Riverton	Leave Riverton	Arrive at Phila.	Leave Phila.
12:10	12:32	12:35	12:36
12:40	1:14	1:17	1:18
1:15	1:44	1:17	1:18
2:05	2:28	2:31	2:32
2:40	3:07	3:10	3:11
3:20	3:49	3:52	3:53
3:48	4:17	4:20	4:21
4:24	4:48	4:51	4:52
5:00	5:25	5:27	5:28
5:20	5:44	5:47	5:48
5:40	6:08	6:11	6:12
6:00	6:28	6:31	6:32
6:20	6:48	6:51	6:52
7:20	7:44	7:47	7:48
8:20	8:47	8:50	8:51
10:50	11:11	11:14	11:15
11:50	12:15	12:17	12:18

SUNDAYS

Arrive at Riverton	Leave Riverton	Arrive at Phila.	Leave Phila.
6:55	7:21	7:24	7:25
9:00	9:27	9:30	9:31
10:10	10:37	10:40	10:41
11:10	11:37	11:40	11:41
12:30	1:57	1:00	1:01
1:50	2:19	2:02	2:03
2:00	2:23	2:26	2:27
6:20	6:46	6:49	6:50
7:20	7:45	7:48	7:49
10:00	10:30	10:33	10:34

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London Pavements in the Old Time.

Occasionally a side pavement added to the comfort of the foot passengers and spared them the necessity of floundering through the deep mire of the roadway. These pavements, however, were only partial, and passengers made use of the highway, soft with mud and filth thrown from the houses and obstructed with heaps of manure, which dogs and swine made their lair. The latter animal was so useful a scavenger and could be kept at so little expense as to account for the pigsties which stood in the main streets of all our towns, even in London. When a royal procession was expected to pass along the narrow roadway dogs and pigs were driven indoors and gravel was thrown down to make the road passable. Usually, however, the streets were left in their primitive squalor.

"Denton's England in the Fifteenth Century."

Punished With Starvation.

In the whole wide world there is not a class of people to be found who inflict severer punishment upon themselves than the Caribs of Central America. Their religion, which is one of the most peculiar kind, demands self punishment for sins intentionally or unintentionally committed. The punishment takes the form of starvation and close confinement. If the sin be in the form of a lie, no matter whether it is calculated to injure another or not, the sinner goes without either food or drink for three days, at the end of which it is believed that the offender has paid the penalty for his crime. Blaspheming and using bad language are punishable by absolute starvation for two days. Assault, drunkenness and other serious sins call for seven days' starvation for one week, three days' starvation for the second week, two days' starvation for the third week, and one day's starvation in the fourth week. All sins are punished with starvation. For that reason crime is very low among the Caribs, who are among the best behaved and most trusting people in the world.

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Father—Wight: Another dressmaker's bill? My dear girl, you should do your mind on something higher than dress. Daughter—So I have, papa. I've got my mind fixed on a love of a kind in a downtown milliner's window, and, just think, it's only \$19.98! You'll get it for me, won't you, papa, dear?

Percy (exhibiting a brocade enlarge-ment of today's snapshot of himself riding a donkey)—See, Dick, I had this taken when I was away during the holidays. Do you think it does me justice? Dick—Why, yes, rather. But who's the awkward rider on your back?—New York Times

"Which side is your member of congress on in this attack on corporate wealth?"
"Well," answered Farmer Corcoran, "I haven't heard him say much one way or another, but I reckon that usual, he's on the inside."—Washington Star

And Mother Officiates.
Eddie—Do you have morning prayers at your house? Freddie—We have some kind of a service when father gets in.—New York Times

He that always complains is never satisfied.—German Proverb.

Who Wonders.
Indignant Customer—I want to return this jewel box. It's not ivory, as represented. Dealer (musingly)—Now, I wonder if it can be possible that elephant had false teeth.—Cleveland Leader

His Practical Mind.
Sculptor (to his friend)—Well, what do you think of my bust? Fine piece of marble, isn't it? Friend—Magnificent! What a pity to make a bust of it! It would have made a lovely wastebasket.

A Comedian.
"Why do so many otherwise clever women write silly letters to men?"
"They're probably making collections of the answers they get."—Cleveland Leader

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Turn About.
Mr. Kipling, while on a visit to Mr. Hardy, went to see a house which the author of "Life's Little Ironies" thought would suit him. When Mr. Kipling moved out of earshot, Mr. Hardy observed to the occupant, a diplomat, "I may mention to you that this gentleman is no other than Mr. Rudyard Kipling."

