

JULY

some zealot wishing to make it appear that the Apostle taught a Trinity similar to that of the creeds. Quite to the contrary. The Apostle taught

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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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.

Invited Guests.

A crowd of troubles passed him by as he with courage waited. He said, "Where do you troubles fly, when you are thus related?" "We go," they said, "to those who mope, who look on life dejected, who weakly say 'good-bye' to hope, we go where we're expected."

ALLEGRO GETS FIRST PLACE.

The Jones Brothers Win by 20 Seconds over the Laura.

EXCITING CANOE EVENTS.

Aquatic Sports Excel in Interest Owing to New Features. Fireworks End Day.

The forty-eighth annual regatta of the Riverton Yacht Club, on July 4, was enlivened by several new events in the aquatic sports which occupied the afternoon. Among them were water polo, the Riverton sweep, in which the contestants exchanged canoes and regained their own during the course of the race. A pushboat race was also arranged for, but as only one contestant put in an appearance, Harold Warner, of Palmyra, he was awarded the prize and no race was run.

Three classes were entered in the sailing race in the morning—five one-designers, four cruisers and two catboats, one of the latter being Lee Cook's famous Sea Gull, which has not been in a race for several seasons for the want of a contestant, his being the only boat in this class in the Club after several former catboat owners took up the one-designer or motor boats.

The one-designers got away at 10:35 with the Indian leading, Allegro second and Laura third. These races are nearly always won by the Laura, but yesterday the honors went to the Allegro sailed by the Jones brothers, whose father is the owner. As the race crossed the line they were greeted by a burst of enthusiastic cheers, for to beat the veteran captain of the Laura is conceded to be a high honor indeed.

In the cruiser class the Tekama was the first to cross the finishing line, and there is some uncertainty about the awarding of the prize, which may go to the Tekta, second to finish, on time allowance. Likewise third place may go to the Tub on time allowance, though she finished fourteen minutes later than the Kid.

When the catboats started at 10:45 Tom, the new cat, sailed by R. A. Light, lost about three minutes in getting across the line, having run aground just as the starting gun was about to be fired. After sailing one leg of the first lap of the course her captain withdrew, leaving the honors to the Sea Gull undisputed.

Course No. 3 was sailed, twice around, a distance of ten miles, which the fastest boat, the Tekama, covered in an hour and fifty-two minutes.

Summaries:
ONE-DESIGNERS—Start 10:35.
Boat and owner Finish Elap. T.
No. 2, W. McL. Jones.....12:24:00 1:50:00
No. 1, A. G. Cook.....12:24:30 1:50:20
No. 3, Biddle Bros.....12:25:00 2:01:15
No. 3, Biddle Bros.....12:25:23 2:01:23
No. 7, Nokomis, Watkins.....12:29:25 2:04:23
and Leina.....12:29:25 2:04:23

CRUISERS—Start 10:40.
Tekama, J. H. Reese.....12:32:26 1:52:26
Tekta, O. H. Mattis.....12:34:33 1:54:33
Kid, Dr. J. M. Hill.....12:36:50 1:56:50
Tub, J. F. Waddington.....12:50:46 2:01:46

CATBOATS—Start 10:45.
Sea Gull, Lee Cook.....12:53:12 2:08:12

The canoe events in the afternoon resulted as follows:

Tub race—Wesley Lloyd first, Henry Thompson, Lloyd Murphy.

Men's doubles—Paul Ridley and Ed. Faunce first, Howard Hickey and Walter Eichner.

Pig-headed race—Ed. Faunce first, Biddle Frisbush.

Men's four—Walter Wright, Arthur Hall, Ed. Faunce, Francis Keating first, Robert Thomas, Howard Hickey, Walter Eichner, B. Shovel.

Ladies doubles—Rita Reath and Elizabeth Griffin first, Elsie Wright and Ethel Mattis.

Men's singles—Robert Thomas first, Ed. Faunce.

Ladies singles—Ethel Mattis first, Marjorie Marcy.

Riverton sweep—Biddle Frisbush first, Ed. Faunce.

Mixed doubles—Robert Thomas and Ed. Faunce first, Howard Hickey and Ed. Faunce.

Canoe polo—Biddle Frisbush first, Arthur Hall.

Tiling contest—R. B. Frisbush and C. Shovel first, W. Eichner and R. Thomas.

Standing on gunwales—R. B. Frisbush and C. Shovel first, B. Shovel and H. Hickey.

Mrs. Amy Sharp and daughter, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John M. Hughes.

WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET for Riverton and Vicinity

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rue went to Water Gap, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Brown went to Bushkill, Pa., Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Collings went to Sea Side Park, Wednesday.

Llewellyn W. Collings was at the Chalfonte, Atlantic City, Monday.

Mrs. B. H. Schaff entertained Miss Irene Hecker over the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Parry spent Saturday and Sunday at Wildwood.

Mrs. David Warner, of Merchantville, spent Sunday with friends in Riverton.

Miss Elsie Eval entertained a week-end party of friends from Philadelphia.

Miss Eva Worth, of Philadelphia, spent the Fourth with Mrs. B. H. Schaff.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale B. Fitter spent Saturday and Sunday near Caldwell.

Miss Eva White, of Philadelphia, spent the Fourth with Mrs. Charles Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nichols spent Sunday at Metuchen with Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Hulings.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Oster, of Merchantville, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Caley.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Nichols and daughter, Miss Eugenie, spent the week-end at Atlantic City.

George Riley moved from Main street to Camden on Wednesday. J. B. Watson had the work in charge.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Evans have returned from Wildwood and gone to their home at Oak Lane.

It is rumored that the Hunter Sisters at New Albany have received a second Black Hand letter demanding money.

Mrs. H. H. Buckman returned to her home in Jacksonville, Fla., Saturday, after spending a week with Mrs. H. A. Pilsbury.

J. S. Coale and family, R. Biddle, 2d, H. H. Lippincott and family, H. Lippincott and family went to Cresco, Pa., Wednesday.

The artistic decoration of the Yacht Club House for the Fourth was the work of Walter C. Wright and a corps of willing assistants.

During the heavy thunder storm Saturday night lightning struck and wrecked the chimney on William Shannon's house on Thomas avenue.

So far as we have learned there were no serious accidents during the day. A few fingers were burned, but eyes and limbs escaped injury.

The horse attached to the Hunter Sisters milk wagon ran away Monday morning, but did not damage beyond breaking a few bottles.

Ruth Brehm, the little daughter of Theodore L. Brehm, of Thomas avenue, was taken very ill last Friday with what seemed to be infantile paralysis.

An ice cream festival will be held on July 10th in Roberts Hall for the benefit of the Shepherd Home in Haddonfield. Tickets 15c, including ice cream and cake.

A children's entertainment consisting of tableaux and music will be given in Christ Church parish house, Tuesday, July 9, at 8 P. M., in aid of the sufferers in Jamaica, W. I. Admission 25c.

Just after the Columbia left the pier yesterday morning the stern hawser became entangled in the propeller, and the boat drifted several hundred feet down stream before it could be extricated.

The electrical storm Saturday night did about \$500 worth of damage to the telephone service of the Riverton exchange. Two cables were burned out and 350 telephones put out of commission.

Captain Coddington, Paul Good and Frank Coddington went to Atlantic City Friday after the Captain's new boat, "Mabel." They started on their return trip early Saturday morning, and arrived home Sunday afternoon.

The usual dance of the evening of July 3rd, at the Lawn House, was given last Wednesday. One of the largest assemblies that ever graced that hospitable mansion was there, and thoroughly enjoyed the vision of beauty, consisting in part of the decoration and beautifully-gowned ladies. The music was the best for years, and all pronounced it a great success.

George Love, a colored man from Philadelphia, employed at the Lawn House, stole a watch and \$12 in cash from Oscar Speight, a fellow employee, Tuesday evening about 9:30, and left for Philadelphia on the 7:17 train. Marshall Quigley was notified and at once sent a description of the man and watch to Police Headquarters, in the city. On Wednesday he was notified that the man had been captured.

The daily and Mount Holly papers contained an item this week to the effect that "Heret Hemphill, of Riverton," had been committed to the county jail charged with attempting to steal an automobile from Edwin M. Brock, at Beverly. "Hemphill" does not live at Riverton, and his name is spelled Hemple. He is the son of Joseph Hemple, living in Palmyra. The lad's parents are in Europe at present.

In attempting to pass a farm wagon, one from the front, and the other from the rear, two automobiles collided in front of Keating's hotel late Monday afternoon and were partially wrecked. One car belong to the Autocar Sales Co., Philadelphia, and carried Pennsylvania license No. 9022. It was run by J. P. Brown, salesman. The other was a Babette Soap Company car, New Jersey license No. 25549, but the four occupants refused to give their names. It is thought the men were not injured beyond some severe bruises.

Rev. N. D. Stahl, of Calvary Presbyterian Church, received a telephone message on the morning of the Fourth, saying his wife had met with an accident on her way from Pittsburgh to Riverton. She had injured one foot, and suffered greatly all night on the train. Upon her arrival at 9:40 a. m., she was met by her husband and Dr. Marcy and was taken to the Lawn House where she will be confined to her bed for several days. Dr. Stahl was quite upset by the news, but with his usual fortitude, delivered the address in the morning without anyone suspecting the stress of mind under which he was laboring.

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AT COMPTON'S

Phone 54-A



SPECIAL IN RIBBONS

Plaid and Striped Ribbons for Fancy Work at 25c per yard.

Messaline and Taffeta for Hair Ribbons.

Wash and Satin Ribbon, 5-yard pieces at 10c a piece.

MRS. ALFRED SMITH

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

Mrs. C. C. Collings went to Brooklyn, N. Y., Saturday.

Miss Mae Brown spent Saturday with her aunt at Woodbury.

John Keating, of Philadelphia, is spending a week with his mother.

Miss Gladys Dawson spent Monday with friends in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Rebecca Hughes is spending a week with her son, J. M. Hughes.

Riverton A. A. defeated the Pothe Collegians yesterday by the score of 8-0.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Jones, of Camden spent Saturday with his father, W. H. Jones.

Harry Williams, of Camden, spent Saturday with his mother, Mrs. George Williams.

Miss Hogan, of Millville, has returned home after spending a week with Mrs. E. S. Dickman.

Miss Martin and Miss Naomi Styles, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Mrs. Charles Stackhouse.

Mrs. Ashburner and family left today for "Pine Knot," Pt. Pleasant, where they will spend the summer.

The twilight services on the lawn last night were largely attended and the new order of service was well received.

Miss Gladys Dawson entertained Misses Esther Beers, Hazel Tourance, Jane Burgess, Albert Beers, James McCafferty, Fred. Boathic, Daniel Burgess, of Philadelphia, over the Fourth.

Lecture on Sewerage Disposal.

The illustrated lecture on sewerage disposal, by George W. Fuller, of New York City, in the public school last Friday night, was not as well attended as it should have been, the auditorium being barely half filled.

Mr. Fuller dealt with sewerage disposal by the Inhoff method in a general way and made no attempt to advocate any of the four plans submitted to the people by the sewer committee in a circular letter last week. Mr. Fuller's remarks were illustrated by lantern slides showing Inhoff tanks in operation in Germany. He said that if it is successfully operated the tanks require faithful attention, and a careful observance of the rules governing their operation, rather than the services of a skilled specialist, as some seemed to think.

Pugh, one of the city engineers of Philadelphia, was present at the meeting in behalf of those who were opposed to placing the disposal plant anywhere within the borough limits, and made an address against the advisability of such a plan.

While it was not the purpose of the meeting to discuss location at all, the subject came up several times, and the attitude of the audience clearly indicated that there was a very strong sentiment among those present against placing the plant anywhere in the borough.

Arrivals at The Lawn House.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Schermerhorn, Mrs. R. Leinau, Mr. and Mrs. C. Harding, J. J. Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Hollis, Miss Hollis, Mrs. J. W. Thomson, Miss Gertrude M. Lindsay, T. R. Biddle de Quelin, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Goldy, C. S. Goldy, B. M. Tomlinson, Miss Piper, S. Earl Haines, Paul B. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cram, Mrs. J. K. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jolley, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Crispin, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Riley, Mary N. Hendrie, Dr. and Mrs. George Crampton, Philadelphia.

Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Cumpston, Harpers Ferry, Va.

Miss J. T. Tigger, Hampton, Va.

Miss Imogene Goddard, Miss Elsie B. Finkham, Lynn, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wilson, Mrs. J. A. Bower, New York City.

Miss Helen Scull, R. H. Bogle, Atlantic City.

Charles D. Moore, Bellewood, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Coolbaugh, Miss Coolbaugh, Germantown.

Mrs. N. P. Stahl, New Castle, Del.

