

**APRIL**



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## Three Straight Games

By Michael J. Porter

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If the man selling a patent churn or washing machine had appeared in the village of Hillside he might possibly have made a sale, but it would only have been after a week and after he had listened to the gossip of the village and taken a seeming interest.

The stranger would have learned that Nancy Priar, the old maid, had almost taken a dose of Paris green because she had to go home alone from prayer meeting; that Mr. George Scott and wife were thinking of separating because she liked codfish, and he didn't; that Tom Henderson, the carpenter, had been disappointed in love, and that it had made a wreck of him; that old Mr. Travers was using a wrinkle remover and many, many other things. The biggest of the best thing would have been said till the last, and he would have been expected to exclaim that it was fierce.

Philippus Narmore was a feature in Hillside. He was forty-five years old and a widower; he owned the woodenware factory and sung bass in church on Sunday; he was in charge of the fireworks on the Fourth of July, and he had been known to give five dollars to the heathen of Africa all at once; he had brought about the arrest of a horse thief, and he had speculated in Wall street and made \$25,000. The stranger would have been told this astounding news as an appetizer, and then the real corn and beef and cabbage would have been set before him.

There were three widows in Hillside when Mr. Narmore became a widower. It was four weeks after the death of his wife before he settled in public. Two hours later the gossips were betting two to one that he would marry one of the widows within six months. He didn't, however. He didn't within a year. He didn't at all.

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chances were even that

been turned down. Mr. Narmore called on each of the widows. Why not? The gossips said he was courting, but they were mistaken. He called on each of the widows, he talked about the weather, potato bugs, church affairs, fly screens and things of that sort. He always sat with his hat in his hands, and he always rose up exactly with the clock striking nine.

Each of the three widows received private and confidential advice as to how to "catch" the widower Narmore. They should invite him to dinner; they should smother him; they should lock him away and archly; they should sigh and talk of their loneliness; they should boast of their economy and how much work they had got through with in a day. Even old Mrs. who had never had a beau and never would have one set down and looked as wise as Solomon and said:

"Ah, if you only understood how to handle a man as well as I do you'd bring Mr. Narmore to his knees with a week."

Perhaps the three widows didn't want to marry again. Perhaps, but for the arrival of a fourth widow, the village they would not have resorted to rats and puffs and powder and told white lies about their ages. The fourth widow was a Mrs. Harper. She was no younger or more attractive than the other three. She was seemingly handicapped by trailing in at the end of the string.



## The Lehighway to Buffalo

The parting of the way and the joyful home-coming—the farewells and the glad return, are brighter and happier when the journey lies along safe and pleasant paths. No other route so near and so quickly traversed furnishes the contrast from work-a-day sights—the comforts and the charms of constant change. You are never disappointed with your Lehigh Valley trip. The most interesting train that leaves New York or Philadelphia is the

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body dared play me. Why do you ask?"  
"There's a man right in this village who thinks he's some pumpkins at the game!"  
"I'll beat him with my eyes shut."  
"He's won over everybody around here."  
"I'll beat him in my sleep!"  
"But I don't want you to."  
"Why?"  
"Because I want to beat him myself. I want to beat him at checkers and then marry him!"  
"Shoot! I never heard the like. I thought women married for love."  
"It's sometimes just as well to love after marriage. When I was a girl at home I played a pretty good game of checkers, didn't I?"  
"Um-m-m-m. Yes, I remember."  
"But not good enough!"  
"Not good enough to beat a county champion."

"Now listen. You are not to let on here in Hillside that you ever played a game. You are to devote six hours a day to instructing me. You have got to teach me all the tricks in the business."  
"And then what?"  
"I'll play against this man and beat him and marry him!"  
"I don't see how beating a man at checkers is going to—"

"You never mind that. Teach me to beat him and I'll take care of the rest."  
Work was begun the next day, and it was thirty days and one more for good measure when the father said:

"That's enough, Mary. I can't teach you another darned trick. Say, you'll do better, but maybe he won't propose after all."

"Then maybe you've got a mushroom for a daughter!"

The game of checkers that was brought about between the widow and the father was remembered in Hillside until long after the children of that day are married off. It was brought about through badinage on the part of the widow—a little badinage and a little boasting. The novelty of playing checkers with a woman rather appealed to Mr. Narmore. The struggle came off in the town hall, where the hundreds of spectators could see. On that day, an hour before the game began, the widow Dakin, the widow Stevens and the widow Everett fainted away and had to be carried off.

There were predictions that the struggle, which was to be for the best three games out of five, would last a week. A whole day was the most conservative prediction, and many spectators brought noon lunches. But things went like a cyclone after a rabbit. In two hours it was begun and ended. The widow Harper won three straight games, and the widow Narmore never had a chance.

There were cheers and shouts and yells, and the victor was draped in Old Glory.

"Daughter, what was Narmore saying to you after the game?" asked the father after the two had reached home.

"Why, he was asking me to be his wife."

"By thunder!"

Unromantic Courting.

Dr. Abernethy, the famous surgeon, wrote to the lady on whom he had a matrimonial eye: "Dear Madam: I am much too busy a man to have time for love-making; but I should like to marry you, and shall be glad to learn your decision before the end of the week." If Mary had been a sensible woman she would have answered something like this: "Dear Sir: I would not for worlds interfere with your business. Pray stick to it."

Preaching and Practice.

The college instructor should take pains to practice what he preaches.

On a member of a class in English composition brought his theme to the professor, after recitation hour in order that the professor might read a marginal correction which he had written, and which the pupil had been entirely unable to make out.

"Why," explained the professor, "that says 'Write more plainly.'"

Chivalry.

Chivalry has never been shown to all women, but only to a few women of the upper classes, particularly the pretty ones.—Mrs. Zangwill.

That Point of View.

Mr. Rooster:—The trouble with you, Mr. Owl, is that you keep bad hours. Everybody ought to go to bed about sunset and get up just before daylight.—Life.

Flying Too High.

"De man dat alters wants de biggest an' de most of everything," said Uncle Eben. "Is liable to pick up an ostrich an' overlook de turkey bird."

Personal.

Wanted—A housekeeping man by a business woman. Object matrimony.—Lippincott.

The Best of Life.

While of life itself or of its origin or destiny we know but little, we do know how we may have it abundantly and make the most of it. If we do that, not only shall we have the best of life, but we shall have given ourselves the highest present employment of which we are capable, and we may be certain that if there be a future for us beyond these scenes of earth, such a life is the best preparation for it.—The Cincinnati Enquirer.

Weariness.

I wonder how many people who suffer tortures with their feet in hot weather, agonies of aching, burning, swelling and extreme tenderness, know that a raw potato, peeled and cut in half and well rubbed over them every night and morning will cure the trouble? Or, failing that, a good daily soaking in strong cold tea? Or that the worst soft corns will yield to a treatment of salt—ordinary salt applied night and morning?

Old-Time Delicacies.

Cleopatra, frail and fragile, like many thin people at heartily, and her guests wondered at the rarities of which they partook. There was everything there that gastronomy could think of, except mutton, an exception in favor of the divine Ammon with the hamlike head. Even the roast beef and plum puddings were not lacking, for these delicacies were as popular in Thebes as was the broiled and salted goose, with the good brown stout, and strong barley wine to cheer the spirits and assist the digestion.

Initiative.

"It's the man that's a-trying something new that gets laughed at every time. And he is generally right—the rest are wrong. Somebody has got to begin and be gived like a fool, and hide and starve, and eat his heart out—and then after years and years the rest of the world that was too lazy to do its own thinking comes a-strutting up to put him on the back and invite him to dinner—and everybody comes in on the chorus: 'I told you so!'"

## The Rush of Business

"Oh, I never will get this Christmas list made out!" said the stenographer, impatiently, as she hastily threw her notebook into a drawer and grabbed materials to answer the buzzer that was getting frantic. "This is the 'tenth time I've barely got it started when some one wants to write his friend that he enjoyed the dinner he took with him yesterday or wishes to inform some one whom he never saw and never will see that he received his valued favor—which he never even read through—but though he can do absolutely nothing for him he begs, most ardently, to remind him that—and so on! Huh! Talk about women gushing!"

The bookkeeper turned an appreciative countenance toward her and prepared to listen.

"Oh, buzz on!" she exclaimed crossly, as the summons became still more imperative. "I'm engaged for a while yet!" And she snapped a rubbed band across the buzzer to deaden the noise.

"Actually, there aren't ten letters a day that are absolutely necessary," she declared. "There's a lot of foolery that passes back and forth, and gets filed as business, though it is simply waste of time and postage. When the men receive the letters they realize what rubbish they are and laugh at them. But when they get started dictating they like the sound of their own voices!"

"Why," and she gave her notebook an angry fling, "this thing here, I warrant, has about one page in ten filled with business that needed to be transacted! The rest is gush and affectation! And yet the men pride themselves on their quickness and their lack of regard and their ability to cope with big situations. And you won't find one man in a dozen who doesn't make supercilious remarks about detail and say that he isn't time to attend to that—that's what he keeps clerks for!"

"I heard Mr. Brown this morning tell his wife over the phone that he simply couldn't get home to his luncheon, he was so busy—his desk was simply piled with work. He was very sorry, but business had to come before pleasure and she'd please make his excuses to the guests and so on—all that sort of thing."

"Well, I expected a busy day when I heard that and so I prepared for rapid dictation. Well, what did I get? To one man he wrote that the matter was on his desk and as soon as he had time he'd look it over and write him in detail, which he begged leave to treat was satisfactory! And to another he wrote that business, as he very likely knew, wasn't what it might be, and therefore he wouldn't be able to go into the matter, but he might in some months' time—perhaps—with which he trusted he might sign himself very sincerely! And to another that he was in doubt as to the advisability of taking out such and such a paper, just at present, but after due consideration he would write him further, and as he desired, with great gusto, to subscribe himself his obliged friend. And so on through the whole list! Why, there wasn't a letter that couldn't have been done away with altogether, his alone being put off until after his wife's luncheon!"

"But all those letters made him think he was a very busy man and I've no doubt that he thinks he's indispensable to the company!"

"Some day I'm going to run off a lot of form letters, saying that I'm very sorry, but I haven't yet had time to look into the matter, but will write further when time permits. I think it makes the men feel good to tell people they are too busy to think. Perhaps it might be well for me to offer my services as a thinker for the day. They all know that they'll decide against whatever matter it is that keeps pending! It's a hypocritical attitude, to say the least. They pretend to themselves that they're busy. They pretend to the man to whom they write that the matter really interests them and that they're really going to discuss it, and then it over, when they know they aren't even going to look at it again! And they pretend to the company that they're doing business eight hours a day! And then they'll go home and pretend to their wives that they've had a hard day!"

"Oh, I've known too much of them ever to marry one of them! Marriage is purely a confidence game, as I see it, and when you lose confidence—or start in without any—marriage is sure to be a failure!"

"Yes, yes, I'm coming as fast as I can!" She moved toward the door. Then she turned a smiling countenance to the bookkeeper.

"Here," she said, good naturedly, "just remember that what I said was all a pretense. Those men do a lot of pretending, but if you listen carefully you'll hear my own sweet voice telling Mr. Jacobs, in one more minute, how extremely sorry I am that I was delayed and that it was unavoidable! And do you know, I'd be awfully sorry if they dared intimate to me that I didn't earn my salary or that I wasted a lot of valuable time just hearing myself talk!"

Money Wanted.

"Bredren," said a dapper minister down on a plantation, "bredren, I got a five dollar sermon, an' a two dollar sermon, an' a one dollar sermon, an' I want dis here indelicate audience to take up a collection for it. To which one of dem dey can afford to hear?"

## The Gymnasium Class

"Honestly," exclaimed Miss Beck, in a tone of disgust, "if I looked like that I'd refrain from this sort of work and wear kimono the rest of my life!"

The other girls looked where she pointed and beheld a woman of undoubted years hanging from the still bars, in an earnest endeavor to cast off, or at least redistribute, some of her superfluous avoirdupois.

"Oh, I don't think she so bad," said Miss Short, anxiously glancing down at her own lower extremities and making a mental comparison. "Of course she's too fat, but she's well proportioned, I think!" and she felt her arm, as if to remind him that—with an imperceptible sigh of relief to find that it too, was proportioned to her other limbs.

"I do hope," sighed Miss Barclay, in a tone of perfect content with herself, "that this work won't decrease my weight." Then she cast an appreciative eye over her own plump charms. "Well, all I can say," returned Miss Beck, as at a personal affront, as she sneered down, trying to catch a glimpse of her own sly-like legs—completely hidden by the voluminous folds of black bloomers unless she put one forward purposely—is that it's lots easier to add than to take away, and as far as I'm concerned I'd hate to see myself in a position where I couldn't wear the present styles with any degree of comfort!"

"Say, just look over in the corner. See that girl—or woman, I suppose she is—catching the ball? Did you ever in your life behold any one quite so much higher in one shoulder than the other?" Miss Fether spoke.

"No one except you, I'd say," replied Miss Short unfeelingly. "The director was saying last week that you'd need a seven year course to get you straightened up from side to side."

"Well," said Miss Garvin tranquilly, "I'm willing to be told of my chief deformity. Or must I wait until I've been here a while longer?" She viewed the mirrored image of her perfections with calm approval. "While you people are striving to get back to normal I'll be so far ahead of you in the graceful art that I'll be talking only the sign language. It's too bad that my friends are so much deformed and crippled!" and she dexterously caught a ball that came whizzing her way.

"No, dearest," cooed Miss Beck, "you aren't as perfect as you think. You don't learn your own imperfections until you've had a few lessons. It took me three before I was informed that I had one shoulder too high, one hip too large and a bad case of swayback! You're a much kinder gartner at it, and, of course, you can't yet understand! But you'll learn. So contrive to be happy, dear, until you have come to earth!"

Well, at any rate, if I am all those things, I won't advertise it by wearing silk stockings," exclaimed Miss Garvin. "Best not to brag things that can't be more than forty—over there hanging on those rings that are fastened to the ceiling? I'll offer a special prize to any one telling me just where her ankles are—that is, where her calves and her feet are joined! I'll be blessed if I can tell!" She extended a well turned ankle, deliberately, before the others. "I may as well be sure that these are my own pride and glory," she confessed, shamelessly. "I may be fat or thin, straight or stoop shouldered—"

"Class in line!" ordered the director, and the girls hastened to their places.

"The third girl there!" The director pointed at Miss Garvin. "Please extend your ankle when you mark time! One way think you were a hundred years old, the way you land on your heels! I wish I could make this class understand! For beauty of ankle you simply have got to extend it at every step—that gives it suppleness. If you do that—to Miss Garvin—you'd soon see a vast improvement in that stockiness you have! Forward, march!"

No More Chamelo Skins.

"Chamelo skins? No, madam, we have none," said the truthful druggist. "But what are those in the window?" demanded the woman.

"Kid skins," replied the druggist. "They are sold as chamelos, but they are not. I doubt if you can find a chamelo skin in New York outside a museum. There are not enough chamelos left in all Europe to supply New York for one day. They are being exterminated as the American buffalo was. They are now rigidly protected by game laws and are only shot by the greatest of the sportsmen. Will you take a kid skin? Yes, madam, you will find it just as good, but it isn't chamelo."

Heir Apparent.

Said an old polly to his son: "Look at me! I began as an insect, or of elections, and here I am an alderman-at-large; and what is my reward? Why, when I die, my son will be the greatest man in the city! To which the young hopeful replied: 'Yes, dad, when you die—but not till then.'"

## A DAMAGING REPORT OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

Present Teaching of Missions Merely Morals—Not Christ.

Religion Has Been Cut Out and Education Substituted—\$30,000,000 Multiplied a Thousand Times Would Accomplish Little Respecting the Conversion of the World—Nothing Short of Christ's Kingdom Can Do It.



New York, March 31.—The International Bible Students Association, second annual session, in which to hear the Report of its Committee on Foreign Missions, investigation, The spacious auditorium was crowded. Prof. F. H. Robinson, Secretary of the Committee, announced that the Report had been submitted to the Association and was in the printer's hands, to appear in pamphlet form illustrated at the small price of five cents per copy, post-paid—free to the poor. The conclusion of the Report is in the nature of a Summary, which he read. Some of its salient points are:

Christianizing endeavors present pretty generally to have ceased: Present missionary endeavors are almost exclusively along the line of secular education and medical aid.

There is less need of Academic and Collegiate education, such as the missionaries forward, than for Common Schooling.

The Orientals are often perplexed at the Missionary competition and give the heathen for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth.—Ps. viii, 2.

This text has been before the pastor's mind continually during his world's tour.

(1) Why call the people of India, China and Japan heathens, since they are not barbarians but civilized? We follow the Bible, which uses the word heathen, but it is not a good word, and we should use a better word, such as idolaters, and apply these terms to all except the Jewish nation and the Christian Church. The reason for this is that only Israel spiritual and Israel natural have been called to a covenant relationship with God.

The Pastor's second question was: To what extent is our Western civilization superior to that of the East?

He answered that the East could be said on both sides; that in some respects each had superiority over the other. Now, however, the people of the East are tacitly admitting the superiority of the West by gradually adopting our standards for schools, government, etc.

The Pastor's third question was: To What Extent is Christian Civilization Blessing the World?

He considered it beyond question that a blessing had come to the world through the teachings of Jesus and the Apostles—to all who accept the Gospel message in truth and sincerity. These enjoy intelligently a peace of God such as others cannot know.

But aside from these footsteps followers of Jesus, the Pastor queried whether the remainder of mankind under Christian civilization were happier than those under heathen religions, such as Buddhism. What had he of India, China and Japan led him to believe that the 700,000,000 of these lands are more contented, more happy than the peoples of Europe and America, even though they possess little of the wealth of the world.

What is the Reason For This?

Pastor Russell's answer is, it is because the teachings of Jesus and the Apostles, in line with the teachings of Moses and the Prophets, the teaching of human equality, begets a love of liberty and a contention for it. They get enough from Christ's teachings to arouse and awaken them, but not enough to sanctify them. This was the intention of the Great Teacher, "Think not that I am come to send peace upon the earth; I tell you, Nay, but a sword."—Matthew x, 34.

Will Give Them the Heaven.

At the beginning of this Age our Redeemer prayed for the Church, saying, "I pray not for the world (the heathen), but for those whom Thou hast given me, that they may all be one." It has required this entire Age to find this elect company, and they will be made one by the glorious change of the First Resurrection.

Then will come the time when Jesus will pray for the world, as intended in our text, and then the world will be given to Him. Since the sacrifice of Himself eighteen centuries ago, He has been gathering His church, His Bride, to be His joint-heir in the Kingdom, which, according to Bible prophecy, will soon be established for the blessing of the world.—Acts iii, 19-21.

Relief for the Superstitious.

The composer Rossini could cook cleverly, and his most celebrated dish was a preparation of macaroni. It was a contemporary of Rossini who said, "An overturned salt cellar is only a to be feared when overturned in good dish," which is a good thing for the superstitious to remember.







## INTERESTING NEWS BITS in and around Palmyra

Ten-room house for rent, 623 Main street, Riverton.

Mrs. Henry Freidricks, of Tioga, spent Wednesday in Palmyra.

Miss Kate Doak is entertaining her sister from Philadelphia.

Mrs. Edward Hensell is entertaining relatives from Philadelphia.

The Palmyra schools closed Thursday night and will reopen Tuesday.

Mrs. Anna Farr, of Philadelphia, spent Monday with Mrs. Bula Roach.

Miss Mary Kemmerle is spending a week with her sister, Mrs. William Wood.

Governor Wilson last week signed the bill raising Judge Horner's salary from \$3,000 to \$4,500.

Mrs. Dorell Mason attended the executive meeting of the W. C. T. U. at Florence on Thursday.

Miss Georgia Wallace, of West Philadelphia, spent Wednesday and Thursday with Miss Florence Powell.

Mr. and Mrs. Jordan Mathews and child, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with his father, Albert Mathews.

Mrs. Mame Harris will return home this evening after spending three weeks at Woodstown with friends.

William McCuen, of Parry avenue, entertained his parents from Philadelphia on Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wells entertained a house party over the week-end. The guests were from Philadelphia.

Miss Sarah Kemmerle returned home on Monday after spending a week with her sister, Mrs. William Wood, of Philadelphia.

The Field Club Auxiliary will hold their regular monthly business meeting in the Club room on Thursday evening, April 11th.

An ice cream social will be held in the basement of the Moravian Church next Wednesday under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society.

M. A. Bach moved from 503 Cinnaminson avenue to 811 Morgan avenue on Monday. John B. Watson's men were in charge of the work.

The Palmyra School Board organized Monday night as follows: President, H. P. Hurff; Vice President, W. C. Strang; District Clerk, P. S. Day.

Elvin I. Powell was one of the soloists at the Church of the Good Shepherd on Monday evening. "The Crucifixion" was rendered on Maundy Thursday.

Prof. A. S. Griffith distributed samples of tooth powder in the schools this week for the purpose of increasing interest and a desire for keeping the teeth in good condition.

Nathan Bailey and family moved from Parry avenue to Philadelphia last Friday. Mr. Pettit and family, of Philadelphia, will occupy the vacated house next week.

A district meeting of the P. O. S. of A. was held at Columbia on Monday evening. A large delegation attended from Camp No. 23, and they were joined by a crowd from Delanco.

On Thursday the Palmyra High and Moorestown High teams played a practice game at Palmyra. The opening game will be played with Moorestown Friends at Moorestown next Friday.

The Wesleyan Bible Class held their monthly social at the home of Wilton Vaughn on Wednesday evening. The semi-annual election of officers was held, and a musical program rendered. Refreshments were served.

Burlington county voters will have a chance to select members of a small Board of Freeholders this year after all, the remedial legislation validating their action taken last fall, having been passed by the Legislature and signed by the Governor.

A reception was tendered Mrs. Charles Williams by the Philanthropic Class of the Baptist Sunday School last Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. C. C. Green on Washington avenue. Mrs. Williams was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Green, Mrs. Stager and Mrs. Pascoe. About fifty guests were present, and Mrs. Williams was presented with a large fern. Instrumental and vocal selections were rendered by a number of the ladies, and a very enjoyable time was spent. Refreshments were served.

It would never do to give away the program in advance of the show, but we wish you could get a glimpse of some of the good things in the program for the Field Club Minstrel, which is now in process of being printed in our office. It has all previous efforts beaten to a frazzle. Friday night, the 12th in P. O. S. of A. Hall, Palmyra, and Saturday, the 13th in the Riverton Lyceum, and if you miss seeing it will be the loser to whatever value you set on an evening of good wholesome fun. Tickets of men, secured at Schwartz. Palmyra, or may be had by telephoning to Tac Field Club rooms, 187A.

## Card of Thanks.

Mrs. H. W. Wolfe desires to thank the kind friends who tendered sympathy and assistance during the last illness of her husband, and to those whose carriages to the funeral.

Few persons are qualified to write a LEGAL WILL. With this in mind, the wise testator seeks sound legal advice.

The services of The Burlington County Safe Deposit and Trust Company, Moorestown, New Jersey, are at your disposal, with a department especially organized to execute matters of a fiduciary nature.

## Baptist Church Notes.

Special services are being held in the Baptist Church this week, with appropriate music, and solos by Mrs. Charles Williams.

On Easter Day rites of Holy Baptism will be performed in the morning.

A special program will be rendered by the Sunday School in the evening.

A social will be given by the Baraca class on April 10th.

Real joy comes not from feast, not from riches, not from the approval of men, but from having done things that were worth while. That was Christ's joy—Wilfred T. Greenell.

## Field Club Notes.

The Field Club had its best practice of the season Saturday last when more than enough candidates turned out to make three teams, and Managers Griffenberg and Acker had their hands full keeping them all in a good humor but managed to put every one in for a few innings.

After a general game had been played the first and second teams played a five inning game and the youngsters pounded Holt hard enough in one inning to win any game hands down but the first team came to bat and hit Jack Bodine hard, but not hard enough to win.

Bodine is formerly of The Field Club, and Delair's pitcher last season, and is getting in condition on the Club grounds. He is to have a try out with the Wilmington tri-State team, but it is a safe bet that Manager Jackson, of Wilmington, had seen The Field Club boys last week that he would have wondered who told Jack he could pitch, but Jack wasn't throwing any curves so that accounts for the showing he made Saturday but it also helped the local boys to get their eyes on the ball.

Herbie Kemmerle carried home the honors of the day with a hit over the right field fence for a homer. George MacMullen and George Dargin each had a long trip back to the clubhouse to outfield the doubles and singles there would not be any room for anything else.

The portly managers are both very well pleased with the outlook for their prospective teams and it looks as if it is going to be a banner year for The Field Club.

The pitching is what is going to bother both managers as they both would like a couple of extra men.

Holt of course is O. K. for the first team and if Olie Dargin gets a home Man-ager Griffenberg will be a well satisfied man, as Bander, a pitcher, does not seem to have very much and he is really the only new man out for that department, but Walt Gibbons, who pitched one game last year and who is now at a school in Virginia, showed that he has the stuff and all he needs is a little experience. Tony Boehme, an outfielder, has also been a pitcher in his time and could help out in a pinch, but what is the second team going to do without a pitcher. The outfield as well as the infield is sure to be there with much good material but if someone has a prescription to make a good pitcher out of an outfielder go to Harry Acker and he is sure to thank you.

The catching department is sure to be taken care of with Dargin last year's catcher and Roy Hubbs and Joe Keating, formerly of the second team, showing up in such a favorable form.