"In that so?" she replied. "I never heard the name before."
Presently Mr. Kipling, in turn, found himself alone with the lady and remarked:

"Possibly you may not be aware that the gentleman who brought me here to day is Mr. Hardy, the eminent author of 'Life's Little Ironies'?"
"Oh, indeed," was her reply. "I don't know his name."—London Chronicle

Prejudiced Opinion.
"What did the poet mean when he called his country 'the land of the free and the home of the brave'?"
"He was probably referring to back-siders and married men," said old Mr. Smithers sadly.—Stray Stories

Logic and Sophistry.
Little Willie—What is logic, pa? Pa—Logic, my son, is your line of argument. What is sophistry? Little Willie—And what is sophistry? Pa—The other fellow's.—Exchange

Plant Savings Banks.
All built plants have savings banks—stockholders that in fat seasons they fill with substance which in the lean days may be drawn upon. The leaf buds on the bare winter branches of plants are savings banks full of the plant currency called starch. This currency, accumulated in the easy summer, makes life through the hard winter endurable. Some plants, the beet carrot and turnip, run particularly fine savings banks called taproots. These plants have turned economy to parsimony. They are miserly. Their leaves or taproots are bigger and brier than themselves, hence their destruction. What one thinks of, rather, he eats their savings, their best part.—New Orleans Times-Democrat

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JACK'S TEMPTATION

By WILLIAM ALFRED COREY

"Up there, the range under stands," the gunner's mate was explaining to an interested group about him; "and the aim is taken through these two little tubes which are fitted with lenses. By means of this wheel the muzzle of the gun is raised or lowered and this other one is to swing it laterally as the man takes aim at objects. This gun is effective at sixteen miles."

The young sailor was gifted with qualities which compelled attention and which made it a pleasure to hear him talk. He was a tall, slender fellow, with a fair complexion and a pair of blue eyes, and he was a good talker. He was a native of the old world, and he had a way of speaking that was both clear and convincing. He was a good observer, and he was a good listener. He was a good friend, and he was a good enemy. He was a good man, and he was a good sailor.

Women are proverbially quicker-witted than men. At least the woman was in this instance; and Floretta Williams quickly and tactfully relieved the tension of the situation by extending a delicately gloved hand to the discomfited gunner with the words: "Why, Mr. Masters! How amazed I am to meet you!"

And then turning to her party, she said, with perfect grace and composure, "Mr. Masters, let me introduce my uncle, Mr. Gilson of Los Angeles; and these young ladies are my cousins, Miss May Gilson, Mr. Masters, and Miss Angelotta Gilson." Then, to her friends, she explained, "Mr. Masters is a former friend of mine from Kansas."

The young lady's presence of mind had been well shown, and she had shown that probably none in her party except Jack Masters' himself, not even the young lady's cousin, though it takes a woman to read a woman, detected a vague something in Floretta Williams' manner that indicated her desire not so much to throw cordiality to the embarrassed gunner as to relieve the general strain.

However, the situation relieved, young Masters pulled himself together and devoted all his attention to Miss Williams, his former Kansas friend, and her party.

Two hours were spent in inspecting the wonders of the great battleship. The gunner took them everywhere, above and below, forward and aft, explaining the mysteries of turret and tower, gun and bridge, signals and codes and flags, details as to discipline and routine, the bow and the way and why not in a thousand different particulars, and with infinite patience.

Often, as Jack Masters tried to catch Floretta Williams' eye, he was often failed. No; once she did look at him, but it was when he had addressed her as "Floretta," and the look he saw was a plainness he could not understand, "I am Miss Williams, please," and he had humbly swallowed the rebuke.

But even as he talked of the navy and of the things of war, his mind was far away, both in point of space and time. As he was explaining to them the wireless message system in use on the ship, memory was bringing to his mind wireless messages from a village among corn and wheat fields; faces of friends, of harvest fields and schoolroom and pleasure party, and of the sudden end of it all; of an insane fit of jealousy, a penciled good-bye that had been a stab in the heart of love, and then of the new life—his suspense, his hopelessness and his trailing burden of guilty conscience.

And here she was by his side; here on the quarterdeck of the Kansas, the woman whose heart he had wounded in a moment of careless frenzy—and he could get no word from her. She was interested only in the ship and its wonders. She had no interest in him. To her he was only "a former friend from Kansas."

The time had come for Miss Williams and her party to go, and the Master's signal was already blowing. "Floretta—Miss Williams," he called Jack with the earnestness of desperation in his voice, "I must have a word with you before you go."

Somebody on the Roof

By Dorothy Blackmore

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)
Miss Hyacinth Wells was an old maid. If she hadn't been an old maid she wouldn't have been the owner and principal of the Wells school for young ladies. Old maids have a fondness for opening schools for young ladies. It's their way of getting revenge for never having had any romance in their own lives. They become watch dogs and tyrants and gloat over it.

When Miss Jean Kelly arrived at Ravensdale and the Wells school with her mother, she was left in the parlor while the mother and Miss Wells retired to a private room to have a confidential conversation. Miss Jean was to be sequestered on account of her being in love at nineteen. She was as good as engaged to a very determined young man, who was two years older. He had said to the mother's face after being turned down that he would marry Jean if he had to wait a hundred years. It had taken the strongest kind of parental authority to bring the girl to the school, and she was to be kept there as a pupil and a prisoner. No letters must be received or sent without being read. As she walked out on the grounds, guards must accompany her.