T. C. Clothier, Haverford, Pa.

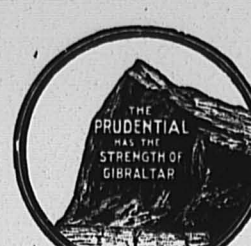
J. V. Hastings, Jr., Byram Mawr, Pa.

C. P. Mitchell, Besons, France.

Juan Lopez de Beriodano, Buenos Ayres, S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Ridley, A. R. Earnshaw, Harold Armitage, Miss Marie E. Leinau.

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of The Prudential provides for a first year's premium approximating the premium charged by participating companies. The second year's premium is reduced to a figure slightly lower than The Prudential's regular rate and stays the same until maturity of policy.

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People's Column

Open to a free discussion of all topics of general interest, it only being required that the Publisher have the name of the writer.

Don't Know.

Riverton, N. J., July 3, 1912.

Editor THE NEW ERA.

Dear Sir—The taxpayers will soon be called upon to decide on a plan for sewage disposal; false issues or personalities should not be injected.

The lecturer last Friday night developed useful discussions, but unfortunately unwarranted criticisms against the borough administration crept in.

It is indeed a short-sighted policy to criticize the sewer committee because of the four plans submitted to the people, were not called together at that time to decide on a plan, but to learn something about sewage disposal.

Thorough and pains-taking work has been devoted to the subject, and an unbiased commendation should be given to borough officials.

Contrast their desire to fully inform us, with the procedure prevalent in many communities where municipal projects are in progress.

We should be grateful, and encourage instead of hamper men who are competent and willing to serve us without compensation.

Very truly,

H. E. MOYER.

The House Fly Is a Disease Carrier.

The facts and figures of this is supplied by Dr. L. O. Howard, Chief of the U. S. Bureau of Entomology.

As the local Board has made an effort to control the breeding of flies by covering the manure pits, the natural breeding place of 90 per cent. of flies, it is now the question of getting rid of the living flies. Each female fly lays 120 eggs at one time and four such lots during a life time, and each egg matures to an adult fly in fourteen days, if we take from the first of April to the first of September following, her family will have reached 5,598,720,000, providing they all live. Again, as disease carriers, Dr. Howard states that the average of 414 flies was found on a new bacterium for each fly. These figures are so astounding as to require stringent measures for the extermination of all flies, and with this object in view the Board has made arrangements with Mr. S. J. Coddington to receive, count and pay to each and every person two cents a hundred for dead flies.

Up to the present time, July 2nd, 1912, the Board has received, counted and paid for 108,355 flies. It is the duty of all to aid and assist in the destruction of these dangerous pests.

CHARLES STREET MILLS, Secretary.

Horticultural Field Meeting.

The Sixth Summer Field Meeting of The New Jersey State Horticultural Society will be held Wednesday, July 17, 1912, at the home of H. W. Collingwood, "Hope Farm," Woodcliff Lake, Bergen County, at 10:30 a. m.; and at Tietz's "Pear Grove Farms" at 1:30 p. m.

It is proposed to make a demonstration of pruning in different ways the leading feature of the day's discussion.

Please notify Hermon Tietz, Westwood R. D. No. 2, if you expect to be present and the number of your party, that lunch may be provided, for which a moderate charge will be made.

Ladies are especially invited to attend all meetings of this Society.

The attention of the people of the State is again called to the great importance of New Jersey making a creditable exhibition at the Second American Land and Irrigation Exposition to be held in New York City, November 15 to December 2, 1912. If any one can help in this important undertaking, please work with your County Committee or notify the Secretary, Elmer Bradshaw, State House, Trenton, N. J.

The visitors at that Exposition should have this opportunity to learn that New Jersey offers just as great, if not greater inducements for fruit growers and farmers than the greatly advertised lands of the far West.

Howard G. Taylor, Secretary, R. D. No. 1, Riverton, N. J.

History of Canary Wine.

Canary wines have been known for centuries, and winemaking has been an important industry, although lately Madeira has outpointed it in the competition. The grapevine was taken to the Canary Islands from Crete in the fifteenth century.

The Fourth in Riverton.

The celebration of Independence Day started with the children's flag parade at 9:30 in the morning, with 800 children from two to twelve years in line. They marched from the station to the river bank, where an address was delivered by the Rev. N. F. Stahl, of the Presbyterian church. There was a band concert on the lawn during the afternoon, and the program closed with fireworks in the evening.

Christ Church, Riverton.

Rector, Rev. John Rigg, B. D.

Services for July 7th, fifth Sunday after Trinity:

7:30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

10:15 a. m., Sunday School and Bible classes.

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

5:00 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.

The Rector invites questions on matters ecclesiastical, spiritual and biblical, which he will answer at the evening service on Fridays.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

Rev. N. F. Stahl, D. D., pastor.

Services next Sunday as follows:

9:45 a. m., Sunday School.

10:45 a. m., morning service.

8 p. m., evening service.

Rev. Stahl will be at the Lawn House until further notice.

WHO WOULDN'T BE TEACHER?

Here is a Schedule of Her Daily Tasks, With an Estimate of Her Pay.

A school teacher is a person who teaches things to people when they are young.

The teacher comes to school at 8:30 o'clock, and when she has gotten enough children for a mess in her room, she teaches them reading, writing, geography, grammar, arithmetic, music, drawing, cooking, board sewing, crocheting, dress making, bird calls, scientific eating, patriotism, plain and fancy bathing, forestry, civics and other sciences too numerous to mention. When school is out she stays behind with five or six of her worst scholars and tries to save the state a job of reforming them later on. After that she hurries home to make herself a new dinner and attach a hasty supper before going back to attend a lecture by an imported specialist on the history of tribal law in Patagonia, which the superintendent thinks may give her some information which may be useful in her school work some day. A great many lecturers roam the country preying on school teachers and some of them are very cruel, talking to them so long that the poor things have to sit up till morning, when they get home, to get their daily tea papers corrected.

School teachers' salaries range from \$20 a month up, but not far enough up to make them dizzy. On her salary the teacher must dress nicely, buy herself things for her work which the city is too poor to convert a year to twenty lectures and concerts, go to buy helpful books on pedagogy, pay her way to district, county and state institutes, and enjoy herself during a three months' vacation which her salary takes every year. In addition the teacher is supposed to board a vast sum of money, so that when she becomes too nervous and cross to teach, at the age of fifty or thereabouts, she can retire and live happily ever after on her income.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

CLOCKS AFFECTED BY COLD

Change in Weather Causes Oil in Bearings to Get Gummy and Hard.

Two or three times in the course of a month this man's clock had stopped with no apparent reason, for when he swung the pendulum it would start off again and run all right. But it also now began to display another eccentricity; occasionally it would strike once about 15 minutes before the hour and then strike the rest of the strokes for that hour at the regular time. So he thought he had better take it to the clock-maker.

There on a shelf behind the counter he saw ranged along a dozen or more clocks of almost as many styles.

"All patients," said the clockmaker, "and most of them with slight ailments like yours. We always have many clocks brought in with colds. They run all right, but when nasty weather comes the oil on the bearings gets hard and gummy and then the clock is liable to stop. It needs cleaning and reoiling."

"It is always so; we have more clocks brought in to us when the weather is bad than at any other season."

CARE CONVENIENCE SAFETY

BANKING SERVICE

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Little Kindnesses.

You gave on the way a pleasant smile
And thought no more about it;
It cheered a life that was sad and the while
That might have been wrecked without it;
And so for the smile and its fruitage fair
You'll reap a crown sometime—some-
where.

You spoke one day a cheering word,
And passed to other duties;
It warmed a heart, new promise stirred,
And painted a life with beauties.
And so for the word and its fruitage fair
You'll reap a palm sometime—some-
where.

You lent a hand to a fallen one,
A lift in kindness given;
It saved a soul on the way to none,
And won a heart for heaven;
And so for the help you proffered—some-
where
—D. G. Bickers, in Our Dumb Animals.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

Sewer Laid to Wrong Grade, Joins Body Made, Construction Faulty, But All Disclaim Responsibility. Cost \$100 to Fix It.

Most of the time and energy of the Borough Council, in regular monthly session last night, were devoted to an attempt to place the responsibility of the eighth street sewer being laid to the wrong grade. To this end Contractor Byrnes, Engineer Haines, Inspector Perkins and Foreman Clelland were examined. They all agreed that it was wrong, but when it came to placing the fault that was another matter. The Engineer was very sure that he gave the right grade, which he says was plainly marked. The Inspector was equally certain he followed the grade, except on the last 45 feet to the manhole, where he raised it about three inches. Mr. Perkins said the grade had seemed to him to be wrong, but that he supposed the engineer knew what he was about, so followed his figures. Robert Clelland, foreman for Louis Corner, who relaid the pipe to the proper grade, said the pipe was not laid uniformly, and that many of the joints were so badly made that they leaked; also that there was a dip in the line which effectively trapped the sewer, forcing the water out at the top of the joints. Notwithstanding this, Contractor Byrnes assured the Councilmen that he had done a strictly first-class job—as good as any man could do.

When Councilman Biddle asked who was going to pay the \$97.33 which had been spent to put the sewer in a workable condition, there was a scramble for cover. The Inspector said he was certainly not responsible for a dollar of it, for he had followed the grade given to him. The Engineer said he certainly did not give a grade that ran the sewer a foot too low, but if Council thought he was responsible for the grade, the poor construction, the defective joints, and all the other ills from which this piece of sewer was suffering, he would pay the whole bill. He left it with that body. The matter of responsibility was held for further consideration.

The highway committee reported that the Borton sidewalk on Thomas avenue had been repaired to the satisfaction of the owner.

The special sewer committee reported the illustrated lecture held on the 28th of June, with a slim attendance.

Also that the application made to the Township Committee and Board of Health of Palmyra Township, to build a sewage disposal plant in Palmyra, had not been officially acknowledged.

A resolution was passed to pay off a \$200 note on the sidewalk account.

The following bills were ordered paid:
Public Service Gas Co. \$179.58
Cinnaminson Elec. L. P. & H. Co. 70.27
William Quigley, salary 60.00
Walter Miller, salary 60.00
Wanamaker & Brown, uniforms 40.00
B. H. Plagg, Jr., lunning 1.20
W. L. Bowen, printing 7.75
George W. Fuller, services 100.00
Walter L. Bowen, printing 21.85
New York Calcium Light Co. 2.75
Camden State Deposit & Trust Co., interest 12.28
Cinnaminson National Bank, interest 7.51
Louis Corner, electricity 25.26
L. F. Lowder 4.91
J. S. Collins & Son 30.90
Lambertville Stone Quarry Co. 117.72
Louis Corner, work on sewer 350.48

Mrs. James Hemphill spent the weekend at Sea Isle City.

J. Shovel is having new awnings made for his home on the river bank by Parker, the Palmyra upholsterer.

Miss Elsie Cartledge, Miss Marie H. Brown, and F. G. Brown spent Monday at the Chalfonte, Atlantic City.

Mrs. E. H. Nicely returned to her home at St. Louis, Wednesday, after spending several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Mattie, Jr.

WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET

for Riverton and Vicinity

Miss Helen Lippincott went to Cresco, Pa., Saturday.

James C. Clark and family spent Sunday at Wildwood.

Miss Elsie Cartledge went to Bridgeport, Conn., Tuesday.

Mrs. A. W. Herr is entertaining Mrs. Connor, of Philadelphia.

Dr. and Mrs. C. S. Mills are on a trip through the Eastern States.

Mrs. N. F. Stahl, who sprained her ankle last week, is improving.

C. M. Biddle, Jr., and family are spending the summer at Cresco, Pa.

Miss Dorothy Soast, of Camden, is visiting Mrs. P. A. Houghtaling.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hendrickson and child went to Cape May Saturday.

Miss E. Mason, of Millville, spent the week-end with Mrs. Watson Richman.

Mrs. John J. Reese is visiting her mother, Mrs. A. A. Clay, at Wilcox, Pa.

Mrs. Wilson, of Thomas avenue, is entertaining her daughter from Havana.

H. C. Worrell spent Thursday with his mother at Mount Holly, who is seriously ill.

Miss Nettie Fauce and Miss Jennie Griffenberg spent Sunday at Atlantic City.

A valuable horse belonging to Louis Corner dropped dead yesterday from the heat.

Miss Elizabeth Lippincott and Miss Gertrude S. Roberts have gone to Bermuda.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cole, of Camden, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel R. Cole.

Mrs. William R. Evans, of Oak Lane, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Cole.

Mrs. H. B. Hall went to Wilmington Thursday, where she will spend several weeks with relatives.

The Foresters Fife and Drum Corps will not hold any more rehearsals until the first of September.

