

MAY

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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FINE PRINTING

at reasonable prices. The insignia



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

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Mothers' Circle Entertainment.

An entertainment will be held in the Lyceum, on Saturday, May 11th, under the auspices of The Mothers' Circle.

A rich and varied program promised, the first part consisting of the circle of a minstrel show, followed by a short sketch, in which Arthur Hall, and R. S. Williams take an active part, assisted by a number of young people. Tickets on sale at Mrs. Alfred Smith's store—reserved seats 75c and 50c, general admission 25c.

A Cold Swim.

Last Friday afternoon C. B. Durbin swam across the Delaware at Riverton, from Jersey to Pennsylvania, in thirty minutes. Fred Butler, of the First National Bank, Philadelphia, rowed the boat and kept the time.

During the last week in June Mr. Durbin expects to try to swim across the Delaware Bay from Cape May to Cape Henlopen, Del. This is a feat never before attempted, and said to be an equal with the channel.

About the middle of July he will try for a new distance record for American in New York. Mr. Durbin holds the record from Philadelphia, to one mile below Chester and return, 12 hours and 44 minutes on July 10, 1910.

In addition to being a swimmer, Mr. Durbin is an accomplished outdoorsman. On Sunday, April 21, he rowed from Riverton to two miles below Marcus Hook, Pa., in 13 hours.

Christ Church, Riverton.

Sunday, May 5, fourth Sunday after Easter.

7:30 a. m. Holy Communion.

11 a. m. Holy Communion and Sermon.

2:30 p. m. Sunday School and Bible Class.

7:30 p. m. Special Musical Service and Sermon.

The following music will be rendered:

"Triumphal March," Sir Michael Costa

Proclamation Hymn, 378 Powell

Magnum and Nunc Dimittis in E flat

King Hall

Anthem (after third Collect) "Now the Day is Over"

Spohr

Offertory Anthem "Recessional"

Kipling DeKoven

Vesper Hymn, 647 Dickinson

Recessional Hymn, 404 Storer

Postlude, "To a Wild Rose"

Edw. MacDowell

The Rector, Rev. John Rigg, B. D., will officiate at all services. All persons cordially invited.

WEEK DAY SERVICES.

Wednesday and Friday, Morning Prayer and Litany, 9 a. m.

Friday, Evening Prayer and Address, 8 p. m.

Koth's Theatre.

One of the most strikingly versatile and classy vaudeville bills ever presented at Keith's Theatre is the offering for the week of May 6. The supreme headliner is the new Oriental musical comedy de luxe, entitled, "A Persian Garden," in which the celebrated comedy star, Louis A. Simon and the charming and popular comedienne, Kathryn Osterman, appear with a company of fifteen. There are several brilliant scenes, the main situation being located in the famous Gardens of the American Legation at Tcheran, Persia. The book and lyrics are by Edgar Allen Woolf, with the score by Anatol Friedland. The stage setting is one of the most sumptuous ever seen in vaudeville, and the musical numbers of a semi-classic order. "A Persian Garden" comes to Philadelphia after a most unprecedented success in New York, Boston, Washington and elsewhere.

An important first appearance is that of the distinguished Italian protean actor, Caesar Rivoli, who presents a romantic and dramatic novelty, entitled, "A Scandal in a Restaurant." In this lightning change, Caesar Rivoli assumes no less than seven separate and distinct character parts of both sexes. Following this extraordinary play, the distinguished Italian will give impersonations of the great composers—Verdi, Rossini, Suppé, Liszt, Mascagni, Strauss, Wagner, Sousa, Creatore and others. It is a great act by one of the greatest of foreign actors.

All vaudeville patrons in and about Philadelphia gratefully recall Miss Will as the Whittaker, the charming contralto who sings "Sweet Songs on Sunny Subjects," assisted by Mr. F. Wilbur Hill, the gifted instrumentalist. Every time Miss Whittaker returns to us, she makes more and more friends with her delightful personality and her rare selection of songs.

The Useful Toad.

English and French gardeners are always in the market for live toads, and not infrequently as much as \$25 per hundred is paid for this insect destroyer. It is estimated that every time a boy kills a toad he is destroying \$100 worth of stock on a farm.

WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET

for Riverton and Vicinity

Miss Frieda Vogel spent Sunday in New Brunswick.

Clarence W. Jones spent Sunday with relatives at Egg Harbor.

Mrs. Thomson went to Atlantic City on Monday for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Jones, of Camden, spent Sunday with his parents.

Miss Louis Horlacher has gone to Mahwah, N. J., for a short time.

Rivera's now has a milk-man who covers his route in an automobile.

Mrs. O. L. Grenelle, of Columbus, spent Thursday with Mrs. S. J. Coddington.

William D. Rogers, of 731 Main street, moved to Philadelphia this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dorrance spent Friday at the Chalfonte, Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hill and children spent Sunday with relatives in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clifton and child have gone to Mahwah, N. J., for a few weeks.

Mrs. O. J. Scott, of Linden avenue, entertained the Social Sewing Circle on Wednesday.

Paul Burr entertained ten little friends on Wednesday afternoon in honor of his sixth birthday.

Mrs. Anna C. Troutman and son, Frank, Jr., spent Sunday with parents at Kirklyn, Pa.

Rev. John Rigg and family moved from New Castle, Del., to Christ Church rectory on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Ayres went to Swanton, Lake, N. Y., on Wednesday, where they will remain until October.

Mrs. Kathryn Keating, Mrs. Harry Bradshaw and son, Raymond, went to Atlantic City on Saturday for a few days.

An informal reception will be tendered Rev. and Mrs. John Rigg in the parish house of Christ Church on Thursday evening, the ninth.

Progressive euchre and promenade will be held in the Lyceum on Thursday evening, May ninth. Play commences at 8 o'clock. Proceeds for Sacred Heart Church.

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

A lecture on Cleanliness, Mental, Moral and Physical, by Dr. B. B. Smith, of Philadelphia, at the Cinnamonation public school on Wednesday, May 8th, at 2:30 p. m. All are cordially invited.

George MacMullin's play, "The Boy of the Connecticut," will be played at the Lyceum on Saturday, May 10th, at 8 o'clock. Proceeds for Sacred Heart Church.

Don't let her eat any more vegetables, when it's so easy to get rid of them. Conkey's Lice Powder, Lice Liquid and Head Lice Ointment are guaranteed to do the work quickly. Get a practical poultry book free from Jos. T. Evans.

The National School of Elocution and Oratory, of Philadelphia, gave their annual entertainment on Wednesday evening. The play was "Bianca" and the leading parts were taken by Miss Gladys Dawson, of Riverton, Miss Esther Beer, and Miss Jane Burgess, of Philadelphia.

The Porch Club will give their annual charity luncheon on Saturday, the 4th, for members only. Mrs. Blankenburg, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Augustus H. Reeve, of Moorestown, president of the New Jersey State Congress of Mothers; and Miss Louise, president of the New Century Club, of Philadelphia, will be the guests of honor.

There is no change from last year in the opening of the pike season, which will occur on May 20. On May 30, it will be lawful to catch black bass and all game fish. These dates apply only to inland waters that do not flow into the Delaware river. In all streams tributary to the Delaware river it will not be lawful to catch any of the above fish until June 15.

The duties of Trusteeship are apt to require greater administrative ability than an individual Executor, Trustee, etc., can generally command. For such duties The Burlington County Safe Deposit and Trust Company, Moorestown, New Jersey, possesses the combined executive ability of a staff of experienced officers, with special training in trust matters.

As Jake Sykes Sizes Up the Taft-Roosevelt Controversy.

Jake Sykes, of Jefferson county, Pa., has sized up the Taft-Roosevelt fight. He thinks that the country should stand by Roosevelt and nominate Taft.

"It is like this," he said, "and you can't get round it. Roosevelt knows what to do when in a box. They got him in a snarl in the Philippines, but he knew what to do; he sent Taft out, and Taft fixed it up nicely. Then things went wrong in Cuba, and Teddy sent Taft down and he smoothed it out. Taft stole a piece of land about Panama, and he wanted folks to think he got it honestly, and he sent Taft down. Taft fixed it up until it looks like decent. Roosevelt was President and he got the Republican party and the country in a mess, and he put this man Taft in to fix this, too, and it is a devil of an undertaking, and no fellow could get through with it under eight years, so I think we ought to stick to Teddy and give this man Taft four more years to finish his job."

Moves Ten Pounds.

There are 28 pounds of blood in the body of an average grown-up person, and at each pulsation the heart moves ten pounds.

Once Was Enough.

"Of course," said the surgeon who had operated for appendicitis, "there will be a scar." "That's all right," replied the patient. "Leave any kind of mark you like that will prevent some strange doctor from coming along and operating again."—Winchester Herald.

Royal Mint Sauce

for your Spring Lamb or Mutton

15c a bottle

AT COMPTON'S

JERSEY GRASS FRESH FROM THE FARM

Phone 54-A



SPRING UNDERWEAR

Ladies' French Vests 25c.
Melba Vests 15c and 25c.
Union Suits 25c and 50c.
Men's Balbriggan 25c and 50c.
B. V. D. 50c.
Poroskin 50c.
Boy's Balbriggan 25c.
Poroskin 25c.

MRS. ALFRED SMITH

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

School Notes.

A fly killing contest was started on Wednesday and will last until June 1st. Four prizes will be given to the children bringing the most dead flies to Dr. Mills' office during the month of May. The prizes are \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.00, 50c. Every child bringing 100 dead flies will be given 5c.

Twenty-five of the older girls have entered a sewing contest to be held in November, 1912.

The boys of the seventh and eighth grades are getting ready to compete in the "Fly Killing Contest" on May 15th.

The third and fourth grades finished a nine inning base ball game on Monday of this week, which resulted in a victory for the fourth grade.

Score by innings:

Third Grade—0 1 1 2 0 4 1 1—10 6 10
Fourth G. —2 2 1 2 4 0 0 0—11 9 15

Home runs: Lawrence Bell and Shannon. Umpire, Mr. Leymel.

The following catalogues have been received: Harvard University, National School of Domestic Arts and Science.

Honor Roll.

Kindergarten. Distinguished—John Steele, John Quigley, Elizabeth Corner, Anna Lochowitz, Alice Roe, Ellen Brennan. Meritorious—John Brennan, James Karins, John Morris, George Brown, Marion Powers, Edith Sullivan.

First Grade. Distinguished—John Lochowitz, Jessie Clark, Helen McDermott, Elsie Rice, Evelyn Stackhouse. Meritorious—Leon Perkins, Wallace Sullivan, Aylward Taylor, Richard Wakeman, Theodore Upshur, Thomas Lafferty, Estella Kiffery, Ruth Morris.

Second Grade. Distinguished—Helen Quigley, Alda Jacobus, Virginia Karins, Annette Pratt. Meritorious—Mac Whartnaby, Tilly Zask.

Third Grade. Distinguished—Catherine Rice, Rebecca White, Marie Stoughton, Elizabeth Karins. Meritorious—John Glass, Marie Brennan.

Fourth Grade. Distinguished—Helen Crowell, Grace Plisky, John White, Grace Goodnow. Meritorious—Catherine Brennan, Frances Anderson, Reba Kern, Helen Lieb, Mary McDermott.

Fifth Grade. Distinguished—Emily Clark, John McLoughlin. Meritorious—Beatrice Walters, Mary O'Donnell.

Sixth Grade. Distinguished—Edythe Moore. Meritorious—Charles Lezenly.

Seventh Grade. Distinguished—Helen Field, Emma Kipp, Josephine Westcott, Charlotte Cavanna. Meritorious—Mildred Steele.

Eighth Grade. Distinguished—Marion Steele, Elsie Lieb, Catherine Watson, George Steele, Kenneth Davis. Meritorious—David Kern, Mary McLoughlin, Frances Lippincott, Ada Perkins, Mary Steele.

Naturally Alarmed.

"Ze beautiful headdress scared me to death when she asked if I had anything to hide from ze world." "Monseur was alarmed?" "Terribly! I thought she had seen ze solid shirt beneath ze big Windsor tie."—Boston Record.

In Favor of Cheese.

It has been said that cheese in the morning is sold at noon silver and at night lead. This depends, though, on the quantity taken and the quality. Good cheese in rational quantities is as golden at night as in the morning.

Irony of Fate.

The irony of fate crops out in the fact that the men whose portraits would look best in the magazine never succeeded in making it worth while for the magazine to publish portraits of them.

Truly Fortunate Man.

Hail to the newspaper, comforter of lonely hearts which wander, binder of home ties, voice of the nation, vehicle of sympathy for the bereaved, participator in joys of the living; joining the people of a land, yet bringing cheer and comfort to those of the armchair and fireside.

"It Will be the Aim of the Officers

to continue the policies which have guided The Prudential to such signal success in the past, policies which have meant so much in gaining confidence of the public and in keeping faith with our patrons."

(From the 1912 Annual Address of President Forrest F. Dryden.)



The Prudential

Founded by JOHN F. DRYDEN,
Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

Bring in your
Razors, Razor Blades
Knives and Scissors
and get them
SHARPENED

Thin Razor Blades 2c each
Thick Razor Blades from 5c up
Razors honed 15c
Razors ground 25c
Razors, new handles 25c
Knives and Scissors 10c up

W. H. STILES
DRUGGIST

Riverton New Jersey

Riverton A. A.

Should the weather be favorable on Saturday, those who will try out for the team to represent Riverton on the diamond during the season of 1912 will endeavor to get in some practice, preparatory to starting the season on the 11th inst. On this day we will have with us the Riverside A. A., champions of the Delaware River League for 1911, and a battle royal will no doubt be witnessed by those who will be present.

Owing to the fact that it was found impossible for the Association to secure away clear time into the League, for this year, we will be enabled to play a majority of our games at home, together with all holidays, which will be something exceptional to the visitors at home, as for several years in the past we have always gone away to visit our neighbors, The Field Club of Palmyra.

It is the aim of the Association to put a strictly first class team on the field and nothing is being left unturned to get the best players that it will be possible for us to have, in keeping with the finances which we will have to run the team and keep up a good string of visiting teams.

A few of the players from last year's team will be with us, but only a few, including Friel, Smith, Lynch, Hercher, and possibly Steele, but from the last word received from him, it is more than likely he will play at Palmyra, however, wherever he plays, he has our best wishes.

"Babe" MacMullin will not be with us, owing to the fact that he will try for a bigger field, it being the general impression that he is to go to Potstown to play with a League team of that city.

Finch, of Beverly, will play left field, and should Kettler's hand permit he will be at second. He played with the Riverside team last year. At some later date we will publish a list of the games which we will be able to schedule, and should the patronage warrant, the best teams that come out of Philadelphia will be seen on the local diamond this season.

RIVERTON ROOTER.

COMPTON THE GROCER

Riverton New Jersey

Houses Building Lots Sale and Rent

Windstorm, Tornado Cyclone and Fire INSURANCE

ADA E. PRICE

316 Lippincott Avenue, Riverton

CARL WALLIN

Fine Shoemaker

SHOES MADE TO ORDER

REPAIRING DONE

507 Main St., Riverton

REPORT OF THE CINCINNATI OF THE CINCINNATI NATIONAL BANK

At Riverton, in the County of Burlington, New Jersey, this 1st day of May, 1912.

Loans and discounts \$1,000,000.00

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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 CINCINNATI 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 Magna, Scratching Food, Developing Food, Dry Mash, Pigeon Food, Wheat, Wheat Screenings, Buckwheat Seed, Kaffir Corn Barley Seed, Freding Peas, Prepared Ground Meat, Granulated Bone, Alfalfa, Hemp, Millet, Broken Rice, Clipped Oats, Natural Oats, Ground Oats, Hulled Oats, Flax Seed Meal, Oyster Shells, Mica Grit, Charcoal, Gluten Feed, Dried Brewers' Grain, Tobacco Stems, Cut Clover Hay, Beet Pulp, Sunflower Seed.

Pratt's and Conkey's Poultry Remedies.

JOSEPH T. EVANS, RIVERTON

Bean Poles and Fertilizer

Phone 13-x

Jobbing

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Will Rent Old School Buildings.

At a meeting of the Board of Education Monday night a resolution was passed empowering the property committee to offer the old school buildings, at Fourth and Howard streets for rent.

The moving picture committee reported the information secured regarding different kinds of machines, and was discharged with thanks.

The following bills were ordered paid:

Salaries.....\$757.00

Public Service Corp.....19.10

National State Bank.....5.00

Milton Bradley Co.....7.00

McKinley Publishing Co.....4.00

W. L. Bowen.....1.75

E. L. Tryon Co., player.....25.80

H. A. Dreer.....2.00

INTERESTING NEWS BITS in and around Palmyra

Miss Winifred A. Bailey spent Sunday with friends in Philadelphia.

The Field Club Auxiliary will hold a social meeting next Thursday evening.

Mrs. Pennell Cooper is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Kennedy, of Norfolk, Va. Mrs. Annie Drinkhouse, of Camden, visited Mrs. A. C. Kory, on Wednesday.

A special meeting of St. Mary's Guild of Christ Church will be held next Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Nein, of Reading, Pa., are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Ewald.

The Social Sewing Circle met at the home of Mrs. Thomas, Arch street, Wednesday afternoon.

Pennell Cooper, of Collingswood, moved to the Mansfield property at 425 Horace avenue this week.

Miss Elizabeth Parr and Milton Melridge, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Eula Roach.

Mrs. A. J. Monarch was operated on at the Methodist hospital Wednesday afternoon for blood poisoning, which resulted from a small cut on her hand several weeks ago.

A special meeting of the voters of Palmyra will be held May 17th to consider the purchase of ground on Fourth and Fifth streets in rear of Delaware avenue school house, cost not to exceed \$1500.

The Burlington County Tax Board organized May 1st, William P. Morgan, of Palmyra, being made chairman, Richard P. Hughes, of Florence, took his seat as a member in place of Thomas C. Shreve, of Pemberton.

About twenty-five members of the Philanthropic and Barren classes of the Baptist Sunday School tendered a surprise housewarming to Mr. and Mrs. John Curry at their new home on Washington avenue, Tuesday evening.

Miss Lillian C. Jones and Walter M. Crouch were united in marriage last Sunday afternoon by Rev. Samuel Sargent at the Methodist parsonage. Mr. and Mrs. Crouch went to Jersey City where they will reside for the present.

Mrs. Mary Emma Wolf, age 68, widow of the late Henry Wolf, died on Monday. Services were held Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock at her late residence, and interment was made at Colestown. John C. Belton, of Moorestown, was undertaker in charge.

Abigail, age 74, widow of the late George W. Wallace, died on Sunday. Services were held Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at her late residence. Interment was made in the Methodist churchyard. Undertaker John C. Belton, of Moorestown, in charge.

The ladies of the P. O. of A., whose husbands are not members of the P. O. S. of A., are entitled to tickets for the entertainment to be given in the latter week on Thursday. Tickets may be obtained from the secretary of the P. O. of A. after Monday.

Mrs. Mary Hunt died at her home in West Philadelphia on Monday. The body was brought to Palmyra for interment in Morgan cemetery on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, at her late residence at the foot of Market street, conducted by Rev. Samuel Sargent. John E. Morton undertaker in charge.

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Field Club Notes.

The Field Club opened the season on Saturday last with a victory over the strong Penna. R. R. team by the score of 7-6, but it took twelve innings and a hard uphill fight to do it. Russ Holt started in the box with Andy Pfaff as his batting mate. Russ was wild and issued four bases on balls in the first, but managed to pull through with a clean slate. Russ drilled along until the fourth when a base on ball, an error, two singles and a double pushed four runs over for the visitors. This gave them five runs as they had one left over from the third. Ollie Durgin then went into pitch with his kid brother, George, to backstop him. Up to this time the local boys could not see Maxwell's shots, but with one out in the sixth Babe MacMullin singled to right, went to second on a pass ball and was sacrificed to third by Herb Kemmerle where he scored a moment later, when Mac Williams fumbled Keil's grounder—this still left four to the bad, but things broke our way in the seventh when Davis was hit, and promptly scored second. George Durgin was given a base on balls. Ollie Durgin tried to bunt but put up a pop fly for the first out; Gibbons fanned and it looked as if we were not going to score, but Roy Hubbs who took Reeves place in right sent a liner to centre which the fielder kindly missed, allowing Davis to score and to second, where they scored from a moment later on two singles in succession by MacMullin and Kemmerle. The score was tied in the eighth when Keil singled but was thrown out at second on Hardy's grounder; Hardy stole second, when George Durgin brought him home by a solid drive to left. Durgin stole second, went to third on a passed ball and scored on an error, this pushed two runs over the pan and put us one to the good. The Penna boys then tied it up in the ninth at six runs each, but the twelfth finished it when Keil had a base on balls, stole second and came home with the winning run when Hardy singled to right.

This week we are scheduled to play the Crescent Travelers, and a good game can be looked for, so come out and see what kind of a team is going to represent Palmyra in the Delaware River League. West End grounds, 3.30 p. m., admission 15c.

Squibs.

Babe MacMullin was the batting star, getting three singles.

Davis, a new man at second, made the star play of the game by stopping a screamer over second and getting his man at first.

Errors were plentiful, each team having four, but it scarcely yet and they must be looked for.

Herbie Kemmerle looks good at third. Hardy was there with the timely wallop.

Ollie Durgin fanned thirteen men.

A. MacWilliams, the famous Geystock guard, played short and had two pretty hits.

The visitors first baseman was the best seen around here in a long while.

The boys showed good fighting spirit when they pulled this game out of the fire.

ROOTER.

P. O. S. of A.

Twenty-eight candidates were initiated into No. 23 last Monday evening.

This is the same number we started with nineteen years ago, but there has been a big change in that time. We are now the largest and wealthiest Camp of the order in the State of New Jersey.

On Sunday evening the Camp will attend divine services in the Central Baptist Church. Meet in the Camp room at 7 p. m. We should take at least one hundred members with us.

Will you go? If you have not been to church lately this will be a good chance. Every member of Camp No. 23 is due Monday evening at 7 o'clock.

If you have not been to the Camp for a year you should come out and give us (the Camp) a big boost.

It is not absolutely necessary that you stay to the banquet as we do not know how we are going to feed all hands and how, but we really would like to see you in the Camp room during the evening to show the workers that you appreciate their efforts in going ahead for you.

On account of the large membership of the Camp and the limited seating capacity of the hall the committee on ladies' entertainment seriously considered the advisability of cutting this feature out. They finally concluded this would be a backward step and will try the experiment of having the entertainment in two halls at the same time. As this feature is especially for the ladies, it is only fair that they should have the auditorium. The men therefore must be contented with the moving picture parlor on the first floor. The show will be the same in both places with each performer alternating up and down stairs. It will mean considerable more talent and greater expense but if the scheme does work advantageously the whole thing must be cut out for the future, as we cannot in any other way accommodate over seven hundred members and their ladies. If you are separated from your loved one don't keep her waiting and leave her home after the show.

As several of the elected candidates could not be present for initiation last Monday evening they may be obligated if they will come over to the Camp room next Monday evening a eight o'clock.

Baptist Church Notes.

Mothers' Day will be observed next Sunday morning, at 10:45. Sermon, subject: "Mothers Blessed." All who wish to honor their mothers are cordially invited to wear a white flower and to worship with us.

Bible School at 2:30, come, everybody and join us in the study of Jesus' message to men. Classes for all.

Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 7 o'clock. At 7:45 the P. O. S. of A. with the Ladies Auxiliary Society will meet with us, in observance of their anniversary. A special sermon by the pastor on "The True Patriotism." Music by two choirs. All are invited.

REV. CHARLES W. WILLIAMS, Pastor.

Moravian Church Notes.

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

Mothers' Day will be observed in the morning 10:15 o'clock, a union service with the Sunday School. An address will be delivered by the pastor. The trombone choir and organ will accompany the singing, and Miss Ethel Frank will sing "Tell Mother I'll Be There."

7:00 p. m. P. S. C. E. prayer meeting, subject: "The Value of Initiative." It will be a leaderless meeting.

7:30 p. m. Sermon by the pastor. You are cordially invited to attend these services.

Money Concealed in Petticoat.

Mrs. Herman Nicolay of Norwich heard a rustling in one of her petticoats. She ripped it open and found seven certificates of deposit on different banks amounting to \$3,700. The petticoat had been the property of the woman's mother-in-law.

Indiscriminate Charity Wrong.

One of the greatest injuries you can do an able-bodied idle man is to feed him twice without payment.—John Howland.

ADVERTISING TALKS

Copyright 1912 by J. S. Andrews

IN SPITE of many notable successes, there are still merchants and manufacturers who believe that "Advertising doesn't pay."

THIS BELIEF is sometimes based on hearsay, and, perhaps more frequently, on very brief advertising experiment.

ADVERTISING, on a purely experimental basis, is rarely successful.

THE REASON is clearly given by Mr. Wanmaker, who said:—

"ADVERTISING doesn't Jerk—it PULLS."

"IT BEGINS very gently at first, but the pull is STEADY."

"IT INCREASES day by day and year by year, and it exerts an IRRESISTIBLE POWER."

"IT IS LIKENED to a team pulling a heavy load. A thousand spasmodic jerks pull will not budge the load; but one-half the power exerted in a steady effort WILL START AND KEEP IT GOING."

YOU HAVE, no doubt, previously read this quotation from one of Mr. Wanmaker's addresses.

YOU HAVE probably read and heard many other quotations which go to demonstrate the *adaptability* of Advertising, and the *necessity* of Advertising systematically, once you begin.

IT WOULD BE VERY DIFFICULT TO FIND AN EXECUTIVE IN ANY OF THE TRULY GREAT BUSINESS HOUSES WHO DOES NOT RECOMMEND ADVERTISING AS THE GREATEST POWER FOR BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT.

THESE BIG, BROAD, BUSINESS MEN are not pointing out the advantage to be derived from Advertising for any motive of personal gain.

MR. JOHN WANMAKER, for instance, has everything to lose and nothing to gain. The more his competitors follow his advice, and advertise, the more difficult it will be for him to divert patronage to his stores by means of Newspaper publicity.

IF YOU were a farmer, instead of a merchant, and saw that other farmers, all over the United States, were deriving exceptionally large revenue from the production of a certain commodity for which your land was suitable.

WOULD YOU continue, year after year, to devote your time, your energy, and your land, to the production of a less profitable "crop?"

UNLESS YOU ARE AN ADVERTISER, YOU ARE DOING VIRTUALLY THE SAME THING.

LET US take a few lines of business which we are all more or less familiar, divide them into two classes.—Advertisers and those who still believe that "Advertising doesn't pay,"—and see what happens.

THERE ARE, in the United States, 2,672 flour mills with a daily capacity of more than 50 barrels. Many of these mills make several different brands of flour.

SOME of the brands are advertised and some are not. How many brands can you name? How did you know the names of these brands, did Advertising have anything to do with your knowledge?

THERE ARE 232 Catsup manufacturers.

MORE than 475 Cereal manufacturers.

FAR MORE than 30,000 brands of Soap, made by 1,038 manufacturers.

PROPRIETARY MEDICINE brands are so numerous that lack of space prevents their being enumerated. There are 3,430 "large" manufacturers.

SIOE manufacturers to the number of 2,150.

TALKING MACHINES are manufactured by 41 different companies.

IN EACH OF THE LINES OF BUSINESS NAMED YOU WILL BE ABLE TO MENTION A FEW BRANDS, OR MAKES, IMMEDIATELY.

IN VIRTUALLY EVERY INSTANCE YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF NAMING THE BRANDS WHICH ARE ADVERTISED.

THAT IS JUST WHAT THE CONSUMER, OR USER, DOES WHEN PURCHASING; NAMES THE BRAND WITH WHICH HE, OR SHE, IS FAMILIAR.

THAT IS WHY ADVERTISING PAYS.

IT EXPLAINS WHY THE MOST EXTENSIVE ADVERTISER IS USUALLY THE BIGGEST AND WEALTHIEST.

IT POINTS OUT THE WAY FOR YOU TO BECOME THE BIGGEST AND WEALTHIEST MERCHANT IN YOUR LINE, IN YOUR VICINITY.

ADVERTISE.

IN THE NEW ERA.

Name Saved Him.

A man brought before the court in Biddeford, Me., on a charge of vagrancy, when asked by the judge to give his name, answered, "David Gohome." The judge contracted his brows. "Your last name again?" he asked. "Gohome," was the reply. "All right, go ahead," said the judge, "that's a new one on me."

Boy's Bright Idea.

While teaching a class in the second grade, I once asked a little boy to tell what he could about the appearance of an Indian. After reciting at some length, he finished with the following statement: "He shaves all the hair off his head except a little bit on top, which is called the 'Happy Hunting Ground.'"

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CEILING PAPER FREE

Save This Ad. It entitles you to 10c ceiling paper, FREE, for one order, and an extra 5 per cent. reduction on house painting and interior decorating. Orders must be received within 15 days from May 2nd.

RELIABLE

HOUSE PAINTING AND PAPER HANGING

IS MY BUSINESS

Heretofore it has been one's business. When you have had Painting or Paper Hanging to do, you went to see one mechanic of high prices or another of antiquated methods, and the result was any kind of work at a very particular price. That was the old way!

A New Way! A Reasonable Way! The Best Way!