She had been hurried from home, so that the determined man might not get track of her, but in case he did he would be known by a scar on his chin. Miss Wells was to look for a scar.

A PADEREWSKI STORY.

When the Great Musician Walked to His First Important Engagement in Paris.

Paderewski's first really important engagement as a pianist was in Paris. He was engaged to play in the drawing room of a lady banker for her son-in-law, and his fee, which seemed to him enormous, was \$20. He managed to persuade the humane agent to pay him in advance, and when Paderewski had redeemed his dress suit from pawn and paid for shoes, gloves, and other essentials he had no money left for cab hire, so he was forced to walk to the scene of his engagement.

The music-loving audience inspired him. He played with feeling, passion and mystery of his instrument as never before. His success was instant and unmistakable. The poor player had suddenly become the lion of the hour. He played with feeling, passion and mystery of his instrument as never before. His success was instant and unmistakable. The poor player had suddenly become the lion of the hour.

At last after disengaging himself from his admirers he turned to leave, when his hostess, remembering with what he had been playing, turned back and said, "You have played very well, but you have not played for me yet. You have played for the crowd, but you have not played for me yet. You have played for the crowd, but you have not played for me yet."

There was a long drive, luncheon, afternoon naps, dinner and an evening concert. It was late that night before Jack got the opportunity to talk with Floretta. Drawing her to a seat beside him on the lawn of the Gillson residence, he told her again of his love, of his repentance for the past, of what he had suffered in atonement and of his hope to win and be worthy of her love.

"But Jack," said Floretta, "your heart may be right, but you are not free. You belong to the navy."

It stung him and he burst out with: "Hang the navy! I'll quit it. It's free, anyway. I'll quit it and live for you."

"That is no justification," she returned. And then, after a moment, as with neither spoke, she went on with a mind made up. "Jack, you are impulsive as you always were, and you lack judgment, as you always did. You have many good qualities—but you put a hand on his shoulder—"but you lack coolness and caution. You left me as we were soon to be married, and I am a mere—plus, without cause, to suffer punishment and ridicule. And now you want to come back to me under circumstances that would only cause added suffering and humiliation to both of us. You certainly know that desertion from the navy on any is a serious crime, and—seriously punished. You would have to change your name and completely hide your identity to escape punishment, and that would be unbearable humiliation to us both. If discovered you would not only suffer for—desertion but you would lose your citizen rights. Oh, Jack, you certainly don't expect me to allow you to bring all this on yourself and me, do you?"

The sailor could answer nothing. He could only sit with his head in his hands and with a howl with the penetration of mental agony.

Finally, Floretta went on: "Jack, I don't want your money; I want your heart. I don't want you to leave me; I want you to stay. I don't want you to be a deserter; I want you to be a soldier. Be brave in the face of every foe, even your own desires. Be true to the promise you made your country when you enlisted; be true to the flag. I am glad to have seen you again, and to know you are the man you did me, to know that you still love me. Jack, my heart is the same as it was. I shall never love anyone else. Go back to your ship and your duty; serve out your time and then come to me with a clear conscience and an honest name."

There was a struggle that lasted far into the night, the old struggle between love and duty, between the heart and the head, between the right and the wrong, and the woman knew what was right and best, but the man was weak and it took the strength of both to hold him true.

Not a Military Hero Worshiper

When the Spanish-American War came on Milton Forester was a lieutenant in the national guard. He received a captaincy in the volunteers and marched away with his regiment amid the plaudits of the throngs who lined the streets. There was one face at an upper window which absorbed the young soldier's attention, the face of his fiancée, Mary Mills. The look of pride in him and love for him that beamed in her eyes might have exhilarated another, but Forester was a peculiarly sensitive man—he dreaded a possible failure. He knew there were certain men whose constitutional makeup unfitted them to be soldiers, and no man can tell whether he is one of these till he comes to face shot and shell. He dreaded lest he should prove unworthy. Should he falter under the terrible strain of battle he would never see Mary again.

Forester thought too much of this. It is well for one to realize obligations, but he should not permit himself to brood over the matter. Forester worried all the way to Florida, from Florida to Cuba and thence to the Philippines. He was there in the background of the final fighting, which was the first time he was under fire.

It was during this contest about Santiago that his regiment was ordered forward in the face of a terrible fire. One's first fight is the most trying of all. It is then that the soldier for the first time hears the ugly stinging sound of bullets, the rattle of machine guns and the scream of shells, to all of which there is the background of incessant roar of cannon. Forester looked a little pale, but pressed resolutely on.

All of a sudden he became conscious of a dim, menacing sensation, his feet struck something soft and he fell. He did not know what had happened. The regiment pushed on. Another line of battle came up and was pressing forward when Forester was awakened. As it were, by the sound of a voice. Nathan Burge, an old and tried friend, had seen him, recognized him and stopped to succor him.