Mrs. William Lynch entertained Mrs. Fort and daughter, Miss Florence, of Philadelphia, last week.

A valuable bird dog belonging to John H. Reese was killed by an automobile on the evening of the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Groves and family went to Cape May on Monday, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Herbert Evans and daughter will go to Ashbury Park Saturday, where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Miller, Mrs. S. Robinson and daughters have gone to Europe for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dorrance returned home Monday, after spending several days automobiling near Water Gap.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McIntyre, who are at the Lawn House for the summer, spent several days this week at Beach Haven.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter, who are visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Showell for the summer, spent Sunday with friends at St. David's.

The road on Bank avenue, in front of the Lawn House, which was full of ruts, has been put in a first-class condition by Proprietor C. C. Butler.

Mrs. P. A. Houghtaling, Mrs. H. B. Hall, Mrs. O. J. Scott, Mrs. J. M. Roberts, Mrs. Wilson, and Miss Julia Cook spent Tuesday with Mrs. Seward Tremaine, of Bridgeton.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Shain were tendered a kitchen shower last Saturday night by about sixty friends. A pleasant evening was spent and refreshments served at a late hour.

Miss Louise Paying, of Cinnaminson, entertained the Misses Schwartz and Miss Phillips, of Philadelphia, last week. A strawdine was given Saturday night in honor of her guests.

K. E. Bennett attended the funeral of his partner in the lumber business, C. W. Menger, which took place at New Bern, N. C., last Friday. Mr. Bennett expects to return home Sunday.

The Married Men defeated the Single Men Wednesday afternoon 10-9.

One of his men behind the bat, and one on first base—but what's the use?

Miss Ada Williams has recovered from her recent illness and has taken up her work of housekeeping. She will be in Riverton as formerly. Her patrons extend to her their most cordial welcome.

Sunday base ball playing at Riverside has been stopped by the authorities of that town, and county authorities promise to take a hand if local authorities in other river front towns do not act at once to enforce the law.

On Tuesday Marshal Quigley went to Philadelphia and recovered the goods stolen by Edward B. Love from Oscar Speight, and a part of the money. He is only awaiting requisition papers to take Love to Mount Holly for trial.

During the week S. J. Coddington, on behalf of the Board of Health, has purchased 141,000 flies at 2c per hundred. The flies are accepted in traps, or on fly paper, the only requirement being that they shall be caught in the borough.

William Radcliffe, who was arrested here several weeks ago for assault and battery, and was sent to Mount Holly jail, was taken to Washington last Saturday by W. S. Marshal Graham, to answer a charge of fraudulent use of the mails.

Court No. 98, Foresters of America, was taken by surprise last Tuesday night by the appearance of the following State officers: Grand Chief Philip, of Jersey City; Past Chief Luke, of Camden; Grand Secretary Jones, of Perth Amboy; Grand Woodward McKee, of Riverside. The business and duties of the Court were quickly attended to, and the balance of the evening spent in speech-making. The State officers gave Court 98 praise for the success and good work they are doing, which means hard and energetic work from every member. Deputies Morris Steele, McDermott, Schuler and L. E. had very entertaining speeches. After the close of Court they went to Bastian's ice cream parlor for refreshments.

The regular meeting of the Alpha Club was held at the home of August Weber and a very pleasant evening spent. Mr. Weber, supported by Mr. Frederick Jaep, Mr. Clemens Haas, Miss Elizabeth Graham, and Miss Agnes Kooker, gave a pleasing one-act sketch entitled "Whose Who, or Lost in a Fog." Mrs. Weber served a delightful luncheon, after which Miss Beale Haas and Miss Agnes Kooker gave recitations with much applause. The feature of the evening was a small booklet designed and made by Mr. Weber which was given to each one present, as a souvenir of the occasion.

Arrivals at The Lawn House.
Dr. M. Blix, Dr. and Mrs. George Crumpton, Mrs. A. B. Crane, Mrs. J. B. Herons, Miss Herons, Dr. D. S. B. Penock, Miss A. E. Watkins, Mrs. William Whitman, Philadelphia.
Miss M. A. Neal, Miss E. P. Stewardson, Chestnut Hill.
Mrs. N. H. Crane, Baltimore, Md.
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lewis, Miss Dorothy Thomas, Riverton.

Christ Church, Riverton.
Rector, Rev. John Rigg, B. D.
Services for July 7th, fifth Sunday after Trinity:
7.30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.
10.15 a. m., Sunday School and Bible class.
11 a. m., Matins, Litany and sermon.
6.00 p. m., Evensong and sermon by the rector.
There will be no services during the week as the Rector expects to be away from Monday until Saturday.

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Try a can of Kipperd Herring

10 cents

Soused Mackerel

18 cents

AT
COMPTON'S

Phone 54-A



SPECIAL IN RIBBONS

Plaids and Striped Ribbons for Fancy Work at 25c per yard.

Messaline and Taffeta for Hair Ribbons.

Wash and Satin Ribbon, 5-yard pieces at 10c a piece.

MRS. ALFRED SMITH

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

They said he owed nothing when he died. A little inquiry showed he had not provided for his chief creditors—his family. This debt is best discharged through a life insurance policy in the

Peon Mutual Life
Philadelphia
Represented by
H. E. Floyer

People's Column

Open to a free discussion of all topics of general interest, it only being required that the Publisher have the name of the writer.

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
RIVERTON, N. J.

July 10, 1912.

To the Citizens of Riverton:
I desire to express my sincere thanks and appreciation for the splendid order and quiet during the period devoted to the celebration of Independence Day. I have been congratulated orally and by letter, and I am sure that everyone who helped to produce this happy condition of affairs will feel gratified. No serious accident marred the occasion in our borough.

I desire to extend my personal thanks to everyone for the courtesy shown my request.

Very truly yours,
E. H. FLAGG, Jr.,
Mayor.

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Dr. M. Blix, Dr. and Mrs. George Crumpton, Mrs. A. B. Crane, Mrs. J. B. Herons, Miss Herons, Dr. D. S. B. Penock, Miss A. E. Watkins, Mrs. William Whitman, Philadelphia.
Miss M. A. Neal, Miss E. P. Stewardson, Chestnut Hill.
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The New Premium Reduction Policy

of The Prudential provides for a first year's premium approximating the premium charged by participating companies. The second year's premium is reduced to a figure slightly lower than The Prudential's regular rate and stays the same until maturity of policy.



The Prudential

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

Keith's Theatre.

The season's greatest comedy bill at Keith's Theatre will be enjoyed during the mid-week of July, beginning with the 15th inst.

The supreme cynicism of this program of headline features is Clark & Hamilton, one of the most recent and by far the most interesting importation from England where this most accomplished pair have been great favorites for a considerable period. It was while taking a vacation in this country after a protracted season at the London Empire that these superb character artists were induced to accept a few weeks engagement, and Philadelphia profits by one of them. Patrons of vaudeville in this city will find in the beautiful Miss Hamilton and in the ginger Bert Clark one of the great treats of the vaudeville year.

Another delightful treat, but of quite a different nature, will be the excellent vocal work of the original Old Homestead double quartet, made famous by the late Danman Thompson. "The Old Homestead" played from coast to coast to enthusiastic admirers of three generations, and the vocal work of the octette is one of the features of this immortal play of homely rural life of New England. In the costumes of the original drama and scenery of the same, this tuneful eight will sing many of the songs that delighted the millions in times past, interspersed with a few of the new.

Horticultural Field Meeting.

The Sixth Summer Field Meeting of The New Jersey State Horticultural Society will be held Wednesday, July 17, 1912, at the home of H. W. Colling, "Hope Farm," Woodcliff Lake, Bergen County, at 10.30 a. m.; and at Tice's "Pear Grove Farms" at 1.30 p. m.

It is proposed to make a demonstration of pruning in different ways the leading feature of the day's discussions.

Please notify Herman Tice, Westwood R. D. No. 2, if you expect to be present and the number of company, that lunch may be provided, for which a moderate charge will be made.

Ladies are especially invited to attend all meetings of this Society.

The attention of the people of the State is again called to the great importance of New Jersey making a creditable exhibition at the Second American Land and Irrigation Exposition to be held in New York City, November 15 to December 2, 1912. If any one can help in this important undertaking, please work with your County Committee or notify the Secretary, Elmer Bradshaw, State House, Trenton, N. J.

The visitors at that Exposition should have this opportunity to learn that New Jersey offers just as great, if not greater inducements for fruit growers and signers than the greatly advertised lands of the far West.

Howard G. Taylor, Secretary,
R. D. No. 1, Riverton, N. J.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

Rev. N. F. Stahl, D. D., pastor.
Services next Sunday as follows:
9.45 a. m. Sunday School.
10.45 a. m., morning service.
8 p. m., evening service.

Queer Sign Posts.

In the neighborhood of Warmbrunn, in the Silesian mountains, there are to be found some very curious signposts. One seen by a writer in the Wide World Magazine represents a farm laborer sharpening his scythe, on which is inscribed, in the old Silesian dialect, "To Giers Village, One Hour." The signpost is well carved and painted in natural colors, so that it appears very life-like. Another signpost in the same district represents a schoolboy carrying a slate bearing the name of the nearest village, toward which the boy is pointing.

Queer Way of Fishing.

A curious mode of fishing is in vogue at Cochlin, South India. The large nets are let down into the water on bamboo cranes and then suddenly hoisted up by means of an arrangement of weights and pulleys. The catch principally consists of large prawns. The fishermen are of a low caste, known as Malars. They eat pork, and each man has a small plot of rice by the riverside which provides him with sustenance when the fishing is slack.—Wide World Magazine.

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Old 'Ninety-Seven'

Every day at just such an hour the old man entered the yard and walked slowly up and down among the engines, lingering longest around old "97," the huge, high-smoke-stacked locomotive, still on duty, but soon to be retired and devoted to a most inglorious end by means of a sham collision.

A few of the blue-janned heroes around the depot objected more or less vigorously to the presence of the stranger, for it is a dangerous place for the nimble and quick-eyed, and the old man was half blind, and his ears were closed to even the shrill whistle of the trains. But some of the men remembered that the bent and feeble veteran was an old engineer, the oldest on the road, and "97" had been for years dearer to him than wife, or child, or friend.

Al Reese had kept his post until five years before, carefully concealing from the argus-eyed inspectors the fact of his partial blindness and infirmity. He had been an engineer for 50 years. It is a matter of history that he took the first train over the road, and "97" was his second love. The first he had gone over a bridge with, after feeling her heart beat quiver through his own breast and feeling her response to a man who looked at the bowels of a train with the eyes of a doctor.

It is a strange thing how a man gets to love a creature of iron and steel. There wasn't an engine along the division kept in better shape than "97." New styles were adopted, and all the late inventions came in, but the "old girl" kept her place, and Al Reese kept her in it by his care.

The old-fashioned brass mountings were as bright as the day they were fitted on, and there wasn't a speck or a bit of dust about her anywhere.

But as time passed on the men began to look half pityingly at the old engineer and whisper that perhaps he would have to be retired before "97" was called in.

"Why, he can't see a foot in front of him," said one of the young fellows, "and it's a mighty risk to let a blind man run an engine!"

The same thought was moving the directors, for they could no longer ignore the fact of his condition. But those who believe corporations have no souls might have learned much if they had witnessed the scene in the superintendent's office when old Al Reese was pensioned and discharged.

The news had been broken to him by a man who looked at the bowels of a train with the eyes of a doctor, and with many tears and at the conclusion of the interview had taken the toll-ward man, that had held the lever for so many years, in his own as a son might have done.

The old engineer lifted his eyes, full of the piteous look the blind have, to his face.

"My trip's about over, anyway," he said, "I don't want to slow up at the terminal on old '97.' But it's all right, sir, it's all right. I might have had some accident on account of my eyes' an' have carried on the folks that way, ready for the last station. But I don't believe I would. I really didn't need to see with her. She was eyes for me; and she had too much sense to go wrong."

"There's just one favor I want to ask, sir: Have 'em let me though the gates whenever she's in from her trips. It'll be a comfort to us both, sir."

For a long time, the engine, under a strong young hand, kept her regular runs. But she got fractious and cranky, and was finally used only in the yards. Old Al never missed his visit to her, though he grew feeble all the time, and seemed to mourn over her changed and neglected appearance.

One day as he leaned against her dull sides, patting her and talking of the days they had passed together, a young switchman, new in the yards and ignorant, stepped up to him.

"This is the last day for old '97,' he called into the dull ears. "Some showmen have bought her, an' they're going to take her down on the siding an' run her off the upper bridge. Two trainloads comin' from Newton to see it, and there'll be fireworks and a great sight."

The old man put his hand to his throat and leaned more heavily against the condemned engine. The young fellow continued:

"Better be here. It'll be a big show. She'll have steam up an' be sent wild. Starts at nine, if it's pretty dark."