HOUSE PAINTING AND PAPER HANGING

Let me estimate on your work. Let me show you how you can have rooms papered from \$2.50 up, including wall paper and all other material; how you can save from ten to twenty per cent. on your House Painting and Interior Decorating. Write, call or phone.

B. S. FINEMAN

518 Cinnaminson Avenue, Palmyra, N. J.

Telephone 241

Store open evenings

Advertisements for the following are invited:—

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BANG!

The Biggest Base Hit of the Season!

DIAMOND CIPHER

A stirring story of the machination of foreign spies, secret service men and Mexican revolutionists woven into an extraordinary and thrilling romance of the National Game

Something For Every Base Ball Fan!

Watch for the opening chapter of the new serial that we have made arrangements to print. You will enjoy every installment.

OUR FIRST MINT.

Some of the Rules and Regulations That Were in Force There Over a Hundred Years Ago.

The first United States mint at Philadelphia was naturally a very unpretentious affair. The material for coinage was secured from abroad. There was found much difficulty to get any one of experience to operate the coinage, and the salary list of the first mint employees was as follows: Chief engraver, \$2,000 per annum; Tristram Dalton, treasurer, \$1,200; Henry Volant, collector, \$1,000; Isaac Hugh, clerk, \$812.

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Besides the Philadelphia mint, which is now established in palatial quarters at Seventeenth and Spring Garden streets, there are mints at San Francisco, Denver and New Orleans and an assay office at Carson City.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

It linked the Twelfth Century With the Eighteenth.

For centuries old London bridge, with its double row of houses, was the home of generations who lived and traded over the Thames waters. Holborn lived and painted there. Osborne, the pretence laid, leaped through a window in the house of his mother, Sir William Howard, to rescue the girl William's daughter, who had fallen into the swollen flood of the river below, and by winning her for his wife found the foundation of the great house of Leedes. Crispin Tucker, a man of letters, lived and wrote his shop on the bridge, to which Pope and Swift and many another author of the time made pilgrimages to purchase books and gossip with the watchful shopkeeper. Crispin's Dictionary was printed "at the Looking Glass on London bridge," and gigantic corn mills dominated the south end of the structure, not many yards from the wonder of the bridge.

Such in brief outline was the London bridge which linked the twelfth with the eighteenth century and which when it was on its last tottering legs was removed to give place to its fine successor. Our day, the stone in which it is said to be "nearly double that employed in building St. Paul's cathedral."—Montreal Standard.

His Danger. In these days of almost pre-eminent German music and musicians it is rather amusing to read the opinions of former generations concerning Teutonic singers.

Frederick the Great was so impudently unpatriotic as to declare that he would rather hear the neighing of a horse than the singing of a German prima donna. Perhaps in his day there was some excuse for such a remark, but the times have changed.

There is a diverting anecdote of an Italian, who was convinced that no German could sing. A friend asked him to go to the opera, where Henriette Sontag sang. After hearing her first aria the Italian got up to go. The friend urged him to stay, assuring him that he would be convinced soon.

"I know it," replied the Italian, "and that's why I go."

Not Dangerous. "Madam, I thought I would tell you I met your husband awhile ago, as I heard he had started from home to kill a man he quarreled with."

"Oh, sir, tell me—was my poor William shot?"

"No, madam. Your poor William was only half shot."—Baltimore American.

MISS WISE SERVANT.

She Was Too Well Posted on the Right of Employer and Employee.

"Some girls may be green and easily imposed upon," said the woman, "but just as many more can give their employers points on law. The girl that came to house the other day from an employment agency knew more in a minute about the rights of employer and employee than I would know in a year. About the first thing she did was to look out at the big hole in the ground at the other end of the lot, where they are preparing to build, she said:

"If I should break any dishes while the bulidite is going up you couldn't make me pay for them."

"I asked why not, and she informed me that it is likely to be shaken by building, and is protected by the same rule that governs a dining car. Owing to the insecurity they are allowed \$20 a month for breakage. Dishes valued at less than \$20 may be smashed with impunity. She gave me a printed account of the trouble of two friends who had thrashed that matter out in court and had been sustained in their contention for a twenty dollar leeway. I didn't employ that girl. I don't want to impose upon any girl, but I didn't want to hire one who knows that she can smash my best dishes up to \$20 worth and get off without paying damages."—New York Press.

ANCIENT BRIDGES.

Some Built Before the Christian Era Still Standing in China.

Suspension bridges which were built in the time of the Han dynasty (202 B. C. to 220 A. D.) are still standing, striking examples of oriental engineering skill. According to historical and geographical writers of China, it was Shang Jheng, Kien Tsu's chief of command, who undertook to construct the first public roads in the Flowery empire.

At that time it was almost impossible for the province of Shensi to communicate with the capital. Liang took an army of 10,000 workmen and cut great gorges through the mountains, filling up the canyons and valleys with the debris from his excavations. At places where deep gorges were traversed by large and rapidly flowing streams he actually carried out his plan of throwing suspension bridges, stretching from one slope to the other.

These crossings, appropriately styled "flying bridges" by early Chinese writers, are high and dangerous looking in the extreme. At the present day they are used for the transport of goods, which is 400 feet long and is stretched over a chasm more than 1,000 feet deep. How those early engineers erected such a structure with the tools house, director, at the command of a mystery which will probably never be explained.

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Nearly a Scandal

"Where's Mrs. Twitchell? I haven't seen her for a week," asked her neighbor, Phyllis West.

"Haven't you heard?" mysteriously answered Mrs. Nelson in a low tone. "Poor thing, she's gone home suddenly to her mother. The whole town is talking about it."

"About what? Why this sympathy? They're an ideally happy couple."

"Appearances are often deceiving. The night before Mrs. Twitchell left her husband was seen leaving that house on the corner of Elmwood street, the white one with the green roof, after midnight, while his wife most likely was sitting at home grief-stricken at his actions. The woman," added Mrs. Keene, "was distinctly heard to say she bid him goodbye. 'Isn't your patience exhausted? No other husband would wait so long.'"

"Wait for what?" inquired Phyllis perplexedly.

"How do I know, unless she was intimating about a divorce. My heart rings for that young wife."

"There's some mistake," said Phyllis. "The trouble with this town is, that the people are so busy minding other people's business that they don't have time to tend to their own. If they hear any gossip they immediately relate it to their five best friends, and it then becomes a scandal. Will Twitchell waited for his wife for seven years, because she was needed at home. It isn't likely that he would neglect her after a year."

"If you hope you're right, my dear," said Mrs. Keene, as she said goodbye to her visitor.

On her way downtown Phyllis met Will Twitchell, who stopped her saying he was so happy he must talk to her about the capital. Liang took an army of 10,000 workmen and cut great gorges through the mountains, filling up the canyons and valleys with the debris from his excavations. At places where deep gorges were traversed by large and rapidly flowing streams he actually carried out his plan of throwing suspension bridges, stretching from one slope to the other.

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Their Overworked Mother

"Read that, Bess," said Jane, passing a household magazine to her sister and pointing to an article entitled "The Overworked Mother."

"Do you think that applies to our mother?" asked Bess, with a little anxious frown, as she closed the magazine.

"Yes, I do. I think mother is overworked."

"But, Jane, she appears to like managing our little flat."

"Yes, she does appear to, but I believe she needs a rest. We should do all the work for a while, at least. Let's go out into the kitchen now and tell her to lie down or read and we'll finish around here."

"What a reflection it is on us, Jane, that half the time we don't even know what she's doing!"

"It's just as the article says—'Daughters become entirely blind to the uncomplaining drudgery of their mothers.'"

Mrs. Crandall was lifting a tin of beautifully browned cookies from the oven when Jane and Bess entered the kitchen.

"Did you smell them?" she asked, stooping in the corner of "Kitchen-larder" she was humming. "As I was finishing the breakfast dishes I happened to think how long it had been since I made any raisin cookies for you girls. I meant to surprise you with them."

"Mother, I think you do too much for us," said Jane.

"Nonsense! You know I like to please you."

"Yes, we know," said Bess, in response to a look from her sister, "but Jane and I feel that you are overworked."

"And we intend," said Jane, "to relieve you of the burden of housekeeping. You're to have a much needed rest."

"Much needed nothing!" Mrs. Crandall's tone was scornful. "I'll finish the baking of these cookies."

"How ridiculous you are, Jane! I'll bake these cookies myself, of course."

"No, no," Jane spoke firmly. "You must go into the living room and rest."

"Yes, every one should have leisure for rest contemplation," supplemented Jane.

Mrs. Crandall, somewhat awed, left the kitchen without further protest. Half an hour later her daughters discovered her deep in slumbers in the bathroom.

"I just thought this was a good chance to clean these glass globes," she explained. "You know, Mrs. Dexter never polishes them well when she cleans on Fridays."

"If they must be washed, I'll do it," remarked Jane, gently pushing her mother aside. "You know we want you to rest."

Mrs. Crandall looked perplexed, but she went to her own room. There an hour afterward her daughters found her darning.

"Such an engagement for luncheon downtown, mother!" began Jane.

"Yes, I know," interrupted Mrs. Crandall. "I'm glad you're going out."

"There's nothing to do for dinner," Jane proceeded. "I've got the roast, the potatoes and the pudding in the fireless cooker and we'll get home in time to take them out and make the salad, and you needn't go near the kitchen. She spoke conclusively and her mother sighed.

"Why don't you go out some-where?" asked Bess. "It's too bright a day to stay indoors."

"I can't see to darn on a dark day," was the somewhat testy answer.

At five o'clock the girls came home and found their mother in the kitchen canning.

"Why, what are you doing now?" asked Bess.

"Well, I thought the peaches I put up last month weren't rich enough, so I've stewed them over again with a little more sugar."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed her daughters.

Point of Honor

Bert burst into the house with a whoop of delight. He dashed out into the kitchen, where his mother was making a pie for dinner, and instantly took possession.

"Say, mother!" he shouted. "I want some bread and butter and some cookies and an apple. And, say, mother, when you bake the pie will you cook one in the little pie dish so I can have it soon? It's done? And, say, mother, can I have some of this gingerbread? Gee, but I'm nearly starved!"

When his wants had been partially supplied and he was toying away with bread and butter, gingerbread, apples and other trifles, he broke into a mischievous chuckle.

"Say, mother," he said, "if we didn't have the foxxy time at school today, I got another guess comin'. Say, gee you'd 'a' died if I had been there. Honest, I thought I'd bust wide open. I'll allow could have so much fun in school!"

"You see, Fred Gumkle, he's the smartest fellow in the room, I guess. At least, he knows his lessons best and he never seems to study none."

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"Say, mother," he said, "if we didn't have the foxxy time at school today, I got another guess comin'. Say, gee you'd 'a' died if I had been there. Honest, I thought I'd bust wide open. I'll allow could have so much fun in school!"

"You see, Fred Gumkle, he's the smartest fellow in the room, I guess. At least, he knows his lessons best and he never seems to study none."

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A SMALL BIRD.

But It Had a Mighty Swat When It Fell Dead Out of the Clouds.

W. M. Newson tells of an amusing incident in which a dead duck displayed more activity than would a live one. The incident is as follows:

"We saw a small flock of broadbills approaching. They came directly for us, but unfortunately did not stop for our decoys. As they arrived almost over us we stood up and fired. I pulled on a nice plump looking drake. He started to fall, so I turned my second load loose rather precipitously and then started to land up. He landed me Johnny was still shooting. Then Johnny yelled, and something hit me a mighty swat on the back of my neck, whereupon I tried to clear a big bank of smoke of its barbed by means of my nose and front teeth. This may be pleasant to look upon, but it is not an enjoyable pastime."

"I had always liked Johnny, but the thought that he had hit me on the back of the neck and was now laughing was too much. I started for him with murder in my eye and a large drift of smoke in my hand. Johnny, still in his laughing, pointed behind me and I mumbled some words about 'duck.' I looked around, and there he was on the rocks was the same plump looking drake that I had shot at the first time. It was hard to realize that such a small bird had such a mighty swat."

"When Johnny had come out of his convulsions and I had picked the feathers out of my back hair we looked around a bit and found there were four dead broadbills, so I cheered up a bit. Johnny didn't need any cheering up."—Recreation.

On the coast of the West Indian Islands a curious kind of coral is found, called "millepore." This has a most extraordinary property which makes the people who know it very shy of handling it. The nature of it is such that it is so cold and the position it takes when you touch it is so painful that it is almost impossible to touch it.

"Every time a boy came and stood in front of her desk she'd ask him: 'Did you do anything to do with this putting chalk on the desks?' And then when the fellow says, 'No,' she says, 'Do you know who did it?' And then the fellow would say, 'No,' because, of course, he didn't know of any boy, because we didn't see Fred do it."

"So it came Fred's turn after awhile and he was the very last fellow. And so when Fred came along he didn't say anything to the teacher to say a word to him. He just started right in and he says, 'Miss Smith, he says, 'I know who done it, but I don't feel like I'd better tell, so please don't ask me.'"

"Gee, I thought me and the other fellows were so full of it, and he told the teacher to think he didn't like to tell on another fellow, but we didn't dare to laugh. Of course, we dared to, but we felt so kind of funny we didn't."

"Miss Smith she says, 'Well, Fred, you says, 'If it's a point of honor with you not to tell, of course, I won't do the question,' or something like that."

"Then we all went back to our seats and she give us a bit long spiel about how bad she felt because some one in the room had told a lie, because, you see, Fred was the only fellow that didn't say he didn't do it, and she said she was glad Fred hadn't told, because she hated a tale bearer, and she hoped we'd all try to be good."

"Well, she said she was glad that Fred was the one that did it. And, say, she took up the whole recitation hour clothes you're wearing. I'll get dinner on the table the way I always do. You girls help me a lot—when you don't interfere."

Eligible. The magnate was asking about a certain man whom he thought of employing in a confidential capacity.

"Well, there's this about the fellow," replied he whose advice was sought: "The truth certainly is not in him!"

"Just the thing—then it can't be dragged out of him!" exclaimed the magnate enthusiastically. —Lippincott.

Not a Real Genius. A Connecticut man has an alarm clock which arouses his hens and feeds them at the proper time. Time wasted! A real genius would have spent his time inventing an alarm clock that would lay eggs and cackle at the completion of the feat.

In Modern Politics. "I don't see anything that man has ever done that warrants his official importance," said the man who finds fault. "No," said Senator Borghum. "Some of us get on by what we have done, but by what we are willing to promise not to do."

The Duke's Dream. The duke of Devonshire, who passed away some years ago, once said to a friend: "Yesterday I went to sleep, and I dreamed that I was addressing the house of lords, and when I awoke I found I was addressing the house of lords."—London Telegraph.

Good Sign of the Times. The determination of the masses of the people to better their conditions is one of the most healthy signs the country can have.

Why They Give It. Some people are always giving good advice because they have no use for it themselves.

Put Away Despair. Fight like a good soldier, and if thou sometimes fall through frailty, take again greater strength than before, trusting in My more abundant grace. —Thomas a Kempis.

Making Up Natural Defects. A French physician has discovered the means of planting artificial eyelashes and eyebrows. The former operation is very painful, but the latter less so.

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A FAN'S WOOLING

Betty Lee, now can't you see you've made a 'conking hit'?

Pray let a lad go see your dad, And 'strike' him for your 'mit.' He may get some and rudely 'score.' On roughly 'loss me out.' But never fear, for you, my dear, I'd even risk a 'clout.'

Betty Lee, come 'fly' with me, Ten thousand 'leagues' away; Too long you've staid a 'single' maid, Let's make a 'double play.' This 'diamond' ring upon your 'wing.' I beg of you to wear, And faithful be and 'stick' to me Through weather 'foul' and 'fain.'

Betty Lee, fair Betty Lee, I know I'm no 'great catch,' But if you'll be my 'team-mate,' we will 'sign up' for the 'match.' With you my wife, the 'game' of life Would be as good as won; We'll 'tag the bag' and 'cop the rag' In one long, glad 'home run!'

Betty Lee, sweet Betty Lee, See how I fret and chafe! On bended knee I 'pop' to thee, O tell me I am 'safe.' Come

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AT THE SWING
By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Cloud mountains in the west, margined with fern gold, flung long aerial shadows athwart the sky. There was the smell of new rain, though the turf under foot was dust-dry. A shower had come within sight across the meadows, then veered away southward. Amy was glad to have it. Her white frock, crisp and sheer, would have wilted in the damp of it. The rain had been too slight to do more than freshen the air—it still came warm to the cheek, but without the sting that had marked midday breezes.

At 6 o'clock of a midsummer afternoon, roses droop on the stalk, but rose-cheeks are at their fairest. Amy proved the fact—she knew she had never looked better—therefore she was gay and proud. The Carlys, mother and son, were coming in an early tea. It was their first approach to sociability. Ever since they moved into the old Earle place they had held themselves distinctly toward the countryside.

That had not suited Amy, yet she had given no sign of her dissatisfaction. She was born ambitious—Lenox Carly was just the sort of man she wanted to marry, well-bred, well-to-do, above all rather distinguished. She had no mere vulgar greed for money, in spite of having had it in plenty all her life. But she did yearn to reach social places—the rare heights where the exalted had their being. Her people, the Watsons, were wholly undistinguished, notwithstanding they were cash and several, patterns of thrift, sobriety and the moral virtues. Secretly Amy had always envied Leslie May, her college mate, notwithstanding Leslie had had few and plain clothes, little money to spend, and never a box from home. She was an orphan, bound to work for her living—the college course was provided through the will of an elderly relative who had left a million to missions. But she was also a governor's granddaughter, and entitled to use a crest—

Dr. W. W. Dye
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Covering Altered and Laid. Best materials
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call and give estimate.

WM. J. PARKER
461 Horace Avenue
Palmyra, N. J.
Formerly with Walker & Linde, Philadelphia

When you could afford it—any woman
have given her string of pearls for a
crest. She was bent on having one,
if ever she got away from the neighbor-
hood, where folk, knowing her pedigree,
might laugh at it.

She was glad and sorry to have
Leslie as a guest, glad because her
presence gave a reasonable excuse for the
half festivity; sorry in that she felt
herself, to a degree, hampered by
hospitality—it would not do to scold
Leslie, either in clothes or charms.
Hence the white frock, fine and lace
to be sure; hence, also, the conspicuous
absence of the pearls. Leslie had
learned her to play them on, saying:
"You set them off so it's a shame
to leave them in their case."

Instead of them Amy had only a
little gold chain, twin to that about
Leslie's neck. Otherwise there was no
likeness between them. Leslie's
limp organ was palpably faded, her
slippers a bit scuffed, her ribbons
crumpled. Further, she had done her
hair in her usual severe fashion.
There the rain had helped a bit, bring-
ing the loose ends of it into curl, and
so framing her mobile face in tendril
wisps. She really looked her best.
Amy's hair, yellow as wheat, was
smooth, and beautifully dressed, mo-
dishly dressed to be sure, yet not in
such wise as to deform her fine small
head.

"Make haste and marry a duke—
this head deserves strawberry leaves
at least," Leslie had said, touching
the golden softness admiringly.
Amy had smiled—she did not aspire
to dukes, but it was pleasant to hear
she deserved them. After all, Leslie
was a good sort. When she herself
was safely married, she would set
about helping her friend to a like hap-
py estate. Just now such a thing was
out of the question. So she had asked
young Danforth by way of balancing
Leslie. He was her stand-by—they
had grown up together upon adjoining
farms, and though gossip had been
matching them since he put on long
trousers, she had never thought of
him as a lover.

Leslie might do worse, from a worldly
point. Danforth if not rich was
comfortably off, withal energetic. But
Leslie would never in the world look
at him—he bored her. Any knew it,
though Leslie had been always too
courteous to say so. Somewhat will-
ful, also high-bred was Leslie. She
might have had half the million-mil-
lion, if only she had agreed to give
her life to the cause. Yet now she
stood laughing and talking with Dan-
forth, as if he were the one creature
in the world she cared to entertain.
Amy stared at her, frowning faintly,
—then her brow clearing magically,
she said mentally:
"It is coming, my beautiful—Lenox"



A Woman Can't Help wanting a Glenwood Range

A Glenwood Range cooks and bakes to perfection and is
equipped with every improvement for saving time and labor.

Wm. B. Lynch, Riverton

Carly will think they are sweet
hearts, if not engaged.
Lenox might have thought so, but
for certain prior happenings—the
fact that a year ago Leslie had been
his betrothed. But since she gave no
sign of recognition, he added the
role of new acquaintance with what
grace he might. Clearly, he could not
say to a wholly new acquaintance:
"I was a jealous idiot! Forgive me,"
for she was not.

Lenox said it in his heart over and
over throughout the high tide. More
than ever he said it when, after the
meal, they went in the twilight again
out on the lawn.
It was wide and level, richly turfed
and set sparsely with giant trees.
There was a swing in the biggest of
them—a tall oak, but branching,
stood apart from all the rest, the big
boughs spreading many yards on each
side. From the stoutest of the boughs
big hempen cables dangled. The seat
was broad enough for two—Amy and
Leslie, side by side, were tossed up
many times through wide arcs of
dusk. But they were considerate—
tossing them was hard play for mid-
summer, no matter how galling the
tossers.

When the swing dangled empty
Danforth stepped into it and began
to swing himself with a pumping mo-
tion, slowly at first, but quickening,
quickening all the while strengthening
until, cabined, stood fast and
straight at the check, the circle of
motion bounded only by their length.
Any exhibition of strength fascinat-
ed Leslie. The full moon rising round
and red, showed her heart in the
eyes that watched Danforth. Lenox
Carly, watching her, set his teeth.
This bumpkin should not win by mere
brute force. As Danforth stepped
down Carly fung off his coat and
leaped into the swing, saying over
his shoulder, "I could do that a
long time ago—wonder if I have for-
gotten the trick?"

"Do you forget things easily?" Les-
lie asked, merrily.
Still over his shoulder he answered,
"Depends on what they are—and how
much I want to remember." Then he
set the swing in motion as deftly as
Danforth had done.

Back and forth, back and forth, he
sent it, crouching, swinging upward,
the arc of motion ever and swiftly
widening. Leslie had not forgotten—
the old-time aptitude came back to him.
But they could not bring with them
boyhood's absolute nervelessness.
Higher, higher, he went—the swooping
was like the flight of some great
bird. Then he felt himself suddenly
dizzy—blind, sick—his muscles grew
flaccid. With a last desperate rally, he
clung trembling to the cables, but on
the downswing his hands unlocked
themselves—he toppled to earth and
lay a crumpled heap on the turf.

"Lenox! Oh! You are dead!" Leslie
cried, flinging herself wildly beside
him, making to lift his head in her
arms. He stirred, moaning faintly—the
others ran to him.
"Call his mother," Leslie said
clearly. "But—tell her please he is—
only hurt."

As Lenox groaned again, she laid
his head back upon the turf, but left
her arm underneath it. Amy, white-
faced beneath fright and anger, had
hard work not to scream.
"Lenox! Say only you forgive me!"
Leslie whispered—but Amy heard, so
did the inert man, spent and breath-
less. "I love—you," he murmured.
"I love—you," he murmured.
"It's easy to say," she said uncon-
sciously. It took weeks to come out of
it. Only by a miracle had he es-
caped death. Leslie did not leave
him—his mother would not hear to
it even if her own heart had not
prompted her to stay. When at last
he knew them, they broke down,
weeping together tears of the purest
joy. And the very next day he mar-
ried Leslie—to the disgust and con-
founding of Mrs. Amy Danforth, born
Watson.

USEFUL EDUCATION FOR GIRLS
English Idea is to Ground Them
Thoroughly in Practical Details
of Everyday Life.

The English girl is in a fair way to
be made wiser, if not happier, since
the Englishman, evidently deeming
himself competent in the matter, has
undertaken to instruct her. In the
practical details of everyday life, hav-
ing established a school for that pur-
pose.
The pupils at this old institution
are taught how to alight from an
electric "tram" without endangering
their own safety and that of pedes-
trians. They are taught how to open
a window and put up a shade in a
railway carriage; what kind of shoes
to wear to conserve their health and
comfort, and when to wear them, and
how to fill a fountain pen.
In addition, instruction is given in
the art of folding clothes, both men's
and women's, the proper method of

doing up umbrellas and trimming
hamp, and opening packing cases and
tins, and of driving nails and pull-
ing corks, to say nothing of the cor-
rect method of lighting fires, or, as
the British say, of "building" them.
Other courses embrace instruction
in the care and feeding of dogs and
other animals, to show, for instance,
why it is wrong to give dogs chicken
bones.

The theory of sanitation is also
taught, and practical demonstrations
are accorded of the effect of grease
on the linings of pipes, and the rea-
sons for keeping it as far as possible
out on the lawn.
Lectures are given on the prices of
all household things, and the quantity
required for stated numbers of per-
sons.

Every girl in the school must have
a pocket, since purse-carrying in the
hand is strictly forbidden.

Quarrel Discreet.
"Why do you employ such elaborate
circumlocution when you tell a man
that you doubt his veracity?"

"I find it better to use the longest
words possible. If I can compel a
man to consult the dictionary to ascer-
tain just what I mean, both our tem-
pers get a chance to cool."

Japan's Wealth of Coal.
There are not fewer than 1,200,000,
000 tons of coal deposited in Japan.
This coal is now being mined at the
rate of 14,000,000 tons a year.

As a Great Statesman Boasted.
"Aspirant! I have done with these
cases with these reflections. Little
more like the latter. I have done with
life is remaining, but my hapless
wills will be coexistent with it, and
my renova will survive it; for there
is no example of any who has gov-
erned a state so long, without a sin-
gle act of revenge or malice, or
cruelty or severity. In the thirty-
seven years of my administration I
have caused no citizen to put on
the gallows."

Stand by Proxies. And my hapless
wills will be coexistent with it, and
my renova will survive it; for there
is no example of any who has gov-
erned a state so long, without a sin-
gle act of revenge or malice, or
cruelty or severity. In the thirty-
seven years of my administration I
have caused no citizen to put on
the gallows."

War of the Pacific.
The story of the battle of Sabine
Pass is history, not fiction, though it
must be confessed, it sounded far
more like a romance than the former.
You will find the full accounts of the
fight in the "Records of the Rebel-
lion" and a very interesting history of
the affair in the second volume of
the "Confederate States of America."
Government," by Jefferson Davis,
page 237. References to the battle
may also be found in "Battles and
Leaders of the Civil War," published
by the Century company.

Famous Cities of Ruins.
In the cities of Harput and Sivas
are several firms engaged in the
manufacture of rugs of the best grade
and quality. In Sivas there are 500
looms, with about 1,500 operatives,
and in Harput about one-third that
number of looms and operatives.
Nearly all the output of the Sivas
looms is sold in Europe, while the
output of the Harput looms is ship-
ped to America.

Wise Business Move.
Riggs—"Singular, isn't it, that
neither of our stenographers wants a
vacation this year?" Griggs—"No;
it's easily explained. I recently took
a good-looking young man into the
office and neither of the girls is will-
ing to go away and leave the field to
the other one."—Roseleaf.

Serious Complication.
"I know how to sympathize with
you, Mrs. Polhemus," said Mrs. Lap-
aling. "My left eye was affected
once just as yours is and I had awful
time with it. The doctor said the
trouble was that the subjunctive was
granulated."

Nature Anticipates Art.
"The remains of that 'Lastodon,'" said the geologist in the museum, "were found buried in an iceberg."
"H'm," responded the man from Chi-
cago, "that cold storage idea isn't so
new after all."

Common in New York.
The stranger in New York was start-
led by the clanging of an ambulance
bell. The ambulance stopped at the
side door of a hotel and the attend-
ants hurriedly entered the building
with their stretchers. But there was
no crowd, no confusion.

"What's the excitement?" the stran-
ger asked a native.
"There's no excitement," the latter
replied. "A stage lady has shot a
wealthy gentleman. That's all."
He hurried along—Cleveland
Dealer.

A Pretty Waitress

"Sanford, if you care nothing for
cards, don't want to smoke, and take
fifteen minutes to brush your hair,
you must go in love," said Eugene,
taking a long puff at his cigar.
"You've diagnosed my case ex-
actly, old boy."

"Who is she? The daughter of
some millionaire, I presume. If the
girl has money it will come in handy
and will make you love her the
more, not less."

"Is a waitress usually hampered
by a superabundance of wealth?
All the gold this girl possesses is in
the color of her hair."

"A waitress! Are you stark, star-
ling mad? Do you contemplate intro-
ducing a waitress as a future member
of your aristocratic family? You
didn't have to wait so long to get
married for that. Where did you
meet her?" asked Norton all in one
breath.

"I haven't met her, but no young
lady of my acquaintance has had the
power to entrance me the way that
little girl with her big luminous eyes,
her perfect little figure, and her lily
white hands has."

"Where does she work?"
"Morton gave a stag dinner last
Thursday and she helped serve the
guests. But I saw her once before, on
the train when she came to the city.
Though she was dressed simply, I
never dreamt for a second that she
worked for her living. Tried to get
flirtatious with her, but she's not that
kind. Imagine my stupendous amaze-
ment when she entered the dining
room carrying a big soup tureen."

"Maybe another glimpse of this mad
infatuation. Perhaps she talks with
an Irish accent. I'm going up to the
Mortons tonight. Want to come?
"Surely. As soon as I arrive I'll
request a glass of water. Perhaps
she'll bring it in."