"Nate," said Forester, "I've fallen out of the ranks. I hadn't the physical ability to go on. Write to Mary Mills and tell her that I'll never see her again. She has loved a coward!"
"Hi, you there! Move on!" cried an officer who was marching in rear to urge on stragglers. Write a word! Burge hurried forward, leaving his friend to his own regrets.

When the fight was over Burge sought Forester, but not finding him, supposed that he had hidden his shame by desertion. He waited for a time, thinking that the coward might turn up, but he did not. Burge's regiment was ordered to the coast at the close of the war and was one of the first to embark for home. When he reached Montank Point, the first person he met was Mary Mills. She had come as a nurse. She inquired eagerly for her lover.

Burge prevaricated. He could not bear to deliver the message with which he had been charged. But Mary, with a woman's quick eye where love is concerned, saw that he was concealing something and was pulled up to keep it. She started her off on pretense of sickness at home, and the girl was ready to depart she whispered in her ear:

"If you never, never, never say anything about this I'll always say that I ever marry any man it will be a determined young man who knows what he wants!"

The next morning she heard one of her sisters reading from newspaper dispatches from Santiago. She was about to leave the room, dreading lest she should hear that her lover had been ordered before a court martial to be tried for cowardice, when his name was mentioned, but in a different way from what she had expected:

Milton Forester, wounded in the stomach by a bullet, was ordered to the rescue party to take him to a hospital pushed on.

When the boys of '61 were shot in the stomach there was nothing left for them except to pass the dark portal. No so in the Cuban war. By that time such progress had been made in surgery that Forester's stomach was laid bare, the wound sewed up, the stomach put back in place, and in time the patient was as well as ever. As soon as it was safe he was put on a transport and sent north. When as a convalescent he walked slowly down the gangway to the dock his friend Burge and his fiancée, Mary Mills, were there to meet him.

"What did you mean," said the former, "by putting up a job on me like that?"
"Well, I'll tell you, Nate. I once asked my father, who commanded a battery in the civil war, how he felt on going into a fight. He said it made him sick at his stomach. I felt sick, and I didn't know I'd been struck." Mrs. Mary Mills Forester, now a matron of thirty-two, says she believes there is a good deal of bumping about "the fearless heroes of war."

MERRICK AUGER.

Knew Them.
"I am looking for a quiet place to rest," said the tired-looking man. "I think we can safely promise you all the comforts of home," assured the hotel clerk.

"Not on your life!" exclaimed the tired-looking man. "I've been married nine years and have seven children."—Philadelphia Record



have ceased to think of the young man.

Miss Wells expected to find a sulky and obstinate young lady in Miss Jean, but was agreeably disappointed. The new pupil settled right into place and gave no trouble. Instead of sulking she sang. There were fifteen other girls, and while all of them constantly kicked about the weak soup and the oleomargarine on the thin slices of bread, Miss Jean thought it was romantic. No other woman in the world would have suspected her of duplicity, but Miss Wells did. Her heart and hand had never been sought by a determined young man, but she could figure that if such had been the case she would not have given him up so easily. A mother might be hoodwinked, but an old maid—

And Miss Wells' vigilance was soon rewarded. Within four weeks she opened the prison door to a young man with pencil and notebook in hand. He was taking the census of the country. That scar? It was there!

"Go away, sir," cried Miss Wells, and the door was banged on his heels. A week later, when the grocer's delivery boy drove up to the kitchen through the back gate, Thomas passed him with a grumble. Something warned Miss Wells. She left a class to walk through to the kitchen, and behold, the grocer's boy was a young man! And the scar? Yes, it was there; but though he was driven away he went with his head up and a determined look on his face.

Then the various small boys earned various quarters by hanging around the grounds, but they failed in their attempts if they had notes to deliver. One day one of the girls gashed her hand. A doctor was sent for to dress it. With him came a young medical student. That is, he got as far as the door again, and then that scar gave him away.

Miss Jean Kelly had been in the school for three months when Miss Wells got a shock. One of the girls turned turtle-tale. She announced that many a night, about midnight, Miss Jean had snaked out of bed and dressed herself and gone up through the scuttle to the roof and remained there for an hour. She said it was for fresh air, turtle-tale said that a determined young man could reach the roof by climbing the big oak tree growing so near the wall.

Miss Wells compressed her lips; she would see to it; she did see to it. Old Thomas was set to watch at night, but he succumbed the hours away. His old watch dog took his place, and

THE NEW ERA

Published every Friday at
RIVERTON, N. J.

JOSUA D. JANNEY, M. D.
Editor
WALTER L. BOWER
Publisher

The New Era is devoted to the business and home interests of Riverton and Palmyra, independent of political or religious belief.

Subscription One Dollar a year in advance.
Advertising Rates on application.

The New Era Office is equipped to do all kinds of

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"The Fortune Hunter" at the Garrick Theatre.