He went whistling away to set the switch for the eight o'clock flyer, and the old engineer was left alone. But a flush was on the furrowed face, and the dim eyes burned with a strange light.

"She's ready now," said the director an hour later to a group of trainmen, who had been stoking up the old engine, and hanging her sides with gayly covered banners. "This is her last trip, let her go!"

He threw the throttle wide and as

Quellified.

Manger—"Could you do the land-lord in 'The Lady of Lyons'?" Actor—"Well, I should say so! I've done a good many."—Tattler.

Knowledge Broadens Him.

The more a man knows about this world the more willing he is to put up with the petty faults and vices of his fellows.—Detroit Free Press.

Quellified.

INTERESTING NEWS BITS in and around Palmyra

Miss Viola Persing spent Sunday with her mother in Camden.

Miss Jennie Griffen will spend next week at West Grove, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward King will spend the week-end at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Tacie Parrish entertained the Wednesday Afternoon 500 this week.

Rev. and Mrs. Meinert took an auto trip in their Ford to Bethlehem, Pa., last week.

Russell Roray, of West Philadelphia, spent Tuesday with his aunt, Mrs. A. C. Roray.

Mr. Charles Middleton and daughter, of Collingswood, visited friends in Palmyra Wednesday.

Mrs. E. T. Ziley returned home Wednesday night after spending a week with her daughter in Burlington.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wood and children are spending a month with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kemmerle.

A special congregational meeting of the Presbyterian Church was held Wednesday evening, and it was decided to erect a \$5000 parsonage.

Horace Kauffer, of Five Points, and Miss Priscilla Matlock, of Palmyra, were married last Sunday in the Moravian parsonage by Rev. Meinert.

Saturday, July 27, will be red letter day among the Junior Mechanics of Burlington county, when their annual picnic takes place at Rancocas Park.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Roray and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Greenwalt were entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Morrison, of North Merchantville, Thursday evening.

Mrs. Mary A. Cooke was elected treasurer of the P. O. of A. last night to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Ada Miller, who has filled that position for a number of years.

Frederick Schaeffer, jeweler, at 10 W. Broad street, is selling out his stock of watches and jewelry, below cost to retire from the business. This is a chance to get reliable goods at a very low price.

Mrs. Mame W. Harris and son, Russell, spent the first week of July at Pitman Grove, N. J. On the fourth, Russell won a fine badge, as first prize in a 50-yard dash for boys; there being about a dozen boys taking part in it.

The combination picnic of the Epworth Methodist, Central Baptist and Delmar M. E. Sunday Schools went to Burlington Island on Tuesday. No accidents marred the day and a pleasant time was enjoyed by the several hundred who took the trip.

The State Board of Education on Saturday re-appointed Herman A. Stes as County Superintendent for Burlington county. The appointment is for the term of three years. Mr. Stes' salary has also been advanced from \$2,000 to \$3,000 a year.

Henry Fisher died at his home at New Albany on Wednesday afternoon, and was buried in the Moravian cemetery today. Services were held at his late residence at 2:30, and at the Church at 3:30. Mr. Fisher was 80 years old, and was one of the charter members of the Moravian Church at Five Points.

William Headington, age 68 years, died early Thursday morning, after being ill for several months. Mr. Headington had resided in Palmyra for about twenty-five years. He leaves a widow and three children, Sidney Headington, Miss Lizie Headington, and Mrs. R. P. Farnham. Services will be held at his late residence Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, conducted by Rev. T. J. Benley. Interment will be made in Morgan cemetery, under the direction of Undertaker Morton.

The choir of the Epworth M. E. Church will give an excursion to Atlantic City on the 18th. Fare, adults, \$1.00, children 50 cents. The excursionists will leave Palmyra on the 6:45 a. m. train, connecting with a special train at Camden. It is desired that those intending to go purchase their tickets prior to Tuesday night, so that the management may make sure of having enough cars on the 6:45 to assure comfortable accommodations. Tickets may be had from any of the members of the choir.

Tuberculosis Hospital.
At the meeting of the Board of Freeholders last week J. Aquila Jones, of Lumberton; Charles H. Horner, of Chesterfield and T. Winfield Lund, of Palmyra, were appointed a committee to have plans and specifications prepared and to select a possible site for the proposed tuberculosis hospital to be erected by the county. Action in this matter will be deferred from time to time by the Board, but a statement was made that the State Board of Health had given notice that the time limit for action had about expired and something must be done at once.

Methodist Church Notes.
Rev. Samuel Sargent, minister.
Choir rehearsal Saturday night at 8 o'clock.
Services next Sunday as follows:
9:15 a. m., Sunday School.
10:30 a. m., preaching by the minister. Subject, "The Battle for Bread."
7 to 8 p. m., vesper service—song service and preaching by the minister. Subject, "Shanar and His Oz Good."

Moravian Church Notes.
Rev. Paul S. Meinert, M. A. pastor.
9:30 a. m., Sunday School and pastor's Bible class.
10:30 a. m., Litany and sermon by the pastor.

Card of Thanks.
Mrs. James J. Tones and family desire to express their heartfelt gratitude for the many kindnesses and the assistance rendered in their late sudden bereavement, to those who sent flowers, and for the carriages sent to the funeral.

Our lives are songs. God writes the words.
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.
—Bila Wheeler Wilcox.

Shook Causes Death.

The sudden death of James J. Tones at an early hour last Sunday morning, came as a terrible shock not only to his family, but to his host of friends throughout the county.

Mr. Tones was riding his bicycle on Broad street between two and three o'clock Saturday afternoon, when he narrowly escaped being run down by an automobile as it swung around the corner at the station. He was badly scared and went home, where he collapsed, growing steadily worse until death came from failure of heart action, caused by the shock and excitement.

Mr. Tones was 69 years old the first of March last, but was as active as many much younger men. For eighteen years he held the position of special officer for Palmyra Township, and for fifteen years had been elected constable whenever his term expired. Whoever the other aspirants might be it was always conceded that Mr. Tones was to be retained, so generally was his faithfulness and efficiency appreciated. The high esteem in which the deceased was held was shown in many ways, none more striking, perhaps, than the fact that in all parts of the town flags were displayed, draped with black.

Washington Camp No. 23, P. O. S. of A., of which Mr. Tones was a member, held services in his late residence Tuesday night, and at the funeral on Wednesday, a delegation from that order was present. Each municipality in the county also sent a representative of the police department, to convey the high esteem in which he was held by his fellow-officers.

The funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon, conducted by the Rev. J. W. Nickelson, of Williamstown, a former pastor of Epworth M. E. Church, Palmyra. Interment was made in Morgan cemetery.

Field Club Notes.
As usual, the Field Club boys were defeated again last Saturday. This time it was the Florence team that turned the trick; the final score was 6-0, the first shutout of the season. Sweeney was in grand form and only allowed three hits, struck out fourteen men and only gave two bases on balls. This is some twirling and no team could score against such odds. Only one team-made any errors and that was Williams on second—he made three but none of them figured in the run getting.

The Palmyra boys made five errors and three of them figured in Florence's run getting. Three of these errors were made in the first and third innings when the visitors scored three runs. After this it was some game and hadn't Sweeney met one of Bodine's fast ones he wouldn't have made that home run with a man on second, but he did and we give him credit for his hit. Judge Bodine pitched a nice game and deserves a great deal of credit. One inning the visitors led the bases with no one out, and Peacock hit to bat. He hit a roller to Gibbons, who threw to the plate. The next batter put a long fly to left and the runner on third was in too big a hurry and left before the ball was caught—but he would have been out at the plate as Kemmerle made a great throw completing a double play. Kemmerle's arm made another double play when he threw from deep left to first, doubling up Griffith who ran for Sweeney.

The management wishes to thank the loyal rooters for being so faithful and coming out and helping to encourage the youngsters in their game. True we never expected to lead the league, but then we never expected to be at the tail end, but reverses at the first of the season broke our winging combination and Manager Griffith had to build a new infield. It looks good now with P. Gibbons on third, Stack on short and W. Gibbons on second. This has been tried twice and works fine. On Saturday they all played star ball, Stack and K. Gibbons especially so now that there is no chance of coming out on top our best efforts will be made to better our position in the league standing.

This Saturday we go to Roeboling for the last time. Lets hope for the best as we need two or three wins to encourage the youngsters, but remember this, kind rooters, that our team is composed of boys and they are purely amateurs, so I think they are putting up a good fight against great odds.

Squibs.
Herbie Kemmerle is the "prodigal son" for sure. Welcome Herbie. Stack and R. Gibbons played nice ball on Saturday.

Beverly could not stand the strain, so he quit. No quitting for Palmyra. The boys always need an inning or two to get settled.

Two much Sweeney.
Sweeney's home run hit the top of the fence, but went over just the same. Jack Bodine pitched a fine game. He is going to take a fall out of some of the leaders before the season is over.

The next home game will be with the Taubel A. A. on Saturday, July 21st. Save that date for us.

ROOTER.

Field Club Tennis Tournament.
The Field Club tennis team started its career by winning their first tournament. They had as their opponents the Myx's Country Club. The visiting boys started in a rush by winning two sets of singles. Sawyer lost to Fulton, and Hinkle was taken in tow by Longaker. Walt, Gibbons and Gibb put up the star game of the day, but Gibbons beat him 6-3, 6-2. The Field Club boys came back strong in the doubles, winning both sets. Gibbons and Sawyer defeating G. 4, 2 and 8-6. Hinkle and Green were somewhat lucky in winning from Meyers and Sualiz in two straight sets, 6-4 and 7-5. This is a new sport taken up by the Club and it is hoped that our friends will encourage the boys in this new effort.

Hard to Bear.
It is always painful to see somebody else fooling the public.

Christ Church, Palmyra.
Rev. T. J. Benley, rector.
Services at Christ Church, for next Sunday are as follows:
7:30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.
11 a. m., Choral Holy Eucharist and sermon.
8 p. m., choral evensong and sermon.

Baptist Church Notes.

Bible School at 9:30 a. m. Classes for all ages. The Baraca and Philathen classes study the lessons together during the summer. Come and ask your questions and have them answered.

Morning worship 10:45. The church choir and children's choir both sing in the morning. Sermonette for the children. Subject of the regular sermon, "The Place and Power of Prayer."

Tailight service 7 to 8 o'clock, gospel address by Mr. Wendell Wright. Gospel singing, helpful service—come and share it with us.

Regular rehearsal of the pastor's choir on Monday evenings at 7:30.

Prayer meeting Friday evenings at 8 o'clock. The pastor is giving a series of talks illustrated by charts, on the message of the Bible as a whole. All are invited.

REV. CHARLES W. WILLIAMS,
Pastor.

Special Trolley for Field Club Rooters.
The Field Club management have arranged for a special trolley to carry their rooters to Roeboling. The trolley will leave a few minutes before two, Rooters coming on the 1:20 p. m. train from the city will be in plenty of time if they are going to wait for the arrival of that train before leaving. Don't lose heart because the boys have lost most of their games, but come out and help all the more, as they are all young and need encouragement. Fare to Roeboling and return 50c.

ROOTER.

Boy Scouts Benefit.
The Boy Scouts are to have a benefit at the moving picture establishment, P. O. S. of A. Hall, Palmyra, every evening of next week, July 15th to 20th inclusive, for the purpose of buying them Boy Scout uniforms.

The boys have no source of revenue and you are urged to give them your heart support. Tickets 10c each. Extra seats to be shown and the management promises good shows every night. If you do not see any of the boys you can buy your ticket any evening at the box office which will be in charge of one of the boys.

Wisdom for Two
By Joanne Single

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

He considered a woman ahead of him on the road as bad to pass as a hen, so he slowed down his little runabout. Selwyn never took a risk with the lives on foot. He came down the smooth road between its rows of guarding cypress trees aimed toward the sky. He would have to blow the horn again before the slender figure ahead of him would leave the middle of the highway. He saw the girl's hair, yellow in the setting sun.

She did an astonishing thing—wheeled suddenly and spread her slender arms apart, signaling him to stop. He could not lift his hat, for his dark head was already uncovered to the soft California breeze, but he bowed most politely. The girl went crimson—she could not have been more than eighteen, and seemed unable to speak for a moment.

"Are you going to—San Mateo?" "I ought to catch a train."

"Going right there!" he lied in stammering, though much annoyed. "Get in!" He leaped out, helped her to the seat beside him, and cranked up again. Cranking always spoiled his temper. He was silent, when again he took the wheel. She shrunk from him timidly.

"When you see my train due?" He finally asked, speeding up, and passing another machine by a margin that made the girl shiver.