"That evening when Sanford and
Eugene entered the drawing room of
Morton's apartment, Mrs. Morton
greeted them cordially, saying, "I
want you to meet my sister, Ger-
aldine."

"Your sister," stammered Sanford
as he looked at the beautiful girl in
a shimmering peach-colored satin
dress.

"Probably you recognize our wait-
ress of the other night," explained
the hostess. "She's left suddenly and
as none of the guests knew Ger-
aldine, she thought it would be a good
joke to act as her substitute."

"But it wasn't as much sport as I
expected," Sanford the girl. "I split
the soup over my dress and burnt my
hand, gave the host the largest in-
stead of the smallest portion, when I
had been instructed differently, and
chattered the best platter into a thou-
sand pieces. But," she added, "one
gentleman tipped me generously, and
I'm always going to keep that money
as a souvenir."

Sanford made an attempt to apolo-
gize for his unintentional offense,
though all the time he was thanking
his stars at being able to converse
with the girl he adored.

"Did I exaggerate any of her
charms?" he remarked to his friend
on their way home, after they had
spent a delightful evening. "I'm go-
ing to try and win that girl. Not
only is she beautiful, well educated,
and sings like a bird, but she comes
from one of the first families in the
south. Did you ever know one girl
to possess so many good qualities?"

"And besides all," said Norton cyni-
cally, "she's the daughter of a mil-
lionaire and not a poor waitress."

"That wouldn't have made a partic-
le of difference if I loved the girl."
"I wonder if it wouldn't have," an-
swered Eugene.

Good Cement.
From an old notebook comes this
recipe for making a cement to mend
broken china: Fill a small bottle with
ground slag and pour over it suffi-
ciently weakened gin to fill the bot-
tle. Place it on the back of the stove
or in a warm place, immerse in a ves-
sel of hot water until the slag is dis-
solved, and the cement is ready for
use.

Underground Workers.
Six million persons make their liv-
ing under ground, working in mines
and quarries. That number is about
twice the population of this country
when it decided to cut away from
England and go alone. Those six
million workers dig four billions of
wealth a year out of the bowels of
the earth.

The Puzzling Sex.
Wimmin is the limit, with the id
of the feller that said you never
can tell what a woman is goin' to
do next. She's a puzzle to the feller
that says you never can tell what a
woman is goin' to do next. She's
goin' to do somethin' crazy.—Popular
Magazine.

Jenny Lind Rock.
The Ohio river claims among its
treasures the Jenny Lind rock. The
singer was a passenger on a steamer
which struck on a sandbar near the
rock, and while waiting for the boat
to be floated Miss Lind had boatmen
stood alone and sang.

By Reflected Light.
"When is a person pilgrim?" asks
the inquisitive subscriber of War-
ton. The Denver pastor who was
thrown out of his church window by
his board of deacons and came back
and licked the entire push was mil-
itant—Hickson Post.

Day of the High Top Hat.
In a New York store there hangs
a picture of Dom Pedro of Brazil re-
ceiving a delegation of citizens at
Philadelphia on the day when he took
part in the closing ceremonies of the
Centennial exposition. Nearly all the
men in the group wore high top hats.

Fabulous Price for Tulips.
Though orchids frequently bring
prices that make the poor man stag-
ger, the highest price for a single
flower was given for a tulip in Am-
sterdam by an enthusiast who paid
\$250,000 for it.

Simple Way to Make Slaves.
The Moors, inhabitants of the
South Sea islands, found themselves
in possession of a supply of
shoes. Instead of seeking suitable
uses they cut off their toes to fit the
shoes whenever it was necessary.

Gets More Peace, Anyway.
Marks-A man is happy if he can
live so that he is satisfied with him-
self. Paris—Not if he's married—
then it's so that his wife is satisfied
with him.

Offense Trust Defense.
Butler (entertaining a few friends
in the absence of his master, who has
returned unexpectedly): "Most un-
warrantable intrusion, sir; with re-
spect, I beg to give notice."—Punch.

Might Be Worth Knowing.
The mechanism of the hand is such
that a cigar held between the second
and third fingers will not drop from
the hand should the smoker fall asleep.

Said by a Cynic.
To talk really well to a woman, one
has to be in love with another.—John
Macfield.

A Critical Employer

Pretty, winsome Harriett Lennox
had been clerking at Marston's de-
partment store for nearly two months.
Already she had lost the pretty color
from her cheeks and she found it
much harder to sell a waist than she
imagined it could be when formerly
she had the money to purchase what-
ever she desired.
"Did that woman buy the waist she
was looking at?" questioned Nora.
"No, after I had wasted a quarter
of an hour showing her everything in
stock she said: 'These waists are
beautiful, but I haven't the money,
my dear.'"

"That's the way it is with those
'old hens,'" commented Nora. "They
seem to have nothing on earth to do
but to pester salesclerks, and some-
times women think because they have
plenty of money it's their privilege
to leave their manners at home."
"The very words 'linger waists' give
me a pain," admitted Harriett.
"I'm weary of trying to make a thirty-
six waist fit a woman who takes
size forty-four, when we happen to be
out of her size."

"No, madam," she said, turning
around, "we haven't any blue chiffon
waists with chenille trimming and
gold braid. I'm sure she wouldn't
buy one if we had it."

"What the trouble with you? You
seem so disheartened," asked Nora
sympathetically.
"This is the first position I ever
had, but I presume I can stand the
business. I don't mind a hard day, but
the way a girl is treated just because she
has to earn her living is disgraceful."

"You're too haughty," advised Nora.
"Be a little more agreeable. If the
manager tells you to sell a waist for
all silk, sell it for that, and don't ex-
plain to the would-be customer that
it is only near-silk, sewed with near-
silk thread, not made in a union shop,
and that it is embroidered by ma-
chinery and not by hand."

"Possibly I'm wrong, but no differ-
ence what I do or say he, Mr. Mar-
ston, the proprietor, always finds fault
when he goes by my department.
Either the boxes aren't straight, or
the waists are laid on the table
crooked, or I should have made a
sale; I went to lunch or came back
too late. If my mother wasn't de-
pendent upon me I'd leave this in-
stant."

"Strange, Mr. Marston should be so
critical. He is so full of business
that he usually leaves the minor de-
tails to his managers. Cheer up,
you'll get used to it twenty years
from now; you'll even wonder that
you noticed such things as imperi-
ous shoppers and critical employes."

"Twenty years from now, gracious!
Don't mention waists in connection
with the future to me. I'd like to
waste my time that long selling
waists marked down from \$3 to \$2.98,
and others marked up from \$2.98 to
\$3.98."

"If you continue to dress in that
convent fashion," said the other girl,
glancing admiringly at her own over-
trimmed gown, "dress your hair in
that absurd simple style, never put
any color on your face when you look
ghastly pale, and not make the least
effort to please the men—"

"Thank you for your well-meant
advice, but the men I'm likely to meet
in this business are not the men I
care to know socially," commenced
Harriett, who was interrupted by a
young boy who said: "Mr. Marston
wishes to see you in his private office
immediately."

"Poor thing," said Nora to one of
the girls in Harriett's shaking list as
she went to the third floor.
"She is so refined. I wanted to help
her, but I guess she is going to lose
her position. Only recently they re-
sented her heart that she has to work."

As Harriett entered the spacious
office, Mr. Marston arose saying kin-
dly: "Why are you trembling?"
"I'm sorry I disturbed you," began
Harriett, gaining courage.
"But you did. I know all about you.
I've watched you since the first day
you came. Grasped every opportunity
to talk to me. You're a real thing,
evident. Now I want to ask you how
would you like to become the owner
of this store?"

"Sir," said Harriett, "how dare you
ask me to come to your office to in-
sult me?"
"I'm not insulting you. I'm asking
you to marry me. I'm a lonely man,
and I want you for my wife. Don't
answer me; go home, talk it over
with your mother, and all I ask for
you to give me a chance for us to
become acquainted."

When Harriett left the office she
had promised to "think it over."
"Are you going to leave?" asked
Nora, when she appeared with her
hat and cloak on.

"Yes. Some day you'll know why.
I should tell you today you'd never
believe it any way, because I don't
hardly believe it myself."

Kitchener in Bronze.
The mechanism of the hand is such
that a cigar held between the second
and third fingers will not drop from
the hand should the smoker fall asleep.

Outlook for Peace.
"Scientists tell us that the sea is
gradually cutting the continents
away."
"That being the case, I suppose the
time will come when there won't be
any land left above the water."
"It would seem so."

THE NEW ERA

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WALTER L. BOWEN
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FINE PRINTING
at reasonable prices. The insignia



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

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

EDITORIAL.

When two dignitaries of great intelligence and renown—one having had and the other having the highest office in the gift of the people of the United States—are pitted against each other for the same office, and are cringing and cringing each other in the contest, it is humiliating to the sensibilities of the peace-loving, orderly, and dignified people of the country; and must detract also in a degree from the respect which other nations of the Earth entertain for us. A halt should be called on that manner of campaigning, and an endeavor made to remove reasonable grounds for respectability.

Annual Library Meeting.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Riverton Free Library Association will be held in the Porch Club building, Riverton, on Monday, May 29th, at 8 p. m. An amendment to the By-Laws, adding a class of members, known as honorary members, will be presented at this meeting.

James W. King, Esq., of the Philadelphia Bar, will make the address, and an interesting program has been arranged, which will be rendered by friends of the Library.

All who are interested in the work of the Library are cordially invited.

Annual subscriptions may be paid at this time.

Riverton A. A.

The season was opened last Saturday with the Northeast Club, the game being on our side of the tally, with a score of 7-2.

From the representation on the field, it is very evident we will have a first-class team, such as we had during 1910, and therefore will be able to give battle to the best teams around this vicinity. With Hercher and Overfelt as the battery we are well fortified. Esos, on first base, is an athlete from the ground up, a fine clean-cut fellow, and will give us the best first baseman we have had at this pivot point for a long time. Second base will be well looked after when Kettler arrives; short stop is still open, but we have Friel at third base, and there is no better player in this position around this county. We are still in a quandary concerning the outfield, but should Kemmerle play left field it will be looked after in good style, while old reliable Lynch will handle and take good care of all that comes his way in center. Jack King is quite anxious to play in right field and will be out this week. We will also try out a new short stop, and by Decoration Day will have a very fast team on the field.

The crowd last week was good, but we hope that more will be with us when we play the team from Col. Hingwood.

On Saturday, the twenty-fifth, Pair, haven Club will be with us, and this game should be very interesting, as they defeated us in 1910.

Do not forget to come out to see the games on each Saturday from now until after Labor Day in September.

The game of life with its sordid strife is a cruel odd game after all. There is always a lack around ready to knock.

When they see a guy taking a fall, it is a cruel odd game after all. There is always a lack around ready to knock.

That the world would be better with out the game.

Who starts up the yell: "Take him out." What chance has a man to do the best that he can.

When he feels the whole world is ag'in him? Then let you and I help each struggling guy.

To give up the best that is in him. In your business and mine we don't always shine.

Though perhaps you forget this, no doubt, When a pitcher goes bad and you show you're a cad.

By starting to yell: "Take him out." We all have our off days when we're not winning praise.

And everything's going dead wrong. When all our mistakes get the worst of the breaks.

Yet the boss lets us plug right along. In your office downtown, when luck's throwing you down.

And your doing your work like a lost. Then what would you think if some headstrong gink.

Would stand up and yell: "Take him out." L'ENVOI

When life's game is o'er, on that Beautiful Shore. All the angels will giggle, no doubt.

When before the Pearly Gate they look at this state. And Saint Peter says: "Take him out."

—By Jim Nasium.

RIVERTON ROUTER.

WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET

for Riverton and Vicinity

Miss Lillian Woolston spent the week-end at Ocean City.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Peterson spent the week-end in Philadelphia.

Albert Faunce moved to Seventh and Lippincott avenue this week.

Mrs. Robert Stackhouse spent Wednesday with her parents at Boothwyn, Pa.

Mrs. W. B. Christine, of Philadelphia, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Megaw on Sunday.

Mrs. H. L. Brown has sold her property on Broad street, but will remain in Riverton for the summer.

George B. Shaner entertained about seventy of his friends last Saturday evening at the Porch Club.

Miss Elizabeth Wallace and Miss Lillian Schowley, of Camden, spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Fannie Faunce.

Prof. Z. S. Leymel is one of the officials at the Y. M. C. A. meet which will take place on Haines farm near Burlington, on Saturday.

James Bradley will be among the graduates at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy this year. The exercises will be held next week.

O'Sullivan rubber heels may now be had at John Apple's, the shoemaker. He has just laid in an assortment of all sizes for men and women.

Mrs. R. F. Corry and Miss Helen Lippincott attended a meeting of the New Jersey State Federation of Clubs, which was held at Montclair today.

The men at C. T. Woolston's carriage factory will start to work at 6.30 every morning, and stop at noon on Saturdays, commencing the first of June.

Mrs. Paul C. Burr was tendered a birthday surprise party on Tuesday afternoon by Mr. Burr. About ten ladies were present, and an enjoyable time spent.

The next music day at the Porch Club will be Tuesday, May 21st. Program—"Haddon Fortnightly Choral," Mrs. Carol Becker, Miss Florence Biele, Mrs. L. T. Dreham.

The Lawn House has been thoroughly renovated, and will be opened under the management of C. C. Butler on May 25. There is hardly a room left, nearly all of them having been taken for the season.

Gilbert & Sullivan's opera "Iolanthe" will be presented in the Lyceum May 28th and 29th, under the direction of Mrs. Charles S. Mills. Tickets will be on sale at the Lyceum on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday of next week.

Proceeds for the new piano fund of the Porch Club.

Rev. R. W. Sutcliffe, who has resided in Riverton for the past three years, has been preaching at a church in Philadelphia, from which he has now resigned.

Rev. Sutcliffe will be very glad to devote more of his time to Riverton, and to fill the pulpit for any of the churches in or near Riverton, at any time that a pastor should be unable to do so.

Rev. Dr. Nicholas P. Stahl will be installed as pastor of the Calvary Presbyterian Church on Thursday evening, the 23rd, at 8 o'clock. Rev. James MacLeod, D. D., of Cape May, will preach the sermon; Rev. S. P. Wylie, of New Castle, Del., will deliver the charge to the pastor, and Rev. C. L. Cauder, of Wilmington, Del., the charge to the people.

George Miller, who took articles from the home of Joseph T. Evans about two months ago, was arrested at Morrisville, Pa., last week, through the efforts of Detective Parker, and is now at Mount Holly. Many of the stolen articles were recovered. He had been carrying them around in a suit case, and after his arrest he told where they could be found. Much of his time since leaving Riverton has been spent in New York City, before engaging with Mr. Evans Miller was employed by Frank Clark.

Auto Trucks.

The WOOLSTON AUTO TRUCK CO., of Riverton, New Jersey, have in readiness a five-ton 40-horse-power truck for delivery to Mr. Horace Roberts.

The two-ton truck is now ready for demonstration, and will be seen about Riverton next week.

Mr. David Evans has placed an order with Mr. Woolston for a five-ton truck of the same type as built for Mr. Roberts.

When Men Wore Skirts.

The Mothers' Circle entertainment in the Lyceum Saturday evening was unique and most enjoyable. The minstrel portion of the program was a burlesque on a Mothers' Circle meeting at which this entertainment was being planned. It was very clever and amusing.

Then there was a little play "Art and Artifice," with three sets of pictures—Seven Paintings, Seven Bells and Ten Pictures by Fisher, Christy and Gibson, arranged by Mrs. R. Selby Williams, which were most heartily appreciated by the audience.

The proceeds for benefit of the Circle.

Mothers' Circle.

The last meeting of the Mothers' Circle for this year will occur Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the school house. This is the biennial reciprocity day, when Clubs from nearby towns are asked to send delegates. There will be a round table conducted by Mrs. Augustus H. Revere, president of the New Jersey State Congress of Mothers, in which all are asked to join and to present any problems which they may have either in their home or school life.

Every member of the Circle's earnestly requested to be present to extend the hospitality of the Circle to the visitors.

Christ Church, Riverton.

Rector, Rev. John Rigg, B. D. Services on Sunday, May 19th, Sunday after Ascension.

7.30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.
11 a. m., Matins and Sermon by the rector.

2.30 p. m., Sunday School and Bible Class.
7.30 p. m., Evensong and Sermon by the rector.

Morning hymns 518, 374, 129, 373. Evening hymns 126, 132, 450, 647, 545. Services during the week as follows:

Wednesday, 8 a. m., Matins and Litany. Friday 9 a. m., Matins and Litany. 8 p. m., Evensong and Address.

Royal Mint Sauce

for your Spring Lamb or Mutton

15c a bottle

AT
COMPTON'S

JERSEY GRASS
FRESH FROM THE FARM

Phone 54-A



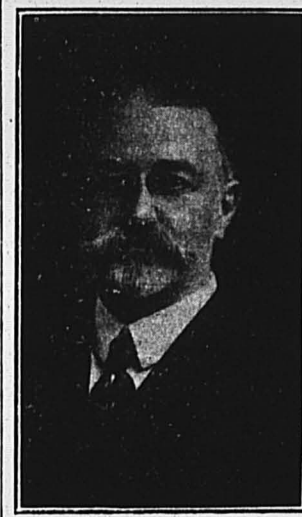
Men Buy Here

An attractive line of soft and pleated shirts in white and colors; also full dress shirts at \$1.00 each.

Good looking ties at 25c and 50c.

MRS. ALFRED SMITH

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



CHARLES M. BIDDLE
Candidate for Alternates, Delegate-at-Large

With a view to proper, conservative, and safe political action in the interest of the best possible government, it is desired to call attention of the readers of THE NEW ERA to the fact that it is important that delegates to the Chicago Convention—Republican—to take place soon, be men of unimpeachable character and sterling integrity, that the function of the office to which they are elected be chosen, may be of a high order. None but persons who are known to be of this stamp, should be selected.

Of this quality is our fellow townsman, Charles M. Biddle, whom the Taft wing of the Republican party of this section hope to see elected as an alternate delegate-at-large, having confidence that the trust imposed in him will not be betrayed; but that he will do honor to himself, to the cause which he represents, and his friends and supporters in the service. He has a right to expect a large following.

Postmaster Wanted for Cinnamonson.

Saturday, May 25, 1912.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces that on the date named above an examination will be held at Riverton, N. J., as a result of which it is expected to make certification to fill a contemplated vacancy in the position of fourth class postmaster in class (1) at Cinnamonson, New Jersey, and other vacancies as they may occur at that office, unless it shall be decided in the interests of the service to fill the vacancy by reinstatement. The compensation of the postmaster at this office was \$165 for the last fiscal year.

Age limit, 21 years and over on the date of the examination, with the exception that in a State where women are declared by statute to be of full age for all purposes at 18 years, women 18 years of age on the date of the examination will be admitted.

Applicants must reside within the territory supplied by the post office for which the examination is announced. The examination is open to all citizens of the United States who can comply with the requirements.

Application forms and full information concerning the requirements of the examination can be secured from the postmaster at Cinnamonson and the local secretary at Riverton or from the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Applications should be properly executed and filed with the Commission at Washington within 7 days before the date of the examination, otherwise it may be impracticable to examine the applicants.

U. S. CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

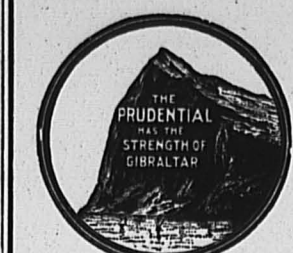
New York's Quick Lunch Places.

There were more than 3,000 quick lunch stores in Manhattan, and every day more than 300,000 people run a Marathon with their digestive organs.

"It Will be the Aim of the Officers

to continue the policies which have guided The Prudential to such signal success in the past, policies which have meant so much in gaining confidence of the public and in keeping faith with our patrons."

(From the 1912 Annual Address of President Forrest F. Dryden.)



The Prudential

Founded by JOHN F. DRYDEN,
Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

Unclaimed Letters.

List of unclaimed letters and postals remaining in the Riverton post office, May 15, 1912.

DOMESTIC LETTERS.

Gaskill, Mr. H. P.
Herter, Mr. France
Lathrop, Henry G.
McMillan, George
Perkins, Alfred
Sisters Home
Farrington, Mrs. Charles H.
CHARLES L. FLANAGAN,
Postmaster.

CURED OF SOLITAIRE PLAY

How One Wife Put Stop to Her Husband's Preoccupation With the Game.

"My husband used to be a solitaire fiend," said a woman the other day. "He used to come home nights and play several hours. I was preparing dinner. After eating—and he would hurry that—he would rush to his card table and play until late at night. If this had happened only once in a while it would have been disagreeable, but I would not have said a word about it. As it was, he would play every night we were not going out together."

"I like card playing, but when it comes to making a game of solitaire an occupation, I draw the line. "I worried and fretted about the proposition as I thought it was doing my husband harm, as well as keeping him from being sociable, until I thought I would have gray hair. I remonstrated, argued, fought and shed tears, but all to no avail. Finally I hit upon a scheme."

"As I was an unusually poor card player my husband had criticized me several times for my ignorance, good humoredly, of course, and I decided to learn to play solitaire also. I bought a pack of playing cards and one evening at dinner I told the solitaire fiend that I wanted him to teach me the game. He was delighted to think I at last had come to his side and he said he would instruct me that very night."

"Accordingly, after we had tidied up the dining room—he helped me that time—we started in on the single handed game. My husband sweated and almost swore at times and he called me a 'bonehead' and a 'sever' and other names that mean the same thing. Finally he gave it up in disgust and he has not played cards since."

THOUGHT TIN WAS SILVER

Chinese Pirates Meet Bitter Disappointment After Risking Their Necks for Loot.

It was a surprise to the Chinese pirates who looted the Pacific Mail liner Asia, wrecked in Oriental waters sometime ago, when what they had hoped for was a treasure chest of silver, but to their disappointment they found nothing but tin. They were more than disappointed in view of the fact that they had risked their necks to get the supposed precious metal and had conveyed it a great distance in sampans to dispose of it.

According to W. W. Pipkin, connected with the Chinese maritime commerce service, who arrived the other day of the liner Persia, there were at least 100 small Chinese fishing boats that put in at various places laden with tin. In their haste to get away with the cheap but shining metal the pirates had overlooked the more valuable silks and other rich far eastern products which were in the Asia's cargo.

There is nothing now visible of the old Pacific mailer, according to passengers on the Persia, which passed close to where her sister ship went to her doom on the treacherous crags that seem to beckon mockingly out of the mist that incessantly hangs over them. What portions of the steamer were not broken up by salvagers were dismembered by the beating seas.—San Francisco Chronicle.

What the Refkin Is.

A new stringed musical instrument is reported to have been devised by a Japanese violinmaker in the city of Nagoya. The invention is named the refkin, and seems likely to supersede the samisen. It has the shape of a guitar, save in the neck, that is the only part resembling a samisen. There are four strings to it, and by manipulation of the keys the instrument can be made to do the work of several samisen. The inventor has played his new instrument in an orchestra of Japanese instruments and showed that it is a success in every way. He says that the idea came to him when he was touring through Europe last year.

Get Out of the Rut.

"The dull man is made, not by nature, but by the immersion in a single business, and all the more if that be sedentary, uneventful, and ingloriously safe. More than half of him will remain unexercised and undeveloped; the rest will be distended and deformed by over-nutrition, over-cerebration, and the heat of room."—Robert Louis Stevenson, in "The Wreck."

Problem of Universal Peace.

War sweeps away not only some of the bravest and best of a nation, it also disposes of the offscouring of the country at war. When, then, war ceases, a pressing problem will be how to prevent the accumulation of the dangerous classes no longer left on the battlefield.—Christian Register.

Youth and Age.

"Things are never just right in this world," complained old St. Chestnut to the Sedgwick Pantograph. "When I was a young man I never could buy a buggy with a seat that was narrow enough. Now that I am an old married man I can't find a buggy with a seat that is wide enough to suit me."

Notice of Primary Election.

Notice is hereby given that a Presidential Primary Election will be held in the Borough of Riverton, in the County of Burlington on

Tuesday, the twenty-eighth day of May, A. D. 1912

between the hours of one and nine p. m. for the purpose of electing

Four Delegates-at-Large and Four Alternate Delegates-at-Large to the National Convention of the Republican and the Democratic Parties, and Two Delegates and Two Alternate Delegates in the Second District of the State of New Jersey to said National Conventions.

Said Election will be held in the House of the Riverton Fire Company 505 Howard Street.

Witness my hand this 15th day of May A. D. 1912.

JOHN H. REESE,
Borough Clerk.

CHEETAH HUNT IN INDIA

Sport Was Once Very Popular With English Residents—Is Not So Now.

The cheetah hunt which the viceroy witnessed recently at Hyderabad reminds one that cheetah hunting was an extremely popular sport with Indian princes in former days, although the initiation of European forms of sport has done much in these times to rob it of ancient vogue.

It was practiced both by Hindu and Mohammedan chieftains over the greater part of India, for the cheetah even now is not a rare beast, and a century or so ago must have been common enough.

Another animal used in the same way by Indian nobles was a sort of lynx, spelled variously as "shoo-goose," "ayagushu." But this was used much more rarely than the cheetah. However, it was not only Indians who indulged in this form of sport.

It was enjoyed and practiced by Europeans as well in the days when they were content to abide in India for fifteen years at a stretch and when they lived a l'indienne in a way unknown to modern times. More than half of the Company's nabobs kept their own cheetahs, which were frequently presents from friendly chiefs.

It may easily be imagined that cheetah hunting was very good sport and welcomed by the servants of the Company as an excellent substitute for the courting which was familiar to them in England and which, like the cheetah hunt, has vanished before the spread of games such as tennis and golf.—Madras Mail.

CHINAMAN WAS TOO CUTE

Suspicious of Wedding Cake Sent Him by Englishman Who Owed Him Money.

An Englishman who was appointed to an important post in China got married some time ago. Among the recipients of the usual little cake boxes containing a piece of wedding cake was a Chinese merchant with whom the bridegroom had an outstanding account for goods supplied.

After the honeymoon, one of the first persons the newly wedded husband met was his Celestial creditor. "And how did you like the cake?" asked the Englishman, laughing, after the usual congratulations.

"Ah, ah," returned the Chinaman, with a cunning leer, "me no such big fool to eat him, sah. Me put cake in fire. Burn him up. He, he!"

"Oh, that's too bad," said the Englishman, very much hurt. "You might have tasted it, at least, out of compliment to my wife and myself. Why didn't you?"

"Me too clute, sah," said the Celestial, with the same winning smile. "You owe me money, sah; sendee poison cake; I eat him; I die; you no pay me up. Houpai! He, he, he! I know you Ingles!"

A Terror.

"Some of these reformers," said Uncle Rasher, "makes me think of 'Rastus, Pinkie's dog. I says to 'im, 'Rastus, I says, 'Is dat dog good fob rats?' An' he says, 'No; he's mighty bad fob rats.' Does he ketch 'em an' kill 'em?'"

"No," says Rastus; "he don't ketch 'em, ner he don't kill 'em. But if dey comes foolin' around him he'll mighty near skeer 'em to death."

The Crooked Tree.

Childish Impressions are as strong as, frequently, mistaken. A thoughtful child, hearing someone wonder why a certain tree in the garden was so crooked, replied, remembering the proverb about "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined": "I suppose somebody must have stepped on it when it was little."

Problem of Universal Peace.

War sweeps away not only some of the bravest and best of a nation, it also disposes of the offscouring of the country at war. When, then, war ceases, a pressing problem will be how to prevent the accumulation of the dangerous classes no longer left on the battlefield.—Christian Register.

Youth and Age.

"Things are never just right in this world," complained old St. Chestnut to the Sedgwick Pantograph. "When I was a young man I never could buy a buggy with a seat that was narrow enough. Now that I am an old married man I can't find a buggy with a seat that is wide enough to suit me."

Moves Ten Pounds.

There are 28 pounds of blood in the body of an average grown-up person, and at each pulsation the heart moves ten pounds.

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, Hulled Oats, Flax Seed Meal, Oyster Shells, Mica Grit, Charcoal, Gluten Feed, Dried Brewers' Grain, Tobacco Stems, Cut Clover Hay, Beet Pulp, Sunflower Seed.

Pratt's and Conkey's Poultry Remedies.

JOSEPH T. EVANS, RIVERTON

Bean Poles and Fertilizer

5-12-11

BANG!

The Biggest Base Hit of the Season!

The DIAMOND CIPHER

A stirring story of the machination of foreign spies, secret service men and Mexican revolutionists woven into an extraordinary and thrilling romance of the National Game

Something For Every Base Ball Fan!

Watch for the opening chapter of the new serial that we have made arrangements to print. You will enjoy every installment.

Iron Only Found in Ore. Iron ores are chiefly oxides, and native iron is almost unknown except in the meteorites occasionally picked up.

Wisdom. The wisest man may be fooled, but not twice in the same way by the same person.

Can't Be Done. A New York railroad has installed "whispering" telephones on its locomotives, but unfortunately the difficulties of installing them on office boys seem too great to surmount.

Present-Day Danger. In these quickly-moving days of stress and hurry we are faced by the danger of attempting too much and excelling in nothing.

Brevity Appreciated. A preacher is in error who imagines that he can make his sermon immortal by making it everlasting.—New York Outlook.