Al Hardy seems to have the call on the first job as he has the experience and can hit; he is also fast on the bases. Second and third base is still in doubt but there are enough good men to pick from not to cause any worry. Short stop will be taken care of by Captain "Wildcat" Gibbons. The outfield is going to make Manager Griffenberg think some as Kemmerle, Keil and Reeves, of last year's team, are all out and so is Tony Boehme. Tony is sure to make a place if he would only make up his mind about playing, as he can field with the fastest of them, hit a blue streak, can use his head, can throw from deep center to the plate on a line and can run bases. Does he need anything else in order to make the team? I could mention who's place he could fill but as I am only giving my own personal idea I will leave that to Manager Griffenberg as he might not have the same opinion as the writer. So take all in all and you can be assured of a good team and all home talent. Davis, who was out one Saturday, was absent last week on account of a severe cold. He is going to try and pick them up around second base and if he can field as good as he can "lay on the ball" he will be O. K. "Heine" Baker who has been the second base job for two or three years, fears it will be impossible to come out and play with The Field Club this year but wishes the Club all possible success. Len Baker, the first pitcher, but can play any position as well, has not as yet an engagement for the summer and it might be possible to get him out for the Club team. Len played with the Club the year they won the "Telegraph Cup" and was one of the mainstays of the team.

From the latest reports Russell Blackburne, of Palmyra, who is again trying for the short field position on the Chicago American League team, is looking great. He is hitting the ball harder than ever, his fielding is fast and if he knew only holds out he is going to have a chance. The Field Club boys are all anxious for Russell to make good and wish him every possible success.

## ROOTER.

Services in the Moravian Church next Sunday. Rev. Paul S. Meier, M. A., pastor.

Easter Sunday services: 4:45 a. m., the trombone choir plays from the steeple of the church.

5:20 a. m., litany in the church and on the cemetery.

9:30 a. m., Sunday School and pastor's Bible Class.

10:15 a. m., trombone choir plays from the steeple of the church.

10:30 a. m., litany and sermon by the pastor. Theme "The Morning Glory."

7:00 p. m., the trombone choir plays from the steeple of the church.

7:30 p. m., song service and sermon by the pastor. Theme "The Irrespressible Question."

You are cordially invited to attend these services.

## Christ Church, Palmyra.

Services for Easter Day are as follows: 6:30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

7:30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

11 a. m., Choral Holy Eucharist and sermon. Subject, "The Necessity of the Resurrection."

3:00 p. m., Children's service with address by the rector.

8:00 p. m., Solemn evensong and sermon. Subject, "The Joy of the Resurrection."

Easter Monday and Tuesday, Holy Eucharist at 9:00 a. m.

Easter Monday, evening, at 8 o'clock, the annual parish meeting will be held for the election of new vestrymen, with evensong preceding at 7:30.

## Delaware River League.

A special meeting of the Delaware River League was held at The Field Club rooms on Monday last with Vice-President Absalom, of Florence, in the chair.

The object of this special meeting was to try and get a team to take the place of Riverside A. A., they having resigned from the League at the last meeting, but at Monday's meeting asked to be admitted to the League once again.

This was voted on and the Riverside team was again made a member of the League by a unanimous vote; in fact all the teams were anxious to have them back once again and I honestly believe the Riverside team is more than pleased with the reception given them.

The schedule was laid on the table till a later date as all the managers were not prepared to go ahead at this time. This, however, will be fixed up in the near future as all the teams wish to make arrangements for their preliminary games.

The League is now composed of, what looks to be, six evenly balanced teams and a great race is looked for.

The Riverside team, champions of last year, looks as good as ever, but Florence, winners of the Burlington County League and of the Inter-League games with Riverside, are sure to have some team as they have plenty of financial backing.

The Field Club, of Palmyra, should make them all hustle as all the boys are local and being amateurs, pure and simple, are sure to put their whole spirit into the fight. Tangle, of Riverside, is somewhat of an unknown quantity as all of their players are from the mill, but they played some fine ball last season and should improve with last year's experience. As for Reobling, this will be their first year, but they expect to have a husky bunch of ball tossers so to try and pick a winner from this bunch would be as hard as to find hen's teeth, but I am going to root hard for The Field Club and hope everyone in this town will do the same. Go it Field Club!

## ROOTER.

One of the grandest Easter holiday shows ever seen in vaudeville will be enjoyed at Keith's Theatre during the week of April 8. It is a titling inau-deration of a brilliant spring series of vaudeville shows of the very highest order of merit. Headline honors are pretty evenly divided on this stupendous bill, Miss Adele Richie, "the Dresden China prima-donna," well-known throughout the length and breadth of the land as a musical comedy star, makes a welcome reappearance after long absence. Miss Richie is not only one of the most beautiful vocalists and comedienne in America, but she is also possessed of a remarkably winning personality, and presents a repertoire of songs that were mainly written for her, suiting her magnetic individuality. Miss Richie's gowns are, invariably, stunning, and this being the season for new creations of this order, she will have some surprises for the admirers of her talents.

A problem play of the future, written by William C. DeMille, and presented by the veteran producer, Jesse L. Lasky, is called "In 1999" in which appear three stars who make their first appearance in this house—Miss Florence Nash, Mr. Joseph Jefferson and Miss Minnie Barrett. This admirable advice was first presented at The Twelfth Night Club, New York, and made an instantaneous hit so that it was immediately placed on the bill of the Fifth Avenue Theatre where it held sway for several weeks to crowded house. "In 1999" satirically suggests the domestic situation of the future, when the wife is the head of the house and the breadwinner, the husband remaining at home and performing the household duties.

Miss Nash, who takes the part of the New York "New Woman," does it most convincingly, and Mr. Jefferson—a son of the late Joe Jefferson of "Rip Van Winkle" fame—in the role of the husband fulfills all the requirements of a splendid comedy part.

## Laymen's Meetings.

A series of meetings will be conducted during the month of April by laymen.

On Tuesday, April 9th, at the Methodist Church, Duane Reed will be the leader. Subject "What Religion Means to Me."

On Monday, April 15th, at the Moravian Church, William McConnell will be the leader. Subject "The Power of Prayer."

On Friday, April 19th, at the Baptist Church, Alfred Bradley will be the leader. Subject "How to Win Men."

On Thursday, April 25th, at the Presbyterian Church, Joseph Smith will be the leader. Subject "The Church's Position in the Social Life of Today."

Meetings begin at 8 o'clock. Ladies are cordially invited.

## Methodist Church Notes.

Services next Sunday as follows: 9:30 a. m., general class meeting led by Carl A. Peterson.

10:30 a. m., preaching by the minister. Subject "The Resurrection of Christ."

2:30 p. m., Sunday School.

7:30 p. m., an Easter musicale by the Sunday School.

Do Well the Thing at Hand. Don't waste life in doubts and fears; spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the right performance of the hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours of ages that follow.—Emerson.

Small Sins Only the Beginning. It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel, if a single little drop; one little sin included in makes a hole you could put your head through.—Charles Buxton.

## Easy to Tame Men.

Land, but men are easy tamed, so be the tameress is somebody they ain't used to and is gifted with a good dress and a kind of scolded air.—From "Mothers to Men," by Zona Gale.

## Much in the Minority.

Many men ask more than they are entitled to, but the number getting it isn't large.—Atchison Globe.

## Weighty Trivialities.

Little things mean so much to women. Some men forget.—Rowland Mors.

## MAKES A RECORD SIGNING BILLS

Governor Wilson Approves 83  
In a Day.

VETOES TO BE INSPECTED.

Legislature Takes a Recess, but Will Reconvene Next Week to Review the Executive's Disposition of Various Measures Passed at This Session.

(Special Correspondence.)

Trenton, N. J., April 4.—Establishing a new criterion for an orderly closing of the session of the legislature was brought to a close Friday evening. Final adjournment was not taken, however, as the legislators are to return on Wednesday and Thursday.

April 10 and 11, to decide what action to follow in case Governor Wilson vetoes any of the measures in which the Republicans are particularly interested. The senate has already ignored the executive's veto of the Grand jury franchise bill by passing it over his head. The house left, however, without following the example of the senate, but is expected to do so on the reconvening date.

The Republicans will not hesitate to override any veto that meets with their disapproval.

When Governor Wilson attached his signature to eighty-three measures last night, making them laws, he established a record for the governor's office in disposing of so many bills in one day.

The Pierce resolution for an investigation of the fixing system throughout the state and that by Edge to being about the consolidation of state departments engaged in similar work were among the number approved.

The appointment of a commission to consider the question of grand jury reform was sanctioned, and the bill making it criminal for minors to represent themselves as twenty-one years old in order to get intoxicants was also signed.

Authority is given for the transportation of Union and Confederate veterans in New Jersey to the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, in 1914, and automobiles must be equipped with noise absorbing devices under other measures that met with approval.

Grade Crossing Bill Important.

Probably the most important bill of the session is the grade crossing bill measure. It had a rather difficult journey through the legislative halls, but as it finally went through it requires the railroads to remove dangerous crossings at the rate of one every year for thirty miles of track. The utility commission is to designate the crossings to go first.

The cost is to be paid by the railroad companies, excepting where the abolition of the crossings is petitioned by the municipalities, and then the municipality is to pay not more than 15 per cent of the expense. Where trolley roads intersect the crossing the trolley company is required to pay 10 per cent of the cost.

Another bill of statewide interest was that establishing the new congressional districts. Now that these lines have been drawn the parties will elect their twenty-eight members to the national convention, four delegates at large and two delegates from each of the twelve congressional districts. Each party will also name twenty-eight alternates. This election will be the first of its kind ever held in the state. Formerly the delegates were named at party conventions, but the German election law provides for the choice of one delegate from each township.

Senator Smalley's trackless trolley bill also had a rocky journey through the house. It was defeated once, then reconsidered a few minutes before adjournment and passed by a narrow margin on the ground that the trolleys would injure the roads, but it was maintained that the farmers desired this means of conveyance.

The construction of a state highway along the Delaware river from Port Jervis to Trenton, the abolition of the minimum examinations as a sole test for passing in public schools, and the election of judges by popular vote were presidential primaries from May 28 to May 14 were other bills passed.

Committee to Report on Canal.

The bill for the abandonment of the Morris canal failed to get through the house. Speaker McClellan opposed it, declaring that it had not been clearly set forth in the report how the canal money was to be divided. As a compromise a resolution for the appointment of a committee to consider the question of the canal abandonment was passed. A special session of the legislature is to be called to act upon the commission's report if necessary.

Among the measures that failed to meet with approval was that for the ratification of the proposed income tax amendment to the federal constitution, the local option and woman suffrage. The "full crew" advanced no further than the house, and the same was true of the Gill bill to legislate out of office the present state board of education. The bills to add \$2,000 a year to the salaries of the judges of the supreme court and court of chancery were smothered by the Republican board of Enrollers.

The petitions for the presidential primaries have been placed on file with the secretary of state. They are to be voted for at the election on May 14. The Democrats have named Governor Wilson and Champ Clark and the Republicans have nominated President Taft. Colonel Bruce and United States Senator Robert M. La Follette. The contests promise to be somewhat heated.

There were 10,000 signatures for Governor Wilson's petition. President Taft came next with 6,000 names. The petitions of Roosevelt and La Follette each had 3,000 signatures and the Clark petition 2,000 names. The law requires only 1,000 signatures.

Primary Election Turned Down.

The proposition of Borden D. Whitting, chairman of the Roosevelt League of New Jersey, as advanced to United States Senator Briggs, chairman of the Republican state committee, was turned down by the senator. Mr. Whitting asked that the Republican committee and the Roosevelt league representatives agree to use their influence with all delegates to the national convention at Chicago to secure their support for the nomination for president of the

candidate who receives the largest vote at the primary. It was pointed out by Senator Briggs that it is indicated upon the ballot who is the choice of the delegate for president. The voter knows, therefore, for whom the delegate intends to cast his vote.

Governor Wilson is holding a hearing on bills to which there is strong objection. Yesterday he heard arguments pro and con for the proposition of free bridges across the Delaware river. Some of the bridge companies oppose the taking over of the structures, declaring that they would lose money.

Today he had a large delegation before him on the Stickle automobile reciprocity bill. Essex county and the shore representatives assert that the bill is needed to further add to the prosperity of the state and raise the tax on automobiles from other states have placed upon it. Camden, Mercer and some of the other counties oppose the measure because they hold that the roads would be ruined by the great influx of cars from other places. The Stickle bill early got through the house, but it was first defeated in the senate. Influences were brought to bear, however, and the bill was again brought up. At the second consideration Senator Sillor and Senator Price switched to the affirmative, and the bill went through.

Hearing on Liquor Bill.

Another hearing this afternoon was held to permit wholesale liquor dealers to make deliveries at residences. Prohibition interests oppose the bill. At present large department stores from other states make the deliveries as the New Jersey law cannot prevent them because of interstate trade conditions. New Jersey dealers assert that this condition is discriminatory and should be abolished.

Although opposition developed to Henry J. Ford, Governor Wilson's appointee as state banking and insurance commissioner, he was finally confirmed by the senate. Mr. Ford is now a professor of politics at Princeton university. A story was circulated that he had been a bankrupt in Baltimore, but it was later shown that it was a firm for which he operated a paper that had gone into insolvency. Rumor also had it that he had been a bankrupt in New York, but he had not been responsible for any bills contracted by him.

Senator Sillor, who was a candidate for secretary of state, accepted the professorship of Middlesex county when he saw that he could not get the state office. David S. Crater, surrogate of Monmouth county and Democratic committeeman, landed the state secretaryship. Senator Sillor, it is asserted, did not want the county place because it would eliminate him from state politics.

In the annual appropriation bill passed by the legislature an increase of \$1,038,247.15 is shown in the expenditure to be made for state institutions during the coming year. The cost of the legislative session, as shown by the incidental bill, was \$120,000. This was an increase over the last session, as a greater number of clerks was employed this year.

Old England's Fast Days.

There was a time when England had public fast days as well as fast days. The last royal proclamation ordering a fast was issued in 1857, during the Indian mutiny. According to Greenville, when it was thought necessary to order a fast day for the war the queen set her face against it. Eventually she gave way on the understanding that it should be a day of "humiliation," not of "fast."

The proclamation was issued accordingly.

"Then the merchants took alarm and represented that, as the word 'fast' was omitted, bills would become payable on that day and all sorts of confusion would arise. So there had to be a council to turn the 'day of humiliation' into a 'fast day' in order that banking operations may not be deranged." Peppys was much upset by a "solemn fast for the king's mourning. We were forced to keep it more than we would have done, having forgot to take any vitamins into the house."

Irreconcilable.

They had been quarreling, and, although hubby was willing to take the blame all upon himself and make peace, she was still sulky and indifferent.

"Come here, Bessie. Aren't you curious to know what is in this package?"

"Oh, not very. I can stand the strain," she replied intelligently.

"Well, it's something for the one I love best in all the world," he said coaxingly.

"Oh, is that so? I suppose, then, it's those suspenders you said you needed."

New Town on the Map.

A little girl in the Atchison depot was watching a freight train go by. "Mamma," she said, "where is Capa City?" "I don't know," replied the mother. "I see it on a car there," she replied. "Capa City" happened to be "capacity, 52,000 pounds," which she really saw.

Truth About an Author.

Hardy's secret, it seems, is like that of Richardson. Both are famous as authors of the feminine heart, and each in his youth wrote the love letters of many humble and illiterate young women. Literary biography, like history, repeats itself.—Boston Transcript.

What a "Twister" Is.

In life insurance parlance the "twister" is that smooth-tongued emissary who goes about trying to persuade you to surrender your policy in a company with which you are perfectly content, on the ground that the rival company which he represents will surely yield better results.

Wood Given Long Life.

There are now employed a number of processes whereby wood can be so altered in character that it becomes almost fireproof, and is no longer liable to dry rot or any of the distasteful grays that come under the head of decay.

Show Footwear in Russia.

All Russians have a weakness for handsome footwear, and the result is that there are more showy boots worn in the czar's army than anywhere else on earth. This preference extends to the women as well as the men.

Very Likely.

Cousin Silas (reading)—"It says in this here paper that a flea kin jump 2,000 times its own length." Uncle Heck—"That's probably why we never hear of a flea getting run over by a motor car.—Peck.

## Classified Advertising

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted under this heading for one cent a word, each insertion payable strictly in advance. Minimum charge 25c.

FOR SALE

EGGS finely decorated and named free of charge at Zernan's.

JUNE Barred Plymouth Rock Cockerels, J. R. Morton, Broad street.

FRESH EGGS and poultry direct from the farm. Joseph H. Smith, 422 Thomas avenue.

FOR SALE—5-passenger Washington touring car, 30 h. p., in first-class condition, \$500. Apply W. New Era office.

1900 WASHER for sale, nearly new, price reasonable. Apply W. New Era office.

SEVERAL nice young Plymouth Rock roosters for sale, 75c each. Owens, Laundryman, Palmyra.

MISCELLANEOUS

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an aristocratic southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and its history, the subject of discussion by Jonathan Blount, a friend of the Quindara, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, who is the son of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy.

CHAPTER II.—Nathaniel Fentress buys the Barony, but by his knowledge of the boy, Yancy to the Quindara, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER III.—Trouble at Barony Hill. Yancy's home, when Hannibal is kidnapped by Dave Blount, Captain Murray's agent. Yancy, who has been a friend of the Quindara, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER IV.—Yancy is served with a warrant for arrest. He escapes, and is followed by the Quindara, who is a friend of the Quindara, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER V.—Betty Blount, a friend of the Quindara, has an encounter with Captain Murray, who forces his attention on her, and is rescued by the Quindara, who threatens to whip the captain.

CHAPTER VI.—Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy, who is a friend of the Quindara, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER VII.—Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocomb. Price makes a search for the missing one. Carrington visits the Judge and allies are discovered.

CHAPTER VIII.—Betty is told why Carrington was killed. She meets Yancy, who is a friend of the Quindara, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER IX.—Betty and Hannibal are made prisoners in a lonely cabin. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy, who is a friend of the Quindara, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER X.—Murray appears at the cabin and shows his hand. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy, who is a friend of the Quindara, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER XI.—The Judge hears of the mysterious disappearance of Betty and Hannibal. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy, who is a friend of the Quindara, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER XII.—The Judge takes charge of the search for the missing one. Carrington visits the Judge and allies are discovered.

CHAPTER XIII.—Carrington visits the Judge and allies are discovered. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy, who is a friend of the Quindara, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER XIV.—Judge Price visits Colonel Fentress. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy, who is a friend of the Quindara, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER XV.—Murray is arrested for murder. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy, who is a friend of the Quindara, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER XVI.—The Judge and Carrington discuss the coming duel. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy, who is a friend of the Quindara, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER XVII.—Carrington makes frantic search for Betty and the boy. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy, who is a friend of the Quindara, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Keel Boat. A few minutes later they had separated, George to hurry away in search of the horse, and Carrington to pass back along the shore with the galley, a point opposite the clearing. He whistled shrilly three times, and after an interval of waiting heard the splash of oars and presently saw a skiff ahead of the boom.

"Who's there?" it was Bess who asked the question.

"Carrington," he answered.

"Lucky you ain't met the other man," she said as she swept her skirt aside and the boy came forward.

"Lucky for him, you mean. I'll take the skiff," added Carrington, as he entered the skiff.

Slowly the clearing lifted out of the distance, then the keel boat became distinguishable, and Carrington checked the skiff by a backward stroke of the oars.

"Hello!" he called.

There was no immediate answer to his hail, and he called again, but now he sent the skiff forward. He felt that he was risking all now.

"What do you want?" asked a surly voice.

"You want Slocomb?" quickly prompted the girl in a whisper.

"I want to see Slocomb!" said Carrington glibly and with confidence, and once more he checked the skiff.

"Who be you?" prompted the girl again, in a hurried whisper.

"Murray!" And in his astonishment Carrington spoke aloud.

"Murray!" cried the voice sharply.

"That's what I'm trying to make out," answered Carrington.

"Hello!" cried Slocomb, and tossed his gun to the ground.

What seemed to be a breath of wind lifted a stray lock of Carrington's hair, but his pistol answered Slocomb in the same second. He fired at the head of the boat, and the boy of the boat and one of them pitched forward with his arms outspread.

"Keep back, you!" he said, and dropped off the cabin roof.

His promptness had bred a momentary panic, then Slocomb's bull-like voice began to roar commands; but in that brief instant of surprise and shock Carrington had found and withdrawn the wooden peg that fastened the cabin door. He had scarcely done this when Slocomb came tramping aft supported by the three men.

Calling to Betty and Hannibal to escape in the skiff which was towing the keel boat, Carrington rushed toward the bow. At his back he heard the door creak on its hinges as it was pushed open by Betty and the boy, and again he called to them to escape by the skiff.

The fret of the current had grown steadily and from beneath the keel boat came a low, steady sound.

"It was a good fight and them fellows done well, but not near well enough," he said.

"No one ain't hurt but them that had ought to have got hurt. Mr. Yancy's all right, and so's Mr. Carrington—whose shock of red hair was bristling like the mane of some angry animal and his eyes still flashed with the light of battle, but he managed to summon up an expression of winning friendliness.

"Mr. Carrington's kin to me, Polly," explained Yancy to Mrs. Cavendish. His voice was far from steady, for Hannibal had been gathered into his arms and he was weeping.

"The child with which the Scratch Hiller was seeking to guard his emotions." Polly smiled and dimpled at the Kentucky. Trained to a romantic point of view, she had a frank liking for the handsome, stalwart man.

Cavendish was neither, but none knew better than Polly that where he was richest in substance he was poorest in spirit. He had been born to cultivate with less generous natures; for his scheme of life did not embrace the millennium.

"Thank God, you got here when you did," said Carrington.

"We was some pushed for time, but we done it," responded the old man. He added, "What now?—do we make a landing?"

"No—unless it interferes with your plan, no. I want to get around the next bend before we tie up. Later we'll all go back. Can I count on you?"

"You shurely can. I consider this here as sociable a neighborhood as I ever lived in. I please me well. Folks are up and doing hereabout."

Carrington looked eagerly around in search of Betty. She was sitting on an upturned tub, a pathetic enough figure as she sat there, with her head of one of the shanties with all her courage quite gone from her. He made his way quickly to her side.

"Lal!" whispered Polly in Chills and fear. "What's that?" she asked.

"The cabin of a highly domesticated cat, which I have just seen in the distance of these shanties. There between the boat and the shore the dim outline of a raft was taking shape, and was now canopied by a wealth of pale gray smoke, which, under the action of the breeze, drifted toward the shore, and the darkness lifted. Turning, he saw Slocomb and his men clearly. Surprise and consternation was depicted on each face.

The light increased. From the flat stone hearth of the raft ascended a tall column of flame which rendered visible six pigmy figures, two-headed and wonderfully vocal, who were toiling like mad at the huge sweeps. The light showed more than that. It showed a lady of plump and pleasing presence smoking a cob-pipe while she fed the fire from a tick stuffed with straw. It showed two dark shanties, a line of shanties decorated with the never-ending Cavendish wash. It showed a rooster perched on the ridge-pole of one of these shanties in the very act of crowing lustily.

Hannibal, who had climbed to the top of the cabin, shrieked for help, and Betty added her voice to his.

"All right, Nevvy!" came the cheerful reply, as Yancy threw himself over the side of the boat and grasped the hand of the boy.

"Uncle Bob! Uncle Bob!" cried Hannibal.

Slocomb uttered a cry of terror. He had a simple but sincere faith in the supernatural, and even with the light of day he could not rid himself of the belief that this was the ghost of a murdered man.

"You'll take a dog's licking from me, neighbor," said Yancy grimly. "I been saving it for you."

Meanwhile Mr. Cavendish, whose proud spirit never greatly inclined him to the practice of peace, had prepared for battle. Springing aloft, he knelt on his hands and knees, and with a thorny locust and never get scratched!" he shouted. This was equivalent to setting his triggers; then he launched himself into the fight. It was Mr. Bunker's unfortunate privilege to sustain the onslaught of the Earl of Lambeth.

The light from the Cavendish hearth continued to brighten the scene, for Polly was recklessly sacrificing her best straw tick. Indeed her behavior was in every way worthy of the noble alliance she had formed. Her cob-pipe was not suffered to go out and with Connie's help she kept the six small Cavendishes from rising life and limb in the keel boat, toward which they were powerfully drawn. Despite these activities she found time to call to Betty and Hannibal on the cabin roof.

"Jump down here; that ain't no fit place for you-all to stop in with them gentlemen fighting!"

An instant later Betty and Hannibal stood on the raft with the little Cavendishes flocking about them. Mr. Yancy's quest of his nevy had taken an enduring hold on his mind, and in the week the hand of death dealt with them impartially, and to what end? Then the miles he had traversed in his hopeless journey up-river transpired as well as space. They were just as much further removed from the past with its blight of tragedy as they were from the future.

He turned and glanced at Betty. He saw that her eyes held their steady look of watchful pity that was for the dead man; yet in spite of this, and in spite of the bounds beyond which he would not let his imagination carry him, the future seemed with sudden promise, unfolded itself. The death of recovered hope stirred within him. He knew there must come a day when he would dare to speak of his love, and she would listen.

"It's best we should land at Bates' place—we can get teams there," he went on to explain.

"There are some points to be cleared up when we reach Belle Plain—some folks who'll have a lot to explain or else quit this part of the state, and I intend to see that you are not left alone until—until I have the right to take care of you for good and all—that's what you want me to do one of these days, isn't it, dar'?"

But Betty shrank from him in involuntary agitation.

"Oh, not now, Bruce—not now—we mustn't speak of that now. It's wicked—your mustn't make me forget him!" she cried brokenly, in protest.

"Argive me, Betty, I'll not speak of it again," he said.

"Wait, Bruce, and some time—Oh, don't make me say it," she gasped, "or I shall hate myself!" for in his presence she was feeling the horror of her past experience grow stranger and more remote, only the dull ache of her memories remained, and to these she clung. They were silent for a moment, then Carrington spoke.

"I'm sure you'll be safe here, perhaps I'll go south into the Choctaw Purchase. I've been thinking of that recently; but I'll find my way back here—don't misunderstand me. I'll come too soon for even you, Betty. I loved Norton. He was one of my best friends, too," he continued gently. "But you know—and I know—dear, the day will come when no matter what you are I shall find you and not lose you!"