"I don't know," she stammered. How queer this all was! Another mile slipped away beneath them, and the sun was a bit nearer setting. He turned suddenly upon her, suspecting the unusual.

"Look here, you know I'm a stranger, but if anything is wrong, might help you—"

To his consternation she began promptly to cry, tears rolling down her cheeks. She was a mere child, too, and he was nearly thirty. In the glance he saw that she was well bred, well clad—a lady. "I am awfully old and wise—wise enough for two, I will—where's your house?"

"How can you take a train with neither purse nor hat?" She carried not even a handkerchief. Her blue eyes widened with fear.

"I didn't tell you the truth," she said. "I am not running away. That is—I concluded not to run away and I just went down the road—"

"I don't understand. Try to tell me." He was getting impatient.

"Tell me what to do! I'm a stranger here. I came on a trip. My aunt left me a month ago with the Austins while she went to Los Angeles. She took with her, so I have to stay on—and Dickie—"

He knew Dickie Austin altogether too well. He urged her to continue, and noted the sweet curve of her chin and throat.

"Dickie came home from Boston. He—well, he—finally I promised to run away and marry him. And when I looked out of the window and saw him coming with his machine I was frightened. I didn't want to go with him! So I slid out the back door in an instant and went down the wrong road. I asked you to take me up because I was afraid he would find me. I can't tell his mother, and he won't let me alone. I want to find my aunt."

Again she wept. Selwyn was in consternation. He slowed down and thought a little. Pretty fix to be in! But who was it she resembled? Her face was like—like—

"I ought to tell you who I am. I am from St. Paul, Minnesota. I am Kittle—Katharine James—"

His face was clear again. "Ab—Clara's little sister! Don't you remember? I spent a Christmas week-end at your house four years ago—John Selwyn! I'll break Dickie Austin's good-for-nothing neck!"

She turned to him. The girl now had her head. She knew now who he was.

"Of course I'll look after you," he said. "What is Mrs. Austin just about, letting her son poster her guest? You surely are not—not do not care for the little wretch!"

She rubbed her arms over her eyes. "It's like a bad dream. He made me think I did until the very last minute. Mrs. Austin always left us together. She is awfully worried about something. I guess it's money. Dickie said he was in trouble and I was sorry for him. He said they would have to give up the place."

"And he thought he would marry you for your father's money?" Kittle had not thought of this, and gave a little scream. "I guess it's time an old friend appeared. Look here, my sister is at a hotel in 'Frisco. I shall take you there tonight, and in the morning we will see."

He turned the machine suddenly, and sent it ahead at terrific speed, retracing the way they had come.

"Is the Austin place that big gray stone place with the palms?"

She nodded an affirmative to his question.

"When are we going? I will be late for dinner, and Dickie will be furious, and will tell his mother anything! She will believe him. Don't go there!" she begged him. "I don't think Austin knew them as well as she ought."

"Or as I do, not! Listen. I am going back with you. Introduce me, let me talk, and do just as I say. Will you?" She pressed him, and again he speeded up the little car.

Dusk was falling when they slid into the Austin place. Mrs. Austin and Dickie came from the porch, followed by other relatives. Selwyn got down, handed out the girl, and took her arm, smiling.

"This is Mr. John Selwyn, Mrs. Austin."

It was all she had to say. Selwyn put out his hand. "Of Chicago," he explained. "How are you, Richard?"

Heaven's sakes! He had been at college days at Harvard—get through? Dick put out his hand. Selwyn knew too much about him. Mrs. Austin was frigidly waiting for more—a queer gleam in her eyes.

"I don't understand," she said. "Kittle, we have been looking for you—"

Selwyn took the matter up. "I do owe you an explanation," he said. "You see I am engaged to Kittle. I came out here to surprise her, and saw her on the road and carried her off for a ride. The engagement was to have been announced as soon as she reached home, and she was to tell her father. Surely you remember me, Mrs. Austin? Met you at my sister's, Mrs. Jackson?"

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"I don't understand,"

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Sea

By Anna Woodward

The Indian ocean was a smooth gray blue, shining in the afternoon sun like a sheet of polished steel.

Every now and then fifty or a hundred flying fish would spring from the water, skim for some distance and drop into the sea like a shower of silver.

He kept leaning over the rail, watching the play of these fairy fish, when she rested her book on the arm of her deck chair and said: "I waited for you for nearly half an hour."

"I am sorry," he said, standing before her. "Our challenge was to play quads at half past four. I was on the upper deck precisely at the time appointed. I looked everywhere for you. I waited five minutes—even more. I thought you had forgotten."

"The wind had blown my hair, I had gone below for a minute. You might have waited. What became of you, anyway?" she asked, frowning a little.

"I have been in the music room," he said. "They wanted me to accompany a song."

"They? You mean Miss Roberts? Everything is explained—and forgiven," she added lightly.

"Yes, darling, with jealousy," she said and laughed merrily.

He was disconcerted. If he could have taken her by her shoulders and shaken her he would have done so with pleasure at that moment.

"Jealousy—it is, of course, an unpardonable emotion," he ventured.

But the prince, who was sitting next to her, had bent over to make some trivial observation, to which she had begun to reply with animation.

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For him, and to which she had put some finishing touches. It was the costume of an Arab chief, which he had bought at Port Said, and though of all men the least vain, he might be excused for thinking that the sky blue cloak and vest embroidered with gold, the flowing white hair and scarlet slippers were not unbecoming.

The bugle sounded for dinner and he found himself descending to the saloon with a motley crowd of fellow passengers—a brilliant and gay assemblage, making a scene all the more impressive because this night those who wore fancy dress were seated together at the long tables down the center of the room.

She—her name was Iris—did not appear till rather late, and it was a sudden burst of applause which made him look up not to recognize her for a moment as an Egyptian water carrier, bearing on her head an earthenware vase.

"The Egyptian will win the first prize," people were saying.

Certainly she looked beautiful and he was pleased at the tributes to her grace and charm. He had expected that she would take the vacant chair opposite to his own and it had crossed his mind that after all he would, as on the night of other dances, claim all, or nearly all, the waltzes.

The Arab chief must dance with the water carrier of the Nile. But she found a place at the farther end of the table, a seat next to the prince.

After all, then, he would not dance; he would not even gratify her vanity by praising her costume, when, with her sister, she, as they always did, took their coffee with him in the lounge.

He went up early to secure the favorite sofa, ordered his cigar, his coffee and brandy, and waited.

But Iris and her sister did not appear until just as the procession of the masqueraders was being formed; before the dance they were to parade twice around the deck so that their fellow passengers might inspect the costumes and vote, and in the procession he found himself far removed from Iris.

It was beautiful on deck. The air was warm and delicious; the tropical moon was rising in full splendor behind a bank of clouds. The forepart of the deck was hung with flags and a hundred Chinese lanterns lighted the broad space stretched from side to side which formed the ballroom of the liner.

The competitors were divided into two classes, those who had made their costumes aboard and those who, like himself and like Iris, wore clothes they had bought on the voyage, in Italy or in Egypt; and there were some who, like the prince, were accustomed to the festivities of these long voyages from England to Ceylon and Australia.

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"I have decided, like you, to spend a fortnight at Colombo."

"It is a decision we must celebrate," she said, "by having breakfast together. My sister will not be up for hours. And we can go on with our conversation where you ended yesterday. Jealousy is, of course, an unpardonable emotion." Go on.

"If it is carried over from one day to another," he ended. "Come, there goes the bugle for breakfast."

A Difference of Opinion.

"This is a bare sort of a salad."

"It isn't; it is well dressed."

What Dress is to Woman.

Fashion is woman's literature. Dress is the expression of her personal style. By dress she conveys the outward expression of her taste, of her skill, and even of her aesthetic individuality. It is thus that she contrives to charm the eyes of the arts, the art containing all the others. It is not the expression of her characteristic style, as we have said, but it is her palette, her poem, her theatrical setting, her song of triumph.

The Retreat From Moscow.

Napoleon's army for the invasion of Russia numbered 650,000. Only twenty thousand returned. During the retreat thousands of horses lay groaning on the route, while thousands of naked wretches were wandering like specters, who seemed to have no sight or feeling, when the Russian army appeared at the end of the second interval.

Industrial Malaysians.

The following interesting information is taken from a report made by D. S. G. Smith, British agent in Trengganu. The hand loom is found in every house and the women weave beautiful silk and cotton sarongs. Throughout the peninsula the men are famed as the best boat builders, and they are clever and efficient workers in iron, brass and nickel.

Just Try It.

Set about doing good to somebody; put on your hat, and go visit the sick and the poor; inquire into their wants and minister to them. Seek out the desolate and oppressed, and have often tried this medicine, and always find it the best antidote for a heavy heart.—John Howard.

Friends.

We speak with awe and tenderness of our guardian angels; but have we not all had our guiding angels, who came to us in visible form, and recognized and unknown, kept beside us on our difficult path until they had done for us all that they could?—Lucy Larcom.

Since the Telephone.

In 1876, when Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, there were no skyscrapers, no trolley cars, no electric lights, no gasoline engines, no self-starters, no bicycles nor motor cars.—Magazine of American History.

Why Deep Streams Run Still.

Deep streams run still—and why? Not because there are no obstacles, but because they altogether overflow these stones or rocks round which the shallow stream has to make its noisy way.—William Smith.

Learn to Be Happy.

All men can learn to be happy; and the teaching of it is easy. If you live among those who daily call blessing on life, is shall not be long ere you will call blessing on yours.—Master Mack.

Useless Without Understanding.

We may be in the universe as dogs and cats are in our libraries, seeing the books and hearing the conversation, but having no inkling of the meaning of it all.—William James.

Simple Cure for Indigestion.

When suffering from indigestion drink a cup of hot water, and at once lie on the right side. This will promote the passage of the food from the stomach to the intestine.

Death Notice.

"Old Skade lost every cent he had in the world yesterday." "Gee! his heirs will be furious." "Oh, I don't think so." "How'd he lose it?" "He did."—Houston Post.

Happiness and Piety.

Do not forget that even as "to work is to worship," so to be cheery is to worship also; and to be happy is the first step to being pious.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Helped by
Cloudburst

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press)

"I don't care about the bridge, so much," explained Duxton Carmichael, impatiently. "That is annoying and expensive and all that, but unless I can rush these papers to New York in time for the meeting it will cost me nearly close to \$2,000,000. I'll give \$10,000 to any man who will cross the stream."

"I wouldn't do it for the whole \$2,000,000," said Cassidy, the foreman deviously. "Maybe some of the boys wants to try. I'll ask 'em."

Dick Breslin looked at the raging flood. During the night there had been a cloudburst in the mountains. The ordinary shallow stream was swollen to a width of 300 feet and the temporary railroad bridge had been swept away.

Breslin shared his employer's nervousness and accompanied him in his restless pacing until, from the private car, there stepped a hooded figure.

"Is it still bad?" asked the girl as he approached.

"Worse, Claire. I don't think the water will fall before tomorrow."

"And no one will try for the reward?"

"No one seems anxious to try for a suicide's grave," he laughed. "That's about what you're taking her."

"What have you there?" she asked. "Just a little surprise," said Bellamy.

He raised the lid of the box and Hypatia, released from her unwelcome confinement, jumped half way across the room.

"A cat!" she cried. "Why, Harvey, that is a cat. What did you bring her here for?"

"To kill the mice," said Bellamy.

"Mice?" she echoed. "Why, there isn't a mouse about the place."

"There isn't," said Bellamy excitedly. "Great Scott, haven't you heard 'em? Why, the way they ramble through the walls every night playing golf and baseball is enough to wake the dead. I haven't been able to sleep for a week on account of the racket."

"That's the reason I got Hypatia. I want her to kill them off. So for one night at least Hypatia was permitted to enjoy the hospitality of the Bellamys. The next morning Bellamy took his time at dressing. His wife, being curious concerning the welfare of her unwelcome guest, preceded him to the store room where Hypatia had been quartered for the night, and cautiously opened the door.

As Hypatia rushed out she looked in and straightaway sounded a ringing call to arms. Bellamy bolted down the hall from one direction and the cat took him the other.

"What is the matter?" they asked.

"A mouse!" responded Mrs. Bellamy, weakly, and keeled over against the wall. Bellamy held the rodent at arm's length and flourished it by the tip of the tail triumphantly.

"What did I tell you?" he said. "Didn't I say the house is alive with them?"

"Yes," admitted his wife. "It's funny I never heard them, though. I suppose we'll have to keep Hypatia another night or two."

Immediately after breakfast Mrs. Bellamy summoned the janitor and pointed to the moribund mouse.

"Henry," she said severely, "what is that?"

A look of consternation spread over the big Swede's infantile face.

"A mouse," he gasped. "A mouse. Where you got 'em?"