Work of Gothic Sculptors. The Gothic sculptors produced crude and grotesque carvings from a technical standpoint, but they were the first to attempt to make sculpture in art. They were the first to make sculpture in art. They were the first to make sculpture in art.

Money Question from Woman's View. Most men trust their wives with their hearts, but draw the line at their pocketbooks. Some day I am going to write a book on the righteousness of a husband giving his wife a regular allowance and never asking her to account for it. Better still, a common purse and let her help herself. As long as any woman works for her clothes and board and lives on bounty she is a serf.—Exchange.

Tamed at the Start. Statistics show that in nearly all cases the college girl, when she marries, starts out by giving her husband a vivid description of the hazing stunts she has participated in.—Cleveland Leader.

How's This for a Record? A New Jersey woman has been a cook in a family for 42 years. She has never asked for a vacation, has never found fault with anything, has always cooked on a coal range and is happy and contented.—Exchange.

Provided for Burial Vault. By the will of a French lady who died recently a farm was left to the town on condition her family vault was kept in repair; while the rest of her estate was to be divided among those attending her funeral.

What Fear Did. A wealthy man in New York committed suicide when his doctor told him he had appendicitis. A post-mortem revealed that he did not have it. His fear of evil was worse than the evil itself. (Prov. 1:33.)

Brute, Indeed! The Wife—I do believe I would fall dead if you were to come home early some evening. The Brute—You will have to offer a bigger bribe than that.—Indianapolis Press.

All is Character. "Behind every foreground of action lies the background of character on which the action rests and from which it gets its life and meaning."—Philips Brooks.

Helps to Feed Japanese. Most abundant of all seaweeds are the kelps, distributed along every coast in the world. From these the Japanese prepare many food products, known under the generic name kombu.

Losing the Social Instinct

"My dear," said young Mrs. Allison, peeling off her gloves and flinging them down with a snarl, "you did when you renounced the frivolities of life."

"When I—er—what?" gasped the matron with auburn hair, as she dropped an extra lump of sugar into her caller's tea and set the cup down hurriedly.

"Well, why not?" inquired young Mrs. Allison. "That will do, dear. I take only two lumps, not the whole bowlful."

"Explain yourself, Celeste!" demanded the young matron with auburn hair, severely. "Has any one been saying that I am getting fat and stolid or is this your inimitable way of criticizing my winter wardrobe?"

Young Mrs. Allison smiled inscrutably.

"Celeste," said her hostess again, sharply, "if you weren't my best friend I should call that a positive grin."

Young Mrs. Allison continued to grin, happily. "Well, she said, after selecting the thinnest sandwich on the tray and biting into it with caution, 'to begin with, you've moved to a suburb, haven't you?'"

"Um-mm; is that all?"

"No, but that's one thing."

"Very well; what next?"

"And you've stopped wearing false hair."

"Why, yes, so I have," admitted the hostess, tranquilly. "I got tired of the messy stuff, and when I happened to think it over I couldn't see any reason why I shouldn't let my hair stand on its own merits."

"Exactly," agreed young Mrs. Allison. "Thirdly, you've dropped the bridge club!"

The matron with auburn hair sighed. "And," she added, with a sudden burst of confidence, "you've no idea, dearest, what a relief it is. For two years, once a week, I've looked myself into my best clothes and sat at a pleasant sunny afternoon in some one's stuffy drawing room gambling for, let us say, a green sunshade that would make me look, if I won it, like a horse shoe poster. I have partaken enthusiastically of champagne ice cream and only salads forty-five minutes before dinner hour." She paused for breath and smiled suddenly upon her caller.

"Instead of all that," she concluded, "I now repose in this easy chair with a book and a box of chocolates, which achieve the same effect upon my appetite, but are less strenuous."

"Nonsense," said young Mrs. Allison. "You're losing the social instinct, that's all! All suburbanites do. But as I remarked to begin with, you have adopted the wise course."

She frowned thoughtfully, while her hostess waited in silence.

"Well," her hostess demanded, finally, "it's very tragic," said young Mrs. Allison. "You know my Aunt Elvira?"

The matron with auburn hair nodded. "The poor woman who was so ill at her house last summer," she said.

"Poor nothing," contradicted young Mrs. Allison, sternly. "There's nothing so tragic as the death of a person with imaginary diseases. She's so crabbed that her own children won't live with her, and she's so rich that her other relatives have to. She takes a private car down to Florida every winter and I had thought that Fred and I could make rather pleasant use of an invitation to go with her this year, because Fred didn't get any vacation in the summer."

"Well, my love, last week Saturday I positively dragged Fred home from the office to go out to the Country club with me in the afternoon. I felt that my system demanded the diversion, and I did want to go to a social event. It was a horrid, chilly trip and our supper out there was miserable. When we got home this is the message written on Aunt Elvira's visiting card that met me in the hand of the maid:

"Dear Celeste—I'm sorry you couldn't take time from your pursuit of pleasure to comfort my tired and travel stained self. I'm going over to Cousin Emma's. Respectfully, A. E."

The matron with auburn hair gasped. "But did you know she was coming?" she asked.

"Oh, no," said young Mrs. Allison, composedly, "I was not. I was sure of her arrival in town. It's just one of her little eccentricities, that's all. Cousin Emma goes to Florida on Thursday," she added, sadly.

"Just of all things," cried the matron with auburn hair, sympathetically. "After you and Fred had it all planned!"

"Well," admitted young Mrs. Allison, slowly, "as a matter of fact, Fred hadn't planned exactly. He seemed positively to enjoy the situation. He said he had a picture of himself going, anyway. And he added that he'd rather pound rocks than to go anywhere with Aunt Elvira. Good-by, dear; I'm going to join your easy chair brigade and do my hair flat in the back."

Logical Progress. "The new show went like a breeze." "I was told the backer had to send a lot of drafts."

By the Evidence. Donald, aged 4, had been to school with an older friend and had seen the teacher put a star on the cards of each child who could read a sentence. That evening while walking out with his parents, he remarked after looking at the stars on his card, "There've been lots of good boys today."

Early Type of Letters. The type of letters in early manuscripts was the same as that of those used on the earlier metal plates and wax tablets. All letters were capitals. Minuscule, or small lettering, as opposed to the majuscule, was invented in the seventh century.

An Explanation. "Your nephew is a college graduate, isn't he?" "Yes," confessed honest Farmer Hornbush; "but in justice to the college I'll own up that he had no sense beforehand."—Women's Home Companion.

Mrs. Moffett's Son

"What are you embroidering, Virginia? Each stitch you take seems to me from a girl. I can always gather from the first three lines what she is going to tell me, and I let the imagination do the rest. This plan works particularly well if the letter is in reply to an invitation. If I see that the note is short I know she accepts. If it is long, I know she can't go and is wasting four pages explaining why. Usually I don't care why—and think of all the time I save by not reading explanations!"

Grampell found his plan excellent when it came to dealing with Jeanette Tripps. She was an especially nice girl, but she possessed a superabundance of language. Jeanette always took 500 words to tell one 20 words of news and when she had paper and pen before her she ranted in her verbal warfare. It was after she wrote Grampell a large page conveying the regretful news that she was unable to go to the theater that he inaugurated his plan. Grampell never did more than tear open the envelope, read the first three lines, and the writing was of formidable length he merely threw it into the waste paper basket and asked himself: "Who'll I ask now to go with me?"

Grampell invited Jeanette to join an opera party recently and when her answer came he knew it was short before he opened it.

"Good!" he murmured, pulling out the sheet. It began over throwing it away, because for some reason of late Jeanette had grown to interest him a good deal. But Grampell hated to break a habit. There were about six lines on the front page and he tossed the missive away cheerfully.

It was eight o'clock when Grampell in full regalia drew up at Jeanette's house and mounted the steps. The maid delivered her message as soon as she opened the door. "Miss Tripps," she said, "when you came you were to go to Mrs. Smith's if you please."

"Oh," said Grampell blankly. Then he decided that the maid must be out of her mind. The only Smiths who gave dinners were the Algeron Smiths, and they lived 20 blocks away.

Three policemen strained their voices shouting after Grampell's taxi as he sped away. He was not at the opera party and would be late as it was. Dashing up a couple of the Algeron Smiths, on whom he had not a calling acquaintance, Grampell was met by the dining room maid and the click and hum of a large dinner party. Presently Smith appeared. He was polite, but decidedly curious. Most evidently he could not recall having invited Grampell to dine. Also Miss Tripps was not there.

It was very awkward. Grampell had the consciousness that Smith would tell the servants immediately on his departure that he had been invited to dine and the silver safe. Once outside Grampell wiped his wet brow and gazed wildly about in the cold night. Where in creation was Jeanette? Finding a drug store he turned up the street and looked for a sign. The maid he had talked with was out. The other maid didn't know anything about it. Grampell arrived at the theater pale and moiled as to collar and he slunk off to his room. He was not a criminal. The four persons already greeted him with becoming hauteur and said: "Sh!" when he agonizedly started to apologize.

Something was happening on the street, but Grampell never knew what it was. He was picturing the wrath of Jeanette waiting, hopefully waiting for him at some mythical Smith's, waiting and growing to hate him. When the curtain fell and the lights went up.

Directly across the aisle from him, two rows down, sat Jeanette! Turning her head she saw him and smiled sweetly. It was not at all a look of indignation. Jeanette's mind seemed quite at peace. Grampell reached her side in three strides.

"Where were you?" he inquired, "you didn't wait for me? And what Smiths were you?"

"What are you talking about?" demanded the young woman. "Didn't you get my letter? I wrote you that I had been invited to go to the opera tonight. The Smiths? That was a message I left for the superintendent of my mission—he was to go to the Smiths for some books we had collected for the children. Isn't the music lovely tonight?"

Ancient Fountain Pen. An illustration of an "everlasting" pen found with description in a manuscript dated 1725, and signed by Sieur Blon, "purveyor to the king and maker of all the pens used by the king." It appears in "Popular Mechanics." Like the modern fountain pen, it was made with three principal pieces. The central section contained the ink, which flowed to the pen through a perforation. The lower cap had a threaded rod in its center, which closed the perforation in the ink container when screwed into place. The upper end of the ink container was closed by a threaded cap provided with a lead pencil point covered by still another cap.

Testing Coins. "There goes another man suffering from degeneration of public manners," said the clerk in an aggrieved tone. "I gave him five pieces of silver in making change, and he tested every one of them to see if it was counterfeit right before my eyes. It is only lately that people who buy have got rude enough to do that. Clerks always did it with coins that customers gave them, but that was a prerogative of the trade. For the customer to assume the same privilege is a usurpation of ancient rights. The worst of it is most people nowadays are pretty good judges of bad money, and every little while a coin is refused because it is counterfeit. The only way tradesmen can teach customers the respect due them is to turn their own backs when testing money. That has always been the custom in England. No tradesman over there would dare flip a coin under a customer's nose, and as a consequence no customer has ever taken that liberty with him."

Nicely Put. Brahms dined one day with one of his fanatic admirers, and the latter, knowing the master's predilection for fine wine, had a bottle of renowned quality brought to the table toward the end of the repast. "This," he exclaimed, "is the Brahms among my wines!" The guest slipped it, saying: "Excellent, wonderful! Now bring on your Beethoven!"

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Attitude and Art. Fewer people nowadays pretend to be reading when they get their pictures taken. Still, there are those who think art is waiting.—Archibald Globe.

His Time-Saving Plan

"I rarely read a letter through," Grampell had said many times. "It is from a girl. I can always gather from the first three lines what she is going to tell me, and I let the imagination do the rest. This plan works particularly well if the letter is in reply to an invitation. If I see that the note is short I know she accepts. If it is long, I know she can't go and is wasting four pages explaining why. Usually I don't care why—and think of all the time I save by not reading explanations!"

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When Cupid Napped

His name was Giles Weedon, but far and wide his friends had nicknamed him "Cupid," for the reason that he was small and plump, with a round, rosy, cherubic face and innocent blue eyes, and also because of his fatal tendency to bring about marriages between his acquaintances. A bachelor himself, "Cupid" Weedon lost no opportunity to make men and maidens whenever they ventured in his vicinity. Thus he had married off not only his pretty girl cousins, but even the plain and elderly ones who had long since despaired of matrimony. Many a discontented bachelor had found himself engaged and married to some charming spinster or widow before he could catch his breath; or some inconceivable widow would find herself a second wife—as the result of "Cupid" Weedon's personally conducted, whirlwind matrimonial campaigns.

As most of these marriages turned out happily, Cupid possessed a weird prescience of the affinity between congenial spirits—his beneficiaries were correspondingly grateful, and therefore he enacted the part of best man in innumerable weddings and never demurred at the gifts called forth on these occasions or the christening cups which as godfather he presented later on.

So here, my friend, he said blithely, "you may constitute yourself mixer of love platters and minister extraordinary to the court of love, but I'll be hanged if I'll permit you to drag me into your matrimonial bureau!"

Cupid Weedon eyed his friend doubtfully. "But you can't go on like this, old man. You ought not to be hanging around at hotels. What you need is a home where you can have all your stuffed birds and animals around," he added slyly.

"For that matter, why can't I put me in a museum? It would be much more appropriate than messing up a home," returned Hilary contemptuously. "Before you marry me, Cupid, why don't you try a dose of your own medicine?"

"I may, some day," returned the matchmaker loftily, "provided I ever fall in love with a girl."

"Take it from me," predicted Hilary darkly, "that when you fall in love with a girl, she will be in love with her and cut you out."

"I dare say you will," was Cupid's grinning retort, and they resumed their golf.

Several weeks afterward it happened that Hilary ingenuously discovered Cupid Weedon mooning about the country club. His blue eyes eagerly searched the occupants of motor cars as they stopped, and listlessly turned away when he had scanned the faces beneath the disguising veils.

"Who is she?" demanded Hilary. "Who is who?" retorted Cupid sheepishly.

"The one you are waiting for—the girl with the—what color eyes?"

"Blue," admitted the matchmaker. "Blue as your own cornflower optics," commented Hilary. "I greatly fear you have made a misalliance, my friend. You should have chosen brown eyes or black. I predict unhappiness in your married life with a dark man in the background."

"But I want all my friends to be as happy as I once hoped to be."

Hilary bowed. "Myself," he said modestly.

"Get out!" ordered Cupid, his eyes still seeking the driveway.

"I'll remain, Cupid," protested Hilary firmly. "You may count on me for best man and—er—by Jove, who is that?"

"It's Miss Wall," breathed Mr. Weedon as he bounced down the steps and assisted a graceful form to alight from a luxuriously appointed car.

She was a lovely girl. She was gowned in a pale blue robe that fell about her feet in simple lines, and her flowing hat was of the same blue, trimmed with pink roses.

Hilary saw all this as she tossed off a big chiffon veil and loose coat. An elderly woman followed and another covered with a shawl and hat. Hilary knew Major Dermot, and he resolved to seek out the major later and gain an introduction to Miss Wall.

"You will excuse me, Hilary," said Mr. Weedon as he passed his chum, "but I am lunching with friends."

They disappeared and Hilary found himself standing there on the piazza gazing after them with undoubted jealousy hammering at his heart. Why should he be jealous of a girl whom he had only gazed at for two moments and whose eyes had only met his in a sweeping, casual glance as she came up the steps?

He had met women of every nationality, and not one of them had ever brought him this thrill of feeling. It was a malcontent fate that had decreed he should fall in love with the only girl Cupid Weedon had really appeared personally interested in. He determined to go away when most of Mr. Weedon's friends had entered the married lists and his occupation seemed to have ceased. But still there remained his friend and bosom comrade, Hilary Ingram, who had just returned from a trip around the world, handsome, rich, unattached and heart untouched, and consequently Hilary's active brain and his kind heart looked like a halo-encircled cherub. He arose from his chair and held out a cordial hand.

"I've been expecting you, Hilary," he said, smiling.

"You have?" muttered Hilary guiltily. "How long?"

"From the beginning," returned Cupid, setting a chair for him and pushing the box of cigars across the table.

"Cupid, old boy," murmured Hilary, "you don't know what a cur I feel! I didn't know that day when I predicted that when you—er—that I would be a miser."

"You miscalculated my ability as a mixer of love platters if you thought I'd let you escape my matrimonial net, Hilary!" laughed Cupid Weedon. "I was a put-up job on my part, and I must say that I never saw two people walk into a trap as did you and I."

After Hilary had pounded his friend lustily, that plump young man condescended to listen to Hilary's rhapsodies. As Hilary paused for breath before beginning again, he noticed that Cupid Weedon's eyes had lost their careless light and were sadly fixed on the darling flames.

"Cupid," said Hilary doubtfully, "you are sure—aren't you ever going to find the girl of your heart and forget the example of the rest of us?"

"For answer Cupid detached a lock of hair from his watch fob and opening it, gave it to Hilary. Within was a picture of Hilary's younger sister, who had died a dozen years before. He was startled, for he had never suspected a romance between them.

"I found the girl of my heart and lost her again," said Cupid Weedon gravely, as he replaced the locket. "But I want all my friends to be as happy as I once hoped to be."

"HAVE A GOOD SLEEP, JACK!"

Brooks Tells How His Thoughtful Wife Provides for His Rest Sunday Morning.

"I don't care very much about getting up early Sunday mornings," Mr. Ames confessed to Mr. Brooks, his seatmate on the 8 o'clock train to town, "and my wife generally lets me sleep as long as I like."

"How is it when she's bound you shall go to church?" Mr. Brooks asked.

"How is it with your wife?" parried Ames.

"Along about 7 o'clock," Brooks replied readily, "my wife gets up."

"Don't you stir," she'll say; 'have a good sleep.'"

"Then off comes a blanket. 'Just the top one,' she explains. 'You don't really need it for such a short time. I was in a jolt for blood and fame, when savage waxed the fray. That Bill broke all preceding ranks and made his banner play. The score stood nothing—nothing and the side had two men out. He started glaring blindly to the bat came great Jake Wienerkraut. He cast a glance at Boney's bean and calmly paused to ask: Why one with such an empty rut should need to wear a mask. This got the Boneheads billy and he swore a mighty oath. To put the jolly Jake or bust a home—or both. But now the sphere came hurtling by and Wienerkraut stood still. 'Strike one!' the umpire murmured. 'O-y-y!' said Bonehead Bill. Again the twirler heaved the pill, again Jake cut it dead. 'Strike two!' remarked the umpire. 'See-haw,' said Bill Bonehead. With Boney clinging to the ball and straining every nerve; And down to third went nimbly Jake, just out of Boney's reach. But Bill the harder hit his feet and hung on like a leech. Then homeward fled the taunting Jake as lightly as the wind. With Boney wheezing in his wake about one jump behind. And the simp could realize the havoc he had done. Jake Wienerkraut had crossed the pan and scored the winning run! Then rose that mighty throng and what they did to poor Bonehead—Ah, well, some things in this sad world were better left unsaid. G. A. APPLEBATH—

SKUN AGIN!

When the sun was slowly setting
O'er a city far away,
Filling all the land with landscapes
At the closing of the day.
Shrouded in the sombre shadows
Of the buildings grim and tall,
Surged and swayed a mighty concourse,
Torn by anguish, one and all.
Oh, the air of agitation!
Oh the horrifying hush!
On the depth of desperation
Pictured on each pallid mugh!
Far aloft upon a scaffold
Looms a figure grim, sedate,
Slowly limning rows of numbers
Freighted with a people's fate.
Thrice ten thousand eyes are on him,
Thrice ten thousand hearts are stilled,
and it will be ailing.

"Up go the windows, that haven't been open all night, with a slam. 'O, isn't that refreshing,' she cries. 'It's going to be a perfectly lovely day!'"

"She steps briskly about, singing one of those songs so joyous that it puts you out at the first hit."

"If that doesn't work, she drops a hundredweight of silver stuff off the top of her dressing table on the floor. 'What!' in great surprise. 'Are you awake, Jack?'"

"I am awake and I say so." Brooks' smile was grim. "I hope she feels the reproach in my voice. Not at all. 'Well,' she returns, 'as long as you're awake, wouldn't you just as lief get up? If you will you'll have plenty of time to wash the dog before breakfast!'"

Ames smiled. "We haven't a dog," he said.—Youth's Companion.

Archimedes.

Archimedes was a great inventor. One time he was taking his bath when the household was startled by hearing him exclaim: "Eureka!"

You see, he spoke Greek fluently. A great man must be great, even in his bath, so when the interviewers asked him why he eurekaed so vociferously, instead of telling them that he had located the soap he hemmed and hawed and announced that he had discovered that the amount of water displaced by the human body was equal in weight to the same. Thus, he disclosed the fact that in order to ascertain one's weight all one needs do is to get into a bathtub, save the water he displaces, and weigh it.

Archimedes also announced that if he had a place to use as a fulcrum, and a long enough lever, he could move the earth.

He neglected, however, to state where he would move the earth to. He also invented the screw. Any one who has tried to remove an old door from its hinges may include Archimedes in his prayers.

The Reason.

"Our company has a man in its employ who is known to be light-headed."

"Then why do you keep him?"

"Because he is an electrician."

The Impeccable Sardine.

They can be given to children without fear of their choking. It can easily be recognized that the bones are taken away. A large number of consumers evidently judge thus, as sardines so prepared have a first class reputation. They are to be found on all tables where the lady of the house wishes to show she lives in style. From an earnest advertisement.

FOOD VALUE OF CHESTNUTS

Are Rich in Starch and Fat, Better Than Potatoes and Almost as Good as Bread.

In France much attention is given to the propagating of the chestnut, and the fruit is spoken of with enthusiasm and respect. In French literature, especially in stories for children, the chestnut tree is quite as important a feature as the plum tree in the politics of this country, where we speak lightly of the chestnut and then pay at the rate of \$5 a bushel for them. The small French chestnut is called the "chataigne," but the large or giant chestnut is the "marron." The marron is cultivated extensively in France and Italy, where it is used in large quantities.

"Every soda fountain menu," says the New York Soda Fountain, a trade journal, "has some reference to marrons, and marrons place are a favorite after-dinner morsel at all the large hotels, yet few persons realize that while primarily a dessert delicacy, marrons are an exceedingly wholesome and valuable food. It is not generally known that the fruit of the chestnut tree is nearly as valuable as bread and more valuable than potatoes as a food, being rich in starch, and fat."

In some districts of Pennsylvania much attention is now given to the planting of chestnut trees. There are several hill counties in Indiana, like Brown, Monroe and Morgan, where the marron and the smaller chestnut could be made a source of profit.

MAKES A BIG DISCOVERY

Shrington Finds That Things Once Bemoaned May Prove Great Blessings.

"You know how opposites are attracted," said Mr. Shrington.

"When I was a younger man my very particular friend and chum was a chap who was six feet four, while I wasn't much more than four feet six. Despite the disparity in our dimensions we were the closest of friends, and as far as I was concerned there was only one thing that mattered my otherwise complete likeness and that was that I could not be as tall as he. But the time came when I thought differently about that, and when in fact, he, instead of being proud of his altitude, wished only that he had been built on my more limited scale, and that was when in our later life we had both come to be afflicted with rheumatism."

"Then when I look at him, racked with pain throughout his tall frame, I was glad that I was not tall but short; and when he reflected on the nearly two feet more of space in himself that the rheumatism had to roam over he used to groan and wish that he had been built short like me."

"Isn't it singular how things come about? The things that at one time were bemoaned may prove in the end our greatest blessing."

The Impeccable Sardine.

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BONEHEAD'S BANNER PLAY

BY APPY

Bill Bonehead was the biggest boob and the fattest wit that ever wore a mask and pad or donned a catcher's mitt. His eye was true behind the bat, his whip was sure and quick. He ran the bases fairly and was handy with the stick. But when it came to noodle-work, the manager would sigh. The rooters tear their whiskers and the angels weep on high. But William's own opinion was always quite the same—He stood convinced that he put up a mighty head game. 'Twas in a joust for blood and fame, when savage waxed the fray. That Bill broke all preceding ranks and made his banner play. The score stood nothing—nothing and the side had two men out. He started glaring blindly to the bat came great Jake Wienerkraut. He cast a glance at Boney's bean and calmly paused to ask: Why one with such an empty rut should need to wear a mask. This got the Boneheads billy and he swore a mighty oath. To put the jolly Jake or bust a home—or both. But now the sphere came hurtling by and Wienerkraut stood still. 'Strike one!' the umpire murmured. 'O-y-y!' said Bonehead Bill. Again the twirler heaved the pill, again Jake cut it dead. 'Strike two!' remarked the umpire. 'See-haw,' said Bill Bonehead. With Boney clinging to the ball and straining every nerve; And down to third went nimbly Jake, just out of Boney's reach. But Bill the harder hit his feet and hung on like a leech. Then homeward fled the taunting Jake as lightly as the wind. With Boney wheezing in his wake about one jump behind. And the simp could realize the havoc he had done. Jake Wienerkraut had crossed the pan and scored the winning run! Then rose that mighty throng and what they did to poor Bonehead—Ah, well, some things in this sad world were better left unsaid. G. A. APPLEBATH—

When Cupid Napped

By John Charlton

His name was Giles Weedon, but far and wide his friends had nicknamed him "Cupid," for the reason that he was small and plump, with a round, rosy, cherubic face and innocent blue eyes, and also because of his fatal tendency to bring about marriages between his acquaintances. A bachelor himself, "Cupid" Weedon lost no opportunity to make men and maidens whenever they ventured in his vicinity. Thus he had married off not only his pretty girl cousins, but even the plain and elderly ones who had long since despaired of matrimony. Many a discontented bachelor had found himself engaged and married to some charming spinster or widow before he could catch his breath; or some inconceivable widow would find herself a second wife—as the result of "Cupid" Weedon's personally conducted, whirlwind matrimonial campaigns.

As most of these marriages turned out happily, Cupid possessed a weird prescience of the affinity between congenial spirits—his beneficiaries were correspondingly grateful, and therefore he enacted the part of best man in innumerable weddings and never demurred at the gifts called forth on these occasions or the christening cups which as godfather he presented later on.

So here, my friend, he said blithely, "you may constitute yourself mixer of love platters and minister extraordinary to the court of love, but I'll be hanged if I'll permit you to drag me into your matrimonial bureau!"

Cupid Weedon eyed his friend doubtfully. "But you can't go on like this, old man. You ought not to be hanging around at hotels. What you need is a home where you can have all your stuffed birds and animals around," he added slyly.

"For that matter, why can't I put me in a museum? It would be much more appropriate than messing up a home," returned Hilary contemptuously. "Before you marry me, Cupid, why don't you try a dose of your own medicine?"

"I may, some day," returned the matchmaker loftily, "provided I ever fall in love with a girl."

"Take it from me," predicted Hilary darkly, "that when you fall in love with a girl, she will be in love with her and cut you out."

"I dare say you will," was Cupid's grinning retort, and they resumed their golf.

Several weeks afterward it happened that Hilary ingenuously discovered Cupid Weedon mooning about the country club. His blue eyes eagerly searched the occupants of motor cars as they stopped, and listlessly turned away when he had scanned the faces beneath the disguising veils.

"Who is she?" demanded Hilary. "Who is who?" retorted Cupid sheepishly.

"The one you are waiting for—the girl with the—what color eyes?"

"Blue," admitted the matchmaker. "Blue as your own cornflower optics," commented Hilary. "I greatly fear you have made a misalliance, my friend. You should have chosen brown eyes or black. I predict unhappiness in your married life with a dark man in the background."

"But I want all my friends to be as happy as I once hoped to be."

Hilary bowed. "Myself," he said modestly.

"Get out!" ordered Cupid, his eyes still seeking the driveway.

"I'll remain, Cupid," protested Hilary firmly. "You may count on me for best man and—er—by Jove, who is that?"

"It's Miss Wall," breathed Mr. Weedon as he bounced down the steps and assisted a graceful form to alight from a luxuriously appointed car.

She was a lovely girl. She was gowned in a pale blue robe that fell about her feet in simple lines, and her flowing hat was of the same blue, trimmed with pink roses.

Hilary saw all this as she tossed off a big chiffon veil and loose coat. An elderly woman followed and another covered with a shawl and hat. Hilary knew Major Dermot, and he resolved to seek out the major later and gain an introduction to Miss Wall.

"You will excuse me, Hilary," said Mr. Weedon as he passed his chum, "but I am lunching with friends."

They disappeared and Hilary found himself standing there on the piazza gazing after them with undoubted jealousy hammering at his heart. Why should he be jealous of a girl whom he had only gazed at for two moments and whose eyes had only met his in a sweeping, casual glance as she came up the steps?

He had met women of every nationality, and not one of them had ever brought him this thrill of feeling. It was a malcontent fate that had decreed he should fall in love with the only girl Cupid Weedon had really appeared personally interested in. He determined to go away when most of Mr. Weedon's friends had entered the married lists and his occupation seemed to have ceased. But still there remained his friend and bosom comrade, Hilary Ingram, who had just returned from a trip around the world, handsome, rich, unattached and heart untouched, and consequently Hilary's active brain and his kind heart looked like a halo-encircled cherub. He arose from his chair and held out a cordial hand.

"I've been expecting you, Hilary," he said, smiling.

"You have?" muttered Hilary guiltily. "How long?"

"From the beginning," returned Cupid, setting a chair for him and pushing the box of cigars across the table.