Yancy and Carrington dropped over its side to the raft. Cavendish followed them, whooping his triumph as he came.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Raft Again. Yancy and Carrington threw themselves on the deck and worked the raft clear of the keel boat, then the turbulent current seized the smaller craft and whirled it away into the night; as its black bulk receded from before his eyes the Earl of Lambeth spoke with the voice of authority and experience.

"It was a good fight and them fellows done well, but not near well enough," he said.

"No one ain't hurt but them that had ought to have got hurt. Mr. Yancy's all right, and so's Mr. Carrington—whose shock of red hair was bristling like the mane of some angry animal and his eyes still flashed with the light of battle, but he managed to summon up an expression of winning friendliness.

"Mr. Carrington's kin to me, Polly," explained Yancy to Mrs. Cavendish. His voice was far from steady, for Hannibal had been gathered into his arms and he was weeping.

"The child with which the Scratch Hiller was seeking to guard his emotions." Polly smiled and dimpled at the Kentucky. Trained to a romantic point of view, she had a frank liking for the handsome, stalwart man.

Cavendish was neither, but none knew better than Polly that where he was richest in substance he was poorest in spirit. He had been born to cultivate with less generous natures; for his scheme of life did not embrace the millennium.

"Thank God, you got here when you did," said Carrington.

"We was some pushed for time, but we done it," responded the old man. He added, "What now?—do we make a landing?"

"No—unless it interferes with your plan, no. I want to get around the next bend before we tie up. Later we'll all go back. Can I count on you?"

"You shurely can. I consider this here as sociable a neighborhood as I ever lived in. I please me well. Folks are up and doing hereabout."

Carrington looked eagerly around in search of Betty. She was sitting on an upturned tub, a pathetic enough figure as she sat there, with her head of one of the shanties with all her courage quite gone from her. He made his way quickly to her side.

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CHAPTER XXX.

Judge Receives a Letter. After he had parted with Solomon Price, the judge applied himself diligently to shaping that miracle-working document which he was preparing as an offset to whatever risk he ran in meeting Fentress. As a safeguard he was singularly confident, expecting it to survive the encounter, yet it was well to provide for a possible emergency—had he not his grandson's future to consider? While thus occupied he saw the afternoon stage arrive and depart from before the City Tavern.

An hour later Mr. Wesley, the postmaster, came sauntering up the street. In his hand he carried a letter.

"Howdy," he drawled, from just beyond the judge's open door.

The judge glanced up, his quill pen poised aloft.

"Good evening, sir; won't you step inside and be seated?" he asked graciously. His dealings with the United States mail service were of the most insignificant description, and in personally delivering a letter, if this was what had brought him there, he felt Mr. Wesley had reached the limit of official courtesy and despatch.

"Well, sir, it looks like you'd never told us more than two-thirds of the truth," said the postmaster. He surveyed the judge curiously.

"I am complimented by your opinion of my veracity," responded that gentleman promptly. "I consider two-thirds the aftermath of indulgence and to have achieved."

"There is something in that, too," agreed Mr. Wesley. "Who is Colonel Slocomb Price Turberville?"

"The judge started up from his chair.

"I have that honor," said he, bowing.

"Well, here's a letter come in addressed like that, and as you've been using part of the name I am willing to assume you're legally entitled to the rest of it. It clears up a point that off and on has troubled me considerably. I can only wonder I haven't smarter."

"What point, may I ask?"

"Why, about the time you hung out your shingle here, some one wrote a letter to General Jackson. It was mailed after night, and when I seen it in the morning it was clean beat. I couldn't locate the handwriting, and yet I kept that letter back a couple of days and gave it all my spare time. It ain't that I'm one of your spying sort—there's nothing of the Yankee about me!"

"Certainly not," agreed the judge.

"Candidly, I reckon you wrote that letter, seeing this one comes under a frank from Washington. No, sir—I couldn't make out who was corresponding with the president, and I was worried me, not knowing, more than anything I've had to contend against since I came to office. I calculate States taken a more personal interest in the service than me. I've frequently set patrons right when they were in doubt as to the date they had mailed such and such a letter."

As Mr. Wesley sometimes canceled as many as three or four stamps in a single day he might have been pardoned his pride in a brain which thus lightly dealt with the burden of official correspondence. He surrendered the letter with marked reluctance.

"Your surmise is correct," said the judge with dignity. "I had occasion to write my friend, General Jackson, and unless I am greatly mistaken I gave my answer here. And with a fine air of indifference he tossed the letter on the table."

"And do you know Old Hickory?"

"Why not? Does it surprise you?" inquired the judge. It was only his innate courtesy which restrained him from kicking the postmaster into the street, so intense was his desire to be rid of him.

"No, I don't know as it does, Judge. Naturally a public man like him is in the way of meeting with all sorts. A politician can't afford to be too blame particular. Well, next time you write me, might just send him my regards—G. W. M. de L. Wesley's regards—there was considerable contention over my getting this office; I reckon he ain't forgot. There was speeches made, I understand the he was passed between two United States senators, and that a quid of tobacco was thrown in anger." Having thus cleared his conscience, he felt that he was a more or less national character, Mr. Wesley took himself off.

When he had disappeared from sight down the street, the judge closed the door. Then he picked up the letter. "For a long time he held it, and it might just send him my regards—G. W. M. de L. Wesley's regards—there was considerable contention over my getting this office; I reckon he ain't forgot. There was speeches made, I understand the he was passed between two United States senators, and that a quid of tobacco was thrown in anger." Having thus cleared his conscience, he felt that he was a more or less national character, Mr. Wesley took himself off.

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Marrying Among the Pilgrims.  
"The Pilgrim of Plymouth Rock  
fame—did not believe in living single  
long after the death of a wife or hus-  
band," says Rev. Mr. Doran, a New  
England pastor. "The mother of our  
Ferdinand White, the first white child  
born in America, was married to Gov.  
Winslow when she was only 12 weeks  
a widow and he eight weeks a wid-  
ower."

Making Amends.  
"We wish to express our regret,"  
wrote the editor of the Spiketown  
Blizzard, "for saying in our last  
week's issue that our fellow citizen,  
Dr. Grimshaw, abandoned a most  
promising career" when he gave up  
the practice of medicine and went to  
preaching. "We wrote it abandoned  
a most promising career."

Simplicity Isn't Rudeness.  
In seeking the simple life you must  
cast off the artificialities of life, but  
you need not abandon its refinements.  
There is nothing complex or com-  
plicated about culture. A stable and  
a bathroom are not inherently incom-  
patible. From "The Richer Life," by W.  
A. Dyer.

Great Lawyer on Work.  
Rufus Choate believed in hard work  
and struggle. When some one said  
to him that a certain fine achieve-  
ment was the result of accident, he  
exclaimed: "Nonsense! You might  
as well drop the Greek alphabet on  
the ground and expect to pick up the  
Iliad."

Spaced Out Too Much.  
A judge, in remanding a criminal,  
called him a scoundrel. The prisoner  
replied: "Sir, I am not as big a  
scoundrel as your honor—" here the  
culprit stopped, but finally added—  
"takes me to be." "Put your words  
closer together," said the judge.

Silence Is Golden.  
A pert young lawyer once boasted  
to a member of the bar that he had  
received two hundred dollars for  
speaking in a certain lawsuit; the  
other replied, "I received double that  
sum for keeping silent in that very  
case."

Time's Greatest Evil.  
The greatest evil of the times is not  
the love of pleasure, but the love of  
ease.

Barren-Sharing a Duty.  
It is the duty of each generation to  
bear its own burden.

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study is not promised. Artists are  
the born, not made product. But a  
knowledge of cookery in its finer  
branches will be an aid to culture just  
as a knowledge of the languages helps  
to the comprehension of literature,  
and a knowledge of music to the com-  
prehension of music.

Precept and Practice.  
"Do you wish to go to church this  
evening?" Father is going to preach,  
you know," the minister's fair daugh-  
ter asked. The young man considered.  
"Um. The last time I went he rather  
let me off with my small fallings. Do  
you know what his text will be to-  
night?" "Yes, 'Love One Another.'"  
He regarded the round pink cheek ap-  
provingly. "Suppose," he suggested  
softly, "that we let the old gentleman  
go preach while we sit on the porch  
and practice?"

Got Any?  
The fall of the year always lays a  
special strain upon the nation's finan-  
cial resources. For not only is there  
the money needed to move the crops,  
but also those great rolls of bills which  
prudent men, in putting away their  
light clothing, do not forget to forget  
in the pockets thereof, in order that  
they may come joyfully to light next  
summer.—Puck.

Platinum.  
Referring to platinum, books say  
that "this metal has never yet been  
successfully deposited as a protecting  
coating to other metals" and add "the  
metal to be plated must be coppered."

Overcoming the Grouch.  
A grouch prospect doesn't seem  
half so grouch when you stand right  
up to him and state your proposition  
in a fearless manner.

Superficial.  
There are some people who keep  
their morality in the piece; it is a  
stuff of which they never cut them-  
selves a coat.—Joubert.

Once in Awhile.  
A little music, now and then, is fur-  
nished by the long-haired men—  
Judge.

Make Right Use of Money.  
Money is sublime or ridiculous, ac-  
cording to the man who has it.



The Lehighway  
to Niagara Falls

Fatigue flies out of the window, because  
the eye is always occupied. A little  
journey big with incident. A visual  
surprise with every turn of the wheels.  
A nearby neighbor that rivals the great  
scenic routes of the far away. To miss  
it means to neglect the beauties that lie  
at your door.

Black Diamond Express

At High Noon from New York  
12.30 p.m. from Philadelphia

An all-parlor car train. Like an arm-  
chair in front of your fireplace with a  
book of wonderful travels—then a tap  
on the shoulder for a meal of perfect  
appointments—and a fitting climax at  
the end. Four fast trains each way  
each day.

Lehigh Valley Railroad

"The Field-Glass Route"

New York Ticket Office:  
140 Broadway, 355 Broadway,  
115 Broadway, 91 Broadway,  
Hudson Tube Stations at Cor-  
tland and 3rd Streets, 225 Fifth  
Avenue, 111 West 125th Street,  
Pennsylvania Station.  
Telephone: Franklin 1010 Jersey City 2000

Get Close to Nature.  
Stays a philosopher: "Observe na-  
ture. When you come to a barnyard  
go in and see the pigs and fowls  
and the cows. Climb a fence now and  
then and go into the fields and look  
at the crops or the cattle. I know of  
no place where there is more philoso-  
phy than in a barnyard. You can  
learn much from animals. Within  
their circle they know much more  
than we do."

Good Hint.  
Those who keep up a regular corre-  
spondence with several friends will  
find it a good plan to keep envelopes  
addressed to each of them in some  
convenient place, and into these to  
slip newspaper cuttings and notes of  
things which will interest each par-  
ticular correspondent. When the time  
comes to write the letter it will be  
found that the task is practically ac-  
complished.

Source of Her Cold.  
As papa didn't come home for lunch,  
mamma and little Katherine always  
ate a cold repast, until Katherine  
didn't like. One morning the little girl  
woke up with a very hoarse voice.  
"Where could you have caught that  
cold, dear?" asked mamma. "I think  
it was from eating that cold meat yes-  
terday, mamma."

Monarch's Odd Menu.  
Peter the Great loved, and most fre-  
quently ordered for his own special  
enjoyment, a soup with four cabbage  
leaves in it, served with sour cream for  
sauce; cold roast meat, with pickled  
cucumbers for salad; lemons and lam-  
preys, salt meat, ham and limburger  
cheese. He began dinner with cab-  
bage soup, and closed the banquet  
with goblets of burgundy.

Do Not Lose Your Temper.  
Anger is a lack of sense. That is to  
say, a man is not as sensible  
when he is angry as he is at other  
times. He may be angry and still  
have more sense than some people  
have when they are not angry, but  
he is not as wise when he is angry  
as at other times. He cannot reason  
so well; his brain does not work in  
as sane a groove; he is more foolish  
than other people who may have  
much less sense than he has when he  
is in good humor.

Rather Emphatic.  
In a Virginia courthouse a negro  
was describing how a cutting negro  
started.  
"Dis he Johnson nigger started  
toward me," said the witness; "and as  
he done so he stuck his hand down in  
his hip pocket. And I says to him,  
'Nigger,' I says, 'whatever you has got  
your hand on now better be a chick-  
en, 'cause I suttinly is gwine to make  
you eat it!'"

Disciplined Children.  
The child allowed to follow the  
path of least resistance, to turn aside  
because of the most shadowy obstacles  
in the road to accomplishment, is the  
father of the man who seeks sin-  
cerity, who, with the most selfish sense  
of self-preservation well developed,  
stops at no mean or underhanded  
method to save himself real work and  
honest effort.

Picturesque Manchuria.  
Wheat comes into the mills and to  
the rivers and railways of Manchuria  
from almost incredible distances. In  
the winter, when the rough, ungraded  
roads are frozen hard and smooth, the  
natives haul wheat for 200 miles, in  
some cases by means of a heavy, two-  
wheeled cart drawn by four to eight  
mules. Long trains of these carts,  
traveling together for protection and  
companionship at night, can be seen  
on the main highways all winter and  
are the most picturesque feature of  
Manchurian life.

Camden Safe Deposit & Trust Co.

224 Federal Street, Camden, N. J.

Pays  
3 per cent.  
on  
Time Deposits  
14 days' notice

2 per cent.  
Subject to check  
at sight on aver-  
age balance of  
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Safe Deposit  
Boxes  
to rent, \$2 per  
annum and  
upward

Capital and Surplus  
Deposits over  
Trust Funds over

\$1,100,000.00  
\$650,000.00  
\$600,000.00

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Wills kept  
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Always glad  
to give  
information  
relative to  
handling of  
estates  
or banking  
matters

Love On Ice

By Donald Allen

School district number one in the  
county of Rose was at the foot of  
Plum lake, and school district num-  
ber two was at the head. Plum lake  
was three miles long. Just west of the  
Peace Farming was moderator of  
number one, and Farmer Davis of the  
other. The moderator is the chair-  
man of the school board in a country  
district, and who he is is not known.  
There was a time when the two  
schools dwelled together in unity, but  
now there is war between them. It  
started with an outside thing that  
should not have dragged into the  
schools at all. One day Farmer Davis  
met up with the justice in the village  
and challenged him to a horse trade  
in the following language:

"Of course."  
"The blamed old jackass is a back-  
number in education! He hasn't  
found out yet that it's pronounced  
'hoss' to make it easier for the chil-  
dren. I was getting this good-looking  
gal teacher that gave him the  
colic."

"And Mr. Carston's next message  
read:  
"What A Queer Lot Of Folks!"  
And the answer to it was:  
"I Should Say!"  
And then:  
"Let's Resign."

"Can't I feed the Money."  
"Then came a few days of soft  
weather when no skating could be  
indulged in, and no more messages  
written. During this interval Mr.  
Carston sounded the judge by say-  
ing:

"I hear they have a very thorough  
teacher in the lady in the other dis-  
trict."  
"And I don't hear any such thing!"  
"The vicarious reply. "I hear she  
ain't worth her salt, and that she says  
'hoss' can be called 'hoss' under cer-  
tain circumstances."

"I doubt if she said that."  
"Well, I don't care whether she did  
or not, Davis has called me a blamed  
old jackass, and this 'ere quarrel is  
to keep right on."

"And then came freezing weather  
and wrote on it's surface:  
"I'm Going To Raise A Row!"  
And within 24 hours he got the an-  
swer:

"What About?"  
And he replied:  
"So As To Get Introduced To  
You!"

This was the last message on ice.  
Mr. Carston got out handbills calling  
for a public meeting in the village, and  
when he had his crowd assembled he  
rose up and gave them fits. He  
showed them the envy, spite and fool-  
ishness of the whole thing, and warned  
them of the evils and when he stopped  
speaking Farmer Davis and Judge  
Fleming were shaking hands over  
the chasm.

A few hours later the farmer was  
saying to two very modest and retir-  
ing individuals:  
"Miss Burton this is Mr. Carston,  
the other teacher. Mighty nice man!  
Mighty nice gal! Hope to see you  
skating together."

"Not for forty ringed-out coons!"  
replied the moderator as he smashed  
his fist down on the desk. "Our gal  
has got to be told in advance that  
there's got to be nothing of the sort  
done on this ice. A line was  
love away she goes. We ain't going  
to run a matrimonial bureau at this  
end of the lake."

When the winter term came on one  
school district had Mr. Edward Car-  
ston for teacher, and the other had  
Miss Mary Burton. Mr. Carston was  
about twenty-four and Miss Burton  
three years younger. It was agreed on  
all sides that both had style. When  
contracted with, both received phin  
warning as to what would be expected  
of them. They were to look upon each  
other as enemies, and if they hap-  
pened to meet on the highway they  
were to pass each other with the  
most supreme indifference.

Mr. Carston was a fine skater. So  
was Miss Burton. On Saturdays,  
if the weather permitted, they were on  
the ice, also, on moonlight nights  
after school hours. A line was  
drawn across the center of Plum lake,  
each district kept to its half.

One night, when skating alone, Mr.  
Carston crossed the boundary and  
went on a scout into the enemy's  
country. He saw a girl doing in a  
little bay. He paused for a moment.  
Her movements on the steel runners  
were so graceful that he knew it  
must be "the gal teacher." They were  
alone on the lake, but they must not  
come within ten rods of each other.  
Mr. Carston went his way, but at day-  
light next morning he was skating  
into the bay. The ice there was as  
smooth as glass. Only one pair of  
skates had left marks there. When  
a look around he wrote this message  
on the ice with the heel of his skate:

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many do. Dying is but going home,  
getting rid of the mortal flesh, and  
being freed from its limitations. If it  
a blessing to die and get free from  
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# THE NEW ERA

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WALTER L. BOWEN  
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## Must Lay New Sidewalk.

At the meeting of the Borough Council last night the clerk was instructed to notify the contractor that it was the demand of Council that a new sidewalk be laid in front of the Borton property on Thomas avenue, to replace the defective one put down when the sidewalks were constructed on that street. This matter has been hanging fire ever since the work was done, and it is expected that this direct command from the governing body will bring the matter to a focus.

The request of L. A. Plaugan for a crossing over Howard street at Third was referred to the highway committee with power to act.

It was brought to the attention of council that wagons were being driven across sidewalks in several parts of the town, practically destroying them. Prompt measures will be taken to put a stop to this practice.

The following budget was unanimously voted:

Police	\$1400
Lighting	3250
Sewer	300
Borough organization	1700
Highway	3000
Board of Health	200
Shade Tree Commission	500
Sewer Disposal Plant account	150
Ordinance and printing	100
Fire and water	715
Riverton Fire Co.	300
Riverton Free Library	100

The following bill were ordered paid:

J. S. Collins & Son, lumber	\$23.34
Louis Corner, work on streets	79.21
Chas. S. Mills, M. D., attending prisoners	3.00
W. Quigley, salary and expense	51.50
Walter Miller, salary	50.00
Public Service Gas Co.	177.12
Louis Corner, work on sewer	12.32
W. L. Bowen, printing and pub. Camden Side Building & Trust Co. Cinnaminson National Bank	15.70
	13.40

## Damage in Wind Storm.

Considerable damage was done by the heavy wind storm which struck Riverton with hurricane fury about four o'clock last Sunday afternoon.

The burn of the J. L. Lippincott Company was partly blown away. On the estate of J. B. Tyler the pillars of the barn were torn down, the heavy building sagging dangerously.

The chimney on the roof of B. F. Meehling's home was missing, as was his entire back porch. Gaps showed in the roof of the residence of Harry Pancoast, where shingles had been blown away by the storm. Only the body of the garage of Dr. Walter Roberts remained—the roof having joined the shingles on the street. The roof of the garage of Arthur Dornance was also missing. In addition bushes, trees and leaves in the storm center were blown down or torn up by the roots.

At Riverside the wind blew the roof of a box car across the railroad tracks, and the 5.10 flyer from Atlantic City, loaded with New Yorkers returning from the shore, was held up seventeen minutes while the obstruction was removed.

## Captain H. L. Brown.

Capt. H. L. Brown died suddenly at his home on Broad street, about 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The Captain had not been in good health for sometime. He had been in Virginia and returned home the night before.

Capt. Brown came to Riverton in 1902 from Hay Shore, L. I. For five years he was general manager of The Delaware River Transportation Company, from which position he resigned to become president of the Delaware and Atlantic Transportation Company. Later he organized the H. L. Brown Lumber Company, of Virginia, of which he was president, with offices in Philadelphia. The deceased was a member of the Masonic Fraternity and the Odd Fellows. He is survived by a widow, son and daughter.

The funeral services will be held at his late residence Sunday, at 4 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Charles W. Williams. The body will be taken to Bay Shore for burial on Monday.

## Homeopaths of New Jersey to Convene at Atlantic City in May.

The announcements for the annual meeting of the New Jersey State Homeopathic Medical Society to be held the week-end of May 8th, at the Hotel Chalfonte, in Atlantic City, are just out. The list of Bureau contains the names of some of the brightest medical men of the State, and of the program promises to be the best ever offered.

Among the officers of the Society for this year are: president, Alvan W. Atkinson, Trenton; vice-presidents, Frank P. Bingham, Paterson, A. W. Westney, Atlantic City; and Charles H. Church, Newark; recording secretary, Alfred Drury, Paterson; corresponding secretary, Charles F. Hadley, Camden; treasurer, L. E. Hetrick, Newark. Among the physicians in this vicinity who are interested members are Charles Street Mills and Frederick Chase Witte.

# WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET for Riverton and Vicinity

Mrs. R. H. Borton went to Newtown on Thursday.

G. K. Clark and son went to New York on Wednesday.

Miss Mary Biddle went to San Francisco, Cal., on Thursday.

Howard Parry spent Easter at the Chalfonte, Atlantic City.

Herman Wallin, of Philadelphia, moved to Riverton on Thursday.

Mrs. Adams, of Darling, spent Sunday with Mrs. S. J. Coddington.

Mrs. J. C. W. Prishmuth, Jr., went to Haverford, Pa., on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wadhams went to Yonkers, N. Y., on Wednesday.

John R. Parry and family returned from Orlando, Fla., on Saturday.

Mrs. Eugene Carty, of Kinkora, spent Wednesday with Mrs. John B. Watson.

J. J. Karins went to Cleveland, O., on a business trip for H. A. Drer, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Lewis were at the Chelsea Hotel, Atlantic City, over Easter.

Mrs. Frank Trautman and son spent Easter Sunday with her parents at Kirklyn, Pa.

Miss Marie Gillick, of Philadelphia, spent Easter with Mrs. William B. Lynch.

Cyclone and Tornado Insurance. Ada E. Price, agent, 416 Lippincott avenue, Riverton.

The Burlington County Teachers Association will meet at Mount Holly on May 4th.

Mrs. C. T. Woolston and daughter, Miss Lillian, are spending the week at Ocean City.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel B. Cole spent Saturday and Sunday in Philadelphia with friends.

Found in post office lobby, about March 25th, a lady's silk umbrella, silver handle, with initials.

The Woolston Auto Truck Co., 2-ton motor-truck chassis has arrived and may be seen by those interested.

"Good morning, Mr. Assemblyman," does not fail to bring a smile to the genial visage of Mayor Flagg.

Your free package of Conkey's Laying Tonic and Big Poultry Book are here. Call before they are gone. Jos. T. Evans.

The Ladies Aid cleared about \$100 from their apron sale which was held in the Presbyterian Chapel on March 29th.

Charles Howard, of Philadelphia, has rented the house at 623 Main street, of C. T. Woolston, and took possession on Tuesday.

No trouble to give Conkey's Roup Remedy. Just a pinch in drinking water. The towels take their own medicine.

For sale by Jos. T. Evans.

Mrs. E. H. Ogden and Mrs. C. W. Kevin and family are expected to return to Riverton on the 25th, after spending the winter in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Datis Reed are on a short trip to Virginia. They will stop at Roanoke, Natural Bridge and several other places, returning home Sunday.

Mr. Harry Crumberger, Mr. Thorp Callwell, Miss Lizzie Wallace, Miss Lillian Sculley, Mr. Eugene Rourke, of Camden, spent Sunday with Miss Fannie Pauze.

The bill changing the date of the Presidential primaries from May 28 to May 8, which was vetoed by Governor Wilson, was passed over his veto yesterday by the Senate. The action of the Senate will in all probability be confirmed by the House when it convenes next week.

At a conference held at the Republican Club headquarters at Trenton Saturday morning Charles M. Biddle, of Riverton, was endorsed for alternate delegate at large to attend the Republican National convention at Chicago on June 18.

Samuel K. Robbins was selected as a district alternate.

Among those from Riverton who attended the Roosevelt meeting at the Metropolitan Opera House, Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening were: Louis Corner, Jr., William Mattis, John G. Williamson, Harry Kollock, George K. Clark, Albert McCoombs; and Charles F. Sleeper, of Palmyra.

Junior Deputy Supreme Tall Cedar E. H. Plagg, Jr., and wife attended the reception, drill and dance at Atlantic City Monday night. It was held on the steed, and about 1500 were in attendance. Among the other notable Tall Cedars present were Supreme Tall Cedar William L. Blanchard, of Newark, and Senior Deputy Supreme Tall Cedar C. Fowler Cline, of Wenonah.

Charles C. Stratton, night watchman at the gas office, was taken with acute indigestion early Wednesday evening. The attack passed off for the time, but returned Thursday morning just before Mr. Stratton quit work. He started to walk home but had to call to a man in a carriage for assistance. Mr. Stratton was very low all day Thursday, but is slightly improved at last reports.