If the cultivation of mice in a private apartment had been the height of human ambition, Mrs. Bellamy could have betrayed exultation no more complete than that which thrilled her voice as she replied:

"Here. Right here in my own flat. I want you to clean out my storeroom and take up my carpets and rugs and stop up all the rat holes. The things will eat us alive if we don't get rid of them."

Although the bewildered Swede worked until bedtime tearing up carpets and moving furniture, neither mice nor their means of egress and ingress were discovered. Nevertheless that night Hypatia slew two more of her hereditary foes.

"I am going out this afternoon to look for a fat. I can't stand it to be eaten by mice," said Mrs. Bellamy. She really did start, but she had gone too far to turn back now.

When she met a boy who wanted to see Mr. Bellamy.

"What do you want to see him about?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing much," was the vague reply.

Mrs. Bellamy opened the door to the widest limit.

"Little boy," she said, with seductive graciousness, "wouldn't you like a dish of pudding and some fruit?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy. She entertained him for half an hour. As a result of the interview she abandoned her intention of looking for another fat.

"I am glad of that," said Bellamy that evening when apprised of her decision. "Where is Hypatia?"

"The distilled sweetness of Mrs. Bellamy's voice was positively cloying."

"I gave her," she said, "to little Billy Moses. He was up here this afternoon to see if you want him to deliver any more dead mice, and to collect for those he has already furnished. He says his father's shop is overrun with them, and I thought he might find Hypatia useful."

Sunshine of Life.

Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.—J. M. Barrie.

And There You Are.

Self-made men brag of their rise, and their daughters boast of their descent.—Lippincott's.

Usefulness of
Hypatia

When it was finally decided to tear down the old building in one back room of which Mr. Bellamy and several of his cronies had met on Thursday evenings to play skat and enjoy other festivities appropriate to the occasion, the burning question of the hour became what to do with the club house cat.

"One of you fellows," said the man who owned the house and incidentally had owned the cat, "ought to take care of her. Hypatia is a good cat and fine looking. It would be a shame to turn her out into the street with no home and no friends. Bellamy, who has always been fond of you. What's the matter with your taking her?"

"Me?" exclaimed Bellamy. "Me? Good Lord! My wife hates cats."

"Meow!" interrupted Hypatia, and rubbed patches of her new summer garments off on the leg of his trousers. Bellamy softened at that mark of confidence.

"Never mind, old girl," he said. "I won't go back on you. We'll go up to the house together and see what we can do."

Bellamy carried Hypatia home in a hat box. Mrs. Bellamy viewed the bundle with suspicion and alarm.

"What have you there?" she asked. "Just a little surprise," said Bellamy.

He raised the lid of the box and Hypatia, released from her unwelcome confinement, jumped half way across the room.

"A cat!" she cried. "Why, Harvey, that is a cat. What did you bring her here for?"

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GENERAL ASSEMBLY
OF BIBLE STUDENTSPastor Russell's Address at Glen
Echo Park, Washington, D. C.He Declares the Bible to Be the Only
Center of Attraction and Standard of
Faith—Four Thousand Representatives
Present From All Parts.

Washington, D. C., July 14.—The International Bible Students Association closed a very successful eight-days' Convention at Glen Echo Park tonight. Approximately forty speakers have addressed the Convention, and a large number of the principal speakers.

This afternoon, his text was, "But ye are come . . . to the General Assembly and Church of the First-born, which are written in Heaven."—Hebrews xii, 23.

The speaker declared that St. Paul points us back to the institution of the Jewish Law Covenant at Mt. Sinai and uses it as picture or type of experiences of the Church to be expected at the Second Coming of Christ and the establishment of His glorious Kingdom.

St. Paul pictures the march of the Israelites from the Red Sea to Mt. Sinai, implying that some got to the mountain much in advance of the others, but waited there for the General Assembly. The Apostle points us back to the awful experience of our forefathers when they were on the Sinai Covenant—Mt. Sinai smoking, lightning flashing from the cloud and thick darkness which enveloped the mountain, the earth trembling and the Voice of God heard, the people in fear.

All these things, said the pastor, according to St. Paul, were forewarnings of still more wonderful things to be expected in the near future in connection with the inauguration of the New Covenant. Many had misapprehended the Apostle's teaching in respect to the New Covenant and thought it already sealed and in operation. But not so. The Scriptures assure us that the work of Christ and the Church during this Age has been a preparatory one, without which the New Covenant could not go into effect.

A Time of Terrible Trouble.

Everywhere the Bible associates with the coming of Christ a great trouble upon the world and assures us that the faithful of the Church will be spared from it by their resurrection change. The plowman of the field and the sower of the seed will be spared from the work of Christ and the Church during this Age has been a preparatory one, without which the New Covenant could not go into effect.

The introduction of this Kingdom St. Peter styles the Day-dawn. (II Peter i, 19.) He describes its work as most blessed, saying, "Time of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord—He shall send forth Jesus Christ—whom the heavens must retain until the Times of Restoration of all things, which God has promised by the mouth of all His holy Prophets since the world began."—Acts iii, 20, 21.

St. Paul's interpretation of the Mt. Sinai experiences would imply a Day of Vengeance—the very term which the Bible uses. Society will be so shaken and its experiences will be so dreadful that, like the Israelites of old, all will be ready to entreat for the Great Mediator—The Christ, Head and Body—Jesus and His Church in glory—to stand between them and the Almighty. It will be in response to this universal cry that the Messianic Kingdom will be established and by the New Covenant take over the control of the entire world of mankind, for whom, by the grace of God, Jesus Christ tasted death.—Hebrews ii, 9.

Terrible as the squaring of the world's accounts will be preparatory to the opening of the New Dispensation with a clean page, they are rational as well as Scriptural. Humanity will be able to look up to God and acknowledge His Wisdom and Justice, and then to thank Him for the loving provision of the Messianic Kingdom, under whose beneficent reign they may be helped back to the human perfection and to a world-wide Eden.

The Church in General Assembly.

We have greatly enjoyed, dear brethren, our Convention or Assembly. But what will it be to be there—in the General Assembly of the entire elect Church of God? There will be no sectarianism there, though there doubtless will be saints of God from every sect in that Convention in Glory! Let us carry with us a sense of the realities of the glorious promises of the Bible, which, we believe, are hastening to fulfillment.

Even now, on every hand, we see the evidences of social unrest; and the wonderful blessings of our day are being received by unthankful hearts with ingratitude, breeding discontent and pressing the awful anarchy which the Bible teaches us to expect. It is a time for faithfulness to God, to His Word, on the part of all who are of "the household of faith," of every nation and denomination. It is a time for the Bride to make herself ready for the Bridegroom.

In the Days of '76.

Stand your ground; don't let the enemy fired upon; but if they mean to have a war let it begin here.—Capt. John Parker, at Concord, 1776.

The Trouble.

The silver lining to the cloud may be hidden; but the trouble is, clouds do not foot around turned out by a foot.

Why Can't They Keep Quiet?

The trouble with most men is that they make fools of themselves by the fact that they insist on calling public attention to it.

Old Conundrum With New Answer.

Why does a chicken cross the road? Because an auto is coming.—Judge's Library.

THE NEW ERA

(Published every Friday at
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JOSHUA D. JANNY, 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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The New Era Office is equipped to do all kinds of

FINE PRINTING

at reasonable prices. The insignia



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There are plenty of people to do the possible; you can hire them for forty dollars a month. The price is not a thing that can be done, experience and skill can do it; if a thing cannot be done, only faith can do it.

—Human Confessions by Frank Crane.

Nokomis Gets First Place.

Favored by a strong breeze from the southeast, which held throughout the race, although it grew puffier at times, the Riverton Yacht Club made exceptionally good time Saturday afternoon, the fastest boat, Leina and Watkins' Nokomis, covering the 9-mile course in 1 hour and 40 minutes. The next best was made by Commodore Reese's fast cruiser, Tekama, which took 31 seconds longer.

From the start until the course had been covered twice out of three times around the one-design race seemed to belong to Elsie III, owned by the Biddle Brothers, with Robert Biddle at the helm. The third around, however, the Elsie missed several of the little puffs which sped her competitors, and she finished last, about 2 minutes behind the Nokomis, which took first place, with Abbie Cook's Laura second by a minute and a half.

In the cruiser class the Kid sailed a remarkably good race, finishing but 14 seconds behind the Tekama. The race will be awarded, however, to the Tab on time allowance.

Summaries:

ONE-DESIGNER—Start 2.50.

Boat and Owner Finish Elap. T.

No. 7—Leina and Watkins.....3:54.90 1:04.00

No. 1—A. C. Cook.....3:55.25 1:05.25

No. 2—W. McL. Jones.....3:55.35 1:05.35

No. 8—Biddle Bros.....3:55.37 1:05.37

CRUISERS—Start 2.55.

Tekama—J. H. Reese.....3:50.31 1:04.31

Kid—Dr. J. M. Hill.....3:50.45 1:04.45

Thelia—J. H. Hill.....3:51.25 1:05.25

Tab—J. F. Waddington.....4:10.50 1:15.50

More Sewer Disoid.

Somehow sewers seem to be a prolific source of disoid. If the authorities award the contract to the lowest bidder they sometimes get an inferior piece of work, and are put to no end of trouble, as has recently been the case in Riverton.

If they do not, they are haled before the court, as has just happened to the Beverly City council, who will have to explain to the Supreme Court why they did not let the work to the man with the lowest figures. Testimony was taken before Recorder Stakehouse, in Camden, Tuesday. The suit was brought by Charles W. Adams, and other citizens of Beverly.

Arrivals at The Lawn House.

Mrs. W. G. Bennett, Mrs. P. M. Crispin, Mrs. J. R. Dietrick, Frederick Dietrick, Miss Dietrick, Dr. Coursey May, William Nextbrook, Mrs. R. H. Patton, Mr. Reiner, J. S. Wallace, Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Lorbrin, Overbrook, Pa. Mason Value, Elizabeth.

H. G. Mitchell, Mansfield, O.

Mrs. J. J. Batchelor, Albany, N. Y.

Miss Clarice Frishmuth, J. L. Ridley, Riverton.

Keith's Theatre.

Excellence from many varied standpoint characterizes the vaudeville bill at Keith's Theatre for the week of the 22nd. It is certainly one of the liveliest and most diverting comedy shows that has ever been seen in the home of comedy, and while being of the highest class in every particular, is especially suited to this season, being breezy, refreshing and altogether delightful.

To begin with, that most finished of continental musical combinations, the Romany Opera Company, Inc., under the able direction of Mr. Alexander Bevan, makes a welcome return after a long absence, presenting a new version of their spectacular operatic novelty, "La Festa Di Mezz'Agosto," with twelve continental-trained artists. The scene set and the costumes are brilliant and typical of Grand Opera features, and the selections are of the popular high-class order which always please the music lovers.

A new character comedy playlet from the pen of Tom Barry is called "In Old New York," and is admirably presented by Mr. Harry Beresford and a company of five people. The scene represents a part of historical old Mulberry Bend, the characters taken from the slum district, every telling line of the play being strong in humor, with here and there a touch of pathos and a little music.

Another first-time act that has been making a big hit throughout the East is the comedy-musical duo, Carl Henry & Nellie Francis, who give an artistic and humorous jumble of songs, stories and sketches, all in a most individual manner.

WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET

for Riverton and Vicinity

Mrs. M. C. Boyer went to New York Tuesday.

Miss Dorothy Mattis went to Newark Monday.

Miss H. McL. Biddle went to Cresco, Pa., Monday.

Carl J. Wahl, of Toms River, visited his mother Monday.

Mrs. James Hemphill went to Sea Isle City on Monday.

Mrs. William L. Rogers went to Boston, Mass., Monday.

Mrs. J. C. Wahl spent Saturday and Sunday at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Reese left for Portland, Me., Thursday.

Rev. John Rigg and son, Philip, spent the week at Point Pleasant.

Mrs. Leon Rudolph, of Camden, is the guest of Mrs. D. D. Bastian.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Mechling went to Bucks Hills, Pa., Monday.

Mrs. S. J. Coddington is spending a week with relatives at Elberon.

Miss Ruth Carly, of Kinkora, spent Sunday with Mrs. John B. Watson.

Mrs. Fred Hemphill and son, Allen, are spending the summer at Sea Isle City.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Seymour Bioren went to New York State Thursday for a month.

Mrs. William Goodenow and grandson, Grace Goodenow, are visiting in Epping, N. H.

Mrs. Thomas Wells, of Philadelphia, spent Wednesday with Mrs. H. G. Stonaker.

Mrs. Howard, of Lansdowne, Pa., is spending a week with her son, Charles Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Reed, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel R. Cole.

Mrs. W. H. Caley returned home Monday, after spending a few days with her parents at Bridgeton.