"Cupid, old boy," murmured Hilary, "you don't know what a cur I feel! I didn't know that day when I predicted that when you—er—that I would be a miser."

"You miscalculated my ability as a mixer of love platters if you thought I'd let you escape my matrimonial net, Hilary!" laughed Cupid Weedon. "I was a put-up job on my part, and I must say that I never saw two people walk into a trap as did you and I."

After Hilary had pounded his friend lustily, that plump young man condescended to listen to Hilary's rhapsodies. As Hilary paused for breath before beginning again, he noticed that Cupid Weedon's eyes had lost their careless light and were sadly fixed on the darling flames.

"Cupid," said Hilary doubtfully, "you are sure—aren't you ever going to find the girl of your heart and forget the example of the rest of us?"

"For answer Cupid detached a lock of hair from his watch fob and opening it, gave it to Hilary. Within was a picture of Hilary's younger sister, who had died a dozen years before. He was startled, for he had never suspected a romance between them.

"I found the girl of my heart and lost her again," said Cupid Weedon gravely, as he replaced the locket. "But I want all my friends to be as happy as I once hoped to be."

"HAVE A GOOD SLEEP, JACK!"

Brooks Tells How His Thoughtful Wife Provides for His Rest Sunday Morning.

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Bruce and the Spider.
Apparently the little friendly story
about Bruce and the spider is in the
category of fables. So eminent an au-
thority as Sir Herbert Maxwell says in
"Robert the Bruce":
"What is the evidence to be found
in support of it? Not in the writings
of Bannockburn, Fordun or Wrynton, those
most nearly contemporary with Bruce
and least likely to suppress a circum-
stance so picturesque and illustrating
so aptly the perseverance and pa-
tience of the national hero under de-
perate difficulties.
"No; nothing is heard of this adven-
ture till long after Bruce and his
comrades had passed away and then
it makes its appearance in company
with such trash as the miraculous ap-
pearance of the arm bone of St. Fil-
ian on the eve of Bannockburn, and
worthy of just about as much consid-
eration."
So goes another of the venerated
legends of childhood.

Stevenson's Keen Comment.
The hit that "Treasure Island" made
is one of the most pleasant episodes
in literary history. The story that
Gladstone got a glimpse of the book
at Lord Rosebery's house, and spent
the next day hunting over London for
a second-hand copy, is good enough
to be true. Stevenson's own comment
on his success is levelheaded. It is re-
corded: "This gives one strange thought
of how very bad the common run of
books that the wise-people think too
bad to print are the very ones that
bring me praise and pudding."

What He Remembered.
When a prospective voter in one of
Chicago's election districts was asked
the date of his naturalization he re-
plied that he had taken out his pa-
pers so long before that he could not
remember just when he had become
an American.
The officer to whom this statement
was made was extremely thoughtful
for a moment. Then he added:
"Can you remember who was the
Republican candidate for president
(that year?)
"Sure, I don't remember who was
running for president," was the re-
sponse, "but it was the same year
that Billy McGinnis was appointed
Dog Devender."

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SWALLOWS ARE VERY BOLD
One Builds Nest in a House and An-
other Establishes Home on
Electric Light Lamp.

A very curious instance of boldness
in swallows was recorded in 1888
from Cayton. In this case the birds
built over a lamp in the dining room;
what made their choice of site more
remarkable was the fact that the
lamp could be raised or lowered by
counter weights and the connecting
chains actually passed through the
mud walls of the nest.
Occasionally the bird selects a nest-
ing site which involves comparison with
the boldness of the robin. In July last
a pair of swallows took advantage of
the open window of an unoccupied
bedroom in a house at Philadelphia in
Bedfordshire to build their nest. The
nest was built in the space between the
curtain rod of the bed.
The return of the owner of the
house and his occupation of the bed
did not in the least disturb or alarm the
birds, which continued to add to the
nest. The return of the owner of the
house brought of three nestlings within
three weeks of the house owner's re-
turn. They took no notice of the oc-
cupant of the bed when flying in and
out of the window, feeding their
young; but the hen bird would fly off
the nest if any one entered the room
during the daytime.
Three years ago a pair of swallows
built their nest on top of the shade of
an electric lamp which hangs outside
the asylum at Narborough, near
Leicester.—Baily's Magazine.

Relics of Past Grace.
Nothing is too queer to happen in
some corner of New York, says the
press of that city. The other day a
business woman took a room at what
appeared to be an ordinary, small,
quiet family hotel on West Forty-
fourth street. The morning after her
arrival she noticed that the man sit-
ting in the long hall which ran by the
double parlors. Another man came
downstairs and the little old chap
jumped up and joined him, and to-
gether they went into the back parlor.
Strolling down the hall, she hap-
pened to glance through the open door
of the back parlor. There she saw the
two men on their knees at a couch,
 fervently praying aloud. The business
woman passed her hand across her
brow. "Have I got 'em?" she mur-
mured, "or have I got into the foolish
house?"
Later she discovered that the hotel
had in former years been a "home"
connected with a church, and that al-
though it long since passed under se-
cular management some of the old-time
brethren still haunt it.



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Capital and Surplus Deposits over Trust Funds over	\$1,000,000.00 \$5,000,000.00 \$6,000,000.00

ALEXANDER C. WOOD, President
EDWARD TOMLINSON, Vice President
JOSEPH LIPPINCOTT, Sec. and Treas.

His Double House

By Virginia Blair

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Mrs. Brinkley came over with a
batch of bread for Stephen Strong.
"I should think you'd got married,"
she said, drolly.
Stephen smiled at her. "How many
times have you said that to me, Mrs.
Brinkley?"
"I shall say it until you give me
an answer."
"All that is over for me," bitterly.
Mrs. Brinkley turned and faced
him. "You've never forgotten Mary
Dean?"
Nobody had spoken to Stephen of
Mary Dean since, ten years ago, she
had died.
His head went up, but he smiled
sadly, as Mrs. Brinkley laid her
wrinkled hand over his big brown
eye. "I want to see you happy," she
said softly.
"Oh, I am happy, and I'm getting
to be a very good housekeeper."
He carried the situation off so
lightly that she had nothing else to
say, but when she reached the door
she turned and asked sharply, "If
Mary should come back, what then?"
Stephen stared at her. He had
never thought of that. He had
planned his future with reference
only to his bachelor needs.
He walked to the gate with Mrs.
Brinkley, and when he came back the
bell of his big double house
struck him with a chill. Stephen's
mind had been with him until her
death, and she and her son had lived
in the newer part. The older wing,
furnished quaintly in the style of
early Victorian days, was open only
once a year when Mrs. Brinkley
superintended the cleaning and airing.
It was Mrs. Brinkley's neighbor-
ness which had made it possible for
Stephen to live alone. He loved her
not only for herself, but because she
had always been a friend of Mary
Dean.
He had never dared speak to
him as she had spoken today. He
yet about his tasks furiously, try-
ing to put out of his head the thought
of his loneliness and consequent suf-
fering.
Outside, it was a night of wind
and of storm. Within, a fire burned
on the hearth, and a cat purred in
the warmth and glow.
A cup of coffee for himself and gave
the cat some meat and a dish of milk.
In younger manhood Stephen had not
cared for cats, but now there was
something of comfort in the presence
of this gentle, white creature.
He sat alone over the cat that night,
dreaming. The door was shut be-
tween his portion of the house and
the empty rooms. Suddenly he sat
up startled. It seemed to him that
somewhere, faintly, he heard the
rustle of a woman's dress.
He rubbed his hands across his
eyes. He must have fallen asleep,
and the wish of the rain on the win-
dows had caused the illusion.
He rose, lighted a lamp and went
to bed. He left the cat on a cushion
on the hearth. He thought he heard
the click of a latch. "It is the wind,"
he said to himself, and fell asleep.
In the morning when he went
down the cat was still on the cushion
on the hearth rug, but there was
something else on the rug—a little
nest square of white linen.
Stephen picked up the handkerchief
chief and stared at it; then he looked
at the cat. It only she could speak

what would she tell?
It was while he was still standing
there that Mrs. Brinkley came run-
ning over. "Where you in the other
part of your house last night?" she
demanded breathlessly.
"No," instinctively Stephen hid
the little handkerchief in his big
hands.
"There was a faint flickering
light," Mrs. Brinkley said, "in one of
the upper rooms."
"You must have been dreaming,"
he said, drolly.
"I couldn't have been," Mrs. Brink-
ley insisted. "For I called Mr. Brinkley
up to look at it."
"Dear Mrs. Brinkley," Stephen
asked, "who would come into that
unheated place on such a night?"
"Well," Mrs. Brinkley said, de-
cidedly, "I don't know. I don't know."
"You must have been dreaming,"
he said, drolly.
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THE NEW ERA

(Published every Friday at
RIVERTON, N. J.)

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

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Hon. Miles Poindexter to Speak in the Lyceum.

Hon. Miles Poindexter, United States Senator from Washington, will address the voters of this section of the Second Congressional District of New Jersey at the Lyceum, Riverton, on Saturday evening, May 25th, at 8 o'clock. This is a rare opportunity to hear a man of National reputation and a man who has become a leader in the Progressive politics of the country. Senator Poindexter is deeply interested in the Roosevelt policies and the address will be made in his behalf.

For twelve years Senator Poindexter was either assistant prosecuting attorney or prosecuting attorney, and then for four years one of the judges of the Superior Court of the State of Washington. He was elected to the sixty-first Congress, and last year to the United States Senate.

This is the first time in the history of the borough that a man of such National prominence has addressed voters at the Lyceum, and in as much as invitations have been sent to Riverside, Palmyra, and the surrounding townships, it is believed that the Lyceum will be filled early and overflowed.

The committee of the Roosevelt Republican League, who have this meeting in charge and who have arranged for such an opportunity for a high-minded discussion of the present political issues, deserves the commendation of the citizens of the borough. The committee has also arranged for a brass band at the meeting, a parade, and a red fire illumination of the town, as a proper appreciation and celebration of the event.

Iolanthe.

Iolanthe, the opera to be presented in the Lyceum on May 28th and May 29th, promises to be the best yet produced by the group of amateurs who have already demonstrated their ability along operatic lines.

The principal characters will be taken as follows:

Lord Chancellor, Percival Thomas; Earl of Mount Ararat, Dr. C. S. Mills; Pollitzer, Howard Marsten; Private Willis, H. L. Bauder; Stephen, Arthur T. Hall; Queen of the Fairies, M. S. W. Collins; Iolanthe, Mrs. G. Miller; Lelia, Gladys Wyman; Colin, Nellie Mills; Fleeta, Mrs. Durbin; Phyllis, Mrs. C. S. Mills.

Tickets can be obtained from Mrs. H. D. Hall.

Rev. Stahl Installed as Pastor.

The installation of Rev. Nicholas F. Stahl, D. D., as pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church, took place last evening.

The program was as follows:

Hymn
Scripture Reading
Prayer
Duet Mrs. S. W. Collins, Mrs. C. S. Mills
Sermon Rev. S. B. Wylie
New Castle, Del.
Propounding Constitutional Questions
Moderator, Presbyter of Monmouth
Charge to the Pastor
Rev. Arthur Phillips, Beverly, N. J.
Charge to the People
Rev. C. L. Candee, Wilmington, Del.
Prayer
Benediction by the Pastor

Christ Church, Riverton.

Rector, Rev. John Rigg, B. D.
Services on Whit Sunday, May 19th:
7:30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

11 a. m., Matins and Holy Eucharist, sermon by the rector.

2:30 p. m., Sunday School and Bible Classes.

7:30 p. m., Evensong and sermon by the rector.

Morning hymns 133, 379, 375, 382.

Evening hymns 134, 9, 136, 647, 377.

Services during the week:
Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday,
Holy Eucharist 7 a. m.

Friday and Saturday, Holy Eucharist 7 a. m.

Annual Library Meeting.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Riverton Free Library Association was held in the Porch Club building Monday evening. During the year 18,301 books had been circulated, and 2999 readers used the reading room.

An amendment to the By-Laws was passed, adding a class of honorary members.

Trustees for three years were elected as follows: John C. S. Davis, Miss Bertha C. Robertson, J. Otto Thill, Mrs. N. Myers Fitter, Robert Biddle.

An address was made by James W. Kiaz, Esq., of the Philadelphia Bar.

Mrs. S. W. Collins sang and Mrs. R. Selby Williams recited.

The New Jersey Office of the Association was changed from 305 Main street to the L. Barry building, 306 Main street, and Miss Elizabeth B. Campbell was appointed resident agent in charge of the office.

WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET

for Riverton and Vicinity

George Reed went to Atlantic City on Thursday.

Mrs. Howard Dillon went to South Amboy today.

The post office will close at 10 a. m. on Decoration Day.

Dewitt Jacobus spent Sunday with friends at Ridgefield.

W. D. Rodgers, of Philadelphia, was in Riverton on Sunday.

Wilbur Jones, of Camden, spent Sunday with his parents.

William Paunce spent Sunday with friends at Holly Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Parry spent Sunday at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Ogden Mattis, Jr., is entertaining her mother from St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Hoffinger spent the week at Ocean City.

Mrs. C. T. Woolton and daughter, Miss Lillian, are at Ocean City.

Miss Mildred Smith, of Collingswood, is the guest of Miss Ethel Mattis.

Mrs. George Williams, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Mrs. John B. Watson.

Mr. and Mrs. Kiliam B. Bennett spent the week-end at the Chalfonte, Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dawson entertained a number of friends from Philadelphia on Sunday.

Ewin S. Parry is building a garage on his place at the corner of Main and Highway.

Mrs. William N. Mattis and Mrs. Ogden H. Mattis are visiting Mrs. Wheeler in New Brunswick.

Mrs. Lillie Crammer and Miss Lizzie Williamson, of Camden, spent Tuesday with Mrs. S. J. Coddington.

Warner Dumphrey, Edward Paunce and James MacDonald caught 83 shad in one haul Wednesday night.

About thirty Rivertonians went to Burlington last night to hear President Taft speak in the auditorium.

An enthusiastic assembly at the station greeted the Roosevelt train as it dashed through Riverton this morning.

Mrs. Howard, of Lansdowne, has returned to her home, after spending a week with her son, Charles Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Watkins, of Philadelphia, came to Riverton on Thursday, and will spend the summer at the Lawn House.

The file and drum corps of the Foresters of America made its first appearance Monday night. They expect to parade every Monday evening.

Paul C. Burr and Edward Yerkes accompanied Irving S. Collins and two men from Moorestown on an automobile trip through the northern part of New Jersey on Sunday.

An old-fashioned garden party will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Biddle, Highway, at 4 o'clock on May 30, for the members of the Porch Club and their friends.

Forrest Dryden, president of the Prudential Insurance Co., has invited Supt. H. E. Brown and his staff and their wives to a dinner and theatre party in Philadelphia tonight.

An International Peace party will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wright, Bank avenue, on June 1st. Addresses will be made by Isaac Clothier and Mrs. Murray Shipley.

Miss Helen Lippincott, Mrs. George S. Washington, Mrs. C. L. Flanagan, Mrs. Henry Ashburner attended a meeting at the Woodbury Country Club today, as delegates from the Porch Club.

Last week the Mount Holly Herald issued an historical edition containing much valuable information about Burlington County, past and present. The edition is well printed and reflects much credit on the Herald office.

The annual May procession of the Sunday School children of the Sacred Heart Church will be held next Sunday at 7:30 p. m. The Right Rev. Monsignor McDevitt, of the Overbrook College, will preach the sermon. All are cordially invited.

Isaac Perkins, of New Albany, is raising asparagus a foot and a half long and an inch and a half to two inches through the stalk. It is the finest ever seen, and Rural Carrier Tucker, who showed us the bunch yesterday, says it is fine eating.

Four or five hundred people assembled at the station to see President Taft when he passed through Riverton last night on his way to Burlington. They were rewarded by a fleeting glimpse of him at the dining table as the train passed.

William Wolfchmidt, Jr., has added another chair to his barber shop, formerly conducted by his father, and made other improvements in the way of a new show case for his line of cigars and tobacco, etc., giving Riverton unequalled facilities along tonsorial lines.

Camden Forest No. 5 presented Grand Tall Cedar Edward H. Plagg, Jr., with a handsome cut-glass punch bowl as a token of esteem and appreciation of his untiring zeal in behalf of the order. The presentation speech was made by Past Grand Tall Cedar Daniel Stevens last night.

The Music Section of the Porch Club entertained last Tuesday afternoon. The Haddonfield Fortnightly Club, under the leadership of Mrs. Poard, rendered several vocal selections; Miss Carol Becker and Miss Florence Hiele performed on the piano, and Mrs. T. L. Bruch played the cello.

At the meeting of the New Jersey State Federation of Women's Clubs, held at Montclair last week, Mrs. Harriet N. M. Pancoast, of Palmyra, was appointed delegate to attend the biennial meeting of the General Federation to be held in San Francisco, Cal., from June 26 to July 5.

The New Jersey Exposition Commission co-operating with the Second American Land and Irrigation Exposition will meet in New York City, November 15 to December 15, 1912. Hon. Joseph Frelinghuysen, president Joseph Barton, vice-president; Hon. G. W. F. Gaunt, John T. Cox, Dr. J. G. Lipman, Franklin Dye, Howard G. Taylor, secretary of the Commission, Elmer Bradshaw.

Royal Mint Sauce

for your Spring Lamb or Mutton
15c a bottle

AT
COMPTON'S

JERSEY GRASS
FRESH FROM THE FARM

Phone 54-A



Ladies Neckwear

A line of stylish Neckwear, from the tailored to a fancy dress bow, in all colors; also lace and embroidered Dutch collars from 25c to \$1.75.

MRS. ALFRED SMITH

Store closes every evening, at 6 p. m. Saturday evening at 10 p. m.

SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

Since the close of the football season very little has been done along purely athletic lines until recently. Then, with the purchase of baseball suits, and out-door athletic equipment, the boys were busy again; some playing baseball, others jumping, throwing the shot, or pole vaulting and racing.

Within the last two weeks, three baseball games have been played, the local school team winning two and losing one. The Palmyra Freshman team, composed largely of the varsity players, defeated us in our first game through timely hits, good fielding, and our own errors. The next day the team defeated the O. B. C. team, composed of Philadelphia school boys.

On Monday of this week, the Presbyterian Church boys were also defeated, the main feature of the game being the pitching of Dunbar Hylton, who struck out twelve of the opposing batters. He allowed his opponents but four clean hits, and would have scored a shut-out had his team mates given him better support.

The scores of the games played so far this season are as follows: Riverton, 3; Palmyra, H. S. Freshmen, 15; Riverton, 18; Philadelphia O. B. C., 7; Riverton, 5; Riverton Presbyterians, 1.

The O. B. C. boys are due here again Saturday afternoon of this week, while the Freshmen of Palmyra High School will be played Monday afternoon of next week.

Last Saturday afternoon the Riverton Grammar School entered two of the boys in the County Field Meet at Decatur Station. George Corner won the 100-yard dash for grammar school boys, and was then pitted against the high school boys in the high jump, but despite their greater experience, took first place with ease, clearing the bar at four feet eleven inches.

School Notes.

The third grade boys last week defeated the fourth grade boys in the regular weekly base ball game by a score of 10-15.

The following catalogues arrived during the week: University of Vermont, University of Maine, New York University, and the Chicago Domestic Science School Bulletin.

The Athletic Association is arranging a field meet, which will be held the morning of Decoration Day. The meet will begin at 9 o'clock and will consist of the following events: pole vault, running high jump, running broad jump, shot put, 100-yard dash, 220-yard dash, 440-yard relay race, mile relay race, tug-of-war, sack race, Indian club race, and foot race. The contests will be held at the school buildings. The best performances made in the regular field events will stand as school records until broken at some future school contest.

During the present week fifteen pictures were purchased by the Board of Education and placed in the rooms of the school building.

Honor Roll.

First Grade. Distinguished—Bessie Clark, Elsie Rice, John Locowitch, Meritorious—Betella Kifferly, Elwood Miller, Russell Miller, Leon Perkins, Richard Wakeman, Theodore Upham.

Second Grade. Distinguished—Virginia Karlos, Annetta Pratt, Alida Jacobus, Meritorious—Grace Davis, Catherine Schuler, Ruth Brehm, Helen Quigley.

Fourth Grade. Distinguished—Helen Crowell, Lillian Moore, Grace Flisby, Edna Stachhouse, Margaret White, John White. Meritorious—Helen Lick, May Kessler.

Sixth Grade. Distinguished—Edythe Moore. Meritorious—Horace Marshall, Helen White.

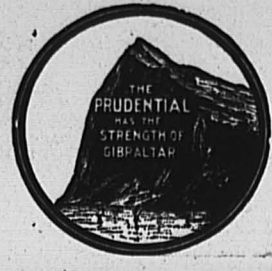
The double house on Cinnamison street, belonging to the Ann S. Rudner estate has been sold to Lawrence Weber, of East Riverton.

Thieves entered the home of Mrs. Boulton Barnshaw, 7423 Boyer street, Mt. Airy, last Saturday night and took about \$5,000 worth of jewelry which Mrs. Barnshaw had aboard the Titanic when it sank, and which was saved by the fact that Mrs. Barnshaw was wearing it when she was rescued.

"It Will be the Aim of the Officers

to continue the policies which have guided The Prudential to such signal success in the past, policies which have meant so much in gaining confidence of the public and in keeping faith with our patrons."

(From the 1912 Annual Address of President Forrest F. Dryden.)



The Prudential

Founded by JOHN F. DRYDEN,
Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

Classified Advertising

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

FOR SALE

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

GOOD horse and wagon for sale. George W. McLean, Riverton.

1900 WAGON for sale, nearly new, price reasonable. Apply W. W. New Era Office.

FOR RENT

HOUSE for rent. 503 Cinnamison avenue, Palmyra.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

11-ROOM HOUSE, all conveniences, reasonable terms to suit. Apply at premises.

FIVE rooms, shed and attic, heater, water, over half acre of ground, \$2150. Will sell with one lot 10x100 feet at \$1050. George N. Wimer, Palmyra.

NICE house for rent in Palmyra and Riverton. \$225, \$250, \$275, \$300. Furnished house \$450. George N. Wimer, Palmyra.

ONLY \$500 cash. New modern, nine-room dwelling, with good lot, \$3000. Country Club location on hill near Country Club. Convenient to train and trolley. George N. Wimer, 208 Main Street, Palmyra.

SITUATIONS WANTED

MARRIED couple desire positions as gardener and cook, in same family, will accept salary separate if desired. Address Joseph Kallay, care of Capt. Hodson, Riverton, N. J.

WITNESSES

WITNESSES a specialty. William T. Lindley, Palmyra, P. O. N. J. 17-21

WANTED

CLERK young lady to assist in store. Call O. D. Bantian.

FRESH BAKERS' assistant. Apply 125 B. Fifth Street, Palmyra. 5-1

WANTED—Two rooms for three persons, with bath, with or without kitchen. Address with terms, 1610 Pine Street.

Riverton A. A.

The Collingswood A. A. were our opponents last week, but did not prove very much of a stumbling block, they not even having a chance to score, until Young made a trifling overthrow, which permitted a runner to score from third base, after he had hit out by several yards, which would have retired the side without a score and thus permitted Hercher to go through a no-run game, for the second game of the year. As we were lined up last week, the team looked very strong and will not doubt be able to cope with the best of teams, however, we will have a good try out on Wednesday, when Delanco A. A. will be with us, and it is hoped that a big crowd will be on hand to help us win the game, also in a financial way, as we have gone to some expense to secure Delanco, having to pay them a very good guarantee and therefore we will need the financial support of our rooters.

Owing to Overfelt going to Riverside, and not even having the courtesy to send us word of his absence, we were almost stranded at the last moment, but Wilson was secured and while he did not show up to any great advantage, yet with a little practice no doubt he will come around to shape in due time.

We are trying to get a good team for Decoration Day, in the afternoon, and will post the town just as soon as we are able to schedule a first.

New uniforms have been ordered, and the best teams that ever played the game.

RIVERTON ROOTER.

Mothers' Circle.

The reciprocity meeting of the Circle was held Thursday afternoon and largely attended, three delegates from each nearby Club which was a member of the State Federation, being present. Mrs. R. P. Corry, president of the Mothers' Circle, presided, and Mrs. Thomas Roberts, president of the Porch Club, extended greeting to the visitors.

Mrs. A. H. Reeve, of Moorestown, president of the New Jersey State Congress of Mothers, conducted a Round Table. The school luncheon in various aspects was discussed, one of the subjects being "The child who goes to school without breakfast." Mrs. E. C. Grice was present and told of the work being done by the Home-School League of Philadelphia in regard to the luncheon. Another subject was "How to entertain the children in the early evening after they are through with their lessons."

The Circle will not meet again until October.

Howard Armstrong left on Saturday to accept a position with the Atlantic City Gas Company.

Notice of Primary Election.

Notice is hereby given that a Presidential Primary Election will be held in the Borough of Riverton, in the County of Burlington on

Tuesday, the twenty-eighth day of May, A. D. 1912

between the hours of one and nine p. m. for the purpose of electing

Four Delegates-at-Large and Four Alternate Delegates-at-Large to the National Convention of the Republican and the Democratic Parties, and

Two Delegates and Two Alternate Delegates in the Second District of the State of New Jersey to said National Conventions.

Said Election will be held in the

Hose House of the Riverton Fire Company

505 Howard Street.

Witness my hand this 15th day of May, A. D. 1912.

JOHN H. REESE,
Borough Clerk.

Musio Teachers' Annual Dinner.

The Philadelphia Music Teachers' Association gave its annual dinner last night in the Club house of the Musical Art Club, at Seventeenth and Chestnut streets. The guests of honor were E. M. Bowman, of New York, ex-president of the Music Teachers' National Association; Henri Scott, of the Philadelphia Chicago Opera Company, and Mrs. Francis Mark, specialist in public school teaching, who were responded to by Mr. Bowman, Mr. Scott, Dr. H. A. Clark, Richard Zickwer, Mauritz Lefson and Theodore Presser, James Francis Cooke, the president of the Association, was toastmaster.

Kelth's Theatre.

A grand Memorial-Day Festival week in Vaudeville will be celebrated at Kelth's Theatre, beginning with Monday, the 27th. It is a bill of quality and class throughout. Heading the extraordinary show is Joseph Hart's presentation of "An Opening Night," which may be called a tale from "The Arabian Nights" Manhattanized and brought up to date, and in from the pen of that ever popular and prolific playwright, George V. Hobart. There are no less than twenty-five brilliant artists in the cast, and the great scenes representing phases of metropolitan life—a home in the Bronx borough, the exterior of St. Gregory's Church, New York, and the stage of the new Uncle Sam Theatre during an opening night of a popular play. This may rightly be called a masterpiece, and in every detail of stage setting, music and costuming, Mr. Hart has given this splendid feature a worthy presentation. Comedy provalls of course, in abundant quantities, but there is also a little pathos and some romance. At the close of the third scene the game of "Zim-Zam" is played, in which round of fun the audience itself takes part, with the result that there are roars of laughter from all parts of the house right up to the fall of the curtain. "An Opening Night" marks the very heights of modern vaudeville. Other "First-class" acts, come thick and fast. Dancé Claudius & Lillian Scarlett offer a word of romance, entitled, "The Call of the Sixties." The Great Howard, the celebrated Scotch ventriloquist, has been seen here before several years ago with unequalled success. He now returns to us after an extended tour of triumph, doing his voice-throwing stunts with astonishing ease and clearness, keeping up a running fire of amusing patter—rather his funny mannikin do—while he is eating, drinking or smoking.

STATE ARCHEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

The last legislature made provision for the beginning of an archeological survey of New Jersey and placed the work under the direction of the State Geologist. A modest appropriation was made available at once for work during the coming summer and a somewhat larger appropriation was inserted in the regular bill to permit continuing the work for another year. If the results of the first two years work meet with public approval there is little doubt but what the survey will be continued.

It is proposed to investigate Indian village sites, burying grounds and quarries to which the aborigines resorted for material for their arrow heads, etc. Ultimately it is hoped that it will be possible to publish a map showing the location of many of these ancient sites. Any persons having knowledge of their locations will assist much in the initiation of the work by communicating with Dr. Henry B. Kummel, the State Geologist, Trenton, N. J. The small amount available this year will not permit an extended survey and it is hoped by the information obtained from volunteers that much unnecessary travelling may be avoided.

Sweet Thing's Infatuation. The poetic youth had tarried long, and conversation was waning.

"My mind to me is a kingdom." "A limited monarchy" she inquired sweetly.

St. Open Kettle.

One who is never just right in this world, complained old St. Chestnut to the Sedgwick Panograph. "When I was a young man I never could buy a buggy with a seat that was narrow enough. Now that I am an old married man I can't find a buggy with a seat that is wide enough to suit me."

Youth and Age.

"Things are never just right in this world," complained old St. Chestnut to the Sedgwick Panograph. "When I was a young man I never could buy a buggy with a seat that was narrow enough. Now that I am an old married man I can't find a buggy with a seat that is wide enough to suit me."

Moves Ten Pounds.

There are 25 pounds of blood in the body of an average grown-up person, and at each pulsation the heart moves ten pounds.

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.

INTERESTING NEWS BITS in and around Palmyra

The schools will be closed on Decoration Day.

Mrs. Joseph Hemple gave a 500 party Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Walter Leap spent Tuesday with her mother in Camden.