Cohan and Harris' production of Winchell Smith's splendid comedy, "The Fortune Hunter," is announced, commencing a limited engagement at the Garrick Theatre, Monday, February 6th. This play, which is the best product of the author who dramatized George Barr McCutcheon's celebrated novel, "Brewster's Millions," is, perhaps, the most talked about comedy that has been presented on the American stage in a generation. Its success has been phenomenal, and its Philadelphia premiere will take on the importance of an extraordinary event in so far as theatricals are concerned.

"The Fortune Hunter" comes acclaimed as a classic in comedy writing by many dramatic critics. It has enjoyed a two years' run at the Garrick Theatre, New York City, and another of almost a year in length in Chicago. The original Garrick Theatre Company, which includes John Barrymore, Mary Ryan, Forrest Robinson, Sydney Ainsworth and all the players that have assisted in its phenomenal success, will be in evidence during the Philadelphia engagement.

In "The Fortune Hunter" Winchell Smith presents a clean, breezy American comedy, comically funny in its conception, with a unique and carefully developed plot that catches the fancy and holds the tense attention of an audience from first to final curtain and in the end points a moral that may be studied and practiced with profit by young and old.

It is the sort of a production that reads as an audience home feeling as though they would like to help their neighbors. The story tells of a young man who, reared in wealth and luxury, with an impractical education, finds himself obliged to work for a living at the death of his father. After making several attempts he finally accepts the proposition of a mutual friend to go to a small town where eligible men are scarce and win the hand of some girl whose father is wealthy.

A set of rules is laid down, and a small Pennsylvania town chosen as the place of action. How he eventually succeeds, how his experiences develop his hidden business ability, and how he eventually works out his own reformation and makes a large success of his life is left to the story to unfold.

The preliminary sale of seats for "The Fortune Hunter" began at the Garrick on Thursday morning, February 2nd, and our readers are advised that if they contemplate seeing this fine play, it will be well to secure their reservation well in advance.

Keith's Theatre.

A bill of extraordinary proportions will interest patrons of B. F. Keith's Theatre during the week of February 6. It is in every respect a blue ribbon banner bill. There is not an act on the entire program but could serve as a headliner, but, of course, the supreme star spot on this banner bill must go to Mlle. Adeline Genee, the Danish wonder and the world's greatest dancer.

As all Philadelphia knows, Miss Genee was the latest star of "The Soul Kiss," "The Silver Star," "The Bachelor Belles" and other national hits. Mlle. Genee brings with her a company of ten brilliant artists, including Mlle. Alexis Kooloff. The music is by some of the greatest composers, including Gounod, Debussy, Muscovski and others of the world's best. Mlle. Genee is considered by the greatest critics of the time to be the world's supreme mistress of the Terpsichorean art. This is Mlle. Genee's first appearance in vaudeville in this city, having made her debut in the Varieties in New York City to tremendous applause only a week or two ago. Mlle. Genee will be the sensation of the town before her week's engagement is over.

Among the novelties we have Bert Levy, the great Australian cartoonist, entertainer and wit. Mr. Levy draws stunning pictures on a small sheet of glass no larger than the hand, and during his work the picture is projected on a gigantic screen, thirty feet square, where it can be seen from all parts of the house.

St. Paul's Baptist Church.

The Sunday service at St. Paul's Baptist Church are as follows:
Preaching 11 a. m.
Sunday School 3 p. m.
B. Y. U. P. 7 to 8 p. m.
Prayer meetings on Wednesday evenings.

REV. F. LYNCH, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

Regular services will be held next Sunday as follows:
10:45 a. m., morning worship.
2:30 p. m., Bible School.
8:00 p. m., evening worship.
Wednesday, 8:00 p. m., the prayer-meeting will be held, with something interesting for each one. Come and take part.

J. G. NODDERS, Pastor.

WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET

for Riverton and Vicinity

Mr. Lewis Cramer attended the funeral of his mother in Philadelphia on Saturday.

Mrs. Helen Cottrell and Mrs. Ernest Shaver spent Wednesday in Delanco with relatives.

The census of 1910 gives the population of Riverton as 1788 and Palmyra township as 2801.

Mr. J. M. Coddington, of Matawan, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Coddington.

Mrs. J. M. Coddington, of Matawan, who is well known in Riverton, was taken seriously ill on Wednesday.

A rummage sale will be held in the Field Club rooms on Thursday and Friday afternoons, February 9 and 10.

Miss Anna Huston and Miss Clara Hoffman, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John M. Hughes.

The home of Mrs. John Williams was entered on Sunday night and a small amount of cash and two stick pins were taken by the intruders.

The supper, which was to have been given by the Golden Hour Circle on February 16, in the Presbyterian Chapel, has been postponed until Tuesday, the 21st.

Miss Iva Jenkins will leave the telephone exchange the last of February and will go to Torrington, Ind. Miss Underhill will fill the vacancy made by Miss Jenkins.

The Burlington County Safe Deposit and Trust Company, Moorestown, N. J., with its large capital, and still larger earned surplus, together with its record for carefulness, gives a reliable guaranty of safety.