Mrs. A. S. Sharp went to Massachusetts Tuesday, where she will spend several weeks with friends.

James McConlogue moved into the new McConlogue property on Linden avenue Thursday. J. B. Watson had the work in charge.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Pugh and daughter returned to their home in Baltimore, Sunday, after spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. F. Johnson.

The Tall Cedars of Lebanon will give an excursion Monday evening, the 22nd. The Steamer Columbia will leave Riverton at 7 o'clock. Tickets 50c.

Thomas Ford, of Riverton, who has been on the Atlantic City police force for about two months, was among those dismissed by the new commission.

Mrs. James A. Barr, of Camden, was operated on for appendicitis last Thursday at the home of her father, John Holvick. Mrs. Barr is doing well.

In another column two very desirable properties are offered for sale on unusually attractive terms. Ask George W. Shaner, builder, about them, or telephone. His number is 300.

Miss Oslar, musical director of the 52 Bible Vacation Schools of Philadelphia, will be the guest of the Porech Club next Friday morning at ten o'clock. All persons interested in the subject are cordially invited.

The trolley track has been raised between Main street and Thomas avenue, eliminating a low place at that point, and provision made to drain down Lip-pincott avenue the water that formerly collected there in a puddle.

George W. Dickie, of San Francisco, who is spending the summer at the Lawn House, gave a dinner party last Wednesday in honor of his birthday. Among the guests were Dr. Coursey May, president of New York Ship Building Co.

Robert Hullings met with a peculiar accident Tuesday afternoon while waiting a hall game at Collingswood. A bat flew out of the batter's hand and hit young Hullings on the forehead. Six stitches were required to close the wound.

J. D. Magee, editor of the Bordentown Register, has announced his candidacy for the Assembly on the Democratic ticket, with deeper waterways and the prevention and suppression of superfluous legislation as the main planks of his county platform.

Starting last Saturday milkmen have been compelled to pay 12c per quart for extra milk, and have been selling at the same. Regular customers have been receiving a stated amount of milk at 8c per quart, and paying 12c when they require more than the regular amount.

Before daybreak Tuesday morning, the Government Harbor Police arrested four boat thieves off Riverton shore. They were in a launch, with a bateau full of plunder in tow. Sunday night several boats and boat houses at Camden were robbed, and Monday night Beverly owners suffered. The engine was stolen from one of the boats at Beverly.

Marshall Stack, of Beverly, visited Riverton Tuesday, having heard that the arrest was made by the borough police force.

Tuesday afternoon another severe thunder storm visited Riverton, the wind doing some damage to the trees, and the lightning toppling over a couple of chimneys. The chimney on the house occupied by Frank Murphy, on Cinnaminos street, was struck, and the chimney on the bungalow at Midway and Linden, occupied by George R. Coleman, suffered the same fate. Some of the wires of the fire alarm system were affected by the electrified ion of the atmosphere, and the bell rang for an hour.

The Inter-State Commerce Commission has just ordered a general cut in nearly all express charges, the ruling affecting all of the thirteen big express companies, practically every one of them owned largely by the same interests, although operated independently. It is said that the average reduction will amount to more than fifteen per cent, while in some cases the cut will reach from twenty to thirty per cent. The new schedules, which will not go into effect before fall, contemplate a minimum rate at 21 cents for a package weighing not more than a pound.

Try a can of Kipperd Herring

10 cents

Soused Mackerel

18 cents

AT COMPTON'S

Phone 54-A



SPECIAL IN RIBBONS

Plaids and Striped Ribbons for Fancy Work at 25c per yard.

Messaline and Taffeta for Hair Ribbons.

Wash and Satin Ribbon, 5-yard pieces at 10c a piece.

MRS. ALFRED SMITH

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

He was overboard struggling for life and shouting for help.

Some one threw him a crowbar. The intention was kindly, but the act was inconscient.

Consider the aid you intend for your family.

Emmanuel Catty's Radish

By B. L. Estrange

"Yes!" Emmanuel Catty sat up triumphantly. "With my patent manure I will grow the biggest radishes in the United States."

Emmanuel Catty was a recent emigrant to America. On the voyage thither he had become converted to vegetarianism, and henceforth intended to devote his life to the culture of vegetables, convinced that fame and fortune would crown his efforts.

But, desirous of ascending with all prudence, he intended to try it first on the humble but tasty and succulent radish. He manured his plot of ground, and sowed his seed accordingly; but, as time went on, the leaves of only one radish appeared above the ground.

"Never mind," said Emmanuel, "it will be a monster."

The weather was exceedingly hot, but the radish grew and prospered, its leaves filled all Emmanuel's little plot and broke down the fences. Emmanuel watered it daily from the well at the back of his house; but the heat continued, and by and by the well gave out. Then, one by one, all the wells in the neighborhood gave out; there was a drought.

Presently the only green things in the neighborhood were the leaves of the huge vegetable, which, in spite of the heat, continued to grow and prosper. People came from miles round to see the radish, till Emmanuel piled huge barricades of old meat tins in front of it, and demanded a cent apiece for permission to look inside.

Then still more persons came, for they knew there must be something in seeing it; they had to pay in order to see. Emmanuel's pride and his profits grew daily, till at last it was time to dig up the radish.

But, behold! It would not come up. Emmanuel Catty, aware that it would be work of some difficulty, had requisitioned half-a-dozen neighbors with picks and shovels to assist him, and a large cart wherewith to carry the radish away. But the farther down he and his companions dug the farther the radish extended.

Its bulk diminished, it is true, after they had dug down a hundred feet or so; it showed slight symptoms of narrowing, as if intending to taper, as do ordinary radishes. But its perfection had to be taken on trust, for let its owner and his companions dig any further, the radish showed no signs of stopping. The tall seemed prepared to continue indefinitely.

By this time scaffolding was erected, and the sides of the pit round the radish were strutted up; the whole state had gone wild with excitement, and three leading newspapers had opened subscription lists to enable Catty to continue the work of extracting the radish. So the digging continued, and as Catty superintended it, he realized suddenly the cause of the drought; that wretched radish had drawn to itself all the water in the neighborhood, and tapped the wells! If anything, this increased the interest of the public; people felt that they had sacrificed something to the radish, and had a right in it; so the boring went on with undiminished energy, Emmanuel Catty heading the workers and rejoicing in the thought that he was famous at last.

After some weeks, however, the work came to a standstill; the heat in the mine was becoming intense, and the radish extended downward. Emmanuel nearly wept with disappointment when the suggestion of giving up the task was first made. Come what would, he vowed he would see the end of that radish. "I believe," he cried, "that it goes right through the earth!"

People looked at each other dubiously; it seemed possible that the idea was correct; but how to put it to the test? The heat in the mine

was already stifling. Then Catty had another idea.

"Let us excavate inside the radish itself!" he cried. "That will be cool enough."

This was true; the water which the radish had sucked up into itself from so large an area kept it cool and fresh; besides, it was easy to work, and not difficult to strut up; so into the very heart of the radish plunged Catty and his devoted followers, burrowing steadily downward, and excavating the radish pulp day by day.

Some of it ate, thereby obviating the necessity for a large supply of provisions. The hole in the radish communicated with the mine, and the mine in its turn with the upper atmosphere; so the air supply was sufficient, and they persevered.

"Strikes me," said one of Catty's companions one morning, "that we must be really getting somewhere at last." He struck his pick against the radish wall as he spoke, and it went through. Trial moment, a dust storm burst from the workers. Water was pouring in at the hole! Luckily, the hole was one of the smallest—the radish texture strong. Light and fresh air flowed in, grateful indeed to those who had lived so long in a radish-steeped atmosphere.

"We have arrived!" cried Catty, grasping his companions' hands. "This is the end!"

Eagerly they enlarged the aperture, and crawled cautiously out. Behold, on every hand was the sea! The radish root had emerged somewhere to the south of India, and they were resting on a little island of radish in the midst of the Indian ocean. At first they were terrified, but Catty encouraged them.

"We can remain here a little time," he said. "No doubt a ship will come to take us off."

His words were brave, but the suspense was great. The radish tip afforded but a slender resting place; they were in considerable fear of the sharks, which they could see sometimes through the clear waters; and the radish here and there, enfeebled by heat, writhed, and they saw large bits of it swept off by the waves. One day the piece on which Emmanuel Catty was standing broke. His comrades only seized him just in time to prevent his being washed away.

"What shall we do?" they cried. "How can we support life here?"

Emmanuel leant forward suddenly, nearly falling into the water again. "A sail!" he cried. "A sail! We are saved!"

As a matter of fact, it was a trail of smoke; but it issued from the funnels of a British steamer, and the captain took them off. He was a Scotsman, and his name was Macallister, and he utterly declined to believe in Catty's story.

"A radish!" cried Macallister, pointing to the cool mountain, "impossible! It is an island, and I shall take possession of it in the name of the British empire." And he hoisted the union jack accordingly.

Meantime, in America a close watch had been kept at the mouth of the mine. Five thousand seven hundred and eighty-two reporters were continually on the watch for news of the bold adventure. Catty's wives were came of the action of Captain Macallister the excitement was intense.

The radish had been planted in American earth; it had drawn its nutriment from America; it was America's by all the sacred laws of ownership. The English said that might be as it would; but they claimed the radish tip by right of discovery. It had been found and seized upon by Captain Macallister, and was irrevocably English.

Passion on both sides ran high. The newspapers rang with denunciations of American greed and English treachery. The American ambassador was directed to withdraw from London, when the news spread that the radish tip had disappeared. A British trading vessel, cruising near the place marked on the chart, could find no trace of it.

The excitement grew tenfold. Special commissions sent out from England and America only confirmed the fact of the disappearance. For a moment both excited parties were inclined to turn to Germany, and declare that she must have been guilty of some diabolical plot for the destruction of the radish.

But meantime Emmanuel Catty had directed the attention of various scientists to the matter, and a little investigation showed that the disappearance was perfectly natural. The great heat through which the radish had passed, the tunneling through its

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The Prudential

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

Is there discrimination between individual owners of the same kind of property? Specific instances should be given.

PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Are assessments in county satisfactory? If not, what is the character of the inequality?

Is there discrimination between different classes of property in the district? If so, which kinds are over-valued or undervalued in proportion to others?

(a) Farm implements and live stock.

(b) Machinery.

(c) Merchandise.

(d) Household goods.

(e) Money and credits.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

Rev. N. P. Stahl, D. D., pastor.

Services next Sunday as follows:

9:45 a. m. Sunday School.

10:45 a. m. morning service.

8 p. m. evening service.

Emmanuel Catty's Radish

By B. L. Estrange

"Yes!" Emmanuel Catty sat up triumphantly. "With my patent manure I will grow the biggest radishes in the United States."

Emmanuel Catty was a recent emigrant to America. On the voyage thither he had become converted to vegetarianism, and henceforth intended to devote his life to the culture of vegetables, convinced that fame and fortune would crown his efforts.

But, desirous of ascending with all prudence, he intended to try it first on the humble but tasty and succulent radish. He manured his plot of ground, and sowed his seed accordingly; but, as time went on, the leaves of only one radish appeared above the ground.

"Never mind," said Emmanuel, "it will be a monster."

The weather was exceedingly hot, but the radish grew and prospered, its leaves filled all Emmanuel's little plot and broke down the fences. Emmanuel watered it daily from the well at the back of his house; but the heat continued, and by and by the well gave out. Then, one by one, all the wells in the neighborhood gave out; there was a drought.

Presently the only green things in the neighborhood were the leaves of the huge vegetable, which, in spite of the heat, continued to grow and prosper. People came from miles round to see the radish, till Emmanuel piled huge barricades of old meat tins in front of it, and demanded a cent apiece for permission to look inside.

Then still more persons came, for they knew there must be something in seeing it; they had to pay in order to see. Emmanuel's pride and his profits grew daily, till at last it was time to dig up the radish.

But, behold! It would not come up. Emmanuel Catty, aware that it would be work of some difficulty, had requisitioned half-a-dozen neighbors with picks and shovels to assist him, and a large cart wherewith to carry the radish away. But the farther down he and his companions dug the farther the radish extended.

Its bulk diminished, it is true, after they had dug down a hundred feet or so; it showed slight symptoms of narrowing, as if intending to taper, as do ordinary radishes. But its perfection had to be taken on trust, for let its owner and his companions dig any further, the radish showed no signs of stopping. The tall seemed prepared to continue indefinitely.

By this time scaffolding was erected, and the sides of the pit round the radish were strutted up; the whole state had gone wild with excitement, and three leading newspapers had opened subscription lists to enable Catty to continue the work of extracting the radish. So the digging continued, and as Catty superintended it, he realized suddenly the cause of the drought; that wretched radish had drawn to itself all the water in the neighborhood, and tapped the wells! If anything, this increased the interest of the public; people felt that they had sacrificed something to the radish, and had a right in it; so the boring went on with undiminished energy, Emmanuel Catty heading the workers and rejoicing in the thought that he was famous at last.