An overheated kitchen range set fire to the partition wall at the home of A. R. Gaudier last Monday morning, and but for the prompt and efficient service of the Riverton Fire Company serious damage would probably have resulted, as the wind was high, and the flames, once well under way, would have soon been beyond control. As it was the water and firemen's axes played havoc in the immediate location of the fire.

## Parents Meeting.

"Playgrounds" will be the subject of an illustrated lecture to be given under the auspices of the Mothers' Circle at their meeting next Thursday evening, in the auditorium of the school. Miss O'Neill, of the School of Observation and Practice, Philadelphia, will deliver the lecture.

All who are interested are cordially invited. Children will be admitted if accompanied by an adult.

## Christ Church, Riverton.

Sunday, April 14, Low Sunday.

7.30 a. m., Holy Communion.

11 a. m., Service and Sermon.

2.30 p. m., Sunday School and Bible Classes.

7.30 p. m., Service and Sermon.

The Rev. George F. Breed, D. D., of Philadelphia, will officiate at all services.

One of Heinz 57 Varieties is Apple Butter in 3-lb. crocks at 35c

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## Specialties for Men

Men's caps in light, dark and mixed colors.

Balbriggan, Porosknit and B. V. D. underwear.

Shirts in white and colors.

Latest belts in brown, black, gray and white.

## MRS. ALFRED SMITH

25 PER CENT. SAVED

ON EAST RIVERTON LOTS

Will allow 25 per cent. discount on all lots purchased during the next three months.

## ADA E. PRICE

Real Estate and Insurance

416 Lippincott Avenue

Riverton

## Koith's Theatre.

A genuine innovation will delight the patrons of Koith's Theatre during the mid-week of the month, being no less than an All-Women Star bill of attractions whereon not one single masculine name appears. Every field of endeavor is covered—every variety of entertainment, high-class music, brilliant sketches, sensational athletic novelties, ventriloquism, character humor and whatnot—all presented by women of the highest order of talent in their various specialties. During the presentation of this veritable festival of femininity, not a man will be seen upon the stage during the entire week—place our thumbs first, last and all the time.

In the order of their appearance we have first the Sisters O'Meer, with Miss Veronica Marquis, in a wire act that is all grace, skill and daring. Next we have the Church Sisters, two of the daintiest dancers in the variety world. Next we have the famous Padette Orchestra of Boston—thirty trained women musicians, under the leadership of the famous founder and director of The Faddettes, Mrs. Caroline B. Nichols, offering classical and popular selections in their brilliant and original manner. Following The Faddettes, we have Max Witt's winsome quartette—The Melody Lane Girls—offering some of the old songs so dear to the heart as well as some of the latest compositions. Then come the ever popular Carthage Pleasure Club, Hayes & Sabal Johnson, giving their quaint and artistic oddity, entitled, "A Dream of Baby Days"—a happy mélange of music, mirth and pictorial surpluses. Following this clever pair we have the Great Kaufmann Troupe of Lady Cyclists, six in number, just returned from European triumphs, performing most extraordinary feats on wheels in three changes of stationary costume. Then there are many others who rank first in their class.

## School Notes.

The Frances Shiner Record and The Medico-Chirurgical Bulletin were received during the past week.

The last of the school dances will be held in the school auditorium tonight. The members of the Athletic Association will have on select that time, candy and ice cream. The proceeds will be devoted to the purchase of athletic equipment and playground apparatus.

The third and fourth grade boys held a series of four soccer games the past week, each class winning two games.

Mrs. Van Northwick, a teacher in the Jersey City schools, visited our schools on Tuesday.

Otis B. Read, county secretary of the Y. M. C. A., gave a very interesting talk to the boys on Wednesday afternoon on athletics and the corn growing contest held annually at Mount Holly. An effort will be made to have the Riverton school represented at both contests.

The Swarthmore College authorities will give an illustrated lecture on college life in the near future in our school auditorium.

## Methodist Church Notes.

Services next Sunday as follows:

9.30 a. m., general class meeting led by Carl A. Peterson.

10.30 a. m., preaching by the minister. Subject: "The Church—The Pillar and Ground of the Truth."

2.30 p. m., Sunday School.

6.45 p. m., Epworth League Devotional service.

7.30 p. m., preaching by the minister. Subject: "Pilate's Wife."

Timely Beauty.

"George, dear," said the young wife, "you are growing handsomer every day."

"Yes, darling," replied the knowing George. "It's a way I have just before your birthday."—Pick-Me-Up.

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Life Insurance in Force January 1, 1912, shows the commanding position in the Life Insurance affairs of this nation held by

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## Farewell Week of "The Sweetest Girl in Paris."

Monday, April 15th, begins the seventh and last week of "The Sweetest Girl in Paris" at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

Rarely does a musical comedy contain anywhere near as many conspicuous ensemble and elaborately staged songs as does "The Sweetest Girl in Paris," with Tricie Frigana and the famous cast and beauty chorus which has captivated Philadelphia. It costs a great deal of money—to say nothing of pains and inventive genius—to make a musical comedy replete with bewitchingly produced numbers, and that is why one or two novel effects are generally compelled to counterbalance numerous solos and duets, wherein the chorus is kept in the background. Not so, however, with "The Sweetest Girl in Paris" which contains at least a dozen elaborately staged songs, to say nothing of a sufficient quota of clever individual hits in the way of vocal effort. First and foremost perhaps is Miss Frigana's "Don't Forget the Number," which is being whistled from coast to coast. During her irrefragable rendition of this song, the lights suddenly go out for a second and when they are switched on again the audience sees a full-sized representation of a street car occupying the centre of the stage, from the windows of which pretty members of the chorus wave to the spectators.

"Mary's Lamb" is another delightful number, in which lamb-like glances and "on the green" ending by nimble footed shepherds. During this number appear the "ponies" that always create so much favorable comment. The entire staging of this number seems like a page lifted bodily from the childhood beloved "Mother Goose," and sends the spectator's mind drifting irresistibly backward through the years to her or his happy childhood, when gambols such as seen on the stage were the gayest delight of existence.

## Musical.

A musical evening will be held at the Porch Club, Riverton, Monday, April 15th, at 8 o'clock.

## PROGRAM

March, "Porch Club Processional" Farrand

The Upsal Club

Selections, (a) "Hungarian Dance" No. 5 Brahms

(b) "Humoresque" Dvorak

The Upsal Club

Soprano Solo, Selected

Barjo Solo, "Aria" from "Il Trovatore" Verdi

Mr. Paul Eno

Selections, (a) "Les des Amphores" Chaminade

(b) "Chanson Sans Paroles" Tchaikovsky

The Upsal Club

Barjo Trio, "Porch Club Symphony" Rao

Messrs. Marks, Eno, Bryan, Dalton

Soprano Solo, Selected

Mrs. Francis P. McElroy

Excerpts from "The Spring Maid" Reinhardt

The Upsal Club

Admission 50c. Proceeds for new piano fund.

## Presbyterian Church Notes.

Rev. N. F. Stahl, of New Castle, Del., will preach next Sunday.

Morning service at 10.45.

Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.

Evening service at 8 o'clock.

All seats free and everybody welcome.

On Tuesday, April 16th, there will be a meeting of the congregation at 8 o'clock in the evening to consider the question of calling a pastor.

The regular Wednesday evening prayer meeting will be omitted next week.

## Ready to Meet Emergencies.

"Be systematically heroic in little unnecessary points. Every day do something for no other reason than its difficulty, so that if an hour of need should come, it may find you trained to stand the test. The man who has daily inured himself to habits of concentrated attention, energetic will, and self-denial in unnecessary things, will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him."—William James.

## A Good Pole Horse.

Prospective Purchaser—I want a horse to use in my work.

Dealer—Well, what kind of work do you do?

Prospective Purchaser—Wire repairing.

Dealer—Here she is. Just the horse you want, young man. All you have to do is to show Maude a picture of an automobile and she'll climb a telegraph pole.—Judge.

## Timely Beauty.

"George, dear," said the young wife, "you are growing handsomer every day."

"Yes, darling," replied the knowing George. "It's a way I have just before your birthday."—Pick-Me-Up.

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Whether the miners work or not the gas is there ready to burn. There's no jumping the price either.

Even when there's coal it's much easier to turn a valve and light a match than it is to split kindling and carry coal before you can have a fire.

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If YOU haven't got a gas range get one NOW. We sell them on an easy payment plan.

## Public Service Gas Company

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in giant incubator with capacity of 6000 eggs

Compartment of 150 eggs for \$3

Will hatch on shires, or we will sell day-old chicks at \$17 per 100

For further information, address

JAS. SATTERTHWAITE

Woodside Poultry Farm

RIVERTON

Phone 343

## PIONEER IN GOOD MOVIE.

In the middle of the sixteenth century a professor of theology in Strasbourg insisted upon having individual communion cups, and during the plague in 1654 his demand was enforced.

## Chinese Complexions.

The exquisite complexion of the young Chinese women is due to the great care which they give their skin. Generally speaking, the result is due to massage.

## Promises.

A man usually wants the preacher to furnish proof that what he promises is going to come true, but he is willing to take the gift promoter's word for it.

## Prayer and Work.

If you do not wish for his kingdom, don't pray for it, but if you do, you must do more than pray, you must work.—Ruskin.

## Wall of the Grouch.

Nowadays people can quote Milton and give a disquisition on art; but they do not know how to darn stockings or peel potatoes.—Exchange.

## Magazine and Politicians.

Many magazines are like politicians, in that their promises of good things for next month are the cleverest part of them.—Detroit News.

## The One Big Man.

Getting tangled up in the job of the 999, and untangling them is the job of the other one in the 1000.

## Not Caused By Work.

Sometimes the calluses on a man's



## INTERESTING NEWS BITS in and around Palmyra

John Cooper, Jr., of Camden, was in town on Sunday.

Mrs. Frederick Blackburn entertained at bridge this afternoon.

Nathan Bailey, Jr., visited Horace McConnell over Sunday.

Appropriate Arbor Day exercises were held in the schools today.

Mrs. W. W. Balcom entertained the Evening 500 on Wednesday.

Miss Kate Donk and sister visited in Philadelphia Easter Sunday.

Miss Lizzie Wilkins and Miss Ella Dills spent Easter with friends at Roxborough.

Mrs. William C. Strang fell from the train on Saturday and sprained her ankle.

Miss Elizabeth Farr, of Philadelphia, spent the week-end with Mrs. Bula Rouch.

Mrs. Edward King spent Wednesday in Trenton with her cousin, Mrs. Sallie Morrey.

Joseph Davis, Jr., entertained friends from Philadelphia from Saturday until Monday.

Mrs. Helen Hallauer, of Cold Springs, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Edward Roberts.

Cyclone and Tornado Insurance. Ada E. Price, agent, 416 Lippincott avenue, Riverton.

Miss Georgia Wallace, of West Philadelphia, spent Thursday with Miss Florence Powell.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bacon, of Camden, visited her mother, Mrs. Albert Faunce, over Sunday.

Andrew McCuen, of Philadelphia, visited his son, William McCuen, of Parry avenue, on Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Daniels, of Delanco, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Bewick, of Arch street, on Monday.

Miss Mary Wilkins and Mr. Maanahan, of Riverside, visited her aunt, Mrs. Thomas Wilkins, on Sunday.

Joseph Davis has broken ground on Arch street and will put up a cement block house in the near future.

Miss Mac MacPherson, and Win. A. Smith, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Powell.

Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Christine, of Philadelphia, spent Tuesday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas McGinney.

Mr. Eaton, of 437 Horace avenue, moved to Brooklyn on Monday. Watson hauled the goods to the train.

Mr. and Mrs. John Riddings, of West Philadelphia, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. William McConnell.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Hines and daughter, Miss Elsie, of West Philadelphia, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Roray.

Harry Brown moved from Fifth and Cinnaminson on Thursday and will live with his father, George W. Brown on Charles street.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris M. Sopovitz will move into the house at Fifth and Cinnaminson, which was vacated by Harry Brown on Thursday.

Mrs. Daniel Duffield, a sister of Mrs. John Bellejaque, entertained a number of ladies from Palmyra at luncheon on Tuesday at her home at 2008 N. Thirtieth street, Philadelphia.

The assistant superintendent of Strawberry & Clover seed department and wife, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Swyer, of Camden, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Plimly over Sunday.

The second of the series of the meetings under the auspices of the Men and Religion Forward Movement will be held next Monday in the Moravian Church. William McConnell will be the leader. Subject "The Power of Prayer."

If the ashes which you are having taken from your cellar are clean have them dumped on the street in front of your property and spread. Our soil is very light and we must get body into our streets before they can be improved to any extent; otherwise gravel would wear right through the sand. If all the ashes in the town were put on the streets for a few years it would make a great difference in this respect.

The Field Club minstrels will be given in P. O. S. of A. Hall tonight and the Lyceum on Saturday evening, for benefit of the Club. On April 23 the minstrels will be repeated in Odd Fellows Hall, Beverly, for benefit of the Beverly base ball team, and on May 4 in P. O. S. of A. Hall for Cinnaminson Lodge, I. O. O. F. This show will undoubtedly surpass all former efforts of the Club along these lines.

About twenty witnesses from Palmyra are in attendance at the trial which is being held at Cape May Court House this week to determine the cause of death of John W. Wasson, which occurred July 4, 1910. Among them are: Mrs. J. C. King, Miss Viola Cook, Misses Haines, H. N. Baugh, Maurice Schwartz, J. E. Russell, John Cook, Joseph Althouse, George Hubbs, and Walter Thatcher, of Riverton.

Real estate conditions are somewhat improved according to the statement of Agent George N. Wimer. He reports sales lately through his agency of the Read property on Broad street to Adolph Schwartz, the Lamb property on Broad street to Julia McAllister, the Schmidt property on Elm avenue, Riverton, to Vincent Nitzky, the double properties on Cinnaminson street, Riverton, belonging to Emily Reese to S. W. Sutcliffe; the Jackson property on Morgan avenue to Albert N. Stewart; two lots on the Morgan plan to Richard Dell and seven lots in West Palmyra to Stephen Cook.

The Mausoleum Builders of New Jersey, located at Trenton, contemplate the erection of a mausoleum in Morgan cemetery, providing a sufficient number of subscribers for crypts at \$200 each can be secured. Messrs. Stanfield and Cunniston, representing the company, are now at work securing subscriptions. William F. Morgan has offered to give the company a piece of ground with 100 foot frontage, in the central part of Morgan cemetery, on which to erect the building. The plan is a very commendable one, and it is to be hoped that a sufficient number of crypts will be taken to make its realization possible.

## Vanigans Again Defeat Regulars.

With the help of Ollie Durgin's masterly pitching The Field Club Vanigans defeated the Regulars on Saturday at the West End grounds by the score of 8-3.

Holt was in the box for the Regulars during the first five innings and five runs were gleamed off of his shoats. Letty's battery mate was Roy Hubbs, who played a very creditable game.

In the sixth John Anthony Boehme and Joe Keating took up the battery burden for the Regulars with the latter on the receiving end. Three runs were scored off of them in one inning, the seventh, when with two on, George Durgin doubled along the right field foul line; this pushed two runs over the fan.

George then stole third and came home when Keating missed Ollie Durgin's third strike. This proved to be all the scoring but it proved too large a handicap for the Regulars to overcome.

The Regulars scored one run in the first, and two in the second on an error by Hinkle and a bad throw by George Durgin, but this was the end of their scoring as they couldn't touch Ollie's shoats.

Ollie also had fine support, especially at short where little Joe Stack played a star game. At the ending of the seventh Keating and Koppelhofer took the Durgin brothers' places and held the Regulars scoreless for the rest of the game.

Those of the Regulars who were present were Hardy, first base; Davis, a new man, second base; Harry Keener, third base; "Whop" Gibbons, short stop; "Babe" MacMullin, left field; Tony Boehme, center field; and Reeves, right field. All of the above players are well known with the possible exception of Davis. He handles himself well around the bag, is fast, and is the ball's enemy; at bat he did not shine, but then he was up against Ollie Durgin, who was twirling in mid-season form, so we will have to pass judgment on his batting ability until a later date. "Babe" MacMullin is well known but not as a Field Club man, as last year he played with the Riverton A. A., but has decided to play with the Palmyra team this year. "Babe" will have some to do in an exceptionally good fielder and a good striker. Bauder was at the ground but did not get in as Manager Griffinberg wanted to see if the boys could go the whole distance.

It was hoped a game could be arranged for this Saturday but owing to the fact that most of the boys are active in the Minutal Show, the season will not be opened until the coming week.

ROSTER.

Palmyra High School Begin Season with a Defeat.

The Palmyra High School team opened up their 1912 ball season with a defeat. The Moorestown High School were the victors but it took them twelve innings to turn the trick. Sam Green, who is the team manager this year, started the game as pitcher with At. Donaghy as his battery mate and a good mate he turned out to be as he caught a fine game; he also helped along with his bat and is enough to satisfy any of the High School fans. Green pitched a fine game until he hurt his arm, and had a good lead at the beginning of the eighth inning—the score stood 8-3, and Green went in to pitch but was promptly knocked to all corners of the lot. This with a few errors gave the visitors five runs, enough to tie the score at 8-8. Calvin Hinkle then went in to pitch and had their goat will in hand until the twelfth, when with two out and one on, two runs, a sacrifice and a base hit, sent two runs over the fan. This proved to be all the scoring as Palmyra High could not do anything in their half of the twelfth.

The game was somewhat of a practice game, Manager Green putting in all of his candidates for an inning or two, and it now has a good idea who can fall back on. Herman Jones, a new man, played first base and handled the ball like a veteran. Skeets Goldboro and Stanley Green, both veterans, showed up well especially at the bat. The rest of the candidates showed up pretty good and the prospects look brighter than counted on.

ROSTER.

Christ Church, Palmyra.

Services at Christ Church, Palmyra, for next Sunday are as follows: Rev. T. B. Bessley, rector.

7:30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

10:30 a. m., Matins and Litany.

11 a. m., Choral Holy Eucharist and sermon; subject, "The Disciples at Emmaus."

3 p. m., Sunday School and Rector's Bible Class.

3:45 p. m., Children's service.

8 p. m., choral evensong and sermon; subject, "Our Father."

St. Mark's Day, April 18th, Holy Eucharist at 9 a. m., evensong at 4 p. m.

Baptist Church Notes.

Sunday morning worship at 10:45. Subject of sermon: "Will a Man Rob God?"

Bible School at 2:30. A place for all, and a place for each.

Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 7 o'clock. Subject, "How Can We Barish Our Sabbath?"

Evening song service at 7:45. Subject of sermon: "A Setter Forth of Strange Gods."

Come and join us in our worship and study of our Father's message to us.

REV. CHARLES W. WILLIAMS, Pastor.

Thomas Wilkins is suffering with pleurisy.

Burglars Scared Her to Death.

A fright from a burglar's visit has caused the death of Mrs. Lucius F. Spencer at her home at Passaic, N. J. Fear of thieves had always haunted her, and when she was awakened by the flash of a dark lantern through a bedroom window full in her face, she screamed several times, frightening the intruder away, and then became unconscious.

For Whooping Cough.

The following is an excellent syrup for whooping cough. Slice some onions thick, sprinkle well with brown sugar, and place between two hot plates with a weight on the top. In a couple of hours remove the weight and the plates in a basin, so as to allow the juice to flow out. Give a spoonful three times a day.

## ADVERTISING TALKS

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## When I was a boy, says Cohn.

"There were seventeen of us at home. And being so many we had to eat at two tables. A lot was always my luck to have to eat at the second table. And do you know I was sixteen years old before I knew a chicken had anything but a neck."

The Bar Sinister.

"Some people think to learn something about heraldry here in Los Angeles," said an old librarian. "There is one commercial house that bears its arms in its show window and on its stationery the 'bar sinister.' That's an actual fact."

No Cruelty Allowed.

A Boston contemporary announces the engagement of the son of Dr. Francis H. Rowley, "President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and Mrs. Rowley."—Chicago Tribune.

THE NEWSPAPER IS the most efficient media, is proven by the fact that EVERY large, National Advertiser, uses it under the most trying conditions.

ROUSING DESIRE may be affected by many methods. The most profitable, is NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.

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IN CITIES, COUNTIES, EVEN STATES, where competition is especially aggressive, where the "trade" has lost interest in a product, or where climatic, labor or other conditions are not favorable, THE NEWSPAPER is called upon to stimulate sales.

FOR THE RETAIL MERCHANT there is NO method of Business Building which can ANYWHERE NEAR EQUAL the local NEWSPAPER in results.

THIS FACT applies to the SMALL as well as to the LARGE merchant.

THE ADVANTAGES of Newspaper Advertising may be attained as FULLY by the Druggist, the Grocer, the Coal Dealer, the Lumber Man, the Contractor or the General Merchant, as by any of the great retail enterprises which NEWSPAPER Advertising has made famous.

JOHN WANAMAKER, who is probably the most successful retail merchant in the world, has not failed to have at least one FULL PAGE advertisement in New York and Philadelphia Newspapers EVERY DAY, for more than TEN YEARS.

MR. WANAMAKER attributes his success, very largely, to the fact that he has ALWAYS been a LIBERAL USER OF NEWSPAPER SPACE.

THERE IS POINTED OUT THE ROAD TO BIG SUCCESS.

YOU CANNOT monopolize oil, create great steel industries, build railways or consolidate steel and railway interests as did Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Gould, Mr. Harriman or Mr. Morgan.

THOSE OPPORTUNITIES are of the past.

YOU CAN, however, become the GREAT MERCHANT OF YOUR CITY in the same manner that Mr. Wanamaker, Mr. Marshall Field, and hundreds of others, became the Great Merchants of their respective cities.

THE NEW ERA is at your service.

P. O. S. of A.

For a while it looked as though the anniversary celebration of the Camp would be passed over for this year. Everyone fought shy of making a motion for the question for fear of being made to head the committee and knowing the work involved. Finally, however, the feeling for the well-being of the camp became too great and a number of members volunteered to go on the committee which is made up, as follows: Wimer, Joseph Seal, Roach, Curry, Banff, Cooper, McPheny, Powers, Prickett, Donaghy, Bowen, Reiner, Reber, Reardon, Stewart, Jr., Schmierer, Strang, Morgan, Koppelhofer, Albright, Bell, Gladney, S.W. Bowen, Griffith, VanSeiver, Hubbs and Huff. There will be a meeting of the committee next Monday evening at the Camp room at which time the program will be outlined and sub-committees appointed. Every member is requested to be present.

The first report of the building trustees was presented to the Camp last Monday evening. It shows everything in satisfactory condition and a good working balance of cash on hand. Hereafter a report will be presented each six months so as to go into the semi-annual report of the Camp.

The Camp memorialized the following committee on Memorial Day: Reber, chairman; Day, Griffith, Morgan, Thompson, Horner and Koppelhofer. Music will be engaged and a good celebration planned.

It has always been one of the main objects of our anniversary celebration to initiate a class of candidates. This year we put the number at fifty. To do this means considerable hustling. We should have at least ten applications by next Monday evening with a larger number to follow each week. Will each brother do his utmost to help us in this matter? We want nothing but good material. We are not ready to sacrifice quality to quantity. Do you not know your good American is not a member of our Camp and ought to be? Is your son not enough to join? If so why is he not a member? How about your father, brother, neighbor or friend? If it is a good thing for you it is a good thing for them. And it is your duty to help us get the 750 members we have promised the State President by June 30th. Will you help? Send in the first application next Monday evening.

Rather Hard on the Teacher.

Teachers are told, not once but a hundred times, that a wise observer need only study briefly "the class before us"—may, some artless speakers say that the observer need only listen outside the door—in order to learn, without a glance at the teacher, whether he or she is alert, enthusiastic, conscientious, hard-working, well-informed, and in vigorous health, or a dragged out, ignorant, soulless, and thoroughly unpedagogic specimen of the profession.—Mary C. Robinson, in the Atlantic.

Thoughtful Child.

Little Alice was terribly afraid of cats. One day she had been standing on the doorstep for several minutes, looking at a big black tom cat gazing on the fence. Finally she rushed into the house, looking very excited, and exclaimed: "Muvver, I thought I'd better come in. Dat kitty was just so afraid of me, I felt sorry for it and comed away!"—Woman's Home Companion.

All He Got.

"When I was a boy," says Cohn, "there were seventeen of us at home. And being so many we had to eat at two tables. A lot was always my luck to have to eat at the second table. And do you know I was sixteen years old before I knew a chicken had anything but a neck."

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# THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER  
Illustrations by D. MELVILLE

## SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old-fashioned Southern plantation, known as the Quindaro. The place is to be the scene of the story, and the Quindaro is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger, a lawyer, and a friend of the Quindaro. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy.

CHAPTER II.—Nathaniel Ferris buys the Quindaro, but the Quindaro deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy, a friend of the Quindaro, appears and asks questions about the Quindaro.

CHAPTER III.—Trouble at Scratch Hill. Yancy's home, when Hannibal is kidnapped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy, a friend of the Quindaro, appears and asks questions about the Quindaro.

CHAPTER IV.—Yancy is served with a warrant for assaulting Blount. Yancy appears before Judge Blount, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff.

CHAPTER V.—Betty Malroy, a friend of the Quindaro, who forces his attention on her, and she is kidnapped by Carrington, who threatens to whip the captain.

CHAPTER VI.—Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal, disguised as a doctor and a nurse, follow her. Yancy, a friend of the Quindaro, appears and asks questions about the Quindaro.

CHAPTER VII.—Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Solomon Price. The judge recognizes him, but the Quindaro deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy, a friend of the Quindaro, appears and asks questions about the Quindaro.

CHAPTER VIII.—The judge recognizes the boy, but the Quindaro deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy, a friend of the Quindaro, appears and asks questions about the Quindaro.

CHAPTER IX.—Carrington family on raft rescues Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price buys the raft.

CHAPTER X.—Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain.

CHAPTER XI.—Hannibal's rifle, discovered some distance from Judge Price, and Hannibal and Murrell again.