Prof. C. G. Davis will leave his work at the school this week, to fill his position with Henry A. Dreer, Inc. For the balance of the school year Miss Stimms will have supervision and Mrs. William G. Wilson, of Palmyra, will be her assistant.

Charles Armstrong, aged 57, died last Friday morning and was buried in Morgan cemetery Monday afternoon. Rev. R. Bowden Shepherd conducted the funeral services. Mr. Armstrong was well known, having lived in Riverton for about 20 years.

The Riverton Fire Company elected the following officers Monday evening: Edward C. Stoughton, president; Edward H. Flagg, Jr., vice-president; Louis Corner, Jr., treasurer; William J. Thompson, secretary; Ogden H. Mattia, Sr., William B. Lynch, Thomas E. P. D. M. Clifton, board of directors.

Mr. Paul Pearson, of Swarthmore, will give the third lecture of the library course at the Lyceum, on Tuesday, February 7th, at 8 p. m. The lecture will consist principally of readings from the works of Mark Twain, and is considered one of the happiest of Mr. Pearson's lectures. It is hoped that the attendance will be large. Tickets for single lecture 50c.

Fish and Game Warden Charles C. Morton and Constable Throckmorton, of Mount Holly, while patrolling the shore of the Delaware river, on Thursday night, captured Ralph Wills, of Riverton, who had his net set, contrary to law. Wills was taken before Justice Ziegler, at Riverside, who committed him to the county jail for ninety days in default of payment of a fine of \$100 and costs.

The Progressive Bible Class of the Presbyterian Sunday School gave a musical in the Church Thursday evening. It was well attended and the high-class talent was much enjoyed. Among those who participated were Mrs. Frank Bell, Miss Marion Reber, Mrs. Brehm, Mr. Howard Story, Miss Jennie West, Miss Helen Stephenson, of Philadelphia, Mrs. R. Seth Williams and Miss Carol Becker.

Mrs. Mary E., wife of Mr. Samuel Raugh, in her 22d year, died early last Sunday morning after a long illness. The funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at 1 o'clock at the home of her mother, Mrs. Rachel Murphy, 408 Howard street, conducted by Rev. F. L. Jewett. Interment was made in Morgan cemetery. Undertaker, John C. Helton, of Moorestown, had charge of the funeral.

The J. W. Paxon Co., of Philadelphia, and a number of others interested in the navigation of the Pennsauken Creek, are endeavoring to have the River and Harbor Committee recommend favorably the dredging of the stream, to permit the passage of vessels of larger carrying capacity, equipped with dredges. It is also desired to have the fixed span bridges over the creek replaced by draw bridges. The Board of Engineers of the War Department has reported unfavorably on the dredging plan but it is hoped to have their opinion reversed.

Marshal Miller Captures Dangerous Lunatic.

Henry Willis, the negro convict patient who escaped from the New Jersey State Hospital last Friday afternoon, was captured Saturday morning at Riverton.

Willis was headed towards Pennington when last seen, but a search of that vicinity revealed nothing.

The negro eluded a guard while he was washing windows and made a successful dash for the woods near the institution. Willis was one of the most desperate patients confined in the institution. He was received at the institution July 20, 1909, from State Prison, where he was serving a 12-year term for atrocious assault and felonious assault with intent to kill.

He was originally from Virginia. He was committed to Luncheon, Va., Insane Asylum, and escaped in September, 1908, and made his way to this section of the country. During November of that year he stopped at the home of John Jordan in Hamilton Township and slashed Mr. Jordan's wife with a razor. He made his way to Burlington where he was arrested. He was brought to Mercer County and convicted in Mercer Court, and sentenced to twelve years after serving a year he was pronounced insane.

Card of Thanks.

Mrs. Charles Armstrong and family desire to extend their thanks to the friends who so kindly assisted them in their recent bereavement and sent condolences to the funeral.

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MRS. ALFRED SMITH

UNIQUE STORIES OF PENNSYLVANIA CRIME.

Startling Series of Readable Articles for North American Readers.

That "truth is stranger than fiction" is no empty saying is apparently to have strong exemplification in a series of articles soon to be published in Sunday issues of the Philadelphia North American. The first will appear next Sunday, February 5.

Under the general caption, "Pennsylvania's Greatest Crime Mysteries," one of the articles will appear each week. Crimes that have been the talk of countless for years will be attractively presented, with a view to bringing out the noteworthy features rather than to repeat the horrible details.

Each article will be clothed with the charm of graphic presentation and will read as engagingly as the works of the writers of the great detective stories. The articles will have historical value in that they will present in concise and complete form the facts that became known piecemeal at the time of the occurrence treated. The series will be of especial value to those who are making a study of criminal law and to those who study the causes and consequences of crime.

The first article of the North American series will deal with "The Murder Mystery of Bac's Wood," the crime which ranks as the most mysterious in the history of Chester county—one in which two men gambled for high stakes, a life and a fortune on the table.

Lectures and Moving Pictures at Lyceum.