George Thompson has broken ground on Garfield avenue for a new house.

Mrs. George Dean is spending a few days with her sister in Philadelphia.

Walter Christy, of Frankford, spent Sunday with his cousin, Mrs. E. Keuser, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. James Palmer, of Frankford, spent Sunday with Emanuel Keuser, Jr.

Mrs. Sarah Moreland has sold her house and will move to Revere, Pa., next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Warrington Darnell visited relatives in Mount Holly on Sunday.

Theodore Weyman, of Philadelphia, is spending several days with Lethrop Jackson.

Corbett Thompson moved on Tuesday from Garfield avenue to Jefferson and Arch streets.

Mrs. A. C. Roray is spending a week with her sister, Mrs. William Reef, of Newark, Del.

Miss Mae MacPherson, of West Philadelphia, spent the week-end with Miss Florence Powell.

Misses Sue and Mary Mulligan, of Frankford, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. Keuser, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward King, and Mrs. Corolla Cann entertained relatives from Camden on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harle J. Roray, of Brooklyn, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Roray.

The Social Sewing Circle met at the home of Mrs. Acker, Morgan avenue, Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Zelle, of Atlantic City, visited Mrs. E. T. Zelle from Friday until Monday.

Mrs. Thomas Lewis and daughter spent a few days this week with her mother in Philadelphia.

Mrs. James P. Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. Eula Roray and children spent the week-end with Mrs. Powell's brother, Walter Theckara.

Winfield A. Smith, of Geneva, N. Y., visited at the home of W. B. Powell from Thursday until Monday.

The Wesleyan Bible Class will hold a strawberry festival in Y. M. C. A. Hall Saturday night. Tickets 15c.

Mrs. David Baird, of Beverly, entertained the D. A. R. on May 13th, at their last meeting for this spring.

Ninety-nine men singing "The Ninety and Nine" will be a special feature at the Methodist Church next Sunday evening.

Bethusianic cheers greeted Colonel Roosevelt this morning as his special train whirled past on its way to Philadelphia.

George Rhoades entertained about twenty-five young men from William S. Murphy & Son, Philadelphia, on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Powell and Miss Viola Perring spent Sunday in Bridgeboro with Mrs. Powell's brother, Walter Theckara.

The musicale at the Epworth M. E. Church last night was enjoyed by a large audience. A fine program was most excellently rendered.

Mrs. John Althouse and daughter, Mrs. Kreeker, spent Monday with her daughter at West Chester.

The home of Mrs. Hawk, on Perry avenue, was entered by thieves Wednesday night, but were they frightened off without taking any thing.

A large crowd gathered at the station last night to watch the special train President Taft passed through Palmyra on his way to Burlington, where he made an address.

Raymond Pendle, of Riverside, and Miss Emily Warner, of Delanco, were married at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage, by Rev. Samuel Sargent, on May 20th.

The lively stable of Harry J. Saar was entered by thieves Wednesday night and all the harness and blankets taken.

Burglars secured tools from the yard of L. A. Weikman which they used to pry open the doors.

Miss Mary Jane Burrows, age 81 years, died last Friday. Services were held Monday evening, conducted by Rev. John Rigg, and interment was made Tuesday morning at Laurel Hill cemetery, Philadelphia.

On Tuesday the second false alarm of fire was sent in from the school house within a short time. This is considered rather too much of a good thing, and the township committee has ordered the arrest of the boys who did it.

The proposal of the Board of Education to purchase ground at Fourth and Fifth streets in the rear of the Delaware Avenue school house was decisively defeated at the public meeting held last Friday evening to vote on the question.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Roray entertained on Sunday: Mrs. Samuel Steinmetz, of Baltimore, Md.; Mr. and Mrs. William Martin and Miss Hazen, of Philadelphia; Miss Paul, of Norristown; Mr. and Mrs. Luther Keuser and son, Edwin, of Colingswood.

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

7:30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

11 a. m., Choral Holy Eucharist and sermon.

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

8:45 p. m., Children's service.

8 p. m., Choral evening and sermon. Holy Eucharist daily at 7:30 a. m.

Friday, May 31st, Episcopal visitation by the Bishop of the Diocese. The Right Rev. John Scarborough, D. D. The service, which will commence at 8 p. m., will consist of evensong, blessing of the new Road Screen, the Apostolic Rite of the Laying on of Hands, sermon by the Bishop, and procession.

Methodist Church Notes.

Rev. Samuel Sargent, minister. Choir rehearsal Saturday night at 8 o'clock.

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. 2:30 p. m., Sunday School.

6:45 p. m., Epworth League devotion service.

7:30 p. m., preaching by the minister. A special feature of this service will be the singing of Mr. Sahkey's hymn, "The Ninety and Nine," by ninety-nine men.

Moravian Church Notes.

Rev. Paul S. Meinert, M. A., pastor. Whit-Sunday services.

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

10:30 a. m., sermon and Holy Communion by the pastor.

7:00 p. m., Y. P. S. C. E. Subject, "What am I doing and what ought I do for Moravian Missions? Led by the pastor."

7:30 p. m., the eighth anniversary of the dedication of the new church will be observed. Theme, "The Christian's great need and how to attain it."

Baptist Church Notes.

Sunday morning worship at 10:45. A sermon to the children; regular sermon subject, "A Useful and Profitable Test."

Bible School at 2:30. Classes for all ages. Come and join us in the study of the Guide-book for life's journey.

Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 7 o'clock. Evening song service at 7:45. Music led by two choirs. Sermon subject: "The Heavy Load and Its Bearer." A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, closing promptly at 9. Come ye apart and rest a while.

REV. CHARLES W. WILLIAMS, Pastor.

Card of Thanks.

Mrs. Abbie Wallace desires to extend her thanks to the many kind friends who offered sympathy and assistance in the last illness of her daughter, Rachel, and to those who sent carriages to the funeral.

BOYS' ATHLETIC CONTEST.

With over 200 contestants representing a score of towns all over the County and an attendance of at least 300 people, the Burlington County Y. M. C. A. Athletic Meet at James Hahn's farm on Saturday afternoon at Deacon Station, proved to be one of the most successful events ever held in the County.

Y. M. C. A. Class the Columbus Association won first place by a score of 58 points this entitling them to the Burlington County Y. M. C. A. Athletic Meet at James Hahn's farm on Saturday afternoon at Deacon Station, proved to be one of the most successful events ever held in the County.

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Arrested for False Fire Alarm.

Since the township committee has instructed the officer to arrest and take before a justice of the peace the two lads who were responsible for sending in two false alarms of fire from the school house recently, this statement among the youngsters is likely to lose some of its charm.

Two lads were instructed Tuesday evening to take this action, by the township committee, at the regular monthly meeting.

A communication was received from the Board of Education requesting the township to open a street from Broad Street between Delaware Avenue and Vine Street, leading to the public school. The communication was referred to the chairman of the committee to see what could be done.

The clerk was instructed to post notices that on June 1 an ordinance would be considered requiring sidewalks and curbing to be constructed on the following streets: south side of Broad Street between Cinnaminson Avenue and Morgan Avenue; both sides of Garfield Avenue between Broad Street and Wallace Street; both sides of Morgan Avenue between Broad and Wallace Streets; both sides of Cinnaminson Avenue between Broad Street and Fourth Street; both sides of Garfield Avenue between Broad Street and Fourth Street; both sides of Morgan Avenue between Broad and Fourth Streets; both sides of Maple Avenue between Broad and Fifth Streets; curbing and paving of the sidewalks on Fourth Street between Elm and Leconey Avenues; sidewalk on the south side of Broad Street between Washington and Lincoln Avenues; paving of the sidewalk on the southwesterly side of Lincoln Avenue between Broad Street and Wallace Street; curbing of the sidewalks on the west side of Market Street between Broad Street and Fourth Street, and south side of Sixth Street, about 150 feet west of Market.

The Clerk was instructed to communicate to the State Road Commission the deplorable condition of the stone roads in the Township of Palmyra, and request him to have some oil applied to the surface.

A communication was received from the Council of the Borough of Riverton asking permission to erect sewer disposal plant within the township. Action was deferred.

The following bills were ordered paid: T. W. Land, work on streets.....\$336 05

J. L. Lippincott, spraying on order Tree Commission..... 67 00

C. P. Dika, repairs..... 46 00

Public Service Tax Co..... 255 00

Cinna B L H & P Co..... 49 79

C. M. B ck, salary..... 16 25

J. J. Toner..... 60 00

Frank Grubb..... 50 00

J. P. Saar, lock-up supplies..... 1 00

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M. C. A

The Diamond Cipher

A Baseball Romance

By W.A. PHILON

(Continued from Page 1)

CHAPTER I

"No use, Mr. Pinkwell, no use at all. I am beginning to believe that Von Schimmel, the German expert, said in this room two weeks ago. He maintained that there was never yet a cipher formulated that the genius of deductive energy could not solve, nor a cipher so guarded that it could not fall into hostile hands."

The able head of the secret service bureau almost snarled with vexation as he spoke, while the gray-mustached veteran in the huge leather chair looked at him sympathetically, but gave no sign of his emotions. Pacing up and down the border of a Pueblo rug, Chief Wilkins tore up a few fragments of note-paper, and resumed his monologue.

"I don't know where the leak is, but I do know that there's a leak large enough to let 60 per cent. of the war department's secrets go trickling through. That's why I am working with every bit of energy and every available man to help in the time of need—doing things that the secret service hasn't concerned itself with since 1865. That's why I am asking you to come into the hunt, you and the best men of your agency. I don't mind telling you that I shall commandeer the Bureau agency, too, Mr. Pinkwell, and I think that when it is a problem that concerns the policies and destinies of the whole nation there will be no professional jealousies between you."

"Emphatically none," growled old Pinkwell, setting his jaw square. "Bring Barnes right into this room, and Cameron-Eye Eberhart too, if you can get him. I'll confer with them like an older brother; I'll lend them the best men on my payroll, and I know that they will do as much for me if the good old U. S. A. can be helped in any way."

Chief Wilkins' angry face relaxed its frown. He crossed to the big chair and shook the old detective's hand with cordial vigor. "After that, I thought you'd say 'I'm chucked.'"

"Spoken as old Billy Pinkwell would always speak when time and circumstances called for real men to stick together," Barnes with a chuckle. "He'll bring his bloodhound Eberhart along with him, and we can thrash things out during the morning. This afternoon, Billy, I'll have a



THE PERSON WHO TOOK THIS SHEET FROM YOUR DESK PLACED A CARBON BENEATH IT AND TRICKED 'OUR MINTING'.

little talk with you. We can exchange secrets of state without interruption—there won't be any cipher messages exchanged or stolen on the way."

Pinkwell carefully distributed the ash of his short, thin, pale yellow cigar upon a red design of the Pueblo rug.

"Suppose you tell me about the cipher messages, chief," he suggested. "Inform me in full as to your troubles. Open confession is good for the soul, and I'd like to follow who broke the Southwest bank."

"Did he agree with you, Pink?"

"Not exactly. He said open facts were good for the wallet, and gave me the lightest of his tale. Tell you about him some day—he was the fellow who opened safes with a surgeon's stethoscope. Some class to him."

"Tell me at dinner. Maybe he's the boy who has been pilfering our ciphers. When did he get out?"

Pinkwell laughed grimly.

"I imagine it would take as clever a performer to read a government cipher," he responded, "as his old boss eight years, five months and fifteen days still to go, allowing for good conduct. But come on—come on through with the cipher story. Have the handwriting experts beat turning tricks with the war department messages?"

"Emphatically yes. Two-thirds of the orders to the troops in the field along the Mexican border have been translated, either in transit or before leaving Washington. Telegraph, wireless, sealed letter by trusted hands—some one gets to the more important messages. The ciphers have been changed, reversed, revamped, invented by hand now by the most scientific experts."

"Who very probably sold out their process inside of an hour after transacting business with the war department?" Pinkwell interjected.

"No. Hardly. Because," and Wilkins almost snarled as he forced out the words—"I personally invented the latest cipher—used it up from ancient Greece, my old college trigonometry and sixty words of the Germanic tongue, learned when I spent a vacation at Fort Sils. You'd think that would be some cipher, Billy, some cipher. It held them for two days—I found good evidence that it had been translated."

"By whom, and for whom?"

"Billy, there's the toughest problem of the whole damned affair. I can't even state, definitely, what government wants to accuse. All I know is that our army orders, our Mexican policy, and I don't know what the decision was being constantly relayed to an unfriendly power, and I can't actually

"The process of elimination," said the old detective, slowly, "should easily demonstrate the location of the leak, and the power to which such leak is valuable. Which do you really figure in the equation—yellow men or wooden shoes?"

Yellow men or wooden shoes—oh, blessed! snapped the chief. "I am a slow thinker today. Probably at all times, or I could have ended this whole business without calling for outside help. As you are perfectly aware, Mr. Wilkins, still, I try to make a cipher—something that would be hard for anyone who wasn't engaged in the building of it to make out."

The grim face of the chief relaxed into a semi-smile.

"How did the experiment work out?" Brockett grinned frankly. "I'm no expert practitioner in such subjects, Mr. Wilkins. Still, I try to make a cipher—something that would be hard for anyone who wasn't engaged in the building of it to make out."

"Why do you question Pinkwell?" "The cipher written in Spanish."

"No, sir. Plain English. Would you like to go over it, some time when you have a little leisure?"

"Always glad to encourage youthful talent," smilingly responded Pinkwell. "Let me look through it to-night, son? Thank you. And now, I believe, Mr. Wilkins would address you."

"Just a small errand, Mr. Brockett. Kindly run over to the secretary of war and the secretary of the navy. Ask them if they can come over here within the next hour. I have a few things to attend to my baseball difficulties with a clear conscience. That's all."

Brockett was opening the door, when Pinkwell reached out a detain- ing hand. "Son, the two avenues open to this cipher of yours is certainly bewildering. That is supposed to be the best point about successful ciphers, believe. Tell me, my boy—can you read it yourself?"

"Why, of course. It is so simple that I don't even need a written key."

"Indeed? Suppose you demonstrate it to us, just for a moment. Are you acquainted in everything?"

"Go as far as you like, Billy," the chief assented. "I'll confess—con- sidering my age—that I'm interested too. Mr. Brockett, suppose you write, in your cipher, a transcription of a few words I will give you and let us try to dissect it."

The young fellow took the chair at which the chief motioned, drew a pencil from his pocket, and ripped the top sheet from a paper pad. Chief Wilkins studied for a moment, and then dictated, slowly and conscientiously:

"Watch below Langtry till further orders. Reported force of 300 insurgents near by."

Brockett wrote briskly for a few moments, and then handed the chief a strange conglomeration.

HB FO TO R HB AB SH PO TO CB PO Pos R 2BH TO W WP TO HR PO BH PB FA W TO 2BH SH W TO W BH SH W L W SH FA TO W TO SH HB SH TO W R SH LB Packer HR L FA W W SH R TO TO L SH SH pos W AB WP.

Wilkins and Pinkwell gazed at that strange document for several minutes, with faces which changed from good-natured rapture to perplexity, and then to keenest interest. Young Brockett, hand on the doorpost, waited for the verdict. The chief folded the slip of paper, and thrust it in a pocket.

"Shall I leave you the key to the cipher, Mr. Wilkins?" asked the youngster.

"No. We'll see what we can do with it just from the original dictation. On your way now, my boy—kindly tend to your errand, and read—will you report to me, personally, half an hour before your usual time tomorrow?"

Brockett was almost across the threshold, when the voice of Pinkwell halted him.

"Son," asked the old detective, "what do you call this chart of yours?"

"The Diamond Cipher, sir."

CHAPTER II



THEY SAW PINKWELL FROM THE CHAIR AND INTO THE NEW HENRY FINGER.

Brockett, eager to conclude his errand and join his companions, lost no time on the road. By five o'clock the tall youngster was busily engaged in another demonstration, pro and con, as to the utility of the Lange steel. Some twenty of Brockett's friends, clerks like himself, colleagues home on vacation, and even the two sons of a Vancou- verian official—debated the practicability of the trick by which Big Bill Lange, the great star of the long ago, was wont to annex the middle station. Brockett and half the crowd maintained that the steel was not only possible but almost unbreakable; the Stanses youngsters and the rest of the little gathering declared that an alert battery, backed by quick-thinking insiders, would make the play a certain loss.

"You have a catcher with any head and any arm at all," declaimed Chula Lan Kon of Siam and Princeton, "and a second baseman who can come up fast to the bag, and you can't get over. No chance excepting on a muff or a wild throw."

"You don't grasp the point," Brockett responded. "The catcher doesn't get to the bag, and you can't get a dead one. He is exactly as if he had never existed. The trick in the Lange



MISS LAWSON, THE CHIEF'S STENOGRAPHER, EXPLAINED BROCKETT.

claimed: "By blessed gentlemen, it's too much for me!" A general burst of laughter followed, and Brockett felt the last traces of embarrassment melt rapidly away.

"Brockett," interrupted the chief, after the merriment died down, "how old are you?"

"Nineteen, sir."

"What education, if I may ask?"

"High school, sir. Then one year at Columbia. Had to leave when my father died."

"Yes, I see—making it essential for you to support the family, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Speak any languages besides English?"

"I have picked up Spanish from a friend, a Cuban, Ramon Solano."

"I think I know this young Solano," chimed in the chief. "A Cuban might understand this cipher. Have you shown it to your friend, Solano?"

"Yes, sir. In fact, he suggested some of the points in the cipher, and can read it as well as myself."

"B-m, h-m. Rather sorry about that. In this Solano a good, square fellow?"

"Best in the world, sir. He's a real American in everything but his birth place, chief. I'll vouch for him every time."

The secretary of the navy spoke up at this juncture.

"I think I know this young Solano," he interposed, "and I know his father. If I am not mistaken, he might be the very man we need in the affair now under discussion."

Chief Wilkins resumed the interrogation.

"Mr. Brockett, would you be willing to take a chance for your country? A chance that might involve risking your life a dozen times, and which might not yield you even a taste of glory as your reward?"

"I am willing to do anything I can possibly accomplish, if you give me the word, chief."

"Good boy! I asked you up that way the first time I ever saw you in the office. Son. Could you say as much for your friend, Solano?"

"Yes, sir. I think Solano would go to any lengths to prove his love for the United States."

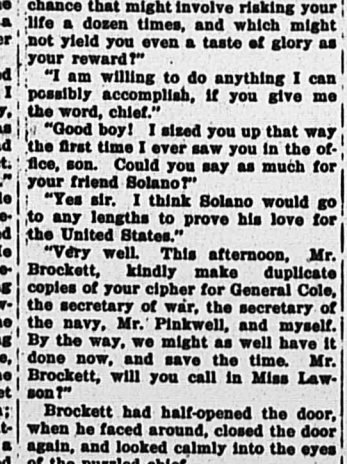
"Very well. This afternoon, Mr. Brockett, kindly make duplicate copies of your cipher for General Cole, the secretary of war, the secretary of the navy, Mr. Pinkwell, and myself. By the way, we might as well have it a dozen times, and which might not yield you even a taste of glory as your reward."

Brockett had half-opened the door, when he faced around, closed the door again, and looked calmly into the eyes of the puzzled chief.

"Chief," he exclaimed, rapidly, "I'll make out the duplicate copies of the key myself. Anyone who was unused to ciphering and the symbols I will have them done early in the afternoon."

"Very well," the chief assented. "Bring me the copies, and then go to army headquarters. General Cole will be awaiting you at three o'clock. If possible, get your friend, Solano, and take him with you. General Cole will explain to you both just what he wishes you to do."

Brockett bowed respectfully to the group of notables, and walked out. Going to his desk, he attended to a few matters of routine duty, and then, with hard pencil and carbon paper, began laboriously copying the key to his bewildering cipher. His hands became smeared with carbon and pen- cils dust, and his face, which was meti- culously neat about his work, went to a ghastly red. Returning after an absence of but a few minutes, he was just in time to see the stenographer, Miss Lawson, coming away from his desk, empty-handed and with the most innocent of demeanors. A glance at his cipher reassured him—none of the sheets were disturbed, none of the carbon paper missing. Brockett finished copying the key, and then, with five fresh sheets, four fresh carbons, and proceeded to carefully inscribe the top sheet with the words of an old Spanish song, mangling and jumbling words, lines and rhythm. When Miss Lawson returned, the boy was still laboriously scribing the hard pencil into the topmost sheet. When the boy went out for lunch, Miss Lawson remained, absorbed in earnest efforts at her typewriter.



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(To Be Continued.)

Its Origin Lost.

The property of the English crown has been marked from the broad arrow from times so early that no one can tell when it was first used for this purpose or what was its meaning.

Inoperative Adage.

"Politics makes strange bedfellows," said the ready-made philosopher. "Not out our way," rejoined Senator Borgum. "When a man goes into politics there he doesn't have to sleep."

The Latest Cut.

The young man was disconcerted. Said he: "I asked her if I could see her home." "Why, certainly," she answered; "I'll send you a picture of it."—Ladies Home Journal.

THOSE HAPPY DAYS!

By GEO. S. APPELGARTE

Backward, turn backward, O Time, on thy way,
Make me a boy again, just for one day;
Give me a chew of tobacco to eat,
Ragged knee-breeches and dirty bare feet,
Let me play hockey, let me shoulder the blame,
Show me the street that leads out to the game,
Never mind carfare, I'll get there somehow,
Keep yer gals-hokey, I don't want em now!

Telegraph pole is the grandstand for me,
Rinny or Jacky in the tall poplar tree;
Oodley or Woolley no cracks in the fence,
Jumby whittler! ain't it immerse?
Lam'er out, Gibbie! Side for st. Leach!
Look at Clapin, ring on all Zowie! a peach!
Rit it right over Babe, make em come clean,
Oh there, you Reddy, look out for yer bean!

Nice work there, Deacon; these wifely, wifely,
Hey, Mr. Tummy, bleasy for you!
That herby ol' Hammy, just look at him! Bam!
Filly G. Whittaker dandy, what a jam!
Run, you lame gallopers; get out of my way!
Mebbe ol' Wag ain't a playin' game, hey!
A homer! A homer! an' two more bag!
Three huffy heahs an' a light for Wag!
Goody ol' Cincy, a gee-egg let you,
Seven is nobbin', gammy over, jiddlee!
Little case I for the long homeward way,
Cheered by the thought that we waded em today!
Little case I though the jupper be cold,
Dad may lambaste me and mother may scold,
Stumbers of byedood would bough the pain,
Tennessee I'd pull off the pants, I'm again,
Off for one day of the excruciate joy,
Merely and simply of being a boy!

CUTTING DOWN THE FLESH

Heroic Struggles of a Fat Man Who Thought the Scales Were Deceiving Him.

I have about come to the conclusion that the good Lord intended some of his creatures to be fat and some thin, regardless of medicines and so-called infallible cures, writes a western man. For a long while I tried all the alleged obesity cures and none of them did me any good. Then I determined to starve myself and take lots of exercise.

All my life I had been a lover of good eating, and counted that day lost on which I did not consume for my dinner the better part of a sirloin steak as thick as a darky's foot, with all the trimmings. For breakfast I usually destroyed a platter of cakes, three eggs and no end of thin-sliced bacon, besides fruits and two cups of coffee.

This lifelong system I abandoned for an entire month, cutting out all the meat and about all the vegetables, a piece of toast and glass of milk taking the place of my morning meal. If the two could be averaged we should more nearly approach the ideal. Men need more relaxation, more rest, more variety, especially as they advance in life. Women need more concentration, more definiteness in their work, and especially more interest and a different kind of ideal in their home-making.—Mrs. N. D. Hillis in the American Woman and Her Home.

PURE FOOD LAW NOT MODERN

Centuries Ago Tradesmen Who adulterated Goods Were Most Severely Punished.

Pure food laws are not quite so modern an invention as we may believe. Dr. Reimer has made discoveries in Palestine that seem to indicate some sort of supervision of the food supplies delivered to the palace nearly 3000 years ago. Labels have been found that were once affixed to "a jar of pure olive oil." We may wonder what tests were employed and what would happen to the man whose oil was found to be not pure. Probably something unpleasant, for there was no Supreme court in those days.

We know what happened in the middle ages to the enterprising tradesman who adulterated his goods. In 1444 a Nuremberg merchant was burned for selling foreign material with his saffron and the saffron itself was used for fuel. Probably that artistic touch impressed the matter upon his memory.

Some Augsburg bakers who used false weights and had dough were ducked in a muddy pool, and through a faulty knowledge of the human respiratory system, or sheer carelessness, they came to the surface dead.

In 1488 a wine merchant was ordered to drink six quarts of his own adulterated wine, and as he died soon after it is evident that the adulteration must have been serious. It is true that he had to finish the draft in a given number of minutes, and a small number at that, but in those

THE BOOMERANG

—BY APPY—

Come all ye budding baseball bugs
And gather round me knee;
A fierce and fearsome baseball tale
I would unfold to thee.

'Tis of the days of dauntless deeds,
The days of parlor plays,
The days when old Cy Young was young,
Ah, me, them good old days!

You may be hep to divers kinks
And angles of the game,
You may be jerry to the tricks
That permeate the same;

You may be onto drops and shoots
And fadeaways and swerves
And spirals and expectorations
And other modern curves.

But few recall the vast furor
With which the nation rang
When old Jake Wienerkraut one day
Cut loose his "boomerang."

It happened in that famous game
At Mudville long ago,
When, in the last half of the ninth,
And four-to-two, you know,
With two men out and two on base,
While thousands spellbound sat,
Jake Wienerkraut was in the box
And Casey at the bat.

Ah, 'twas a weird and wondrous sight,
An hour surcharged with fate;
The whole world knows how Casey let
Two strikes pass over the plate.

Then Jackie Jones 'twas die or do,
And, though the sky should fall,
He must not let that Casey chap
So much as smell the ball.

He seized it in his sinuous grip
And wound him up to pitch;
He laced his fingers 'round it with
A new and strange half-hitch.

He put the english on so strong
And hurled it with such speed,
The ball stopped dead before the plate,
That baseball did indeed.

Then caromed back to Wienerkraut,
Just like a boomerang—
And there's the truth about that strike
Of which the poet sang.

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BARBARA And the Beast

By Dorothy Blackmore

Barbara Graham was an artist, and like most of her kind she was struggling to keep the wolf from stepping over the threshold of her studio. Practical beyond the usual run of young women possessed of the artistic temperament, she had even gone so far as to make capital out of that same hungry wolf by painting his imaginary image as realistically as it could be painted.

Animals were Barbara's specialty. She had been a lover of the dumb beasts ever since she was old enough to love anything, and when she took up her palette and brush her fancy seemed to run always to animals. For this reason, she had obtained for the summer months an outdoor studio converted from the small back garden of an English basement house. She found it more convenient for her animal models and, in lieu of going to the country herself, she found the outdoor work beneficial. An old stone wall enclosed the garden and ivy and Virginia creepers struggled over it here and there. The small grass plot in the center was edged with bright, old-fashioned flowers, and Barbara had added a rustic urn or two to the corners.

This morning she was putting the finishing touches to a canvas over which she had worked unusually hard. In the picture a big, tri-colored mother cat lay in an overturned basket with her small family about her.

Barbara had discovered the feline family in her big rustic chair one morning when she came down to work and she had taken it as a gift from the gods, for she was in need of a model for a new canvas. She had waited only long enough for the wee kittens to get their eyes open and assume fat and chubby proportions before beginning to transfer their likenesses to her canvas. Meantime, she had made the mother cat comfortable in a basket and fed her half a bottle of her own precious milk each morning.

This picture, with two others, was to be hung in a small exhibit during

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the approaching winter.
Barbara now had two of her pictures
ready, and for the third, she was wor-
ried. It was an easy enough matter to
go to the animal home and secure a
model from which to paint, but Bar-
bara's heart was set on painting a
certain little thoroughbred dog she had
seen pass her windows every morning
for three weeks. The question was—
how to get him? The dog followed ap-
parently closely and Barbara could not
well accost a stranger and beg to be
allowed to paint his pet dog.

As she stood putting little touches
here and there to the cluster of kittens
on her easel and realized that the
work before her was finished, she be-
came more and more obsessed with the
desire to paint that white dog for her
third picture. She placed great hope
in the criticism of the work to be hung
this winter and something told her she
could do her best work if inspired by
that strange little animal.

She became restless, making the
kittens comfortable in the right basket,
she donned her hat and went forth
to walk off her uneasiness.
Barbara had been of the idea, ever
since she came to the city to study to
follow her profession, that if she did
exactly what was right at all times,
thought evil of no one and harmed no
one by deed or word, she would be
given all that was her due. She had
been brought up with this idea and
the teachings of her mother clung to
her now that she was alone in the
world.

Therefore, as she walked she
thought, and gradually a peaceful feel-
ing took the place of the spirit of un-
rest that had possessed her for days.
After a turn through a nearby park
she retraced her footsteps toward her
studio.

When she was within half a block
of the house behind which was the nar-
row garden, she was surprised to see
the old tri-colored mother cat pro-
ceeding her. It was the custom of
the animal, after she had put her ba-
bies to sleep, to mount the garden wall
and go out for air and exercise, but
Barbara was not expecting to see her
on the public street.