CHAPTER XII.—Murrell arrives in Belle Plain. He is playing for big stakes.

CHAPTER XIII.—Yancy awakes from his dreamless sleep on board the raft.

CHAPTER XIV.—Judge Price makes a mistake in looking up and down. Carrington, who is a friend of the Quindaro, appears and asks questions about the Quindaro.

CHAPTER XV.—Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Carrington, a friend of the Quindaro, appears and asks questions about the Quindaro.

CHAPTER XVI.—More light on Murrell's plots. He plans uprising of negroes.

CHAPTER XVII.—The judge and Hannibal visit Betty.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Betty is told why Norton was killed, and she is kidnapped by Carrington, who threatens to whip the captain.

CHAPTER XIX.—Betty and Hannibal are made prisoners in a lonely cabin.

CHAPTER XX.—Murrell appears at the cabin and shows his hand.

CHAPTER XXI.—The judge hears of the mysterious disappearance of Betty and Hannibal.

CHAPTER XXII.—The judge takes charge of the situation, and searches for the missing ones. He is kidnapped by Carrington, who threatens to whip the captain.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Carrington visits the judge and allies are discovered.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Judge Price visits Colonel Pentress, who is a friend of the Quindaro, and Carrington, who is a friend of the Quindaro.

CHAPTER XXV.—Murrell is arrested for negro stealing and his public bureau.

CHAPTER XXVI.—The judge and Murrell discuss the coming duel.

CHAPTER XXVII.—Carrington makes frantic search for Betty and the boy.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Carrington, Murrell, Betty and Hannibal, find a doctor and nurse follows. Yancy appears and assists in the rescue.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Bruce Carrington and Betty come to an understanding.

CHAPTER XXX.—The judge receives an important letter.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Solomon's Last Night.

It had been with no little reluctance that Solomon had accepted the offer of Yancy and Carrington to remain in Raleigh in attendance upon Judge Price. Intimately acquainted with the judge's mental processes, he had followed all the devious workings of that magnificent mind; he could fathom the simply hidden ingenuity he was capable of putting forth to accomplish temporary benefits. Permitted his thoughts to dwell upon the mingled strength and weakness which was so curiously blended in Solomon Price's character, he had horrid visions of that great soul freed from the trammels of restraint, confiding his melancholy history to Mr. Peggie in the hope of bolstering his fallen credit at the City Tavern.

Always where the judge was concerned he fluctuated between extremes of doubt and confidence. He felt that under the urgent spur of occasion his friend could rise to any emergency, while a sustained activity made demands which he could not satisfy; then his efforts were discounted by his insane desire to realize at once on his opportunities; in his haste he was for ever plucking unripe fruit; and though he might keep one eye on the main chance the other was fixed just as resolutely on the nearest tavern.

With the great state which fate had suddenly introduced into their long game, he wished earnestly to believe that the judge would stay quietly in his office and complete the task he had set himself; that with this in his hands the promise of excitement at Belle Plain would compel his presence there, when he would pass some what under the restraining influence which he was determined to exert; in short, to Solomon, life embraced just the one vital consideration, which was to maintain the judge in a state of sobriety until after his meeting with Pentress.

The purple of twilight was stealing over the land when he and his two companions reached Belle Plain. They learned that Tom Ware had returned from Memphis, that the bayou had been dragged but without result, and that as yet nothing had been heard from Carrington or the dogs he had gone for.

Presently Carrington and Yancy set off across the fields. They were so

"I don't," said Yancy, and relapsed into a moody and anxious silence. He held dueling in very proper abhorrence, and only his feeling of intense but never-declared loyalty to his friend had brought him there.

Another interval of waiting succeeded.

"I have about reached the end of my patience; I shall wait just ten minutes longer," said Pentress, and drew out his watch.

"Something has happened—," began Hannibal.

"I have kept my engagement; he should have kept his," Pentress continued, addressing Ware. "I am sorry."

CHAPTER XXXII.

In that bare upper room they had shared, the judge, crushed and broken, watched beside the bed on which the dead man lay; unconscious of the fight of time he sat with his head bowed in his hands, having scarcely altered his position since he begged those who carried Mahaffy up the stairs to leave him alone with his friend.

He was living over the past. He recalled his first meeting with Mahaffy in the stuffy cabin of the small river packet from which they had later gone ashore at Pleasantville; he thanked God that it had been given him to see beneath Solomon's forbidding exterior and into that starved heart.

Yancy—Mahaffy's phase of the almost insensible growth of their intimacy; he remembered Mahaffy's fine true loyalty at the time of his arrest—he thought of Damon and Pythias—Mahaffy's devotion to the heights of a sublime devotion; he could only feel ennobled that he had inspired it.

At last the dusk of twilight invaded the room. He lighted the candles on the chimney-piece, then he resumed his seat and his former attitude. Suddenly he became aware of a small hand that was resting on his arm and glanced up; Hannibal had stolen quietly into the room. The boy pointed to the still figure on the bed.

"Judge," what makes Mr. Mahaffy lie so quiet—is he dead?" he asked in a whisper.

"Yes, dear lad," began the judge in a shaking voice, as he drew Hannibal toward him, "he is dead."

"He would have loved him," he lifted the boy into his lap, and Hannibal pressed a tear-stained face against the judge's shoulder. "How did you get here?" the judge questioned gently.

"Uncle Bob fetched me," said Hannibal. "He's down-stairs, but he didn't tell me Mr. Mahaffy was dead."

"We have sustained a great loss," Hannibal, and we must not forget the moral grandeur of the man. Some day, when you are older, and he can bring myself to speak of it, I will tell you of his last moments."

The judge's voice broke, a quick sob rose chokingly in his throat. "Poor Solomon!" A man of such tender feeling that he hid it from the world, for his was a rare nature which only revealed itself to the chosen few he honored with his love. The judge lapsed into a mo-

CHAPTER XXXIII.

He looked up at the judge while the harsh lines of his sour old face softened wonderfully. "Kiss me, Price," he whispered, and as the judge bent to touch him on the brow, the softened lines fixed themselves in death, while on his lips lingered a smile that was neither bitter nor sneering.

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CHAPTER XLVII.

"I would not have it otherwise. I admire Mr. Yancy—he is simple and direct, and fit for any company under heaven except that of fools. His treatment of you has placed the under-evaluated obligations he shall share what we have. My one bitter, unavailing regret is that Solomon Mahaffy will not be here to partake of our altered fortunes." And the judge sighed deeply.

"Uncle Bob told me Mr. Mahaffy got hurt in a duel, grandfather," said Hannibal.

"He was as inexperienced as a child in the use of firearms, and he had to deal with scoundrels who had neither mercy nor generous feeling—but his courage was magnificent."

Presently Hannibal was deep in his account of those adventures he had shared with Miss Letty.

"And Miss Malroy—where is she now?" asked the judge, in the first pause of the boy's narrative.

"She is at Mr. Carrington's house. Mr. Carrington and Mr. Carrington are here too. Mrs. Carrington stayed down yonder at the Bates' plantation. Grandfather, they are Captain Murrell who stole—do you reckon he was going to take me back to Mr. Bladen?"

"I will see Miss Malroy in the morning. We must combine—our interests are identical. There should be help in this for more than the scoundrel! I can see now how criminal my disinclination to push myself to the front has been!" said the judge, with conviction. "Never again will I shrink from what I know to be a public duty."

A little later they went down-stairs, where the judge had Yancy make up a bed for himself and Hannibal, and he would watch alone beside Mahaffy, he was certain this would have been the dead man's wish; then he said good night and mounted heavily to the floor above to resume his vigil and his mourning.

(To Be Continued.)

MINCE PIE FOR BREAKFAST

It Might Pay Those Who Declare It Is Wrong To Try It for Awhile.

When our Puritan ancestors wished to throw the last touch of ceremony and gloom into the blue laws they enacted to wit: "That no one shall make mince pies, or play any instrument, except the trumpet, drum, and Jew's-harp."

It is a curious fact that the mince pie, which is a symbol of the world's history, is a symbol of the world's history.

When the reaction set in it followed the pendulous law of reforms and swung just as far the other way.

The skill in the making of mince pies became the very touchstone of good citizenship. The recipes always enumerated the brandy and the currants and the raisins first, and then, as a sort of afterthought, made casual mention that a little "finely cut meat" must improve the mince.

But the ungenial environment under which the mince pie was born left upon it a superstitious tradition that it was not altogether wholesome. In spite of the increasing number of people who survive a second helping this prejudice obtains here and there until the present time.

CURIOUS WORK OF PENANCE

Ancient Buddhist of Japan Wrote 126,000 Words on Piece of Paper 13 by 7 1/2 inches.

For some time there has been shown in San Francisco a piece of paper 13 inches by 7 1/2 inches, on which there are written 126,000 words.

This is the work of Kokuo Tashu, a Buddhist of Japan, who lived 1,100 years ago. Before his time his countrymen used only Chinese characters in writing and he evolved the idea of the Japanese alphabet.

The writing on the paper is so fine that a microscope has to be used to decipher the intricate Japanese characters. It is an exact copy of eight books of the Buddhist Bible, and was written by the author as a sort of penance to purify his spirit. It is the property of a descendant of the writer, and has passed as a sacred heirloom from father to son for a thousand years.

Every precaution has been taken to insure the safety of the document. In a case of white wood is a beautiful lacquered box wrapped in green silk. Within the lacquered box is another made of very light porous wood that is extensively used in the manufacture of cabinets in which to store treasures. In this box is the precious writing.

Pepsin.

The introduction of pepsin as a remedy for indigestion is a complete revolution in the method of restoring to normal the ailments which in the old days were classed in a group as dyspepsia.

If physicians were to observe annually the discovery of remedies which had proved a blessing to mankind the entire profession would unite in remembering the fiftieth anniversary of the first manufacture of pepsin in this country.

Just half a century ago the late John Carrick, the eminent physiological chemist and the father of physiological chemistry in the United States, made possible a new epoch in American medicine by producing the first pepsin.

Pepsin had been made in a small way in Europe before Mr. Carrick's enterprise caused it to be introduced here, as it was originally suggested by Dr. Corvisart of Paris. The quality was so poor, however, that its use was distinctly limited.

Queer Monument.

A monument erected in the Straglieno cemetery by a very curious history. It is that of an old woman of Genoa, who made a living by selling strings of nuts in the streets. By frugality and industry she succeeded in amassing a small fortune in this way, and then commissioned a well known sculptor of Genoa, Luigi Orsengo, to make a life size portrait of her in marble just as she appeared at her stall in the street. This statue she ordered to be placed in the famous Straglieno cemetery, probably the largest in the world—World Wide Magazine.

That Tired Feeling.

Johnny (very tired)—Auntie, my eyelids won't stay up any longer.

# THE TRY-OUT

By GEO. S. APFLEGARTH

He was a rookie bold and free. And divvie came in the world had he. As he applied in from Alapakee To ship with the Big League crew.

His stick-work back on the Ragweed nine. His fling and his fielding all were fine. At building the bags he used to shine. So he reckoned he sure would do.

But somehow things were not the same. When he came to get in the big league game. And a sort of a chill crept up his frame. When the try-out time drew near.

His head began to shrink in size. His chest expansion did likewise. The glare of the limelight hurt his eyes. And his knees felt quaky and queer.

The baseball bats all seemed to be As heavy as lead and as thick as a tree. While the ball shrank down to the size of a pea. And he fanned each time he struck.

The route to first was a mile or two. The base-line paved with liquid glue. Each foot seemed ghod with a 10-pound shoe. And he ran like an auto-truck.

His work in the field, alas, was shy. He glooped too low and he reached too high. He booted a boulder and muffed a fly. And his fling was lumpy, too.

Oh, bitter the tears that the manager shed. And he choked a sob as he sadly said: "I love every bone in your fair young head. But it's back to the bush for you."

ROMEO CAUGHT IN CHIMNEY

Curious Antics of a Breton Lover Arouse Excitement in Village in Brittany.

This story comes straight from Morlaix, a very modern place in Brittany. Our Romeo, like Chaucer's hero, was caught in the chimney. He was going to his sweetheart, instead of running away from her. The pretty Juliette was a distance of some seven miles from his home. The enamored Romeo tramped it on foot all that distance. At night he reached the house, and called, but got no answer.

As the door was shut he decided to try the roof. On the roof he found the chimney, and it seemed to him that was quite wide enough to let him down. He descended for some distance, but then, as he came near the fireplace, the chimney narrowed. He slipped and got in a narrow neck. Here he was caught, unable to move up or down. Before long he felt a suffocating sensation. If the thing lasted much longer it would be the end of him. He could stand it no more. After groaning he yelled, and he bellowed so well that not only was his sweetheart disturbed in her slumbers, but the whole village was excited.

BUINNED JUDAS IN EFFIGY

In That Way the Guides Showed Their Love for the Christian Religion.

We hanged Judas Iscariot today. Having expressed our joy over the resurrection of Christ by gorging our selves with roast lamb and butter wine, by firing guns, rockets and torpedoes and by lighting bonfires, we gave vent to our remaining enthusiasm in one grand burst of mock vengeance directed against the unchristian mortal who was destined from the foundation of the world to figure as a cat's paw in the plan of salvation. The burning took place in the front of a little church of the Virgin, situated on the highest part of the city. From a pole erected before the door hung a crude, wretched, melancholy figure suggesting the image of a man. Greek feels particularly happy in depicting the regular Sunday service. At last the doors were thrown wide open and the whole congregation rushed forth like water from a broken dam, and immediately thereafter every man and boy in the square was shooting away at the effigy. Poor Judas whirled about and danced in the air as the bullets peppered him, and suddenly burst into flames.

Great feels particularly happy or wishes to express his enthusiasm he produces an old moustache or plaid and discharges it. Resurrection Day in Greece resembles the Fourth of July in the United States—George Horton in Argolis.

WAS ALWAYS ON THE JOB

Mr. Bingleton Discovers a New Situation With Danger From Street Beggars.

"For a long time," said Mr. Bingleton, "I have made it a custom to look carefully in either direction before stopping to look in at a show window, doing this to avoid being taken by surprise by beggars. The other day I covered another street situation in which one must take like care.

"Walking along the street this morning I became conscious that one of my showings was being watched. I looked along for a convenient store step on which I could put my foot up; and there I did put it up, and I was busily engaged in tying the string, usually a two-bus of hot water, to become a jelly; then divide this equally in two tubs of hot water, adding a cup of bran to each tub to prevent the colors from running. It is best to sew the bran in cheese cloth bags, so that it will not stock to the fabric.

How to Clean Tapestry.

Shake the tapestry gently but well to remove loose dirt and then immerse it in a cleansing fluid composed as follows. Take four ounces of soap to a quart of water and boil it until it becomes a jelly; then divide this equally in two tubs of hot water, adding a cup of bran to each tub to prevent the colors from running. It is best to sew the bran in cheese cloth bags, so that it will not stock to the fabric.

After washing the tapestry alternately in the two tubs, rinse it in water strongly flavored with vinegar (to prevent colors fading) and dry.

After the heavy weight of the water is out, stiffen with a thin starch and iron quickly on the wrong side with a rather hot iron.

IT GETS 'EM ALL

BY APFY

What means this feeling faint and tense? This air of wonder and suspense? This heavy hush That seems to crush The nation near its weight immense? What vast conundrum can it be That vexes you and puzzles me? What plague or famine, blight or ban? But echo answers: Guess again.

Behold yon man of vast affairs; Observe the look of thought he wears, And notice how With knitted brow And concentrated gaze he stares Upon the columns bread and tall Of tabulated figures small. What mighty themes his thoughts engage? Well, as I live, the spending page!

Now comes with slow and measured pace, A solemn man of courtly grace; A preacher he, As all may see, Who holds before his kindly face And reads with look of rapt intent Some sort of printed document; Some tract, no doubt, of pious lore? Not on your life—a baseball score!

And here's our honored President; His head is bowed, his brow is bent, Neath comes of state And issues great And policies of vast portent. Ah me, his job is far from soft, And wearily he sighs and oft, The while he tries some plan to frame That Washington may win a game!

That Tired Feeling.

Johnny (very tired)—Auntie, my eyelids won't stay up any longer.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

He looked up at the judge while the harsh lines of his sour old face softened wonderfully. "Kiss me, Price," he whispered, and as the judge bent to touch him on the brow, the softened lines fixed themselves in death, while on his lips lingered a smile that was neither bitter nor sneering.

CHAPTER XLIX.

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CHAPTER L.

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CHAPTER LI.

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# THE NEW ERA

[Published every Friday at  
RIVERTON, N. J.]

**JOSHUA D. JANNEY, M. D.**  
Editor  
**WALTER L. BOWEN**  
Publisher

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

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Advertising Rates on application

The New Era Office is equipped to do all kinds of

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at reasonable prices. The insignia



is an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money back and no quibbling.

Entered at the Post Office, Riverton, as second-class matter.

**D. A. R. Colobato Anniversary.**

The fifth anniversary of the Anna Stockton Chapter D. A. R. was celebrated on Saturday, April 13th, at the Porch Club. The Regent, Mrs. H. M. N. Panoast, welcomed the guests—about sixty being present. A communication from Mrs. Albert T. Becket was read, urging the establishment of the "Ellen Mecom Memorial," the same to take the form of a perpetual scholarship for the education of Southern mountain girls. Mrs. Fisher, of the Quaker City chapter, gave a talk on "Our Jersey Land."

Mrs. S. W. Collins, Mrs. C. S. Mills, Mrs. T. L. Brehm, Mrs. Harry Shreve and Mrs. P. A. Bell entertained the Chapter in a delightful manner, and when the refreshments were served each blew out one of five candles on a birthday cake and gave a little toast.

Mrs. J. M. Roberts was chairman of the refreshment committee and was assisted by Misses Nellie and Marian Shovel, Ethel Cook, Gladys Weyman and Ella Truchess.

**Pointers for the Motorists.**

Just at this season of the year when country road commissioners are repairing the highways with crushed stone, motorists find many stretches that look alarmingly harmful to them.

The best way to proceed when it is found impossible to avoid a short distance of stony road, is to take it at reduced speed after releasing the clutch. The distance should be estimated so that it will not be necessary to throw in the clutch in the middle of the stony part which would necessitate a fresh start while on the stones.

In case of a long distance of stony road, when it would be impossible to "coast" over the entire distance the best thing to do is to throw in the first speed going over the stony part slowly. It may be explained that as the shocks of the road increase with the increased speed of the car, the cutting of the tires by the sharp stones will be reduced to minimum when proceeding in the manner suggested.

**Keith's Theatre.**

It is a genuine "First Time" bill at Keith's Theatre for the week of April 22, no less than six of the acts making a first appearance, both brilliant home products and the most recent importations. The supreme star of the extraordinary program is Miss Amelia Bingham, the distinguished dramatic star, making her first vaudeville appearance at this theatre in her "original" play, entitled, "A Moment from Great Plays," in which varied and intensely interesting feature Miss Bingham is supported by Miss Beth Franklin and Messrs. John W. Litt and Lloyd Bingham. The repertoire will consist of condensed scenes from "Mme. Sans Gêne," "Modern Lady Godiva," "La Tosca," etc. Miss Bingham's fame is international, for she has probably had more great success in her career than any other American actress. Her advent in vaudeville was regarded with the greatest interest when she appeared in New York, Boston, Washington and elsewhere and now Philadelphia is sure to accord her the warmest reception given any dramatic star who has appeared in this city for a very long time.

Those perennial favorites, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry, always prove themselves comedy stars of first rank, always presenting a success, each time getting a bigger reception than before. As a playwright and delineator of the Rubie character, Jimmie Barry stands quite alone, and his latest and best comedy effort is called by that name "The Rubie" and is his very best. The play tells the story of "The Pride of Hensfoot Corner" who is in love with a southerner at the Poly Theatre of New York, the scene taking place at the stage entrance and later on the stage, with enough funny situations to make a dozen sketches. This act is one long scream.

**Presbyterian Church Notes.**

Rev. N. F. Stahl, D. D., will preach next Sunday.  
Morning service at 10:45.  
Sunday School at 2:30 p. m.  
Evening service at 8 o'clock.  
On Thursday evening, April 25th, a M. and Religion Forward Movement meeting will be held in this church. This is a union service of the various churches, and while in the interest of men, ladies will be cordially welcomed. This meeting will take the place of the regular Wednesday evening service.

At a meeting of the congregation held on Tuesday evening, the 16th inst., an unanimous call was extended to Rev. N. F. Stahl, D. D., of Newcastle, Del., to become pastor of the church.

The great Mississippi River, which is causing such damage this spring, is certainly true to a name applied to it by the Indians, "an almost endless river spread out."

## WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET for Riverton and Vicinity

James Bradley, of Newark, Del., visited friends in Riverton this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Smith spent several days this week at Monroeville. Mrs. S. J. Coddington is entertaining Mrs. George Abel, of Atlantic City. Miss S. Charlotte Reese, of Fallington, Pa., is visiting her brother, J. J. Reese.

While cranking his automobile yesterday afternoon, Druggist W. H. Stiles broke his arm.

Conkey's Poultry Book means dollars to anyone. Free if you bring this ad to Joe. T. Evans.

The attention of water rent delinquents is called to the notice of the Water Company in this issue.

Mrs. F. S. Cummings and son, of Lumberville, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Datis Reed.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Crouch returned home Thursday, after spending several days in Chicago.

Mrs. J. Carl De La Cour entertained a number of friends from Philadelphia this afternoon at a bridge luncheon.

Mrs. John Nichols, of Thomas avenue, entertained the Social Sewing Circle at her home Wednesday afternoon.

An entertainment will be given in the Lyceum on May 25, for benefit of the Mothers' Circle. Further details later.

Mrs. Jander and daughter, Mrs. John C. Stoltz attended the funeral of Mrs. Jander's nephew in Philadelphia yesterday.

The flag at the school house, the post office and the town flag have been at half mast this week for those who lost their lives on the Titanic.

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. H. Mattis have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Dorothy to Gershen Wheeler, of New Brunswick.

A public sale of household goods, wagons and tools will be held at the residence of Joshua D. Janney, of Cinnaminson, on Wednesday, May 1st.

The Uptal Club, of Philadelphia, rendered a most delightful program at the Porch Club last Monday evening. The proceeds were for the new piano fund.

Mrs. Boulton Barnshaw, wife of Boulton Barnshaw, formerly of Riverton, was one of the survivors of the wrecked Titanic. They are now living at Germantown.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Sonora C. Fenimore, of Riverside, and Miss Laura W. Franks, of Riverton. The wedding has been set for Wednesday, July 24th.

You can't afford to be without Conkey's White Diarrhoea Remedy. It is a positive relief from this disease which kills thousands of chicks yearly. Price 50c. Jos. T. Evans.

The Michelin Tire Company announces that its new quick detachable clincher tire is now made in two additional sizes, 32x3 1/2 inch and 34x3 1/2 inch. The prices of these new sizes are \$24.50 and \$26.25 respectively.

The proposed addition to the Riverton Yacht Club building has been placed in the hands of the building committee, but it is not deemed advisable to start operations at this time as the work could not be finished before the opening of the yachting season.

Carl Wallin, who did a thriving business for three years in Palmyra before he moved to Philadelphia, has located at 507 Main street, Riverton, where he will do the same high class of shoe repairing. He also makes a specialty of custom work.

The parents meeting which was to have been held in the auditorium of the school building last night, has been postponed until the 26th, when an especially fine musical program has been arranged by the Matinee Musical Club, of Philadelphia. Parents and friends cordially invited.

William N. Todd died on Wednesday at 6 p. m. from congestion of the lungs. Services will be held Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, from his late residence, conducted by Rev. Samuel Sargent. Interment will be made in Morgan cemetery.

Mr. Todd was 78 years old and leaves a wife and four children, Miss Nellie, Frederick, Joseph and Edward Todd.

**Will Not Sell School Property.**  
At the special school meeting held in the auditorium Tuesday night the proposition to sell the old school ground and buildings at public auction in July of this year was unanimously rejected. The vote against it was 46.

Mayor E. H. Flagg, Jr., was elected chairman and Ross Marion secretary. Address in opposition to the scheme were made by H. E. Moyer and James S. Coale, members of the school board, by E. C. Stoughton, and C. A. Wright.

**Status of Woman's Suffrage in New Jersey.**

In an opinion handed down last Friday Justice Kalisch, of the New Jersey supreme court, held that the constitution of New Jersey does not give the right to females to vote.

Justice Kalisch dismissed a rule to show why a writ of mandamus should not issue compelling the members of the Board of Registration and Election of Passaic township, Morris county, to register the name of Harriet P. Carpenter, that she might be qualified to vote.

The fight was carried to the supreme court by Mary A. Philbrook, as counsel, upon the refusal of the Board to register her name. In his opinion, Justice Kalisch decided that prior to the adoption of the constitution of 1776, the women of New Jersey had no legal right to vote, and no right was conferred by the constitution of 1776. Even though the constitution of 1797 permitted women to vote, it was repealed by statute in 1807, and subsequent statutes, excluding women from the right to vote, are not in contravention of the constitution of 1776. The act of 1884, calling for a constitutional convention to decide the right of women to vote, and which excluded women from the vote, is the fundamental law of this State until amended by a new constitution.

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Men's caps in light, dark and mixed colors.  
Balbriggan, Porosknit and B. V. D. underwear.  
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Latest belts in brown, black, gray and white.

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**"45 Minutes From Broadway."**

One of the most gratifying announcements made by the management of the Forrest Theatre for some time is the engagement for the week of April 29th, of Mr. George M. Cohan and his own company direct from the Cohan Theatre in New York City, who will present their famous musical play, "45 Minutes From Broadway," the revival of which, with George Cohan in the role of Kid Burns, has been a sensation in Gotham for the past few weeks.