Mr. H. S. Riley will deliver an illustrated lecture in the Riverton Lyceum, Saturday evening, February 11th; subject, "From Sandy Hook to Old Cape May." This will be illustrated by one hundred colored views and moving pictures of one of which, entitled "Shorty at the Seashore," has created much of laughter wherever exhibited.

The lecture is very interesting and instructive. The Riverton and Palmyra Boards of Education have been invited to attend and the instructors in the schools for the lecture deals minutely with the history of the Jersey coast, its development as the most famous resort section of the world, nature's method of forming the islands and beaches which constitute the valuable part of the coast and artificial assistants are dealt with to some length.

Mr. Riley is an entertaining speaker and a master of the subject. Admission to this lecture is by ticket only, but tickets may be obtained free at Stiles drug store or from members of the local committee: Messrs. Coddington, Wagner, Clark, Ward.

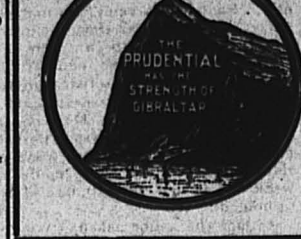
"Seven Days," at the Chestnut Street Opera House.

The very mention of it provokes a smile of anticipation over the uproarious laughter it creates "Seven Days," the famous comedy that for more than two years has been shaking this continent with merriment. It's Philadelphia's turn to get it now, and getting it to be plunged into gay hysteria. "Seven Days," the biggest comedy hit in a generation, that for two years ran unintercepted in New York, making the record of Broadway, starts an engagement at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, on Monday, February 6th.

The Wagons and Kempe Co. is sending to Philadelphia the entire New York cast without a single change, a fact the public will appreciate as it means that "Seven Days," will be seen at the Chestnut Street Opera House exactly as it was during its unprecedented New York run, which again guarantees an ideal performance of the brightest, witliest, gayest and merriest play that ever sent audience into laughing convulsions and kept it in that state from the first moment to the last, for there isn't a let up in the fun so much as a fraction of a second.

"Seven Days," is one of those plays, one work of side-splitting humor condensed into two hours and forty-five minutes of unrelenting mirth. It's cancer

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THE GHOST SPY

"General, we bring you a spy. While at work on the beach the enemy made yesterday we discovered this man or boy, whichever he was, at times working with us, at times looking about him at the approach, the note, the wall, as if searching for a weak point. He did not remove his armor, as we did, for freedom to work and kept his vision closed. Suspecting him, we seized him."

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the general. "Take him to the parapet and hang him in view of the prison who sent him?"

A gibbet was erected, a ladder placed in position and the prisoner taken on to the parapet for hanging. He begged that he might offer his last adoration to his God in his own way, and when permission was given him, facing to the west, where the sun was sinking, he bowed low three times.

"He's worse than a heathen," cried the captain of the execution party. "He wrings his hands and his face is white as a sheet. He is a spy, he belongs."

The youth was forced to climb the ladder, the noose was put about his neck, and the ladder was kicked away. The youth was a few feet and all was quiet.

The night was dark. The sentry who guarded that part of the parapet where the spy hung was obliged to pass and repeat the gruesome object on his belt. At first he would not look at it. Then in passing he turned his eyes toward it, as though compelled by a dread fascination. There was nothing of the body to be seen within the armor except a lock of hair that hung below the helmet.

"It doth amaze me," muttered the sentry, "how long these avatars wait their death. Mayhap it serves for a rope whereby Satan lowers them into the burning lake."

Encouraged by the thought, he gave the corpse a poke with his pike. As it swung back toward him he thought he heard a low moan. Daring to the end of his post, he hid behind a stone projection and could not induce himself to again walk past the body.

While he stood staring in his corner a wind sprang up, away the dread object and occasionally knocking the steel armor against the gibbet. To shut out the sound he put his fingers to his ears.

When he heard the relief coming he took up his pike and resumed his beat. There was the ghostly thing still away in the wind. The sentry was relieved and his successor a brave man, marched to and fro on his beat without fear. Once when passing it occurred to him to strike it with his pike. What was his surprise to hear it emit a hollow sound. He struck it again, with the same result. Then he put a hand under one foot and lifted it without any more exertion than would be required to lift an empty suit of armor.

"Captain of the guard," he cried, "the devil has flown away with the spy's body!"

The captain came, examined the armor and stood aghast. Then he reported the fact to the general. The general came, saw and was conquered. They were superstitious in those days, and he believed that the spy was a supernatural being who had come to find out how best the stronghold could be taken. The ghost had seen that but a handful of men defended it. Besides, it had seen a circuitous path that led to the rear, over which a force might come and drive into the works from a greater height. The general went trembling back to his quarters.

The next morning he saw the forces of the enemy drawn up prepared to climb the heights and a detachment moving toward the path leading to his rear. He ordered a white flag displayed on the battlements.