"Well, yes," Barbara was beginning,
and had stopped to pick up the animal
when, with a spit and a growl and a
rapidly bustling tail, the cat made
for the narrow passageway between
the houses, a white dog in full pur-
suit.

"My dog!" cried Barbara aloud, and
running to peep down the narrow
passageway. "Oh, if I could only keep
him!" she wished aloud.
Footsteps came quickly behind her.
"I beg pardon, my dog is chasing your
cat," said a man's voice behind her.
Barbara turned and faced the owner
of the dog.



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"Hi, wa," Barbara corrected. "She
—Puss has climbed the wall and your
dog is barking frantically at her."
The man followed Barbara's direc-
tion and saw his white dog dancing
about in a mad desire to be at the ob-
ject of his chase.
"He's death on cats—Is Thucucats,"
he explained. "I'm glad he did not
get her. I beg a thousand pardons in
his behalf."
"It's Pate," Barbara said half to
herself.
The man looked at her oddly. Per-
haps this young woman—though intel-
ligent, and unusually pretty—was not
quite right in her mind. Suddenly Bar-
bara looked him squarely in the eyes
and his doubt fled.

"I must explain," she began. "I—
am an artist and animals are my forte.
I have seen you pass with your dog
for days, and ever since I laid eyes on
him I have wanted to paint him. He is
such a beauty with his long white
coat and his pert little body. That's
the reason I say this is Pate, for now
I shall have the temerity to ask if I
may use him for a model long enough
to get him sketched into the can-
vas."

"But of course you may," the man
interrupted. "Nothing would please me
more. I'm proud of Thucucats as you
may well believe when I tell you I
brought him all the way from Nome.
He is an Esquimaux dog and I had a
hard time keeping him the first sum-
mer in this part of the country."
"I thought he had come from a cold
climate with that coat," Barbara said,
her eyes on the now discouraged canine.

"Here, Thucucats," called the man.
"Come and make your apologies to—"
"Barbara Graham," quickly supple-
mented Barbara, a rich color spread-
ing over her face.
"Miss Graham," the man repeated,
bowing.

"And I may paint him?" she asked,
all her artist's soul rejoicing.
"Most certainly. When will you
want him?" the man asked, pulling the
ear of the animal beside him.
Barbara thought a moment. "I'll
have to find a home for my kitties be-
fore I dare to bring my enemy into
the studio," she explained. "Would
tomorrow do?" she asked.

"The sooner the better—Oh, Thuc-
ucats!" the man asked. "I will bring
him tomorrow morning and—pro-
ducing his card—"this is his owner's
name."

"Barbara took the card. With her
eyes on it she confessed to the uncon-
ventional situation and apologized; but
her plan was that her own passion in
life was to succeed in her art and that
if properly inspired she could do bet-
ter work.

"The man understood, and left her
with the promise to bring his dog on
the following morning.

It took only a few days for Bar-
bara worked constantly to sketch in
the figure of the dog, and then the
artist was forced to admit that she
could continue the work without the
presence of the model.

"But it is no trouble for me to leave
him if it would be easier for you,"
the man insisted.

Barbara smiled up at him. "Of
course it would be easier, but—"
"Then he shall come," the man in-
terrupted with a determined expres-
sion.

Barbara said nothing. She was
squeezing the contents of a small tube
onto her palette with wanted extrava-
gance.

"And—Miss Graham," the man be-
gan, waiting for her to answer him
by looking up—"might the master come
some day after studio hours, and sit
with the artist—if not for her?"

"Yes," Barbara answered, "he might
—if he likes."

John Haden sat in the rustic studio
many times after that, and when the
picture his dog had inspired took an
honorable mention at the exhibit he
bought it to hang in their home, his
own and Barbara's.

WHAT IS A DOORBELL FOR?
Cy Pose Insisted That His Neighbors
Must Use the Improvements
on the House.
Cy Pose was considered somewhat
of a character round Hickory Forks.
He built his new house, he de-
clared that it was not going to be a
mere place to stay in. He was going to
have all the "frills." Anyway, he had
a doorbell, then a new thing in the
neighborhood.
Soon after the new house was com-
pleted, Josh Briggs, an old neighbor
who lived on the farm just up the
road, came over one Sunday afternoon
for a little call. It was pleasant fall
weather. The windows were all open,
but the front door was shut.
Josh knocked a little timidly, for
everything looked pretty fine.
Cy, comfortably rocking in the front
chair, gave no heed.

Josh knocked again—louder.
Cy rocked away, silently.
Josh grew restive after a moment's
wait and knocked again—a good loud
knock.
Cy rocked on.
Josh changed feet, wiped his face,
puzzled and offended, for he knew the
folks were at home. Once more he
tried it, a loud, continued knock that
resounded over the entire place.
Whereupon Cy, still rocking com-
fortably, yelled:
"Ring the doorbell, consarn yoi
Don't you know nothin'?"—Youth's
Companion.

Colored Teeth.
Pearly teeth are not the fashion ev-
erywhere. Firms of artificial teeth
manufacturers who have an export
trade have to keep in stock molars of
every shade of color from white to
black. There is a steady demand for
black teeth in Siam, Java, Batavia, and
Borneo, where the natives show the
betel-nut, which blackens the teeth.
For Paris the teeth must be abso-
lutely milk-white. Recently an order
was received from Bhavnagar, in In-
dia, for some bright red and blue arti-
ficial teeth. Smokers' teeth are regu-
larly supplied to dentists in shades to
match those which have been discolored
by nicotine.

Not a La-Mode.
"Their chauffeur seems a sober,
careful fellow."
"Well, for the wages they pay they
can't well expect anything else."
"Puck."

The Preacher Knew.
When volunteer prayers were called
for a man struck in and prayed very
earnestly for his poor land, and asked
the Lord to send him a good crop.
"What that land of yours need
brother, is not prayer, but manure,"
said the preacher, as he gave out.
"Work, For the Night Is Coming."

Orthodox.
"If St. James' Bible was good
enough for St. Paul, it is good enough
for me." This was the emphatic pro-
test of a New England deacon against
the reading of the Revised Version in
the King James version—Congrega-
tionalist.

Expenditure Explained.
Questioned you as to the amount
charged you for postage by your
campaign manager would buy
enough stamps to paper the side of
the great pyramid? The answer—
"No, but it would buy a lot of them."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Misleading Names.
Practically all the wooden clocks
called Dutch are made in the village
of Freyburg, in the Black Forest. This
misnomer is due to simple mispronun-
ciation—"Deutch" meaning, of course,
German. Nothing is more natural
than to assume that India ink comes
from India, but it does not, and never
did, any more than does India rubber.
India ink is a Chinese product, and
India rubber comes from South
America. Camel's hair brushes are
not made from the hair of camels,
but from the hair of the tails of Rus-
sian and Siberian squirrels. Camel's
hair, however, employed in the man-
ufacture of certain fabrics to be made
into shawls, etc., and is sometimes
mixed with silk.

Hoodooed Her Hair.
Another black mark has been
chalked down against number thirty-
seven.

"I did up my hair the other night in
curl papers from an old calendar,"
said the pretty girl, "and in the
morning when I took it down I had a
row of beautiful curls all around my
head except right over the left tem-
ple. That lock was as straight as a
lead pencil, and I had dampened it
with lemon juice just like all the oth-
ers, but when I untwined the paper I
found out why it wouldn't curl. The
page I had twisted it over was the
thirtieth of the month."

Navajo Blankets.
Much unadulterated nonsense has
been written concerning the sym-
bolism of Navajo Indian blankets, and
the poetry, legend, tradition and history
woven by the squaw into its fabric. It
is true that some designs have a sym-
bolic meaning, but Hopi, Zuni and
Apache symbols are used quite as
freely as those peculiar to the Nav-
ajo. The Navajo squaw is one of the
least imaginative and least poetical
of human beings, and it is quite safe
to say that even when symbolic de-
signs are employed in blanket weav-
ing it is without the remotest refer-
ence to their true significance.

Learning the Anthem

"Say, will you play this solo part
over for me?" asked the tenor, as he
hastily threw off his hat and overcoat
and placed his music in front of the
organist. "Just give me my pitch,
please."

"I'm sorry, but I can't play it now,"
replied the organist. "You're nearly
half an hour late and we've got to get
through all these hymns, besides the
anthem. You should have come ear-
lier." He closed the music in front of
him.

"Grouch!" muttered the tenor, as he
took the music and sat down with the
rest of the choir.
"Say," he whispered to the soprano,
"if we don't get a new organist pretty
soon they'll have to get a new tenor.
I'm tired of being sat upon by that
felow."

"Well, but you know, we do have to
practice the anthem," said the so-
prano, "and what's the use of our sit-
ting here, listening to your solo, when
we might as well be getting real prac-
tice done?"

The tenor moved over nearer the
bass and muttered his grievance.
"Yes," agreed the bass, "he sure is
the limit. Why, I missed him up the
other night and asked him to come out
and play over some of my songs—just
a little social call, you know. Well,
he snapped out that he charged \$5 an
hour for accompanying people."

"The bass relapsed into bitter thoughts.
"Well, what did you expect?" asked
the soprano. "Did you think he would
go out simply to practice with you, for
the mere pleasure of it? I'd have
charged ten, I assure you."

"Come on, now, if you're going to
practice," ordered the organist, belliger-
ently. "Now, follow your music, and
all come in on the first beat."
He played the opening chords.

"The bass and the tenor laughed.
"Serves her right," said the tenor, set-
ting his face.
"Now, one, two, three, four, sing!"
counted the organist at the top of his
lungs, as he played the chords once
more.

An awful crash of voices rent the
air. The organist flung out his hands
in dismay. "Now, what is the mat-
ter?" he thundered.

"I believe that was my fault," mur-
mured the little contralto. "I was
thinking this was another anthem
that I knew by heart, and I started to
sing that! I don't believe I know this
one. I wasn't here last Sunday. Yes,
you mailed me a copy, but I didn't
have time to go over it. Won't you
please play my part over a couple of
times? Then I'll know it, and we'll
get along all right. All the others
know their parts." She stepped up to
the organ console.

"It is now ten minutes of 9," said
the organist, looking at his watch.
"Just fifty minutes of our hour are up,
and at 9:15 I have an engagement. Do
you suppose that I can waste the re-
maining ten minutes on you, when
we've got this whole anthem to learn?
You sit down and listen and the rest
of you get busy now!"

He straightened out the music and
lifted his hands to strike the first
chord.

"Oh, say, we'll never learn this one,"
said the bass. "Let's try over one of
the old ones, and take this one up for
next week. The people won't know
the difference, and we'll murder this
one if we try to sing it."

"Let's!" eagerly suggested the con-
tralto.



Makes Cooking Easy



Makes Cooking Easy

Taking a Chance

"It's little less than outrageous, Les-
lie, for you to squander your hard-
earned money on a worthless lottery
ticket!" said Leslie's wife in a burst
of indignation. "I haven't heard of
anyone being so shallow-brained in
years."

"Never mind. If 51178 wins you'll be
able to buy all the luxuries your little
heart craves for and I've always de-
sired you to have. Don't be too skep-
tical but—wait—" replied Leslie.

"I'd prefer any day to have the two
dollars you've wasted for some real
necessities instead of imaginary lux-
uries. A pair of gloves, a rug for the
hall, silk for a waist, and a thousand
and one things."

"Let's not quarrel over the money
until we get it," broke in her husband.
After the above conversation Mrs.
Leslie tried to forget all about the lot-
tery ticket, but impossible.

Meanwhile her husband, occupied
with the cares of business, had for-
gotten completely about the little blue
ticket. Matters of much greater im-
portance occupied his mind.

"Hold!" he said one night, "the
bills for the last month are simply
enormous. My income does not war-
rant these expenditures. There's more
money going out than coming in. I'm
neither parsimonious, miserly nor
stingy, but there's a limit to all extra-
vagance."

For once Mrs. Leslie was silent; she
simply smiled and kept on sewing.
When she looked up she was startled
to notice the silvery tinge to her hus-
band's hair, how tired and old he
looked, while she seemed to grow
more youthful in appearance every
day.

"Don't you feel well," she ques-
tioned, anxiously.
"Can a man feel well and happy?"
was his curt answer, "when he's con-
tinually harassed with financial
troubles?"

The wife, wishing to end the discus-
sion, proposed that they go to the
"nickel show."
" Astonishing that you did not sug-
gest a box at the opera," grumbled
her husband as he assented.

Mrs. Leslie finally threw all caution
to the winds. She seemed to have
been bewitched by the "dream of buy-
ing" the old portieres in the little par-
lor were replaced by elegant new ones,
which made the parlor carpet appear
so shabby in contrast that it was not
long before a new rug adorned the
floor.

The comments of their friends were
numerous. When they noticed the ma-
jority bookcases and the piano which
had been purchased on the installment
plan and Mrs. Leslie expected to pay
for when the lottery money was dis-
tributed. "Mr. Leslie must have made
a great deal of money," they said.

After three months of apprehension
and anxiety Mrs. Leslie gave vent to
his pent-up feelings. Opening the new-
fangled desk to look for a pencil, he
burst forth in a voice of anger, dismay
and exasperation.

"That's the only kind of correspondence
in this house nowadays. None of them
reciprocated either. I'll have to borrow
money on my life insurance if this con-
tinues."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Leslie with
tears in her eyes. But I figure it will
be all right if we only have a little
patience."

"It's rather inconvenient just now,
but I fancy it will be all right when
your lottery ticket comes due. Didn't
you maintain vigorously that the lot-
tery money would instantly pay for
everything. Maybe then you take a
vacation and rest up a little."

"What courage of your brain are
these vivid imaginations?" said Mr.
Leslie as he swung to his feet, giving
his wife one long look as if he had
never seen her before. After a tense
silence which seemed aged to his wife,
he exclaimed, "The lottery money! I
what do you mean? I suppose it's a
woman's prerogative to change her
mind, but didn't you distinctly assert
that you wouldn't touch one penny of
that money?"

"Yes, but—"
"That's the reason why I never told
the trouble to inform you that the
drawing was weeks ago and our num-
ber was not among the lucky ones."

"My Leslie, by the way, I feel, giving
his wife one long look as if he had
never seen her before. After a tense
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THE GRACE OF GOD; TWO PENTECOSTS

One For the Church; the Other
For the World.

Pastor Russell in Chicago Took For
His Text, "The Grace of God Which
Bringeth Salvation Hath Appeared
For All Men" (Titus II, 11)—Cor-
rects a Common Error Regarding the
Fate of the Non-elect.



PASTOR RUSSELL

Chicago, May 20th.—Pastor Rus-
sell gave two ad-
dresses here today.
We read one of
his addresses, on
"Pentecostal Bless-
ings," from the
text: "The grace of
God which bring-
eth salvation hath
appeared for all
men." (Titus II, 11.)
He read in part:
As Bible students
we find it more and more necessary to
study the Scriptures discriminately.
Hilbert God's people have unwittingly
narrowed down the

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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

FINE PRINTING

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.

Roosevelt Leads in Riverton.

The preferential vote on Tuesday in Riverton gave Roosevelt a majority of 37. At the election a question arose about accepting registration certificates which had not been sworn to personally before the Borough Clerk. The Election Board refused to accept them, holding that the election laws require personal registration.

Their attitude was sustained by Attorney Joseph Beck Tyler. Samuel K. Robbins, of Moorestown, was sent for, and gave his opinion that the certificates which had been signed by the intended voter, but presented to the Clerk and sworn to in a bunch by one person were valid, and that the men thus registered should be allowed to vote. The Board held firm, however, and they were decabed.

During the excitement several persons were ejected from the polling place by order of the Board, for creating a disturbance.

Fastest Race in History of Club. In the Decoration Day regatta of the Riverton Yacht Club, the first race of the season, the fastest time was made over Course No. 1, nine miles, in the history of the Club. The distance was covered by Commodore John H. Reese's Tekama in an hour and three minutes and thirty-one seconds. The next best time was by A. G. Cook's Laura, the first boat to finish in the one-design class, which required only seventeen seconds longer to cover the course.

A stiff north-west breeze held throughout the race, at times blowing so hard that the skippers had their hands full, and some of the boats shipped considerable water. No. 2 having to withdraw on that account.

The one-designers got away first, with five boats, Laura, Allegro, Indiana, Nokomis and Blue III, well bunched, followed five minutes later by the cruiser Tekama, Thetis and Kid, which crossed the line in the order named. On the first leg of the course the Kid met with an accident to her mainmast and withdrew, followed later by the Allegro and Indiana.

Summary:
ONE-DESIGN CLASS—Start 3.05.
Boat Owner Fin. Elap.T.
No. 1 A.G. Cook.....1:08:32 1:04:32
No. 2 Laura.....1:08:32 1:04:32
No. 3 H.M. Biddle.....1:09:34 1:04:34
No. 4 W. J. Jones.....1:10:34 1:04:34
No. 5 H.M. Biddle.....1:10:34 1:04:34

CRUISERS—Start 3.10.
Tekama, J. H. Reese.....4:13:31 1:03:31
Thetis, O. H. Mattie.....4:14:38 1:04:38
Kid, Dr. J. M. Hill, withdrew
An invitation race for speed boats will be held on June 1.

School Notes.

Miss Thomas, the teacher of the special class, was absent on Friday on account of the illness of her mother.

The final examinations will be taken on the 10th, 11th and 12th of June in all grades, and the final promotion reports will be given out on the 14th. A bulletin has been received from Bucknell University.

School Athletics.

Two track teams, the Reds and Blues, captained by George Corner and Francis Cole, engaged in a dual contest Decoration Day on the school grounds.

First place in each event counted five points; second place three points; and third place one point. The result of the contest was a tie, each side scoring 27 points.

The events and scores were:
Running high jump—first, George Corner; second, Harry Reynolds; third, Leon Harris. Height, 4 ft., 6 1/2 ins.

Pole vault—first, George Corner; second, Corner Clelland; third, William McIlenny. Record, 7 ft., 9 ins.

Shot put (16-pound shot)—first, Leon Harris; second, Francis Cole; third, George Corner. 33 ft., 4 ins.

Running broad jump—first, Francis Cole; second, Corner Clelland; third, Dunbar Hylton. Distance, 15 ft., 10 ins.

100-yard dash—first, Francis Cole; second, Dunbar Hylton; third, Corner Clelland. Time, 12 seconds.

220-yard dash—first, Francis Cole; second, Dunbar Hylton; third, Corner Clelland. Time, 30 seconds.

The fourth grade defeated the third grade in the Indian Club race, while the third turned the tables by winning the three-legged race.

Albert Reeves won the special 75-yard run for the sixth grade.

Stanley Hylton and Francis Ziaak took first place in the three-legged race against teams from the sixth grade.

A team prize, to be presented to the winning team in the contest, by Mr. Beaman, will now be divided between the two teams because of the tie race.

The teams will hold another contest Friday afternoon, June 14th, on the school grounds.

Best Needle Case.

Needles are small and easily lost, but just secure a small bottle to keep them in and you will not be bothered that way any more.

WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET

for Riverton and Vicinity

W. A. Hendrickson spent Sunday at Cape May.

Mrs. W. P. Bilyon went to New York Wednesday.

Miss Helen Lippincott went to Cresco, Pa., Wednesday.

Mrs. M. W. Clement spent a few days this week at Newark.

Miss Elizabeth Schmidt is spending two weeks at Reading.

Dr. S. W. Collin is entertaining his parents from Pittsburgh.

Mrs. M. A. White left on Wednesday for the Philippine Islands.

Mrs. S. W. Collin entertained her parents on Decoration Day.

Mrs. H. P. Wyman entertained the Thursday Afternoon Bridge.

Mrs. C. G. Davis spent Sunday in Bridgeton with Mr. Davis' mother.

Miss Adams, of Atlantic City, is visiting at the home of Ogden H. Mattia.

The Social Sewing Circle met at the home of Mrs. A. Bowker Wednesday.

Mrs. Emma Glass, of Hopkintonville, Ky., has been visiting Mrs. John J. Reese.

Miss Edith Padmore is visiting her cousin, Miss Ida Robbins, in Pennsgrove.

John C. Stoltz entertained friends from Philadelphia on his launch Decoration Day.

The vote in Cinnaminson Township on Tuesday was 38 for Roosevelt and 26 for Taft.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Durbin entertained friends from Mount Holly Thursday.

Mrs. L. O. Grenelle, of Columbus, spent Friday and Saturday with Mrs. S. J. Coddington.

Mrs. Robert Biddle entertained the members of the Porch Club at a garden party Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Lamont Brown and son, of Frankford, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Evans.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Street Mills entertained the participants in Iolanthe Wednesday night after the play.

Miss Catherine Bierhan, who has been spending a month with Mrs. Troth, left for Vincennes, Ind., Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Dye entertained the Teachers' Association of the Presbyterian Sunday School Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Paul C. Burr and daughter returned home Wednesday, after spending several days with friends at Pennington.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Slater and daughter, and George Spencer, of Philadelphia, spent Decoration Day with relatives.

A strawberry festival will be held on the Presbyterian Church lawn, June 15. Tickets at 15c, entitles bearer to strawberries, ice cream and cake.

Miss Marjorie Marcy was one of the graduates at St. Mary's School, Burlington, this week. The commencement exercises were held on Tuesday and Wednesday.

The members of the L. O. G. B. and friends tendered Mrs. Edwin Evans a surprise party Saturday evening, and presented her with a gold locket. Refreshments were served and a pleasant time enjoyed by all.

E. B. Compton, Cramer & Rogers, C. W. Ludlow, W. N. Mattia, G. W. McIlenny, J. M. Roberts and M. Sterdle will start on June 5th to close their stores at one o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. B. Roberts have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Margaret, to Mr. Logan M. Bullitt, Jr. Mr. Bullitt is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Logan M. Bullitt, of Philadelphia.

The May procession, which was held last Sunday evening in the Sacred Heart Church, and in which two hundred children of the Sunday School participated, was a grand success. The procession was viewed about seven hundred persons. Miss Edith Holvick, Miss Lizzie Graham and the Misses Haas were in charge of the Sunday School children. Mrs. Frederick Jaep presided at the organ, and Miss Betz was crownier.

Christ Church, Riverton.

Rector, Rev. John Rigg, B. D.

Services for June 2d, Trinity Sunday: 7.30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

11 a. m., Holy Eucharist, sermon by the rector.

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

8.00 p. m., Evensong and sermon by the rector.

Services during the week: Wednesday 9 a. m., matins and litany. Friday 9 a. m., matins and litany. 8 p. m., evensong and address by the rector.

The confirmation class will meet in the parish house on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

The rector has established a Question Box at the Friday evening services, and he invites questions on matters spiritual or ecclesiastical.

Guests at the Lawn House.

The Lawn House opened Saturday, May 25th, with over twenty guests. Among them were:

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dickie, San Francisco.

Miss Anna B. Dickie, San Francisco.

Mr. Fred M. Dickie, San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Edwin Sheble, Philadelphia.

Mr. Harold N. Sheble, Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Washington, Riverton.

Howard A. Washington, Riverton.

Wm. deHertbert Washington, Riverton.

Mrs. W. G. Bennett, Erie, Pa.

Margaret H. Bogle, Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Wilson, New York City.

Mrs. Henry E. Bower, New York City.

Mr. Charles Wood, New York City.

Mr. H. Miller and wife, Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale B. Fitter, Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Mason, Philadelphia.

P. E. MacMillan, Philadelphia.

C. S. Ridgway, Jr., Columbus, N. J.

Coffee

There is coffee and coffee—
all kinds of coffee, but we
would like you to try

Barrington Hall
Steel Cut
Coffee

in pound cans at 40c. It
will go further than any
other because all the chaff
has been removed.

If you don't like it, re-
turn it and the money will
be refunded without question.

AT
COMPTON'S

JERSEY GRASS

FRESH FROM THE FARM

Phone 54-A



Ladies Neckwear

A line of stylish Neckwear, from the tailored to a fancy dress bow, in all colors; also lace and embroidered Dutch collars from 25c to \$1.75.

MRS. ALFRED SMITH

Store closes every evening, at 6 p. m.
Saturday evening at 10 p. m.

IN MEMORIAM.

Miss Emma Schmidt, who was identified with Mrs. E. Mercer Shreve for thirty-five years, first in her family, then as housekeeper at The Lawn House, Riverton, died in St. Francis Hospital, Trenton, on the twenty-fourth of May, after an illness of some six months, which she bore with Christian fortitude and resignation.

"Miss Emma" was a conspicuous figure in the management of The Lawn House, where with unflinching kindness and untiring energy she ministered to the pleasure and comfort of the many guests, who summer after summer experienced the hospitality of Mrs. Shreve. Her funeral took place on the 27th at Trenton, and services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Conkling. The burial was in the beautiful Riverview cemetery on the Delaware. The grave banked with flowers showed the appreciation of her large circle of friends.

Postmaster Wanted for Cinnaminson.

Saturday, June 22, 1912.
The United States Civil Service Commission announces that on the date named above an examination will be held at Riverton, N. J., as a result of which it is expected to make certification to fill a contemplated vacancy in the position of fourth class postmaster in class (b) at Cinnaminson, New Jersey, and other vacancies as they may occur at that office, unless it shall be decided in the interests of the service to fill the vacancy by reinstatement. The compensation of the postmaster at this office was \$165 for the last fiscal year.

Age limit, 21 years and over on the date of the examination, with the exception that in a State where women are declared by statute to be of full age for all purposes at 18 years, women 18 years of age on the date of the examination will be admitted.

Applicants must reside within the territory supplied by the post office for which the examination is announced. The examination is open to all citizens of the United States who can comply with the requirements.

Application forms and full information concerning the requirements of the examination can be secured from the postmaster at Cinnaminson or from the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Applications should be properly executed and filed with the Commission at Washington within 7 days before the date of the examination, otherwise it will be impracticable to examine the applicants.

U. S. CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

Rev. N. F. Stahl, D. D., pastor.

Services next Sunday as follows:

10.30 a. m., Holy Communion and reception of new members.

2.30 p. m., Sunday School.

8 p. m., evening service.

"It Will be the Aim of the Officers

to continue the policies which have guided The Prudential to such signal success in the past, policies which have meant so much in gaining confidence of the public and in keeping faith with our patrons."

(From the 1912 Annual Address of President Forrest F. Dryden.)



The Prudential

Founded by JOHN F. DRYDEN,
Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

Classified Advertising

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

FOR SALE

FRESH EGGS and poultry direct from the farm. Joseph H. Smith, 423 Thomas avenue.

6000 horse and wagon for sale. George W. McIlenny, Riverton.

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

FOR RENT

HOUSE for rent. 505 Cinnaminson avenue, Palmyra.

TWO furnished or unfurnished rooms for rent in East Riverton. Apply 8 New Era Office.

LOST

LOST—Pocket-book containing sum of money. Reward returned to Box 25, Palmyra, or Riverton, N. J., Post Office.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

11-ROOM HOUSE, all conveniences, new lawn, and a new investment. Price reasonable and terms to suit. Apply at premises.

SITUATIONS WANTED

HANDY MAN wants place, lawn, poultry, horses, tools, painting, etc. Wages no object. Write Brown, 1745 North 22nd, Philadelphia.

WHITEWASHING a specialty. William T. Lindsey, Palmyra P. O., N. J. 17 31

WANTED

CLERK, young lady to assist in store. Call O. D. Bauman.

WANTED—Young white boy to take care of horse, cow and chickens, lawn and garden. Mrs. Woodman, Cinnaminson.

SAFE PLACE FOR VALUABLES

Physician Has Found Office Appearance Better Than Any Look and Key Yet Devised.

A physician who has had much trouble with meddlesome servants, has just discovered a security ward in his office which he says is far safer than a locked drawer or a safe.

"Servants like to investigate things in a doctor's office," he said. "Every new servant is a new investigator. A locked instrument case is only a temptation. They get into that, and it caught explains that they were only dusting the instruments. Servants often use the medicine chest as a safe for their private accounts than the doctor himself. They rummage through drawers and help themselves to anything they see."

"I had one servant who dusted my office daily who, I found out one day, was a habitual user of morphine. I had noticed that a bottle in my locked chest was too often emptied, and one day I caught her slapping the door of the chest and then I knew I had a morphine addict in my office. I took the bottle of morphine tablets and placed them inside a human skull which I kept on my desk. That was the last of the morphine thefts."

"One day I asked the servant why she never dusted the skull on my desk. In fact I reprimanded her for carelessness."

"Oh, doctor," she said, "I'm afraid of the skull. I'd rather lose my job than touch that skull."

"And now," continued the doctor, "I'm not afraid to put a roll of money in that skull. It's safer than any safe."

POSSIBLY TOO MUCH FOR HER

Man Should Have Recognized That There Are Limits Even to Fairy's Power.

Once upon a time a man who lived out of his mind, was taken to the hospital. Instead of growing worse he improved, and at the end of the fourth day, when his wife visited him, he asked to be taken home. "But you have paid for a week," replied his thrifty spouse. "They won't refund the money. You had better stay your week out."

Small Division of Pie.

"I thought you were going to get your share of the pie," observed a Cleveland man who had stayed at home. "I guess I couldn't wait long enough," answered the man who had come to Washington in the Pullman and come back to the smoking car. "I didn't seem to be able to get any further than the soup!"

Fingernails and Finger-Nails.

Fashionable young men in Berlin, we are told, now have portraits of their fingers printed on their finger-nails. This limits the number of dances to ten, though it is rumored that one gentleman, who is inclined to electricity, is now pressing his toes into service.