Mr. Cohan's unexpected appearance here will be a big and welcome surprise and that the recognition of it will be shown in assembling of a bumper house goes without saying. This popular author, actor and playwright has always said that he considered "45 Minutes From Broadway" his best effort at music play composing and he has wanted, for a long time to play the role of "The Kid," a character creation that is perhaps the clearest drama of the many he has furnished the American stage.

Mr. Cohan believes in never doing things by halves, therefore when he presents himself to Philadelphia audiences, it will be with a surrounding that includes his entire company, production and scenery, as well as the orchestra from his own theatre.

Of almost equal importance to Mr. Cohan's appearance in this revival is that of Miss Sally Fisher, who has created a sensation by her conception of the part of Mary. With no intention of disparaging the accomplishments of her predecessors in the part, it must be said that Miss Fisher brings to the role of Mary a dramatic sufficiency and musical quality of voice that helps her to certain success.

"45 Minutes From Broadway" will be seen here exactly as it was not only Mr. Cohan, himself, his company, the scenic and costume equipment down to the smallest detail, but to even the orchestra of eighteen musicians. With a promise like this to look forward to, amusement seekers can rest assured that "45 Minutes From Broadway" will be presented at the Forrest Theatre in Philadelphia as it never was before and it is safe to predict that there will be sufficient people to take advantage of it to fill the theatre to the capacity point at every performance. The engagement is for one week only, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees, the Wednesday matinee being at special popular prices with no seat over one dollar.

**Spring is Here!**  
Have you ever anticipated spring through the medium of a seed catalog? If not, you want to try it. There is nothing in the world better to produce a thorough spring fever than to read through a genuinely good seed catalog.

The one catalog which is the most prominent is that of the "House of Michell," of Philadelphia. This is really a wonderful book, with a thousand and one flowers and vegetables—vegetables pictured so beautifully that you might imagine they are ready to cat-flowers that are as natural as if they stood before you.

No matter what you need you will find it in Michell's catalog. This catalog is free and is sent to anyone who applies for it. "Michell, Seedmen, Philadelphia, Pa." is all that is required to address the house.

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### School Notes.

The base ball game that was to take place last Monday was cancelled by the Palmyra High School team.

The proceeds of the cake and candy sale amounted to \$31.15; the expenses were \$6.82, leaving \$24.36 total gain, but this will not be enough so we will hold another sale in about three weeks. The boys of the Athletic Association are very thankful to Mrs. Corry, Mrs. Cole, Miss Effie Corry and Miss Mildred Clelland for the assistance they gave during the evening of the sale, and to all who gave donations.

An outdoor circular swing with six steel ladders and three runs on each ladder is being built on the girls school ground.

Monday, the 15th, Mr. Leymel visited the Department of Public Instruction at Trenton.

The first and second grade boys played indoor base ball this week for the first time.

Last week the fourth grade boys defeated the third grade boys in a basket ball contest, fourth grade boys winning two games, another game resulted in a tie.

Beginning this week the third and fourth grade boys play base ball at recess.

Raymond Pratt is the captain of the fourth grade team. Lawrence Bell is the captain of the third grade team.

Inez Starks left school this week to take up dressmaking in the McDowell school, Philadelphia.

The prizes for the spelling bee arrived last week; there are two individual prizes similar in design, one being made of silver and the other of bronze.

The class prize is a silver shield, 10x12, inscribed to a highly polished board. Inez Starks left school this week to take up dressmaking in the McDowell school, Philadelphia.

The class winning the contest will be entitled to have a smaller shield placed on the board with the name of the class, date of the contest and grade engraved upon it.

**A Trip to Philadelphia.**  
On Saturday, April 13th, Mr. and Mrs. Leymel took a few of the pupils of the grammar grades on a trip to the city. We took the 10:34 train from Riverton.

When we reached Philadelphia we boarded a trolley car that took us to Memorial Hall, in Fairmount Park, where we saw many interesting things, such as the art gallery, old coins, armor, musical instruments, pottery, and tapestries. Another interesting object was the miniature of the Centennial Exhibition which was held in Fairmount Park, showing how the buildings were laid out. Then we walked a short distance and ate our lunch near a spring just below Horticultural Hall. Next we went through Horticultural Hall, where we saw many beautiful flowers and plants. There are rooms devoted to ferns and cacti, which include nearly every species of the plants, and a large room containing a variety of plants. On the way to the Zoological Gardens, which we visited next, we passed William Penn's House, which was built in 1682, but later in 1883, moved to different site by a historical society. One of the most interesting things we saw at the Zoo was the feeding of the seals. They are fed with fish, which they swallow whole. After visiting the different animals we took a trolley car that brought us back to the City Hall. After taking in a moving picture show we came home arriving here at about 8 o'clock. All who went voted that they had a very enjoyable time.

### HELEN FIELD.

**Christ Church, Riverton.**  
Sunday, April 21, Second Sunday after Easter.  
7:30 a. m., Holy Communion.  
11 a. m., Morning Prayer, Litany and Sermon.  
2:30 p. m., Sunday School and Bible Classes.  
7:30 p. m., Evening Prayer and Sermon.

The Rev. George F. Breed, D. D., of Philadelphia, will officiate at all services.

**California Produces All the Borax.**  
California is the only State that makes a commercial production of borax annually. The output for 1910 according to the United States Geological Survey was 42,357 short tons, valued at \$1,201,849. Less than 4 tons was imported. About one-half of the borax consumed is used in the enameling industry for making kitchen and sanitary ware. Each year some new use is found for the mineral.

**Companions in Affliction.**  
"I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson, to see this splendid field of potatoes so seriously diseased," said a sympathizing inspector. "Ah! well, it's a great pity," replied the farmer, "but there's a great comfort—Jack Tomson's is not a bit better!"

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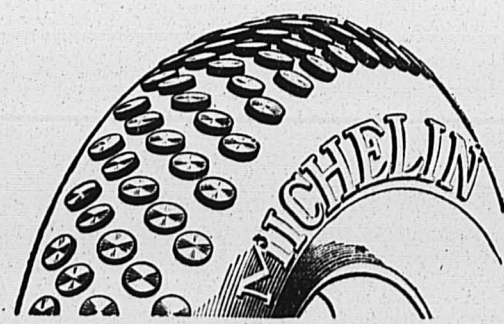
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didn't believe it was a very bad break  
and a clever clock, and, anyhow,  
oh, you say you brought it from Swit-  
zerland and it has a complicated for-  
eign mechanism? Well, it does seem  
to me that Americans ought to be  
able to find enough goods manufactured  
in this country without encouraging  
anarchists and paupers abroad.  
I've often heard my husband talk  
about political affairs, so I suppose I  
am better informed than most women.

The way Mrs. Kershaw lets her  
children run over her is perfectly  
dreadful. She didn't seem to have the  
least control of them at all. I—  
"Willie, you mustn't scratch the pi-  
ano with that pin. Mother means what  
she says, and I expect you to obey.  
Not another scratch after that  
one you are making! I've no doubt  
if your furniture polish is the right  
kind, Mrs. Jones, it will rub the  
scratches out perfectly and, anyhow,  
they are such delicate ones. Willie  
has such a dainty touch with every-  
thing that sometimes I think he is go-  
ing to be an artist."

"Why, Willie—oh, oh! Didn't you  
hear me say no another scratch? An-  
d now you've made at least six more! Now,  
I simply will not be disobeyed that  
way and you may go sit in the green  
velvet chair. Climb back and sit  
there! You see, Mrs. Jones, I always  
punish promptly when Willie doesn't  
mind me."

"If you had children yourself you'd  
understand how it warms a mother's  
heart to feel the little things depend-  
ing on one and taking one's word as  
ospel law. Why, Willie would no  
sooner think of going contrary to my  
wishes than he would think of flying.  
would you, dear?"

"My goodness, where is Willie? He  
isn't in the green velvet chair. You  
haven't a cellar door or anything open,  
have you, Mrs. Jones, that he might  
fall down? I can't understand—oh,  
you say he is on the other side of the  
piano scratching it with another pin.  
Did you ever—that investigating mind  
again! It makes me feel terribly re-  
sponsible. Mrs. Jones, to think that  
it rests with me whether that shall  
be mistakenly crushed out or en-  
couraged."

"I've so enjoyed this little visit with  
you—it rests one to get a change from  
one's usual thoughts, you know. Come  
over soon—it will brighten you up and  
interest you to be where there is a  
child, and Willie is such a lovable lit-  
tle fellow."

"There's nothing in control, don't  
you think so, Mrs. Jones? I never al-  
low any external fact to upset me.  
Oh, is the clock broken? Well, I

"There's everything in control, don't  
you think so, Mrs. Jones? I never al-  
low any external fact to upset me.  
Oh, is the clock broken? Well, I

"There's everything in control, don't  
you think so, Mrs. Jones? I never al-  
low any external fact to upset me.  
Oh, is the clock broken? Well, I



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service and satisfaction that they were intended to give.

Wm. B. Lynch, Riverton



Pleasures and Pains.  
The pleasures of each generation  
evaporate in air; it is their pains that  
increase the spiritual momentum of  
the world.—J. R. Illingworth.

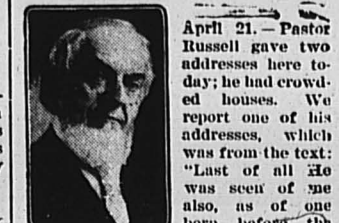
Japanese Coal Mine.  
What is perhaps the most extraor-  
dinary coal mine in the world as well  
as the smallest is situated on a tiny  
island in the Japan Sea, near Naga-  
saki, and has just sufficient room upon  
its surface for the shafts and the  
hoisting machinery. The workings,  
which are very extensive, extend in  
all directions under the sea.—Wide  
World.

Her Artistic Eye.  
"I sometimes think," said Mrs. Lap-  
pling, who was looking at a collection  
of family portraits, "that the pictures  
they take nowadays aren't half as  
good as the old varieties they  
used to take 60 years ago."

## SAUL OF TARSUS SAW THE GLORIFIED JESUS

Another of Many Proofs That  
Jesus Is No Longer a Man.

Brooklyn's Famous Pastor Discovers  
on Words of St. Paul, "Last of All  
Jesus Was Seen of Me Also, as One  
Born Prematurely"—Third of a Series  
of Sermons on the Resurrection.



(PASTOR RUSSELL)

St. Paul was discussing the resurrec-  
tion of the dead. He realized that on  
that great fact rested the weight of the  
Gospel Message. It was easy enough  
to prove that Jesus had died, but to an  
incredulous world it was difficult to  
prove that He had risen from the dead;  
and whoever could not believe that  
great fact could not believe the other  
great facts which stand or fall with it.

"Last of All He Was Seen by Me."  
Prosecuting his argument, the Apo-  
stle marshaled the whole chain of wit-  
nesses except the women who first saw  
the Lord on the morning of His resurrec-  
tion. He says, "He was seen of Cephas  
(Peter); then by the remainder  
of the twelve; then of about five hun-  
dred brethren at once; later, He was  
seen of James, then of all the Apo-  
stles," when He ascended. Then comes  
the text: "Last of all, He was seen of  
me also."

There is something pathetic in this  
reference to his own glimpse of Jesus.  
It called up the period of his tige-  
rant persecution of the Church. It  
reminded him of his responsibility  
in connection with the death of St.  
Stephen, and of the madness which he  
had manifested in pursuing Christians  
even to Damascus, hating them to  
prison. Again, he saw the great, blind-  
ing light from heaven above the  
brightness of the noonday sun, his fall  
to the earth, and heard the voice speak-  
ing to him, saying, "Saul, Saul, why  
persecutest thou Me?"—Acts ix, 1-19;  
xxvi, 12-18.

Why Jews Objected to Jesus.  
The objection which all Jews had to  
Jesus, and what they considered ab-  
solute proof that He was not the Mes-  
siah, was His apparent inability to ac-  
complish the things foretold by the  
Prophets. They said, "It is foolish to  
think of a man without an army and  
without wealth claiming to be a king.  
It is still more foolish for Him to claim  
that He is the Messiah King, who is  
to be above all kings, and who will  
every knee shall bow and every tongue  
confess."

To them it seemed that when He was  
crucified a demonstration had been  
given that He was not the Messiah.  
Was not the Messiah to live forever?  
Must it not, therefore, be true that any  
man whom the Jews or the Romans  
could crucify must have been an im-  
postor? They considered the matter  
proven to a demonstration.

St. Paul's Honest Strengthening.  
The honesty of Saul of Tarsus led  
him to be just as honest after he got  
his eyes of understanding open as he  
had been previously with them closed.  
The situation changed immediately in  
his mind; instead of a humiliated  
and a despised man, he saw a King,  
God had prepared a Heavenly One, partaker  
of the divine nature, glorious, "far  
above angels, principalities and pow-  
ers."

I like to think of St. Paul as ex-  
emplifying possibly a large class of  
the opposers of the Truth. I like to  
hope that all they will need to bring  
them back from their error, and to  
make them loyal servants  
of righteousness will be the  
great light which will shine forth re-  
splendently very soon, when the dis-  
tinct light shall come for Messiah to  
take to Himself His great power and reign—  
when His elect Bride shall have been  
completed and glorified with Him. I  
like to remember the words of the  
Lord through the Prophet respecting  
that glorious Epoch: "Then shall the  
eyes of the blind be opened and the  
ears of the deaf be unstopped; then  
shall the lame man leap as an hart,  
and the tongue of the dumb sing."

One Born Before the Time.  
Many have remarked at the peculi-  
arity of St. Paul's statement that he  
saw the Lord as one prematurely born.  
But, if at first the statement was dark  
and puzzling, now it is luminous and  
enlightening. His thought is this: The  
time for giving our demonstrations  
of the Lord's resurrection had gone  
by; the next manifestation of Him,  
was to be His saints, and after that  
to the world. Thus we read: "We shall  
be like Him, for we shall see Him as  
He is."

Strictly speaking, then, the experi-  
ences of Saul of Tarsus were out of  
the ordinary. No one else than he,  
not even the saints, were to see the  
Lord before His resurrection change.  
In the end of this Age. When, there-  
fore, he saw Jesus, he saw Him before  
the time—more than eighteen centuries  
before the time. Moreover, he saw  
Him as one born before the time—as one  
resurrected before the time.

Busy Embroiderers.  
As early as 1773 over 6,000 women  
were engaged in stitching the fine em-  
broideries which made St. Gall fa-  
mous even in those early days. The  
number had increased by the begin-  
ning of 1800 to 30,000, the industry  
having extended to Baden, Wurtem-  
burg, Bavaria, western Austria and all  
the country about Lake Constance.

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## By Way of Proof

"Mint," said Ampley, carelessly.  
"Catnip," contradicted Ampley's  
wife, decisively.

Ampley regarded her with the ben-  
ignly pitying look men reserve for  
erring and weak-minded members of  
their families. "Geraldine," he said  
in a pained tone, "do you suppose I've  
lived all these years and escaped an  
intimate acquaintance with mint in  
its various forms? It is just as easy  
to tell mint when you see it as it is  
to recognize a potato! This is mint!"

Mrs. Ampley dropped her golf clubs  
and sat down plump in the middle of  
the disputed green stuff. At the eight-  
eenth hole they had wandered off the  
course into the inviting autumn woods  
bordering the links. Her cap was one  
sided and her face was flushed.

"You may know mint," she admit-  
ted crisply. "I've not the slightest  
doubt that you could tell it in a tall  
glass a mile away, but let me inform  
you that when it comes to catnip,  
you've nothing on me. Why, I was  
brought up on catnip—almost! Haven't  
I gathered it by the bushel for the  
cats and kittens we always had?"

"Fine aroma," interrupted Ampley,  
twisting the sprig he held beneath his  
nose with the maddening air of a con-  
noisseur. "I don't know when I've  
smelled on a finer bed of mint,  
really!"

"You'd infuriate me if you weren't  
so silly," remarked his wife. "And  
you are so absurdly stubborn!"

"What're you doing?" demanded  
Ampley with curiosity as she began  
picking handfuls of the herb and  
stuffed them into her sweater pocket.

Mrs. Ampley regarded him coldly.  
"I am picking catnip," she informed  
him, "to take home to the cats next  
door—and I intended to incidentally  
prove to you that I am in the right!"

"Any sane cat," scoffed her hus-  
band, "would be insulted if handed a  
bunch of that stuff! It would collect  
all its intimate friends and sit out on  
the back fence and yowl at you in  
disgust."

His wife sniffed. "Any cat would  
be my friend for life," she contradicted.  
"The poor thing would be hyster-  
ical with joy! Did you ever see a  
cat playing with catnip?"

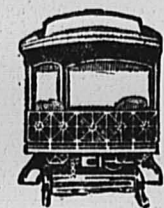
"No, but I am curious to observe  
one having a jag of joy on plain  
mint," said her husband. "It will be  
novel."

"Shoo!" said Mrs. Ampley six times  
to the golf club cat, which seemed de-  
termined to tag them into the station  
play.

"What all the animal?" asked Am-  
pley.  
"Catnip!" explained Mrs. Ampley,  
sweetly.

"Umph!" commented Ampley. Walk-  
ing up the avenue to their home in  
the dusk Ampley fell over some an-  
imal twice. "What the?" he began.  
"I think," said his wife casually,  
"that it must be that big black cat  
I've seen in this block so much. It  
probably has sniffed the catnip in my  
pockets."

"Oh, fudge!" growled Ampley.  
Just as they sat down to dinner  
there was a mew from the front  
porch. It was an insistent call and  
Mrs. Ampley beamed.  
"The dear thing!" she murmured.  
"Cats are so intelligent! I dropped a



## The Lehighway

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through an expanding country. The Lehighway  
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Falls, with close connections for Chicago and the  
West. Gives you a field marshal's view of  
the Blue Ridge and the Valley of the Susque-  
hanna. A bracing tonic instead of fatigue.  
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that never grows old. Not new to New Jersey,  
but always a pleasant contemplation—a railroad  
that is the talk of tourists all over the world.

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who patronize them for traveling companions. Surrounded  
by the safeguards of automatic block signals, an alert service  
—a smooth track of heavy rails and the world's best rock  
ballast under you. Connects at Buffalo with the Grand  
Trunk—the direct route to Chicago with a glimpse of Can-  
ada on the way.

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"Kiss Mrs. Jones, darling. Why,  
what are you sticking out your tongue  
for? You say because you hate her?  
Oh, Willie, it is wrong to hate any-  
one! Haven't I been a cunning, pink little  
tongue, Mrs. Jones?"

"Some day when I'm going out I'll  
let you take him and keep him for a  
whole afternoon!"

Look to the Future.  
Finish every day and be done with  
it. You have done what you could.  
Some blunders and absurdities no  
doubt crept in; forget them as soon  
as you can, tomorrow is the new day;  
begin it well and serenely, with too  
high a spirit to be cumbered by the  
past.—Emerson.

Easy Method of Making Salt.  
The process of making salt at the  
springs in Salinas, Mexico, is very  
simple. The water, which contains  
4 to 7 per cent. salt, is pumped into  
tanks; it is then evaporated to 25 to  
28 per cent., beginning to crystallize  
at 18 per cent. The water is then  
drained off and the salt swept out.

Completely Spoiled.  
"What's the trouble with that prima  
donna?" asked the manager. "She  
used to be very pleasant and consider-  
ate." "Yes," replied the stage man-  
ager, "but she has gotten so she be-  
lieves all the press agent writes about  
her."

Milton's Summing Up.  
Wise men have said many books  
are wearisome; who reads incessantly  
and his reading brings not a spirit  
and judgment equal or superior, un-  
certain and unsettled still remains—  
deeper versed in books, and shallow in  
himself.—Milton.

Rainy Day Hint.  
To mend an umbrella that tears  
loose from the rib at the point, when  
you are on the street and needle and  
thread are not available, close the  
umbrella and bringing the cloth in po-  
sition, insert a small hairpin in the  
hole of the rib, and wind securely  
around cloth. This "first aid to the  
traveller" is so efficient you will be  
tempted to leave it permanently.—  
National Magazine.

Attractive to Men.  
No woman has been heard to rave  
over the beauties of millinery, but men  
must have found something alluring in  
the shapes and colors, especially those  
samples that are displayed in One  
Hundred and Twenty-fifth street shops,  
for one milliner on that thoroughfare  
has considered it expedient to decorate  
her window with this sign: "Men  
are requested not to loiter against  
these windows."—New York Times.

Plumber Rat.  
An old story used to go around of  
a plumber who kept a lot of rats in  
his shop in a trap, and when he had  
a call always took one along. The  
rat was frightened or forced to take  
to the drain, and he burrowed through  
to his liberty in the sewer. Of course,  
it was not necessary to take the pipes  
all to pieces, but the big bill came  
in, anyhow.

Rules for Right Living.  
To be honest in the directest way  
and virtuous by epitome, be firm upon  
such principles of goodness as carry  
in themselves volumes of instruction  
and may abridge thy labor. So may  
we have all in a few, and the law and  
the prophets in a rule, the sacred w-  
in stenography, and the scriptures  
a nutshell.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Mice in Cueser Nest.  
When an old gas main was being  
taken out at Sunderland (Scotland)  
recently, a mouse was seen to run out  
at the end of the pipe. The pipe was  
then cut, and a nest containing six young  
mice. How the animals could exist  
in a pipe which had gas passing  
through it is regarded as remarkable,  
but the fact that there was a fracture  
in the pipe may in some degree ex-  
plain the mystery.

His Quotation.  
A high school boy who had failed in  
an English examination took the teacher  
to task because she had asked no  
questions on "The Merchant of Ven-  
ice," one of the books studied. At the  
second examination, the first question  
was "Give a quotation from 'The Mer-  
chant of Venice.'" When the boy hand-  
ed in his paper, imagine the teacher's  
feelings as she read, "O hell! what  
have we here?"—Lippincott's Maga-  
zine.

Second Bunch for Him.  
The other day I went to see a little  
boy, who was sick, and took with me  
a bunch of grapes for the little in-  
valid. Donald's father hung the  
grapes in front of the mirror, thinking  
the reflection would amuse him. After  
a while Donald's little brother came  
into the room and Donald said: "Rich-  
ard, there are two bunches of grapes  
there. The one in the glass is for  
you."—Chicago Tribune.

Beyond Power to Injure.  
The tyrant will bind—what? The  
leg. He will take away—what? The  
head. What, then, can he not bind  
and not take away? The will. And  
hence that precept of the ancients,  
"Know Thyself."—Epictetus.



## THE NEW ERA

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WALTER L. BOWEN  
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The New Era is devoted to the business and home interests of Riverton and Palmyra, independent of political or religious belief—the people's paper.

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Entered at the Post Office, Riverton, as second-class matter.

Stolen Wheel Quickly Recovered.

A wheel stolen, recovered and the thief committed in less than an hour is the record made in Riverton last Saturday afternoon.

Ogden Mattis rode his father's wheel home to dinner and left it on the front porch. When he came out the next morning to return to the butcher shop the wheel was gone. It was a new wheel, of expensive make, and the plucky Chief of Police determined not to let it go without a fight. He immediately telephoned to all the surrounding towns and sent Officer Quigley toward Moorestown in Woolston's automobile. At the same time Officer Conway left Moorestown headed toward Riverton on a bicycle.

When the officers met, near Moorestown, the stolen wheel and the thief were between them. A quick trip was made back to Riverton where Squire Coddington committed the prisoner to the county jail to await trial. He gave his name as Nicholas Van Stieghorst, aged 32, and said he lived on Tenth street, Philadelphia. When taken to Mount Holly it was found that he was wanted for stealing two wheels there, two at Moorestown, and one at Columbus, all within two months.

### School Notes.

This week we received the following magazines: Rural New Yorker, a journal for suburban country and home; Horndairyman, devoted to dairying and dairy stock interest; Conway Hall Catalogue, Carle, Pa.; School News of New Jersey. Major Rose rendered a program Thursday, the 18th, on the Life of Indiana. He sang some American songs in Indian language. The school received \$1.60 which will be used as a part of the Boy's Athletic Fund.

The spelling bee will be held in the school auditorium at 8 o'clock, May 2d. Everybody is invited to attend. There will be two judges appointed. The following pupils will spell:

Eighth grade—Mary McLaughlin, Elsie Lieb, Mary Steele, Ada Perkins, Marion Steele, Frances E. Lippincott, Kenneth Davis, George Steele, Walter Michel.

Seventh grade—Helen Field, Josephine Westcott, Charlotte Kipp, Charlotte Cavanaugh, Mildred Steele, Frances Fanner, Frank Betz, Robert Hullings, Gardner Correll.

### East Riverton Notes.

Mrs. George Hepfer, Sr., had her foot taken off last Sunday at her home. Mrs. Hepfer was injured in Camden several months ago and gangrene developed.

Clayton Hunter celebrated his twenty-first birthday this week with a party of about forty friends, receiving a great many presents—handsome gold watch among the list.

Mrs. Mary Tomlin, of Camden, visited her sister, Mrs. Thomas Perkins, over Sunday.

Mrs. Cassidy, of Camden, has been visiting Mrs. Alfred Giberson this week.

Lewis Hansen, Sr., of Camden, has come to stay with his step-daughter, Mrs. H. Everingham, having lost his home in the tornado which visited that place.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McFadden, of Virginia, are boarding with Mrs. D. H. Everingham.

Mrs. John Stratton entertained company on Wednesday.

Mrs. Ida Carhart spent Wednesday with friends in Riverside.

Master John Carhart has a present of a very handsome pushmollie.

The following grand jurors have been appointed: Isaac Evans, Palmyra; Benjamin Lippincott, Cinnaminson; Louis F. Lowden, Riverton.

### Presbyterian Church Notes.

Rev. N. F. Stahl, D. D., will preach next Sunday. Morning service at 10:45. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. Evening service at 8 o'clock. Dr. Stahl has accepted the call which was tendered him recently and will take official charge of the Church on May 1st.