Later a party carrying a litter came up the declivity. In the litter was a girl, pale and languid. A young knight who accompanied her stated that she had been sent to receive the surrender. The general gave it, saying: "I can fight men, but not spirits. Yesterday a mysterious stranger was observed spying on our works. He had neither the face of man nor woman, but a creature betwixt the two. We hanged him on the parapet that the prince might be deterred from sending others. In the night that which seemed to be a body vanished."

A messenger came upon the girl's way face. "General," she said, "I was this supernatural creature. I volunteered to come and get the information required for your defeat. Before the execution I bowed thrice to the west, which, by a code agreed upon, told the prince your weakness and the best route of procedure. When I was hanged my hair was loose under my helmet and protruded my throat from the noose, which, too, caught in a projection of my armor. I remained unconscious till—" She looked at her companion. He said:

"Seeing the body of my almsford bride hanging on the parapet, I resolved to secure it or die. A party brought ladders, by which I climbed the mast and by another climbed the battlement. As I was about to cut the body down I heard a moan. I looked the

THE BABY TURTLE.

The Young Animals Have to Paddle Their Own Canoes From the Moment of Their Birth.

Just as soon as a baby turtle emerges from the egg he scuttles down to the sea. He has no one to teach him, no one to guide him. In his curious little brain there is implanted a streak of caution based upon the fact that until a certain period in his life his armor is soft and no defense against hungry fish, and he at once seeks shelter in the tropical profusion of the gulf weed, which holds within its branching fronds an astonishing abundance of marine life. Here the young turtle feeds unmolested while his armor undergoes the hardening process.

Whatever the young sea turtle eats and wherever he eats it, facts not generally ascertained, one thing is certain—it agrees with him immensely. He leads a pleasant sort of life, basking in the tropical sun and cruising leisurely in the cool depths.

Once he has attained the weight of twenty-five pounds, which usually occurs within the first year, the turtle is free from all danger. After that no fish or mammal, however ravenous, however well armed with teeth, interferes with the turtle.

When once he has withdrawn his head from its position of outlook into the folds of his neck between the two shells intending devourers may struggle in vain to make an impression upon him—Harpers Weekly.

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Arrive from all points—8:30 a. m. Depart for all points—8:40 p. m. Office open 8:15 to 9 a. m.

Holidays.

From Philadelphia, South and West—7 and 8 a. m.

From all points East, New York and Foreign—9:25 a. m.

For Philadelphia, South and West—7, 9 and 9:45 a. m.

For all points East, New York and Foreign—7:40 and 9:45 a. m.

The Mail Box.

Mail is collected from the box at Broad and Main at the following hours: 8:30 and 11 a. m.; 3 and 6:30 p. m.; Sundays 4 p. m.; holidays 8:30 a. m.

noose, took the burden to the other side of the moat and sent a man back with the armor to hang it up, thinking to conceal the theft till we could take counsel. Our brave girl was brought back to consciousness, and the prince gave her the right to receive your surrender."

The girl who had achieved this great work and served herself to complete it as soon as the story was told faltered. It is one thing to do the work of a spy, another to be hanged.

MELBA EDNA CURTIS.

Stories of W. S. Gilbert.

When Sir Henry Irving and Edwin Booth were acting together in London at doubled prices, the story goes that Mr. Herman Vestin, meeting W. S. Gilbert in the street, asked him whether he had been to this quite exceptional show. "No," said Mr. Gilbert; "I have sometimes paid half a guinea to see one bad actor, but I will not pay a guinea to see two."

Mr. Heisterholm Tree was playing the part of Falstaff at the London Haymarket, and the indispensable stuffing made him perspire profusely. Mr. Gilbert, who was in the theater, went behind the scenes to see the actor, who may well have been expected to be congratulated on the excellence of his impersonation.

"How well your skin acts!" said Mr. Gilbert—London Graphic.

Peter the Great as a Drinker.

There is preserved in the Bodleian library, Oxford, an innkeeper's bill for breakfast eaten in England by Peter the Great of Russia. The czar and his twenty companions managed to dispose of half a sheep, a quarter of lamb, ten pullets, twelve chickens, three quarts of brandy, six quarts of mulled wine, seven dozen of eggs, with salad in proportion. Peter was always a hard drinker. He would drink a pint of brandy and a bottle of sherry for his morning draft; after dinner he managed eight bottles of sack, and so to the playhouse. But his favorite drink was hot pepper and brandy.

Mo Had the Bill.

Tom (a restaurant)—Excuse me, old man, but would you mind paying my check? I haven't anything but a forty dollar bill. Jack—A forty dollar bill! Why, I never heard of a bill of that denomination. Tom—Here it is—a bill from my tailor—Chicago News.

To Fresh Eyes.

Willie, accompanied by his father, was visiting a circus and menagerie. "Oh, papa," the boy exclaimed as they passed before an elephant, "look at the big cow with her horns to her mouth eating hay with her tail!"—Christian Register.

There is nothing so utterly hollow as a kind word that should have been spoken yesterday.—Bryant.

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