Matter of Course.

Probably the most typical illustration of modern culture was the reply of a lady who had been enthusiastic over the Wagnerian cycle, and "when I asked her to tell me quite honestly, as between old friends, if she really enjoyed it, replied: 'Oh, yes! I think one likes Wagner—doesn't one?'"

HER DINING ROOM FURNITURE

How the Kind-Hearted and Gifted Rosa Bonheur Helped a Young Wife.

"We are not brothers for nothing," Rosa Bonheur once wrote in jesting affection to her brother Isidore; and in truth the wonderful, quaint, boyish little woman with her bright eyes, cropped curls and breezy ways, was almost more a brotherly chum than a sister to the "Dodo" whom she so dearly loved. Much of the time or her country estate, in her studio and among her animals, wild and tame, she wore the masculine costume which her manner of life required, to wear which she had—with one other woman, a famous explorer and archaeologist—received express permission from the French government. Yet this very mannish little person was far from unwomanly in her sympathies; and her latest biography records a pretty incident related by her friend, Joseph Verrier, the landscape painter.

"One evening she was dining with me and some friends. Among the friends was a young lady recently married, who gave us an account of the furnishing of her house. All the rooms were furnished except the dining room; for this last her husband could not yet give her the little room she was compelled to hold her little receptions in her sleeping room."

"After dinner Rosa asked me for a large sheet of drawing paper, and while we were talking she sketched a delightful dining room, which she signed with her full name. Then, under cover of a general conversation on music, while tea was being served, she approached the young wife, and said to her:

"Talismanic picture to Tedesco on your return to Paris and he will give you at least 1,500 francs for it. . . . Then you will be able to furnish your dining room."—"Youth's Companion."

What Is Prayed For.

An old darkey who was asked if in his experience prayer was ever answered, replied: "Well, an some prays is anud an' some isn't"—pends on what yo' asks fo'. Jest arter de wah, w'en it was mighty hard scratchin' fo' de culled bruden, I 'heared dat w'en deebber I pray de Lord to send one o' Massa Perton's fat turkeys fo' de ole man, dere was no notice took ob de partition; but w'en I pray dat he wou'd sen' de ole man fo' de turkey, de fag was 'tended to befo' anup nex' mornin' deed sartin'."

When Patches Were Popular.

In the eighteenth century the tinting of a beauty's face and the nice adjustment of the patch was one of the serious businesses of the day, and occasionally if my lady or her tiring woman could not agree on such a momentous question then were my lady's gallants called in to decide whether these important patches should be so placed as to draw attention to the mischievous eyes, to the fleeting dimple, or to the exquisite turn of snowy throat.

Where the Broom Grows.

The United States for the most part manufactures the high-grade brooms the world. The best are for domestic use, though some are exported, notably the inferior grades. Europeans generally cling to the old-style broom of twigs and do not look with favor upon the modern American broom. Illinois furnishes the finest.

Her Frugal Mind.

A man whose illness threatened to develop into typhoid was taken to the hospital. Instead of growing worse he improved, and at the end of the fourth day, when his wife visited him, he asked to be taken home. "But you have paid for a week," replied his thrifty spouse. "They won't refund the money. You had better stay your week out."

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Old School Buildings for Rent

The old school buildings at Fourth and Howard Sts., Riverton, are offered for rent on an improvement lease.

Ideal for lodge purposes.

For particulars apply to the property committee of the Board of Education.

H. E. MOYER,
Chairman.

Bring in your

Razors, Razor Blades

Knives and Scissors

and get them

SHARPENED

Thin Razor Blades 2c each

Thick Razor Blades from 5c up

Razors honed 15c

Razors ground 25c

Razors, new handles 25c

Knives and Scissors 10c up

W. H. STILES

INTERESTING NEWS BITS in and around Palmyra

Mrs. Mary Hanks is in Metuchen visiting friends.

Barle J. Roray, of Brooklyn, visited his parents on Saturday.

Miss Beryl W. House is entertaining Miss Nan Miller, of Salem.

Mrs. John M. Sharp, of Merchantville, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. N. Baugh.

Mrs. John Gilfillen, of West Philadelphia, spent Wednesday with Mrs. A. B. Powell.

Mrs. Sarah Miller, of North Philadelphia, is visiting Mrs. A. C. Roray for a few days.

Benjamin Pine, of Washington, D. C., is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Thomas Branson.

Miss Mae Macpherson, of West Philadelphia, spent Decoration Day with Miss Florence Powell.

Mrs. Annie Painter, of Philadelphia, spent the weekend with her niece, Mrs. James P. Cooke.

Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Steinmetz, of Baltimore, Md., and Frank L. Harris, of Philadelphia, visited Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Roray last evening.

John Barnes and daughter, Miss Ellen, of Philadelphia, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. William McCuen.

C. S. Roray, Jr., of Bethlehem, Wash., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Roray, Sr., of Parry avenue.

The officers and members of the P. O. of A. tendered Miss Ada Miller a surprise kitchen shower on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. John A. Warner, of 516 Maple avenue, is in Plainfield attending the funeral of her sister, Mrs. F. L. Ayres.

Mrs. A. C. Roray returned home Tuesday after spending a week with her sister, Mrs. Maggie Rees, of Newark, Del.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wood and children returned home Monday after spending two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kemmerle.

At the preferential primaries on Tuesday in Palmyra the first district gave Roosevelt 89, Taft 20, and L. Follette 2; second district Roosevelt 48, Taft 29, and L. Follette 1.

The Burlington County Board of Taxation will enforce the provision of the law requiring applicants for reductions in assessments on account of debts to file sworn statements of their liabilities and assets.

A strawberry festival under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society of the Baptist Church, will be held Wednesday evening, June 5th, in the church basement. Tickets, including strawberries, ice cream and cake, 15c.

THE SAFETY OF YOUR FAMILY and what you leave them is protected if you appoint The Burlington County Safe Deposit and Trust Company, Moorestown, N. J., as Executor, Trustee or Guardian. They are authorized to act under the law.

Frank Toy and family, of Delanco, spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. C. Howard Powell.

Memorial Services Well Attended.

Memorial day services were held yesterday afternoon in Society Hall grove.

Previous to the rendition of the program about 250 children were furnished with flags and went to the cemeteries to decorate the graves of the veterans, and salutes were fired by a company of Independent Guards who belong to the Junior Order American Mechanics of Riverside.

Upon their return to the grove prayer was offered by Rev. C. W. Williams, and excellent address was made by Hon. James Kenney, ex-mayor of Reading, Rev. Samuel Sargent pronounced the benediction. The music was furnished by a band from Riverside.

Methodist Church Notes.

Rev. Samuel Sargent, minister.

Choir rehearsal Saturday night at 8 o'clock.

Services next Sunday as follows:

9:30 a. m., general class meeting led by Carl A. Peterson.

10:30 a. m., Holy Communion and reception of members.

2:30 p. m., Sunday School.

6:45 p. m., Epworth League devotional service.

7:30 p. m., preaching by the minister. A special sermon will be delivered to the Independence Fire Company, which will attend service in a body.

Moravian Church Notes.

Rev. Paul S. Meier, M. A., pastor.

9:30 a. m., Sunday School and pastor's Bible class. A brief address by Rev. Arthur E. Francke, pastor Moravian Church, Elizabethtown, N. J.

10:30 a. m., Litany, sermon by Rev. Francke.

7:00 p. m., V. P. S. C. E. consecration meeting led by the pastor. Subject: "Fidelity."

7:30 p. m., song service led by the pastor. Sermon by Rev. Francke.

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. Beasley, rector.

7:30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

11 a. m., Choral Holy Eucharist and sermon.

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

8:45 p. m., Children's service.

8 p. m., choral evening and sermon.

Baptist Church Notes.

Sunday morning worship at 10:45. A sermon to the children. Subject: "The Meaning of the Lord's Supper."

Bible School will meet next Sunday morning at 9:30 according to the usual custom for the summer months. It is hoped that every member of the school will be present.

Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 7 o'clock. Evening song service at 7:45. Music led by two choirs. Sermon subject: "Prisoners of Hope." Everybody is cordially invited to share in the helpfulness and inspiration of our Sunday worship.

Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, closing promptly at 9. REV. CHARLES W. WILLIAMS, Pastor.

THE FIELD CLUB NOTES.

The Field Club traveled to Riverside on Saturday and were defeated by the Tangle A. A. team of that place by the score 3-1. The Riverside boys scored three runs in the first three innings, when they scored one in each inning by putting two hits together each inning. After this the Riverside boys did not get a hit.

The Palmyra boys scored their only run in the seventh when Davis singled, went to second on Al Hardy's sacrifice, and came home when Hughes threw wild to third to catch him stealing. The Palmyra boys had two other chances to score, but threw them away with poor base running—once when Davis tried to go from second to third, when the opposing first baseman was holding the ball, and the other when Kiel was on third and F. Durgin on second with only one out. Kiel tried to draw a wild throw from the catcher, but after one error being credited—this was made by Hughes, Tangle's catcher, Richardson made a fine stop and throw, cutting Joe Stack off for a single, while El Gibbons pulled the star play of the game on a fine pick-up and throw on Hubbs' bunt.

Hubbs and Durgin pitched fine ball, Hubbs only allowing five hits, while Durgin gave the Riverside team six. Both teams fielded in fine form, only one error being credited—this was made by Hughes, Tangle's catcher, Richardson made a fine stop and throw, cutting Joe Stack off for a single, while El Gibbons pulled the star play of the game on a fine pick-up and throw on Hubbs' bunt.

Decorations Day Game.

The Field Club was defeated on Decoration Day by their old rivals, the Riverside A. A., in a hotly contested game by the score of 2-1. The game was played on the Riverside grounds before a very large crowd. The Field Club boys were honored by the Riverside management inasmuch as they had a flag raising and pulled to the top of the staff the championship emblem of 1911.

The work of Mathis for Riverside was all that could be expected, and pitched a fine game, only allowing three hits, and one of these were of the scratchy order; and only gave two base on balls; while on the other hand, Ollie Durgin was not up to his usual standard, allowing seven hits and giving three base on balls, but at that, should have escaped being scored on, as an error by Patterson scored on him, and another run crossed the pan when Reeves made a poor throw to third.

This Saturday we play on our home grounds and have as our opponents the Beverly aggregation. Beverly has not yet broken into the win column, but are sure to take a brace in the near future, as they have a great bunch of players banded together and for a new season soon they will get started. Patterson or Holt will be in the box Saturday as Ollie Durgin will be unable to get here.

In looking over the box scores you can readily see how it is that the local boys have not won, as their hitting has been way below par. On Saturday Hubbs only allowed five hits, while on Decoration Day Mathis only gave us three. It might be that we have been up against extra good pitching. Yesterday the boys hit hard but unluckily, as on four or five attempts the ball was hit hard and labeled for extra bases but they were straight at some fielder, so perhaps we have been a little unlucky in the last two games. Let us hope so at least.

Don't forget Saturday on the West End grounds, when we meet Beverly A. A., at 3:30 p. m. Admission 25c, ladies 15c.

ROUTER.

Field Club Cubs.

In the morning game The Field Club Cubs were defeated by the East End team of Riverside by the score of 8-4. Polie, who started the game, was hit for six hits in the opening inning for a total of five runs, but after that he settled down and should have held the visitors scoreless for the rest of the game, but an error or two behind him was responsible for three more runs coming over the pan.

The local boys seemed to play in a trance and everyone needed a good dose of kinger. Give them up, Harry, as you have the quality there in everyone of them. Paulin, on first base, has been playing a pretty nice game, but is woefully weak at the bat. They are sure to come along and play winning ball in the near future.

ROUTER.

A JAPANESE FAIR.

Don't forget the Japanese Fair to be given by the Field Club Auxiliary in P. O. S. of A. Hall, Saturday afternoon and evening, June first. The fair will be made attractive with gaily decorated booths and there will be music all the evening.

All sorts of articles will be on sale, in the line of fancy goods, aprons, cakes, candies, delicatessen and ice cream. There is vaudeville and a lemonade stand.

Many Japanese maidens will be on hand to anticipate your wishes. A ten-cent ticket buys your plate of ice cream.

Various Uses for the Aloe.

In Africa the leaves of certain species of aloe provide material for bowstrings, hammocks, fishing lines and ropes. With the Mohammedans the aloe means much. For instance, those who have returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca hang it over their doors, as a sign that they have made the great journey.

ADVERTISING TALKS

Copyright 1912 by J. H. Andrews

NEW YORK CITY is regarded, by manufacturers, as one of the most difficult markets in which to introduce a new product.

THERE ARE more than 4000 bread bakeries in the city and, working to capacity, it is estimated that they could produce more than twice their present output.

IN FACE of these conditions the Ward Baking Company, which had been operating in Pittsburgh for a number of years, erected and equipped two magnificent bakeries in New York, at a cost of \$2,000,000.

THE AVERAGE business man would term this move "a gamble."

WE HAVE become accustomed to seeing a business begin small and pile along, adding new equipment here, and an occasional new building there, until, eventually, it became big.

THE WARD BAKING COMPANY did not regard their venture as a gamble but, rather, to use an expressive slang phrase, as a sure thing.

THEY KNEW THE POSSIBILITIES OF ADVERTISING, and depended upon advertising to make their New York business a success.

THEY USED large space in newspapers, used billboards, street cars, and electric and painted signs.

THEY FULLY REALIZED that it was necessary to induce the people of New York to discontinue the use of some other baker's bread and use Ward's.

THE ONLY way to accomplish this was by the method they used—ADVERTISING.

THE RESULT was that, in eight months, they obtained distribution for 350,000 loaves of bread a day.

THIS MEANS that more than a quarter of a million people, every day, buy Ward's Bread.

IT IS DOUBTFUL if any other method than Advertising would have made known to even 5,000 people in New York City, the fact that there is such a concern as the Ward Baking Company.

WITHOUT ADVERTISING those \$2,000,000 bakeries would be accumulating dust and cobwebs, and the 200 automobiles, used for delivery purposes, would be idle.

TO SOME of the merchants who read this it will mean much.

THEY WILL compare their advantages to the Ward Baking Company's disadvantages.

THE WARD BAKING COMPANY had to construct a "plant" at tremendous expense.

YOUR "PLANT" already exists.

THE BAKING COMPANY entered a field where they were entirely unknown and where they did not have a dollar's worth of business.

YOU are known and your business is established.

THE WARD COMPANY successfully advertised in a city where rates are extremely high and where it was necessary to use nearly every type of advertising media.

YOU CAN FULLY COVER YOUR FIELD BY USE OF THE "NEW ERA."

CALL US UP AND SAY THAT YOU ARE WILLING TO TALK IT OVER.

Keith's Theatre.

June opens most brilliantly in vaudeville at B. P. Keith's Theatre with a bill of delights and surprises. The thousands of friends and admirers of that most popular musical actress, Valerie Bergere, will be glad to know that she makes a welcome return during this eventful week in Victor M. Smalley's powerful play of circumstantial evidence called "Judgment." Supported by a fine cast including Herbert Warren, Miss Katharine Kavanaugh and Miss Myrtle Bergere plays the part of a woman vindicator in a murder charge, the scene taking part in the library of a criminal court judge. The manner in which the pleader carries her cause is something that holds the interest of the audience most intensely right up to the thrilling climax. Miss Bergere has appeared in many forceful dramatic sketches, but this one seems to be most suited to her talents of all. Miss Bergere is also a producer as well as a tried and true artist, and stages her own plays in a most careful and consistent manner.

Mr. Taylor Holmes also makes a welcome return after a long absence during which period he has been seen in legitimate drama, notably in "The Million" and also in "The Communion." Mr. Holmes appears in a production by permission of Henry W. Savage with whom he is under contract for a fall engagement, and will present in his own characteristic manner new stories and songs such as have made him famous.

ROUTER.

It was a political meeting in the east end, and the M. P., an exceptionally popular man, was addressing his constituents. The politician in question rejoices in a luxuriant crop of hair. The audience was sympathetic for the most part; but there was one man in the front row of the audience who made numerous interruptions. He was a coal-heaver, apparently, and had but recently been heaving coals.

"Get your hair cut!" he shouted during a most pathetic passage in the candidate's speech. The well-known catch phrase seemed particularly applicable, so a good many of the audience laughed.

But the M. P. was equal to the occasion.

"I will make a bargain with that gentleman," he said. "I will get my hair cut if he will get his face washed."

There were no more interruptions. —London Tit-Bits.

Woman's Sense of Honor.

Much has been done by our own higher education and widening field of work, and a woman now despises what used to be by repute her most formidable weapons—a lie, tears and a skillful appeal to the vanity of man. The writer has often noticed the markedly greater breadth of view and

HOW GOLD PENS ARE MADE

Metal is Rolled Into a Ribbon and Pen Shapes Are Cut Out by Machinery.

The tiny tip of white metal seen on the under side of the point of a gold pen may be of platinum, but it is more likely to be iridium. Iridium is a very hard metal and it is expensive; it costs about four times as much as gold. The purpose of the iridium tip is, of course, to give the pen a more durable tip.

The gold pen maker buys his gold at the assay office in bars of pure 24 karat gold, which he melts and alloys with his silver and copper to the degree of fineness required. Gold of 14 karats is used in the manufacture of the best American gold pens, that being the degree of fineness deemed most suitable for pen use; but good pens made in this country for sale in France are made of 18 karats, the French government requiring that all articles exposed for sale in that country as gold shall be of not less than 18 karats.

The gold from which the pens are to be made is rolled and rolled until what was originally a thick, heavy bar of gold has been rolled into a thin gold ribbon about three feet in length by four inches wide. Then this gold ribbon is put into a machine which stamps out of it pen shapes, all still flat. Then on the tip of each of these pens is fused the iridium point, and then the shapes go to a slitting machine, which cuts the slit in the pen. From this slitting machine the pens go through another, which gives them their rounded, familiar pen form, and then the pens are ground and polished and finished ready for use.

American gold pens in fountain pens or as dip pens are sold in every country in Europe in competition with pens of British or of German manufacture, and under the same competition they are sold throughout the world, in South America, Africa, Japan, China, wherever pens are used.

"LONG TIME" IS DEFINED

Remark of Governor of North Carolina to Governor of South Carolina.

The oft-quoted remark of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina has at last been brought into court, carefully construed, and found not to be so long as some other times. It is probable that it was the exceeding roughness of the interval which made it seem long. It is a prosecution for the illegal sale of whiskey in Alabama, a witness testified that he had bought a pint of liquor of the accused "a short time" before the grand jury returned the indictment against him. It was objected that this evidence did not show that the prosecution had been begun within 12 months after the sale of the whiskey, the time limited by statute for beginning a prosecution. In discussing this objection, the Supreme court, in Wilson versus State, 56 Southern Reporter, 114, after holding that "a short time" might be taken in the connection in which it was used to refer to a period less than 12 months, said, by way of illustration: "The expression 'a short time' would refer to a very different period of duration and have a widely different meaning in measuring time when used by an archaeologist having reference to the period of existing of a prehistoric pyramid, than when used by Carolina Governors with reference to the time between drinks." The court may be right, but probably the Governor of North Carolina, in that "a short time" might be taken in the connection in which it was used to refer to a period less than 12 months, said, by way of illustration: "The expression 'a short time' would refer to a very different period of duration and have a widely different meaning in measuring time when used by an archaeologist having reference to the period of existing of a prehistoric pyramid, than when used by Carolina Governors with reference to the time between drinks." 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The Baseball Romance

By W. A. PHILSON

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CHAPTER I—Secret Service Chief William, puzzled over the theft of the government cipher, called on his old friend, Pinkie, to help him find it. Pinkie, who had been in the army, told him that he had seen a man who looked like the thief, and that he had seen him in the city of Mexico.

CHAPTER II—Brockett, who had been in the army, told him that he had seen a man who looked like the thief, and that he had seen him in the city of Mexico.

CHAPTER III—Brockett returned at one o'clock, accompanied by Ramon Solano. He lifted the sheets on which he had been last working from the desk drawer, and looked at them with a frown.

General Cole, kindly and affable, had the boys feeling thoroughly at home before they had been in his office for five minutes. The old soldier was in cheery spirits, and his genial mood communicated itself to his young visitors, who found themselves among the most ardent admirers of the general—were at first inclined to bashfulness when actually in the presence of their chief.

"Brockett, my boy," said the general, pleasantly enough, but with something governing the tone of the calm, even voice—something that seemed to electrify both young men like the current of a mighty battery.

"I believe that I can make you—and your young friend—quite useful in the immediate future."

Solano gasped, astounded, and fixed his big black eyes upon the general's face. Brockett nodded, and leaned forward, expectantly.

"I have had considerable experience with government and military cipher, and I am sure that I can make you—and your young friend—quite useful in the immediate future."

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that you, Mr. Brockett, have devised such cipher. A cipher of most honorable excellence. If this cipher were to be adapted to the use of commerce, I would pay well. I say, in fact, Mr. Brockett, I pay modestly for the cipher. Suppose that you demonstrate for me the idea of your cipher. If it shall prove satisfactory for the commercial purpose, I pay you \$5,000. And that I show I am a man of business, and that I do not waste the valuable time, I pay you, if satisfactory or no, \$500 that you only demonstrate for me the idea of the cipher."

The smiling Japanese had drawn forth a thick, prosperous-looking wallet, and was fumbling with it, when Brockett slowly, but emphatically, shook his head.

"Mr. Yashimoto, you have been misinformed. I cannot imagine where you gained your information, but it is wrong, completely wrong. I have no cipher for sale, and am sorry that I cannot oblige you."

Mr. Yashimoto smiled as he replaced the portly pocketbook.

"I am deeply sorry, Mr. Brockett, that you should lose the opportunity for enlargement of fortune. Perhaps you will reconsider. Maybe I call upon you another time. I will bid you adieu for the present."

The Japanese had hardly departed when Ramon Solano put in an appearance, much to the delight of the Brockett family, with whom the Cuban was a prime favorite.

"Nothing at all aside from informing my father that I would take an extra month for my vacation, beginning now. Even if he could have read it—it was in Spanish, too—that wouldn't be of much value to him."

"Hardly. I am beginning to do some extensive thinking about that Jap, though. Listen to the proposition he made. He wanted to see me, and Brockett rapidly outlined the tempting offer made by Mr. Yashimoto."

"Something odd, sure," commented Solano. "I can see one thing clear. He wanted to see me, and Brockett rapidly outlined the tempting offer made by Mr. Yashimoto."

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THE BASEBALL ORACLE

BY AFY

There is a man in our town, his name is Willie Wise, Here one of those baseball encyclopedias of guys. His name is a map of the entire baseball push.

From Connie's Giant Killers to the limits of the bush, He knows the name of every man that ever played the game. He knows the teams in every league and standing of the same.

He knows the batting averages of Harry, Dick and Tom, And all about the teams' recruits and where they got them from.

He'll tell you how the Cubs did not and where the Giants did, And just exactly when and why the Pirates hit the shid.

He'll analyze the Tigers' game and tell you play by play, Precisely how they came to win or lose the game away.

He'll quote you every stolen bag and every biff and whiff Of Wagner, Cobb and Lajoie, and tell you in a jiff.

Exactly who and how and why and what and where and when Each one of them has got a shade upon the other men.

He knows the rules from A to Z, has all the schedules pat, The terms of every contract he has stowed beneath his hat.

The national agreement is an open book to him, Ban Johnson has no secrets that escape his gleaming gim.

Mayhap you think this prodigy must be a man of fame, And occupy some lofty post connected with the game?

Well, if this mental masterpiece you may desire to meet, You'll find him wrestling 'midlins' in a feed store down the street.

And notwithstanding all the brains that bulge beneath his hat, He isn't such a gosh-all-fired good feedstore clerk at that.

And what with all his mighty grasp of players and of plays, He never had a game doped right in all his mortal days.

But why proceed? You all know Bill, I venture to surmise, For every town in this broad land has got its Willie Wise.

G. S. APPLEGARTH

Most Women, Says London Paper, Forget Neatness and Are Vigorous and Wild.

It is surprising that with all the kissing that goes on in our so-called civilized England, so little advance should have been made in the science of bestowing a kiss. Very few persons understand the art. Neatness is forgotten, and the first impulse of the kiss is to wipe away all traces of the offending salivary as speedily as may be consistent with politeness.

Others deliver a peck upon the cheeks, and, in some cases, by means a small peck. There are vigorous women whose buffeting are quite enough to produce a toothache in a snoring jaw. Their kisses jar the kissers' jaws. One never knows where the wild kisses of others may alight. With inward shrinking one offers a cheek, wondering what may be going to happen to it, and the result often justifies one's fears.

"The poor cheek is discolored by the assault of lips that have had no training in the art of osculation.—London Express.

Perils of Fishermen. There are countless incidents illustrating dangers and trials in the life of a Newfoundland fisherman. Daily are such experiences recorded in every cove and hamlet around the coast.

Peril among the billows, peril among the ice floes, peril along the rugged seaboard—that is his heritage and his portion from boyhood to old age. The rescuer today, he may be rescued tomorrow. Life to him has few companions. The frequency of disaster struggle against the elements, a strenuous endeavor to secure the means of existence from a sea which is ever on the watch to turn ruin upon him. Wreck and death are calamities the facts which predominate in every Newfoundland village. They have come home to every family and have left a vacant place in every household. The frequency of disaster compels every man to be a hero unconsciously, and if every person who saved a life in this colony were to be awarded a medal, they would be given out every week at least, and for actions as meritorious as any that are so rewarded elsewhere.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Age of Organization. New Boarder—Well! well! This is the first place I've seen where they have preserved strawberries and peach jam instead of stewed prunes.

Old Boarder—All owing to organization, my boy. We boarders have a mutual protective association, with iron-clad rules and heavy penalties. "O, ho! You kicked against prunes, did you?"

"Not much we didn't. We passed a law that whenever prunes came on the table every member should eat a quart or pay a \$10 fine. That settled it. The landlady found prunes too expensive."—New York Weekly.

An Explanation. "Your nephew is a college graduate, isn't he?" "Yes," confessed honest Farmer Hornbank; "but in justice to the college I'll own up that he had no chance beforehand."—Woman's Home Companion.

That none of all these mighty men Was built a bit like me. And so as champ succeeded champ, And year succeeded year, I sadly bore my weight of woe With many a silent tear.

But now! All that is past and gone, My cup is filled with joys My wildest dreams are realized, At last I am the boy.

For chancing on a photograph It thrilled my heart to see, That mighty Honus Wagner is Bowlegged, just like me!

G. S. APPLEGARTH

One of Them Tells How the Habit Keeps Them From Holding Good Pieces.

"In all those months I was in the hospital somebody ought to have warned me, I think," said the trained nurse, "of course I had it from the folks at home that I snored a little, but I never took it seriously until I went on my first case. I found then that it is a serious matter for a nurse to snore."

"I took the case from a nurse whose own health had broken down. The patient was nervous and excited over the contemplated change, and that made my ordeal more severe; a brand new case of my own would have been much easier. Still, we got along fairly well together the first half of the night. He was a kindly man, and soon after midnight he insisted that I should try to get some sleep. I didn't think I'd catch a wink, but by and by I dozed off. It was a fatal sleep the next morning the patient's sister told me about the snoring."

"I was could not rest at all," she said. "I heard you in the next room."

"Before night I was looking for another job. Of course I did not have to give up nursing entirely, but the hard cases, where I am required to keep awake every second, are open to me. All those soft snappers that give you a chance to sleep half the night are beyond the reach of the snoring nurse."

Telephone Snipe. A "telephone snipe" is a man who habitually uses some other man's telephone at no other expense to himself than a "thank you." He flourishes, perhaps, because he is not a game bird.

What Men Escape. Of course men have their little worries and troubles, but they don't have to go to bed at night after night with their faces smeared with complexion ointment.—Galveston News.

Nene May Shirk. Every hand is wanted in this world that can do a little genuine, sincere work.—George Elliot.

Asbestos Shingles. Asbestos shingles are now being manufactured in this country with success, and the trade has grown enormously. The new products are of the lightest weight, and fireproof up to a temperature of 2,000 and more degrees. They are proof against acids and weather, and last as long as a concrete building will.

Made Nest Escape. Not so long ago knowledge of Latin was essential to an orator, and long quotations from the Roman poets embellished every debate. James Fawn the novelist was once at a dinner party where he was asked to give a Latin quotation.

Early Type of Letters. The type of letters in early manuscripts was the same as that of those used on the modern printed page, and in fact, the only difference was in the size of the letters.

Horse Pedometers. The whorls of hair on the coats of horses and other animals are natural pedometers, inasmuch as they register the locomotive activities of the animals on whose bodies they are found.

The best examples and the greatest number of these hairy whorls are found on the domestic horse. A notable instance is in the case of a horse named "Old Bill," who was found to have traveled a distance of 100 miles in a single day.

A study of the action of the underlying muscles explains the origin of these peculiarities in the lay of the hair and furnishes the justification for the use of the pedometer, although the analogy is, of course, merely superficial.

The Good's Best Held. Dr. Miner Lee Bates, the president of Hiram college, was talking at a tea in Hiram, O., about education.

"They say that it is the best of all things," he said, "but there is one educational institution that is already larger than all other institutions combined, and that maintains a year for a steady growth. I refer to marriage."

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