### Record of a Maine Stage Horse.

In the harness for 2,130 consecutive days and traveling 39,676 miles is the record of Lee, the stage horse of Moore river. Lee is owned by Jonas Holden, who transports mail between Moore River plantation and the railroad station, and in the past six years there has not been a day when he has not been in harness—Portland Press.

### Clever Family.

"What is the Higgins family doing now?" The wife is writing poems that nobody will read, the daughter is painting pictures that nobody will buy, the son is writing plays that nobody will put on the stage, and the husband is writing checks that nobody will cash.

## WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET

for Riverton and Vicinity

F. G. Brown has a new 1912 Cadillac. W. H. Stiles has been in New York this week.

John Holvick spent Saturday at Atlantic City. P. G. Brown returned from Lakewood on Friday.

W. R. Simpson went to Newark, Tuesday, on business.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Fitter and family went to Atlantic City on Tuesday.

Carl A. Peterson, who has been ill with tonsillitis, is slightly improved. Mr. F. G. Brown spent a few days at the Chalfonte, Atlantic City, this week.

The Rev. G. W. Cooper, of Rahway, is the new minister at the Riverton A. M. E. Church.

Miss Rose Abel, of Atlantic City, spent Sunday and Monday with Mrs. S. J. Coddington.

The attention of water rent delinquents is called to the notice of the Water Company in this issue.

E. L. Williams is moving from Thomas avenue to the property which he purchased at Westfield.

The card party which was given in the Porch Club Monday afternoon was attended by about seventy-five.

Dr. J. D. Janney and Allen Deacon and family will occupy their new home at Eighth and Thomas next week.

Mrs. Ashburner and her daughter have been spending a week at "Pine Knot," their bungalow, at Point Pleasant.

Free trial package of Conkey's Life Powder and Big 80-page Poultry Book for one week only at Jos. T. Evans's.

William Wollschmidt, who has been traveling through the western part of the United States, arrived home yesterday.

The Shepherds of Bethlehem went to Moorestown last Friday night in Watson's automobile, to visit the lodge there.

Misses Abigail Schaff and Louise and Isabel Miley, of Chambersburg, Pa., are guests in the family of Mr. Bruce H. Schaff.

George K. Clark is moving from Thomas avenue to his new house on Fourth street. Watson's men are doing the work.

Charles A. Wright has a letter in this issue, in which he sets forth his views as to why Roosevelt should not receive the nomination.

Mrs. R. J. Stuckhouse entertained her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Friger, and daughter, Miss Helen, of Boothwyn, Pa., on Saturday.

Comp on the Grocer is going to give away \$25 Hornless Symphony Talking Machines. See advertising column for full particulars.

G. Percival Thomas moved to his house at Second and Lippincott avenue on Thursday. J. B. Watson had the work in charge.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. M. Showell will give a dance in the Country Club on Monday, May 6th, in honor of their daughter, Miss Marion.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul C. Barr entertained on Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. C. Vannoy and family, of Pennington.

A public sale of household goods, wagons and tools will be held at the residence of Joshua D. Janney, of Cinnaminson, on Wednesday, May 1st.

The date for the entertainment, which was to have been given in the Lyceum on May 25th, has been changed to May 11th. Benefit of the Mothers' Circle.

If Conkey's Roup Remedy don't cure your wheezing, moping, sneezing and swollen-headed chickens, your money cheerfully refunded at Jos. T. Evans's.

Those who enjoyed the hospitality of the La Bath, at Wildwood, last year will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Peterson will conduct the house again this year.

Men and Religion Forward Movement was addressed Thursday at the Presbyterian Church by Mr. Joseph Smith, on "The Church's Position on Social Life."

John Harris, of Mount Holly, was in Riverton last Saturday, feeling the pulse of the Roosevelt situation. He is said to have met with considerable encouragement.

Miss Anna M. Rudderow, of 402 Lippincott avenue, will move to her new residence Haddonfield, N. J., on May 1st. The old homestead on Lippincott avenue is for sale.

S. S. Daniels and family, who have been living in the Thomas property on Lippincott avenue, have gone to the Country Club until their house at Fourth and Main street is finished.

The regular meeting of the Alpha Society was held at the home of Miss Elizabeth Graham with the majority of the members present. After the meeting adjourned Miss Graham served the members with a luncheon, after which A. Pinf and Harry Bradshaw gave pleasing recitations on subjects entitled "Characters of Human Nature" and "Apples" respectively.

Mr. and Mrs. Woolman gave their son, Hamme, a leap year surprise party in honor of his birthday, Friday evening of last week. Those present were: Misses Alice Dietz, Florence Spayd, Norma Hinkle, Ella Stevens, Addie Seal, May Brown, Clara Stevens, Mabel Simpson, Grace Mathis, Edith Wick, Ella Corner; Messrs. Ralph Stokes, Gilbert Tees, Calvin Hinkle, Preston Sharp, Leopold Wright, James Brown, Leon Randolph, Fred Perkins, Rush Stevens, Hamme Woolman.

Christ Church, Riverton. Sunday, April 28, Third Sunday after Easter. 7:30 a. m., Holy Communion. 11 a. m., Morning Prayer, Litany and Sermon. 2:30 p. m., Sunday School and Bible Classes. 7:30 p. m., Evening Prayer and Sermon.

The Rev. George B. Freed, D. D., of Philadelphia, will officiate at all services. On Wednesday, May 1st, the Feast of St. Philip and St. James. There will be a celebration of the Holy Communion at 7 a. m., at which service the Rev. John Rigg, B. D., will officiate for the first time as Rector.

New Jersey Primary Election May 28. This advertisement is paid for by Charles A. Wright.

**One of Heinz 57 Varieties is Apple Butter in 3-lb. crocks at 35c**

**COMPTON**



**SPRING UNDERWEAR**

Ladies' French Vests 25c. Men's Vests 15c and 25c. Union Suits 25c and 50c. Men's Bathing Suits 25c and 50c. B. V. D. Socks. Porosknit 50c. Boy's Bathing Suits 25c. Porosknit 25c.

**MRS. ALFRED SMITH**

After May 15th we will close at 6 p. m. every evening, except Saturday at 10 p. m.

**Give President Taft a Square Deal.**

Follow Republicans—As the time approaches for the Citizens to register their choice at the Presidential Primary Election, it seems that we should consider well the relative fitness of the several Candidates. To those of us who claim loyalty to the Republican Party, it is manifestly our duty to nominate President Taft who has fulfilled the duties of his high office, in such a dignified and calm manner, that it is a striking contrast to the rough-and-ready methods of his predecessor, Mr. Roosevelt, who suggested Mr. Taft as a Candidate, at a time when we knew comparatively little of him, but after we find that Mr. Taft has all the qualities of an ideal President, Mr. Roosevelt withdraws his endorsement and announces himself a Candidate, suddenly discovering that his former friend has not those qualities that Mr. Roosevelt, claimed for him in his many speeches.

Does it not look as if our bronco-busting former President simply wanted his friend to keep the chair warm until such time as it suited him to return and occupy it?

Has it not been our custom to reward our deserving Presidents with a re-nomination?

Should we change our custom at the behest of one man?

In what respect has Mr. Taft failed in his duty to the Public?

Surely his appointment of a Democrat to the Supreme Court, shows that he is no partisan, while his views in regard to Court decisions are on record, viz: that the law should be framed so that no Judge can reverse a decision of a lower Court on account of an error in the indictment, unless it can be shown that the error had a bearing on the justice of the case.

Contrast this logical method of remedying this abuse, that has crept in our Courts, with the recall of Judges, as put forth by Mr. Roosevelt. Consider Roosevelt's position while he is identified with the publishing industry that causes a loss to the Government of many Millions of Dollars yearly, he holds the finger of scorn at what he calls the *rotted interests*.

President Taft realizing how inequitable the Postal rate on publications (namely one cent per pound), is to the Public, has written many messages to Congress on the subject, then in an attempt to attract the Public's attention to the fact, that each time the publishers mail their productions at one cent per lb. it entails a loss to the Post Office of more than seven hundred per cent. President Taft requested Congress to appoint a Postal Commission. This Commission with Supreme Court Justice, Charles E. Hughes as Chairman, rendered a report in which they state, on Page No. 90, that the Post Office outlays \$8 and 39-100 cent on each pound of second class mail that is handled by the Post Office, for which the publishers pay one cent. The Commission then strongly urges that the rate be doubled. President Taft then writes a message to Congress urging them to carry out the Postal Commission's recommendations, but that Congress being *Democratic*, are so busy digging a fifty-seven million dollar hole in the revenues by removing the duty on sugars and filling the same hole up by a tax on incomes, that this *real reform* of the publishers vested interest, is slurred as a pestilence, they recall, no doubt, how Senator La Follette was thrown from his pedestal for stating a truth at the wrong place and time, (the Publishers Dinner).

Will the great Republican Party allow Roosevelt and "his" *rotted interests* to ruthlessly thrust aside a man having all the qualities of an ideal President, and so deserving of a re-nomination as WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT?

CHARLES A. WRIGHT.

New Jersey Primary Election May 28.

This advertisement is paid for by Charles A. Wright.

**\$2,018,499,340**

Life Insurance in Force  
January 1, 1912, shows the commanding position in the Life Insurance affairs of this nation held by



**The Prudential**

Founded by JOHN F. DRYDEN,  
Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

**TORNADO AND WINDSTORM INSURANCE**

**OHIO FARMERS INSURANCE CO.**

LeROY, OHIO

Age — Strength — Honor

Organized 1848

Assets \$2,900,829.63  
Liabilities 1,824,437.47  
Net Surplus 1,076,392.16

**W. V. and F. G. RUDDEROW**

Authorized Resident Agents

731 Garfield Avenue

Palmyra, N. J.

**Houses Building Lots Sale and Rent**

**Windstorm, Tornado Cyclone and Fire INSURANCE**

ADA E. PRICE

310 Lippincott Avenue, Riverton

**CHICKENS HATCHED**

In giant incubator with capacity of 6000 eggs. Compartment of 150 eggs for \$3. Will hatch on shires, or we will sell day-old chicks at \$17 per 100.

For further information, address **JAS. SATTERTHWAITE** Woodside Poultry Farm RIVERTON

Phone 343.

**CARL WALLIN**

**Fine Shoemaker**

**Shoes Made to Order**

**Repairing Done**

**507 Main Street Riverton**

**Something Here You Want?**

We have such an assortment of useful as well as interesting articles to solicit your attention we cannot name all, but as for anything in building materials you all know we have the goods. But you should see our line of

Poultry Food, Feeders and Fountains Garden Tools of all descriptions A Patent Ash Sifter that will save all that precious coal

Rubbish Burners that won't let the waste paper blow all around But don't let us send you one of those Simple Power Washing Machines for free trial unless you want a permanent fixture, for you won't be satisfied without it afterward

Imitation Hard-wood Rug-Borders will save you much time and labor To make the children happy, buy them Roller Skates

**J. S. COLLINS & SON**

PAUL C. BURR, Mgr.

**C. W. LUDLOW**

**Fresh and Salt Meats**

Our own make

Sausage, Scrapple and Lard

**521 Howard Street Riverton**

**LET GAS BE YOUR KITCHEN FUEL**

With a gas range instead of a coal range in your kitchen you can do your cooking more quickly, more cheaply and more satisfactorily.

A gas range takes no time to get a fire started. A turn of a valve and a lighted match does the work.

A gas range gives you the heat you want just where you want it and with heat properly directed and properly controlled you get the best results.

We sell gas ranges on an easy payment plan.

**Public Service Gas Company**

**GIVEN AWAY FREE**

**BEAUTIFUL \$25.00 HORNLESS SYMPHONY Talking Machines to Customers of this Store**

**GIVEN AWAY FREE**



Symphony Hornless Model Talking Machine

These machines are to be given away to advertise a well-known disc Talking Machine Record. The manufacturers of this record are of the opinion that if several hundred of their machines were placed in that many homes in this vicinity, it would create an enormous demand for their disc records.

The instruments are now on display in our windows—call and see them—you don't realize what a sensational offer this is until you actually see the machine and hear it played! Truly it is wonderful—this instrument is of the very latest modern improved type—the records are *wonderfully clear*. They reproduce the human voice to such perfection, that one not seeing the machine, would *swear* before it was a talking machine and not a person singing or talking. Band and orchestra records of this make are declared by musical experts the most perfect reproductions ever rendered.

An instrument of this high quality could not be bought anywhere for less than \$25.00, and yet it is free to our customers—absolutely free of all cost.

**HOW TO GET ONE OF THESE MACHINES FREE**

You don't pay one single penny for this machine—we are simply acting as distributing agents for the manufacturers and ask that you—out of appreciation for the free machine—buy their make of records which are superior to others. We have a complete assortment of these records now in stock which will please you. These are the very latest up to date popular song hits, band and orchestra numbers, etc. We shall be glad to play them for you—please call.

Commencing this date a free talking machine coupon will be given with every purchase, according to the amount of your sale. For example, if your purchase amounts to \$2.50—you will receive coupons to that amount—you save these—when you have a total amounting to \$25.00 worth of coupons—bring them in and exchange them for a Talking Machine Absolutely Free!

**COMPTON THE GROCER**

**Riverton New Jersey**

CARE CONVENIENCE SAFETY

**BANKING SERVICE**

Banks are becoming more and more the custodians of the funds of the people, of both large and small means. This is due to a wider appreciation of the value of banking service as its usefulness is extended and its methods become better known. In the case of

**THE CINNAMINSON NATIONAL BANK OF RIVERTON THE BEST**

service is assured. Its officers aim in every way to protect the interest of its patrons, making use of every means of precaution. It's up-to-date system of accuracy, promptness and the same careful attention to large or small depositors. It is a safe bank.

It is the bank for all the people—rich and poor, men, women, and children.

Your account is cordially solicited.

**Chicken Feed of all Kinds**

Chick Manna, Scratching Food, Developing Food, Dry Mash, Pigeon Food, Wheat, Wheat Screenings, Buckwheat Seed, Kaffir Corn Barley Seed, Feeding Peas, Prepared Ground Meat, Granulated Bone, Alfalfa, Hemp, Millet, Broken Rice, Clipped Oats, Natural Oats, Ground Oats, Flax Seed Meal, Oyster Shells, Mica Grit, Charcoal, Gluten Feed, Dried Brewers' Grain, Tobacco Stem, Cut Clover Hay, Beet Pulp, Sunflower Seed.

Pratt's and Conkey's Poultry Remedies.

**JOSEPH T. EVANS, RIVERTON**

Bean Poles and Fertilizer

R-12-1

Phone 13-x

Jobbing

**Riverton Electric Co.**

Electrical Contractors

J. W. Rhoads, Mgr.

821 Highland Ave., Palmyra

**Watson's Local Express**

Riverton and Palmyra to all parts of Philadelphia daily

**MOVING A SPECIALTY**

Orders can be left at 623 Main Street, Riverton; W. T. McAllister, Palmyra, and 251 Market Street, Philadelphia

Phone: Riverton, 328 Philadelphia, Market 255

**JOHN B. WATSON**

**MICHELIN**

**Red Inner Tubes**



Their superiority is recognized all over the World



**IN STOCK BY**

**C. T. WOOLSTON, RIVERTON, N. J.**

**WANTED—A RIDER AGENT**

In each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model "Hedgehorn" bicycle furnished by us. The agent wherever he is making a "ride" will receive and approve of your bicycle. We will then send you a bicycle. In advance, *free freight*, and allow *TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL* during which time you may return the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle, *DO NOT BUY* a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at any price until you receive our catalogue and learn our unheard of *factory prices*. You save \$10 to \$25 middlemen's profits by buying direct from the factory. We are established with a *factory* cost price. *DO NOT BUY* a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at any price until you receive our catalogue and learn our unheard of *factory prices*. You save \$10 to \$25 middlemen's profits by buying direct from the factory. We are established with a *factory* cost price. *DO NOT BUY* a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at any price until you receive our catalogue and learn our unheard of *factory prices*. You save \$10 to \$25 middlemen's profits by buying direct from the factory. We are established with a *factory* cost price. *DO NOT BUY* a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at any



## INTERESTING NEWS BITS in and around Palmyra

Mrs. A. S. Griffith is visiting friends in Delaware.

Rev. T. J. Bensley will move to 617 Garfield avenue next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ward visited in Philadelphia Wednesday.

Mrs. Daniels, of Fifth and Market streets, has been ill this week.

Mrs. George Sprague, of Camden, visited Mrs. Charles Dargis this week.

Mrs. William Strang, who has been ill with acute indigestion is improved.

Little Robert Brown, of Sixth and Arch streets, fell and broke his right arm.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ford entertained his sister and husband, of Philadelphia.

Miss Madge Simpkins, of Philadelphia, was the guest of Miss Anna Huff on Sunday.

The Field Club will give a subscription dance in P. O. S. of A. Hall Saturday evening.

Howard Cherry, of West Philadelphia, visited his mother, Mrs. J. A. Davis, on Monday.

Mrs. A. A. Zjotti entertained her daughter, Mrs. Vandegrift, of Burlington, on Sunday.

George McCord is building a garage at the rear of his property, Broad and Arch streets.

Miss Katherine Kirby spent the week-end with Miss Lottie Chamberlain, of Philadelphia.

Mr. Gephah, of Leconey avenue, broke his wrist on Wednesday while at work in Philadelphia.

The Board of Education has equipped the High School building with fire extinguishers.

Miss Georgia Wallace, of West Philadelphia, spent Monday with Miss Florence Powell.

Mrs. F. N. Templeton, of New York, visited Mrs. B. T. Zalley and Mrs. F. L. Dargis this week.

Horace Way moved to Philadelphia on Wednesday. Mr. Way is employed in the Brill car shop.

The Social Sewing Circle met at the home of Mrs. J. Kerr, on Garfield avenue, Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl J. Kory, of Brooklyn, spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Kory.

Mrs. Mary Sise, of West Philadelphia, visited her sister, Mrs. H. P. Huff, from Monday until Thursday.

Mrs. Eula Ruch and daughter, Mildred, spent Wednesday with Mrs. Annie Farr, of Philadelphia.

Water rent delinquents should read the notice of the Water Company in the cent-a-page column this week.

Real Estate Agent Blackburn has sold a lot on the Joseph Wallace tract to William E. Warner, of Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. George McCord and family, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Davis motored to Hampton on Sunday.

Miss Lizzie Kemmerle has returned after spending a week with her sister, Mrs. William Wood, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Edward B. Day will give a 500 and pinouche at her home on Monday, May 6th, for benefit of Christ Church.

Miss Helen Pettitt entertained Miss McDermott, and the Misses Metz, of Philadelphia, on Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Stuckhouse entertained her sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Matlack, of Camden, on Sunday.

A public sale of household goods will be held by the executors of the Mansfield estate at 441 Horace avenue on Saturday, April 27.

A cake sale will be held in Christ Church parish house, on Saturday, April 27, under the auspices of the Altar Guild, for benefit of the Guild.

The P. O. of A. initiated two new candidates last night and have three more for initiation on May 9th, which is their seventeenth anniversary.

The game which Palmyra High was to have played with Mount Holly last Monday, was cancelled by Mount Holly. This afternoon Palmyra played Junkin town.

If you are interested in tornado or windstorm insurance W. V. and P. G. Ruderow will be glad to call and talk the matter over. They have an ad in another column on this issue.

A. H. Weikman has been summoned to Washington as a witness at the hearing before the Senate Committee, inquiring into the causes of the Titanic disaster. Owing to his injuries he is not able to go at present.

Colin Baldwin, age 80 years, died on Tuesday morning. Services were held Thursday afternoon at his late residence, 724 Garfield avenue, conducted by Rev. Charles Williams. Interment was made in Morgan cemetery. Undertaker Morton in charge.

The officers of the Moravian Church held their annual banquet in the basement of the church Wednesday evening. About seventy members and guests were present. Addresses were made by Rev. E. Wolfe, pastor, and Clement Hoyer, of the First Moravian Church, Philadelphia.

The F. C. Minstrels was presented in Beverly on Tuesday evening before a full house. On Saturday, May 4th, the hall will be given in P. O. S. of A. Hall for benefit of the I. O. O. F. No. 201. All those who did not see the performance three weeks ago should avail themselves of this opportunity of seeing the best minstrel show ever given by The Field Club.

The Palmyra Choral Society announces the second concert of the season Wednesday evening, May 15th, at the Riverton Lyceum. The Society will be heard in a number of part songs and choruses from the "Bijah," "Redemption" and "Creation." They will have the assistance of Edna Harwood Baugher, soprano, and Alfred Lennart, cellist, of the Philadelphia orchestra. The associate membership now numbers 150, and owing to the limited seating capacity of the Lyceum, the Society can add but few more members. Those desiring to attend this concert should send their name to the secretary, Miss Ida Ruddick, Palmyra, N. J., before April 30.

## Field Club Notes.

The Field Club Regulars came back to life on Saturday last and walloped the fresh Yankins to the tune of 12-5. The Yankins have defeated the regular team twice during the preliminary practice games and had about come to the conclusion that they had the Regs' goat but they had their dream rudely awakened when Griffenburg changed matters and put Ollie Dargis in the box for the Regulars with Roy Hubbs on the receiving end, and strictly speaking, the Yankins never had a chance, as Ollie never let out, as Roy is not Ollie's regular battery partner and is not as yet on to his curves, but he is coming fast and it won't be long before he is handling them like a vet. Holt and Rapp started for the Yankins and the Regulars sure do like Letty's port side delivery and pounded him hard. Sam Green, a new man Acker showed on us, and Koppenhofer went in in the sixth and before Green had settled down five runs were scored over the pan with a couple of errors mixed in with a good slugging feat by the Regs.

Manager Griffenburg has his own troubles facing third base fixed. Third base has always been a source of worry to The Field Club, in fact ever since Ollie Dargis has been the regular pitcher and that is some time back. Ollie was the best third baseman that ever donned a Field Club uniform and can pick them up today just as good as of yore but when Manager Griffenburg needs him for the twirling department, but this is the only place yet vacant as there are plenty of good men out for every position as you can see by the following list:

Catchers, Roy Hubbs and George Dargis; pitchers, Roy Hubbs and Ollie Dargis; first, Al. Hardy; second, Davis; short stop, Captain Gibbons; third base, as yet in doubt. The outfield material is the best ever as Kemmerle, Keil and Reeves are out from last year's team with two very fast men in J. A. Boehme and "Babe" McMullin to make the Regs to hustle, and last but not least we have little Andy Pfaff, who can go in any place, outside of the pitcher's box, and play a creditable game.

The League season opens May 18 with the Rocking team as our opponents and the boys will have to go some. So come out and root hard as the boys will need all the help they can get as they are in a very strong League, with several teams having strong financial backing.

A game has been arranged for this Saturday with a team from the Pennsylvania Railroad League. This team only lost out for the championship in the final game and is sure to be some team. So come out and help the boys win their opener by your good hard rooting at West End grounds at 3:30 p. m.

## ROOTER.

Water rent delinquents should read the notice of the Water Company in the cent-a-page column this week.

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## ADVERTISING TALKS

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## Keith's Theatre.

A bill of strongly contrasting novelties is the offering at Keith's Theatre for the last week in the month, beginning with the 29th last. The principal feature will be the first presentation here of the latest and best of the "morality" plays which have been in vogue for a considerable period. It is called "Everybody," written by Peter G. Piatti, and sumptuously presented by the veteran producer, Max Hart. There are four brilliant scenes in the play, with no less than fifteen star artists in the cast. One situation follows another with directness and speed, a humorous story being unfolded after the manner of the old-time morality plays. The characters impersonate "Everybody," "Shirley," "Pleasure," "Luck," "Advice," "Future," "Old Sport," "Honesty," "Work," "Fortune" and many others, typifying the progress of "Everybody" downward after leaving "Work" and "Honesty" for the companionship of "Shirley," "Pleasure" and "Luck." The moral lesson is wittily and uniquely conveyed, the lines being direct and forceful, with fun sparkling in every situation.

Another genuine novelty, also conveying a worthy moral lesson, is "A Night in a Turkish Bath," as produced by Joseph Hart with a company of ten star comedians. The scene represents the interior of a Turkish Bath in New York City, the bathers being men from various walks of life. There are several comedy and sentimental episodes that hold the interest of the audience, with plenty of laughter and now and then a tear of pathos. The singing comedian, Mr. Herbert J. Wells, takes one of the leading parts, and Mr. Hart has spared no expense or effort to make the picture a most realistic and convincing one.

Moravian Church Notes.

Services in the Moravian Church next Sunday. Rev. Paul S. Meier, M. A., pastor.

9:30 a. m., Sunday School and pastor's Bible class.

10:30 a. m., litany and sermon by the pastor.

7:00 p. m., trombone choir plays from the steeple of the church.

7:30 p. m., the eleventh anniversary of the Ladies Aid Society will be observed. Love Feast and address by the pastor.

You are cordially invited to attend these services.

Christ Church, Palmyra.

Services at Christ Church, Palmyra, for next Sunday are as follows: Rev. T. J. Bensley, rector.

7:30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

11 a. m., Choral Holy Eucharist and sermon; subject, "Sorrow and Joy."

3 p. m., Sunday School and Rector's Bible Class.

3:45 p. m., Children's service.

8 p. m., choral evensong and sermon; subject, "I Believe in the Holy Catholic Church."

St. Mary's Guild will give a supper on May 16th. Tickets 35 cents.

Methodist Church Notes.

Rev. Samuel Sargent, minister. Saturday night at 8 o'clock the first quarterly conference will be held.

Services next Sunday as follows:

9:30 a. m., general class meeting led by Carl A. Peterson.

10:30 a. m., preaching by the new district superintendent, Rev. James W. Marshall.

2:30 p. m., Sunday School.

6:45 p. m., Epworth League devotional service.

7:30 p. m., the Old Fellows will attend service in a body. Preaching by the minister; subject, "Peter and the Angel."

K. G. E.

We're progressing. Four candidates were initiated this month and two applications for next month.

If you are thinking of joining an order of merit, then you must give the K. G. E. your most serious attention and you'll find this organization one that fulfills all that is best in fraternalism.

Your application is our fondest hope.

SECREATARY.

Lion's Destruction Decried.

Every man's hand is against the lion. His destruction is encouraged by all the governments of Africa; and the occupation of most parts of the continent by the white race is likely, before a great many years, to close his history except in a few regions.

Ancient Peruvian City.

The Yale scientific expedition into the interior of Peru has returned. Its members found the ruins of an ancient Inca city, hitherto unknown. In the midst of a boundless wilderness they identified the remains of public bath, a temple and a royal palace.

Too Flattering.

"Flattery is dangerous to sensitive ladies," says the Wise Man. "I am always very careful in the matter, because one evening I told a lady that she was as sweet as honey, and the next day she had hives."

Some People.

The trouble with some people is that they want to draw common interest for life on the little charitable deeds they do just for the purpose of keeping the world from suspecting that they are cold-hearted and stingy.

Money Trust She Knew.

Mrs. Knicker—"I see the money trust is to be investigated." Mrs. Bocker—"I'm glad somebody is going to get 'em. Tom; I can't get a blessed cent out of 'em."—New York Sun.

Fused Alumina.

"Alundum" is the name given to a fused form of alumina. It is extensively used in the manufacture of crucibles and other vessels for which a refractory material is needed.

Marks Upward Step.

If we can perceive beauty in everything of God's doing we may argue that we have reached the true perception of its universal laws.—Ruskin.

Advance of Civilization.

In point of time Europe and America are nearer together now than London and Edinburgh were two hundred years ago.

One Estimate of Philosopher.

A philosopher is a fool who torments himself during life, to be so again when dead.—W. A. Williams.

## P. R. R. TIME TABLE

In effect November 26, 1911.

Palmyra to Philadelphia

Palmyra to Philadelphia

Palmyra to Philadelphia

Palmyra to Philadelphia

Palmyra to Philadelphia

Palmyra to Philadelphia

Palmyra to Philadelphia

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Palmyra to Philadelphia



## We Have a Treat in Store for Every Baseball Fan

## The DIAMOND CIPHER

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By W. A. PHELON

One of the Best Known Sporting Writers in the Country

A fascinating story written around the Mexican revolution, involving foreign spies, secret service men, Mexican outlaws, cipher messages and concerning many of the baseball stars you have read about

As unique and original a serial as you ever read

Don't Miss It Opening Installment Soon

## The Girl He Forgot

Henshaw laughed when he asked Elizabeth Blake to accept Wharton, whom she had never met, as her particular escort at the theater party which Henshaw was planning to give the following week.

"I'll be delighted," said Elizabeth. "But what's the joke?"

"Jim Wharton's the joke," replied Henshaw. "I don't suppose he ever took a girl anywhere in his life. He boards where I do."

The night of the party Jim's costume was certainly irreproachable, and but for a certain shyness, which troubled him more than it did any one else, his manners were impeccable. Elizabeth was the most tactful of her sex, so when she found that her attempts at conversation seemed merely to startle and embarrass her escort, she asked most of the time to Henshaw and Pauline Curtis, who were her neighbors in the other side. Being thus left to himself, Jim was free to enjoy the play.

It was several minutes after the curtain had fallen on the last act before Elizabeth, who had been busily collecting her possessions, looked around in search of Jim and discovered that there was no such person anywhere to be seen. She gave a little gasp of mingled surprise and amusement. Henshaw turned toward her at the sound, and when he saw the vacant chair he, too, laughed.

"You followed instructions too well," Elizabeth said. "I didn't mean for you to obliterate yourself so entirely that he could go beating it off alone like that."

Not until Jim, still chuckling to himself in retrospective enjoyment of the play, took out his watch and began to wind it, which was his first step in the process of going to bed, was he assailed by an unpleasant and all too familiar sensation. He recognized it.

"I've lost something," he said to himself, beginning to feel about in his pockets. He knelt his brows and tried to think. It couldn't have been his ticket to the play, for he had been there and come home again. "Great play," he soliloquized. "I don't know when I've enjoyed anything so much. I wonder if Tom—"

Here he struck a clow. "Why, where is Tom?" he asked, thoughtfully. "We certainly went together." Then, like a flash, it all came back in one horrible, overwhelming flood.

When Tom returned and stopped in Jim's room on his way to his own, he found a pale, disheveled, dejected creature sitting on the side of the bed, one large shoe in his hand, gazing wildly into space. Jim turned a haggard face toward the intruder.

"Nice man you are!" said Tom, disgustedly. "Any time I undertake to make a social butterfly out of you again!"

Wharton groaned. "Say," he asked, "what does a fellow do when things like this happen?"

Tom started for the door, smothering a yell of delight. "They don't happen," he said, chuckling, as he disappeared.

About 5 o'clock the next morning Henshaw was awakened by a knock

on his door. When the door was opened slightly Wharton's dejected countenance appeared in the crack. "Come in," he said. "I've hardly slept a wink. I've just got to do something."

Tom reached for a pillow and threw it at the long, snaky face. "Go and do it then," he shouted. "But if you bother me again, I'll—"

The door closed on the uncompleted sentence.

If Wharton could have seen Elizabeth's misanthropic countenance that evening when she read his name on the card which the maid handed her, she would have been tempted to dive headlong out of the window. When she entered the room in which he was waiting for her, however, she was smiling enough.

"Good evening, Mr. Wharton," she said, with cold politeness. "Won't you have a chair?"

"A chair?" repeated Jim, looking about wildly. "I—I don't believe I've ever seen one that I can't stay but a minute. Miss Blake, I wanted Tom to come with me to tell you what a fool I am. He knew I'd do something awful. He hadn't any business to let me go into hysterics. Miss Blake, I don't know what to say," he went on, cheerlessly. "If there's anything I can do to square myself, I'd be glad to do it. I know there isn't any excuse for a headach like mine."

Jim was pallid with misery by this time. "I know you can't forgive me and I don't ask it. I just came to say that I wish you'd get somebody to kick me around the block. I can't apologize, for there's no apology that I can make. The only thing I can say for myself is that you're the first, I may say, the only girl, I ever forgot."

It was not until Elizabeth had dropped upon the piano stool and with her head resting on the piano had very nearly gone into hysterics that Jim realized his blunder. Then he, too, laughed.

Elizabeth's picture now decorated the back of Jim's watch, and she had placed there at her request, the words: "The first and only girl."

Easy Word to Pronounce. The easiest word to pronounce in the English language is said to be "murmur." It is simply an expulsion of the breath repeated.

Short Life of Musicians. Painting and sculpture are conducive to long life, says an authority, but music kills men young.

For Better Things. Troubles are often the tools by which God fashions us for better things.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Discretion. Discretion is a thing that most men are able to use as long as they are free from temptation.

Stony Place. Sing Sing, in New York state, is said to be derived from two Indian words, meaning "the place of a stone."

Daily Thought. Though the past is irrevocable, it is not irreparable.—P. B. Meyer.

But Beware of the Sheriff. Nothing succeeds like a failure, judiciously managed.—Exchange.

## Enjoying the Play

"I brought two handkerchiefs," said the girl whose hair was done up in an exaggerated psycho knot. She spoke proudly as one who makes it known that she has thoughtfully prepared for all emergencies.

"What I had," said her friend, enviously, as she jingled her chateleine bag into a safe place. "Eva said this play was perfectly exasperating and there wasn't a dry eye in the house—though how she could swear to that I don't see, for of course she couldn't go around looking at everybody, could she? That's what I don't like about Eva—you can't depend on what she says."

"I really oughtn't to go see a play like this," said the girl with the psycho knot, shaking out handkerchief No. 1. "I'm too sensitive! I sympathize so with others and it just breaks my heart to—"

"There goes Sadie," said her friend in a shrill whisper, clutching her arm. "Down the aisle—watch the feather." Doesn't she know that without have gone out? Who's it with her?"

The girl with the psycho knot turned solemn eyes upon the questioner. "If it isn't Tom!" she got out. "And the last time I saw her she said that she'd never have anything more to do with him if he was the last man on earth!"

"Wait till I get hold of him!" gurgled the girl with the chateleine. "I don't call him out yesterday and ask him to drop in this afternoon and we'd take a walk—and didn't he say he was sorry, but he had to work? Sighing me for Sadie! I bet she isn't him to bring her to the matinee to see a play! I'd never hint such a thing if I did for it! Of course, most any man if you ask him to go walking would suggest dropping in to see a show of something, but that's his business."

"I'm going to get some chocolates," said the girl with the psycho knot. "Yes, I am, you got some the last time. I like those soft, squishy ones, don't you? There goes the curtain!"

"I simply can't talk," declared the girl with the psycho knot, at the end of the first act. "I never was so affected in my life. It was all I could do to keep from crying and I didn't want to because I knew this act couldn't be half as sad as the rest and I didn't want to get started so soon!"

"It's the next act that's the worst," explained the girl with the chateleine. "Isabel went and she said she just cried on Harry's shoulder. She said she couldn't help it and she didn't care if people did see him put his arm around her to quiet her!"

"Pooh! Isabel would weep at a plate of breakfast food if she could get Harry to make love to her," cried the girl with the psycho knot. "It's all make-believe with her. It's different with me—I feel so intensely that it makes me downright ill. I'm all used up after a play like this—there goes the curtain!"

"What I tell you!" triumphantly whispered the girl with the chateleine five minutes later. "Ain't it just heartrending?"

"I don't—don't—don't!" sobbed the girl with the psycho knot, sobbing her eyes. "It is perfectly awful, it is so sad! I can't stop the tears!"

"I knew you'd like it," pursued her friend in a satisfied tone. "Listen to that!"

"It's just dreadful!" wept the first girl. "W-w-will you g-g-got m-m-m-my handkerchief, dear? I am so blinded I can't see!"

"Try to control yourself," said her friend, sympathetically.

"M-m-most people c-c-could," replied the weeping one, "but I am so tender-hearted! Isn't it nearly over? I simply can't stand much more of it! I never saw anything so beautifully sad, did you?"

"Aren't you glad you came?" demanded her friend. "If it hadn't been for me you'd have gone to that old comic doing instead of to something where you really could enjoy yourself!"

"Mercy, I'm glad that act's over!" said the weeping one, giving her face a final dash.

As the lights went up there was a startled scream from the girl with the chateleine bag and every one around turned around to look. Then they laughed. The girl with the psycho knot sat red-eyed and unconcerned.

"I thought something awful had happened to you at first," said the girl with the chateleine bag. "People's hair turns white from grief or shock, so I thought you might have changed the same way—in your excitement you've been mopping your face with the handkerchief, and the whole scene is, instead of the one with the handkerchief!"

Craving for Variety. The servant girl who had been given an afternoon off to attend a matinee, returned unusually early.

"Why," said her mistress, "you can't have waited to see the whole performance?"

"No, ma'am," was the reply; "it said on the program that Act III was the same as Act I, and I don't want to see it again."—London Opinion.

Easily Answered. "The bride for 17," says a dispatch from Canterbury, Conn., "and the bridegroom is 60 and wealthy." When the bride is 17 and the bridegroom 60 why add "and wealthy"?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Increasing the Difficulty. The woman who lets it be known that she got her divorce because she couldn't live with a genius is likely to have trouble in finding another mate.

Profitable Interchange. In return for the white pine, the Douglas fir and the black walnut, Europe has given North America the Norway spruce and maple and the Scotch and Austrian pine.

Nietzsche's Philosophy. Aphorism and sentence, the German, as the foremost among the Germans, an master, are the forms of eternity.—Nietzsche.

## Looking After Things

"But, James—" protested Mrs. Bank. That was as far as she got. Her husband turned on her an implacable face. "Not one word!" he said. "I've got some sense if you haven't, and I guess I can see a case of nervous prostration coming on if you can't! You need rest, Emma, and you're going to begin today. It's Sunday and there's nothing special to do, and—"

"I think Thomas is pulling Angelina's hair," Mrs. Bank explained. "You'd better go and see!"

"I should think," he said, "that you'd have enough control over those young hennas so that they'd mind better when they're spoken to! They have absolutely no sense of respect for—"

"Something's burning in the kitchen," broke in Mrs. Bank. "You'll have to go and see—"

Bank went. It was the breakfast oatmeal and Tilly was in a highly disturbed state of mind. She was most so when Bank explained that the mistress of the house would not be visible that day.

"But what'll I do?" Tilly asked. She was not strong on meeting emergencies.

"Don't repeat Bank. What do you usually do when the oatmeal burns?"

"I never burned before," Tilly told him, anxiously. "When the meat burned once, Mrs. Bank said—"

"We'll go without breakfast food for once," Bank said, with dignity. He felt proud of the inspiration. "And I'll take up Mrs. Bank's breakfast if you'll fix it."

"Mrs. Bank," explained Tilly placidly, "she fix it herself!"

Bank clumsily got things on the tray, burned himself with the coffee, tripped on the stairs and stopped on Angelina, who was crawling through the upper hall on her hands and knees. She explained indignantly that she was a caterpillar and that she had "quarantined" her trunk down the tray with an elixir bang. Then he spanked Angelina and attended to Thomas, who was shrieking for the exact location of his fresh underwear.

"You don't know what kind of a text they both chirped to their father," Thomas and Angelina were enjoying themselves greatly. Father's way of doing their hair was novel in the extreme and they expected to "see" the hairdresser when they arrived on Sunday school. When Bank got them off he was puffing and exhausted.

"You'll have to see what Tilly is doing in the dining room," Bank went up long enough to tell him. "There's to be a fricassee, and tell her not to forget the biscuits, as she did last Sunday, nor the cranberry jelly. And I'm sure she'll have what kind of a salad she can do by herself or—"

Bank found Tilly in tears. "The dessert," she explained, "he will not get hard! In the icebox!"

Bank investigated. Tilly opened the icebox door and showed him the screaming. The dish of gelatin she had set on the ice had slipped and toppled side up. "What shall I make now?" Tilly wailed. "What shall I make now?"

Bank swallowed hard. "We—we will do without dessert today," he said. "Mrs. Bank said something about cranberry jelly—there's the phone!"

"You're of course!" Bank cried nobly over the phone. "If you're down this way to church come right on over for dinner—glad to have you, Aunt Sarah!"

"Put on an extra place," he ordered Tilly, who was running around in circles in the kitchen. "There's a company—and fix something for dessert—I don't know what—fried omelette if you want, whatever you're used to fixing when the dessert tips over!"

Angelina fell down on the way home from Sunday school and was muffled from head to throat. Aunt Sarah came while Bank was in the throes of redressing his offspring. She stayed till 6 o'clock and Bank had to sit and entertain her instead of leaving the scrub duty to Mrs. Bank, while he retired with a cigar and book to the den. Thomas and Angelina, being somewhat uninterested, had made a wreck of the usually orderly dining room.

Hungry, tired to death and wise, Bank opened the door to look in on Mrs. Bank after dusk. She looked so rested and cheerful that it made him angry. "Here," he roared, "if there's any more nervous prostration in this house I'm going to have it myself!"

"Why," inquired Mrs. Bank, innocently, "have you been busy, dear?"

It Actually Happened. The traditional bet of a dollar to a doughnut was recently made in a town town cafe. The man who put up the doughnut won, but when the odds were turned over he found that the odds were not so much in his favor as he had imagined. The dollar was like the doughnut—a hole in a Louisville Courier-Journal.

Bedouin Using Olive Oil. It is reported that a market for oil developing among the Bedouins, who have been accused of using samn (cooking butter made of sheep's and goats' milk), but who, on account of the high prices obtainable for samn, are selling it and substituting olive oil.

Greatly Improved Phonograph. A new duplex phonograph has been introduced in Paris and by its means it is possible to have a continuous performance, without break, for hours. The whole opera of Carmen was thus produced, 50 odd records being used.

## A WOMAN AGAIN

By JEAN ELGINBROD

The rush of the day's work was over in the telephone office. Jeanette Whipple, trunk operator, facing the clock, saw that in a little less than two hours her time would be up. She wondered if Richard was waiting for her at home, and she impatiently asked the clock to hurry.

Such a long, long time to six o'clock and the happy walk home.

She glanced over at the local board. The local board was busy. Their hands flew as they connected line after line. The drops fell quicker than they could answer them. The chief operator (No. 25 official), was working back of the board on the Hayes.

The monitor walked up and down, up and down, back of the girls, who hated her nearly as much as they did their chief. She had been 15 years in the business—and showed it. She was reported to have a soft spot in her heart for the young, curly-headed assistant chief operator at the desk.

The local board was called the fellow with the "pretty blue hair." The girls called him "twelve-and-a-half," being assistant to No. 25. Jeanette laughed to herself as she thought of it. Then she turned down a jacket to see if No. 270 were still talking to Ridgerton. Captain Henry's big voice boomed in her ear, and she caught a sentence.

"The foreman of the Electric old, been foreman of the Electric company six years."

Mechanically she turned up the jack. Then, as she realized what she had heard, she listened again. Why, Richard was foreman of the Electric company. What could have happened?

"Oh, Lathrop! die. There is no chance. Don't know how it happened yet. Nash has always borne a good name, though there has been bad blood between him and Lathrop a long time, I hear. Have your men kept on the job? If he did go on that four o'clock I'll head it off at Saturday. It gets there about 4:30. If he got off at Ridgerton, which I doubt, he can't have gone far yet. I think he will keep on the job. I got it all right. Five feet 11, dark, smooth face, well built, brown suit, black derby—all right. Goodbye."

270 rang off. Jeanette took the connection down and leaned back in her chair. The bulletins on the board away up and down with a horrible, sickening growl. The noise of falling plugs grew faint. The hum of voices died into silence. The board seemed an immeasurable distance away.

Then, slowly her brain cleared. She had no trouble in realizing now what it all meant. Richard Nash was still alive! He had killed Lathrop!

His face came up before her, clear cut as a cameo, the wide, tender face, the frank, steady eyes. Why, every one had hated Lathrop, but Richard had only laughed at him, and he had said: "Some one was playing a joke on me."

She looked swiftly down the long line of girls. All were working, still and sober. The monitor paced slowly back and forth. No. 12½ was writing out trouble reports.

A drop fell. It was 270. She took it before the recording operator could reach it, and plugged in on the line. Her voice sounded strange to her as she spoke.

"Toll line."

"Give me police station. Saturday. Captain Briggs to the telephone. And right away, quick, too, central. Her fingers were stiff and cold. She felt numb all over except her brain. That seemed on fire. She looked down at the small diamond on her left hand. Whether it was true, or not, he was Richard—yes—and she loved him.

If Ridgerton had not been able to get a man down to the train in time, Henry's message, there was a small chance for his escape—perhaps she could make it a bigger one, if he were ready to keep the train from being caught. She sat at the desk, waiting for the train to pass, and a whole half hour yet.

A New York was probably his goal. If he had kept the train from being caught before it reached New York he might escape west, or across the water.

Was he thinking of their walk home at dusk? No, now, she would dread, remorse and fear fighting within him. Or had he had no time to think of her yet?

270 was calling again.

"What is the matter?"

"Wire is busy. I will call you," she answered clearly. It was only quarters of five.

She cast a furtive look at the monitor, who was coming toward her. She answered two other calls, and made quick connections. The monitor looked at her board, then walked slowly away again. Time seemed to stand still. 4:57—4:58—

## A SHATTERED IDOL

BY APPY

They snuggled in the grandstand there So closely side-by-side, All who were there must be aware That they were groom and bride. And none so rare and none so fair In all the countryside. For Jack, an ardent fan, you see, First felt the sacred flame When sweet Marie avowed that she Just doted on the game.

It seemed to be affinity That moulded them the same. But now the play is under way, A runner on first sack; The pitcher tries the old surprise Of quickly snapping back. Again, again, and yet again He whips it to the bag, But even quick to see the trick, The runner beats the tag.

"Wire is still busy. I will call you," she said. Captain Henry turned. Jeanette listened in silence. Then he slammed up his telephone. She watched the clock and waited. 4:58—she drew a long breath, and passed the call. In a few moments they were talking. Captain Henry gave the same details that he had given to Ridgerton. He had given to Lathrop, New York and New York at the same time. Jeanette had not thought he would do that. The train did not get into New York until nearly six o'clock. Dared she delay that call so long a time?

She took the calls slowly, making him repeat several times, until his voice was like a cannon roar with anger. Then she set her teeth, folded her arms, and waited. Once she made a faint of receiving reports on the central telephone office. The information courteously to Captain Henry recorded it on the back of the tickets.

5:00 N. C. (no circuit). He lifted her up into his arms and, carrying her in, sat down in the big, old-fashioned rocker with her. There, there, child. It's all right. Jeanette. Nash Farnsworth shot Lathrop, but he is going to die, though they thought he was at first. Did you get it wrong? It was mixed at first, in the excitement. Did they tell you it was Richard Nash who did it? His first name being my first one, and description being rather alike did make a little bother. He got away, I guess. I imagine he got that four o'clock train. Why, little girl, you had not told me that. It was I who shot him, could you?

And in the bush, while Susan got supper, and the light from the fire played on the walls, the rocking chair swayed gently with its burden, while she told him how she had played the part of Fate to a man she never saw.

After she had set herself again he looked at her solemnly and shook his head.

"It's just as the poets and philosophers always tell us," he said. "A big door hangs on a little hinge. It takes a woman to fool a man, every time, and to save one, too, God bless her, even if it did not happen to be me."

TEST OF TRUE HOSPITALITY Army Officer Tells of His Best Lesson in Cooking and Conduct as a Host. The old army officer, distinguished alike for his character and his position, had said to his fellow guests at the little mountain camp that he regarded a knowledge of cooking as a necessary accomplishment for a gentleman and a soldier.

"Let me tell you," he continued, "where I received my first and best lesson in cooking, and in conduct at the head of the table."

While he was yet a very young man I had the good fortune to attract the notice of an old French gentleman who, with the remnant of his former large fortune, had come to the United States, and, in a small town, and established himself in a small cottage.

"In this little home the dining-room and kitchen were separated by a partition that extended only a few feet above the floor. As monsieur was too poor to afford a waiter or cook, he himself performed the duties of both. He often honored me with an in-

know right well y've all heard tell of Jackie Wieneknaut, The man that chucked the ball that struck the famous Casey out; But whilst ye mout hev heard about that one historic deed, Ye may not know that Jackie also was famous fer his speed. Th' wild gazelle kin run right well, Th' antelope kin lope, Th' kyste an' th' timber wolf Kin canter down th' slope; Th' greyhound, too, kin run a few, But what'd be th' use? They'd all be like a busted bike When Jackie turned 'im loose. I've seen 'im smash, then drop th' ash, An' with one mighty bound, I've knowed 'im score almost afore That bat could tech th' ground. He'd hit a crack to wards first sack, Then make a lightning burst An' overhaul that flyin' ball An' beat it out t' first. But one sad day ther come a play That Jake had never reckoned; He tried t' clout a liner out An' beat it clean t' second.

He lammed 'er out, a clean line clout, Th' pitcher straight apast, An' then of Jake makes one mistake By runnin' too base fast; Fer while along th' two-base line, O! Jake like lightning sped, His own line clout comes sizzlin' out An' raps 'im side th' head; An' down goes Jake as cold, by bala As a eod in Casco bay; Th' umpire pulls his book o' rules An' promptly stops th' play. He scans it out over three times er more, He turns off ten round about, Then counts off 'im, real slow, an' then, Decides pore Jake was 'out." GEO S. APPLEGARTH

## VICTOR HUGO'S ACACIA TREE

Planted in Childhood by Author, It Has Just Been Saved From Destruction in Paris.

An acacia tree, supposed to have been planted by Victor Hugo in his childhood has just been saved from destruction in Paris. The tree stands in the Boulevard Raspail, and its tall, curved trunk has long been familiar to the inhabitants of that quarter. A short time ago a certain M. Charuau bought the plot upon which it grew for the purpose of erecting a mansion. The whole quarter was disturbed at the news that a tree of such traditions was about to disappear.

When, however, M. Charuau heard that his new mansion was likely to demolish the object of a veneration with which he sympathized, he altered his architectural plans spontaneously, and built a semi-circular frontage to his house, just including the acacia within the railings.

The association of it with Victor Hugo is disputed by authorities on that poet's life, but one may feel gratified that a tradition retains such vigorous life and that the marking of places connected with famous men is not yet purely municipal in Paris.

Long Controversy, Indeed. After ten years' controversy, it has been decided in France that the industry of gathering old corks and making use of them a second time is not detrimental to public health.

Real Financier. Our idea of a financier is one who can borrow a lot of money without security or secure a lot of it without borrowing.—Galveston News.

Careless. A good many men try to climb the ladder of success without first taking the trouble to see that it is set on something firm.

First "Lighthouse." Two centuries before Christ, Jews had been lighted on a tower near Alexandria, Egypt, as a warning to mariners.

Probably. The man who complains that the world isn't giving him his due would probably be pained if it did.

## JAKIE'S MISTAKE

BY APPY

know right well y've all heard tell of Jackie Wieneknaut, The man that chucked the ball that struck the famous Casey out; But whilst ye mout hev heard about that one historic deed, Ye may not know that Jackie also was famous fer his speed. Th' wild gazelle kin run right well, Th' antelope kin lope, Th' kyste an' th' timber wolf Kin canter down th' slope; Th' greyhound, too, kin run a few, But what'd be th' use? They'd all be like a busted bike When Jackie turned 'im loose. I've seen 'im smash, then drop th' ash, An' with one mighty bound, I've knowed 'im score almost afore That bat could tech th' ground. He'd hit a crack to wards first sack, Then make a lightning burst An' overhaul that flyin' ball An' beat it out t' first. But one sad day ther come a play That Jake had never reckoned; He tried t' clout a liner out An' beat it clean t' second.