After some weeks, however, the work came to a standstill; the heat in the mine was becoming intense, and the radish extended downward. Emmanuel nearly wept with disappointment when the suggestion of giving up the task was first made. Come what would, he vowed he would see the end of that radish. "I believe," he cried, "that it goes right through the earth!"

People looked at each other dubiously; it seemed possible that the idea was correct; but how to put it to the test? The heat in the mine

was already stifling. Then Catty had another idea.

"Let us excavate inside the radish itself!" he cried. "That will be cool enough."

This was true; the water which the radish had sucked up into itself from so large an area kept it cool and fresh; besides, it was easy to work, and not difficult to strut up; so into the very heart of the radish plunged Catty and his devoted followers, burrowing steadily downward, and excavating the radish pulp day by day.

Some of it ate, thereby obviating the necessity for a large supply of provisions. The hole in the radish communicated with the mine, and the mine in its turn with the upper atmosphere; so the air supply was sufficient, and they persevered.

"Strikes me," said one of Catty's companions one morning, "that we must be really getting somewhere at last." He struck his pick against the radish wall as he spoke, and it went through. Trial moment, a dust storm burst from the workers. Water was pouring in at the hole! Luckily, the hole was one of the smallest—the radish texture strong. Light and fresh air flowed in, grateful indeed to those who had lived so long in a radish-steeped atmosphere.

"We have arrived!" cried Catty, grasping his companions' hands. "This is the end!"

Eagerly they enlarged the aperture, and crawled cautiously out. Behold, on every hand was the sea! The radish root had emerged somewhere to the south of India, and they were resting on a little island of radish in the midst of the Indian ocean. At first they were terrified, but Catty encouraged them.

"We can remain here a little time," he said. "No doubt a ship will come to take us off."

His words were brave, but the suspense was great. The radish tip afforded but a slender resting place; they were in considerable fear of the sharks, which they could see sometimes through the clear waters; and the radish here and there, enfeebled by heat, writhed, and they saw large bits of it swept off by the waves. One day the piece on which Emmanuel Catty was standing broke. His comrades only seized him just in time to prevent his being washed away.

"What shall we do?" they cried. "How can we support life here?"

Emmanuel leant forward suddenly, nearly falling into the water again. "A sail!" he cried. "A sail! We are saved!"

As a matter of fact, it was a trail of smoke; but it issued from the funnels of a British steamer, and the captain took them off. He was a Scotsman, and his name was Macallister, and he utterly declined to believe in Catty's story.

"A radish!" cried Macallister, pointing to the cool mountain, "impossible! It is an island, and I shall take possession of it in the name of the British empire." And he hoisted the union jack accordingly.

Meantime, in America a close watch had been kept at the mouth of the mine. Five thousand seven hundred and eighty-two reporters were continually on the watch for news of the

INTERESTING NEWS BITS in and around Palmyra

A. G. Barrie went to White Haven last Saturday.

Miss Catherine Truman is visiting her aunt in Philadelphia.

Alice Toy, of Delanco, is spending a week with Mrs. C. H. Powell.

Mrs. Sawe and daughter, Miss Ethel, spent Tuesday at Beach Haven.

Mrs. Durell Mason has been visiting friends in Philadelphia this week.

Charles Voorhis is practicing at the St. Luke's hospital for eleven weeks.

Mrs. Thomas Wells, of Philadelphia, visited friends in Palmyra this week.

Miss Virginia Simons, of Philadelphia, visited Miss Anna VanBuren this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schrieber entertained friends from Philadelphia Sunday.

Mrs. Thomas J. Prickett and daughter are visiting her brother near W. at Chester, Pa.

Mrs. McCullough moved on Tuesday to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Elias Toy.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Rhoads entertained relatives on Sunday from Philadelphia.

Mrs. Wilson Neis, of Reading, Pa., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Brail.

Miss Florence Powell spent Monday with her uncle, Edson Styka, at Holly Beach.

Mr. William Weisman entertained Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson, of Philadelphia, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Russell are at their Pittman Grove cottage until September 1st.

Mrs. William H. Cook and children went to Lanesville on Sunday where they will spend two weeks.

Earle Wilkinson, of Philadelphia, is spending a week with his grandmother, Mrs. William Weisman.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Roray and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Greenwalt visited friends in Wilmington on Monday.

Lightning knocked the chimney off of J. E. McLaughlin's house, on Washington avenue, Tuesday afternoon.

R. H. Baker has been retained temporarily as special officer, pending the appointment of J. J. Tomes' successor.

Mrs. A. G. Barrie and daughter, Miss Elizabeth, went to Shamokin Wednesday, where they will remain for several weeks.

H. Fowler, of Philadelphia, has rented the Jacob Thacher property on Linden avenue, and will take possession the first of August.

The Moravian picnic last Wednesday in John Parry's grove on the Burlington Pike was largely attended. All had a most enjoyable time.

Two hundred and fifty tickets were sold for the excursion which went to Atlantic City Thursday, under the auspices of the Methodist Church choir.

Clarence H. Shreve has been placed in charge of the Arch Street railroad station, as well as the Palmyra station. He is assisted by Harvey Moore and Frank Haines.

The Board of Public Utility Commissioners has refused to grant permission to the Interstate Telephone and Telegraph Company to issue \$1,525,000 worth of five percent thirty-year first and refunding mortgage gold bonds.

About twenty members of the Boy Scouts will spend their vacation at Birch Lake, near Reading, Pa., from August 1st to September 1st.

As usual the run-getting of the opposing team comes in the first two or three innings.

Taubel and then Riverside in our own back yard. Good games at least.

ROSTER.

Field Club Cubs Win Great Game.

In the absence of the first team The Field Club Cubs, on second-team, had a great game of base ball last Saturday at the West End grounds, defeating the M. Mahon F. C. in eleven innings, by the score of 2-1.

Great runs in the box for the local boys and for the fourth consecutive game only allowed his opponents three hits. Three hits seem to be all the opposition can glean off his delivery, then again he had fine support and some of the plays bordered on the sensational. One thing about the Junior's team is that they can hit. Donaghy, H. Hubbs, Saar and Winslow each had two, while Paulin and Winslow each presented one which gave them a grand total of ten. Paulin straightened one out and put it over the right field fence, but it was foul by a few inches; he then fanned.

The whole team seem to be talking machines and remind you of a lot of monkeys, but it sure does bring results as the games have shown, then again, they have a capable manager in Harry Acker, who is too fat to get mad and the boys all look up to him as the main attraction. The infield is composed of future stars. In Paulin they have a man that can "get 'em" anywhere, while we all know what A. Donaghy can do. Then there is Harry Polis on short—ne had nine chances on Saturday and only made one error. John Saar on third is a stone wall with an arm like steel, and if Harry Acker can break him of his one hand stab he will "be there" before many moons. So remember kind rosters that there is always a game on the West End grounds no matter what team plays, and the second team was once in a while, but, real? that the first team has a hard row to hoe and they need the encouragement more than the kids.

ONE OF 'EM.

Methodist Church Notes.

Rev. Samuel Sargent, minister. Choir rehearsal has been discontinued during the summer.

Services next Sunday as follows: 9:15 a. m., Sunday School.

10:30 a. m., preaching by the minister. Subject, "The Ministry of Mercy."

7 to 8 p. m., vesper service. Special music by the Epworth League. Sermon by the minister. Subject, "Religious Astronomy."

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Sherman and Mr. and Mrs. Lesson Sherman and family have gone to Beach Haven for the summer.

Three Tomes' Place.

At the meeting of the Township Committee on Tuesday night, Walton Leap, Frank R. Grubb and Robert Baker made application for the position of Special Officer, to take the place of James J. Tomes, deceased. The matter was held under advisement.

The clerk was instructed to post notices of a meeting to be held on July 30, to consider an ordinance for curbs and sidewalks on the west side of Cinnaminson avenue from the south side of Broad street to the township line.

Ordinance No. 81, requiring sidewalks on several streets, passed final reading.

The following bills were ordered paid: W. Land, work on roads, \$38.80

Public Service Corp., 255.00

Cinco, R. L. Co., 59.40

P. R. Grubb, salary, 43.00

W. W. Leap, police duty, 15.14

H. H. Baker, police duty, 7.15

J. J. Tomes, salary, 25.72

Field Club Notes.

The Field Club was defeated again on Saturday, but it must be said that it was a surprise as the boys expected to win with the help of Len. Baker and the two Kemmerles. Jack Bodine started the twirling for the local boys, but Roebeling soon connected with his shoots and with the help of a couple of errors pushed six runs over the pan in the first two innings. Mgr. Griffenberg then yanked Jack and put Lefty Holt in, who had been playing first base. Baker then went to first, W. Gibbons to second and Stack to short. When Lefty went in the box there were three men on the bases, but came out with a whole skin when he made the next batter put up a pop fly to Hardy. Holt then proceeded to mow the Roebeling boys down in fine style and only allowed three hits for the remainder of the game, two came in one inning allowing the only score off him in seven innings. The Palmyra boys scored all their runs in one inning when Stack singled, R. Evans rolled a short one to pitcher and was safe when the second baseman missed his throw to head Stack off; Herbie Kemmerle then doubled, scoring Stack; Harry Kemmerle batted and Hardy rolled one to second, and then with a series of wild throws the basemen were cleared and when the dust had abated it was seen that four runs were on the Field Club slate. Durgin opened the next inning with a single and went to second on Reeves hit to left, but both men died on the bases. There were a couple of good plays brought out in the game as Holt proved that he is ready for regular work.

Another good feature is that the fans will see a good infield this week when they meet Taubel, and last, but not least, the boys proved that they have their eyes on the ball as they hit Paxson for nine singles, one which was a double.

This Saturday the Taubel team give us a visit and as we will bring our own gear we should beat our losing streak. Come and help the boys along with your encouraging cheers. Game starts at 3:15 p. m. and the admission is 25c.

Squibs.

Herbie Kemmerle was the star with the stick. Out of five trips to the plate he made a double, a single, a sacrifice and walked. Good enough for you?

Joe Stack also started with the stick, getting two healthy ones, and was robbed out of two—due by the right fielder and the other by the umpire.

They sure did like Jack Bodine's offerings. Paxson, his opponent on the slab, made one of the longest hits on the grounds. It cleared the fence by over fifty feet or more. Some hit!

Six hits were made off Bodine in two innings, three singles, two doubles and a homer.

As usual the run-getting of the opposing team comes in the first two or three innings.

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Christ Church, Palmyra.

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

7:30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

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

8 p. m., choral evensong and sermon.

Christ Church, Riverton.

Rector, Rev. John Rigg, B. D. Services for July 21st, seventh Sunday after Trinity:

7:30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

10:15 a. m., Sunday School and Bible classes.

11 a. m., Matins, Litany and sermon.

5:00 p. m., Evensong and sermon by the rector.

There will be no services during the week.

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11 a. m., Matins, Litany and sermon.

5:00 p. m., Evensong and sermon by the rector.

There will be no services during the week.

Baptist Church Notes.

Bible School at 9:30 in the morning. All are invited to join us in the study of the Kingdom of God.

Morning worship at 10:45. Sermonette for the children, singing by the choir. Topic of the morning sermon: "Our Lives as Ships."

Twilight service at 7 o'clock, good music come and enjoy it with us. Address by Charles C. Green. Everybody welcome.

Friday evening prayer and conference meeting—all are urged to come. The pastor will present the fifth chart on the contents and teaching of the Bible. Meeting from 7 to 8.

REV. CHARLES W. WILLIAMS, Pastor.

FATAL TO MIGRATING BIRDS

Lighthouses Kill Many Thousands, Which the Keepers Dispose of in City Markets.

A writer furnishes some striking figures concerning the havoc wrought among migrating birds by big lighthouses. The lighthouse on the Pointe à la Pêche, in Brittany, France, has a revolving light of 30,000,000 candle power. Visiting this on November 10 last year, and again on the twelfth, the observer saw tens of thousands of birds whirling round, and it seemed to him that the light shot out a perfect hail of electric sparks among the migrants. Next morning he was present while the dead bodies were being collected. They are dispatched every day to Paris by train, and the "catch" was told, often comprised from 1,000 to 4,000 victims; one morning alone there had been more than 500 woodcock in the "bag."

On the two mornings he was present there were only a score of woodcock the first day, but on the second the ground was littered with from 600 to 1,000 victims, chiefly blackbirds, ducks, woodcock, thrushes and golden plovers. Another offender in the lighthouse on Belle Ile, off the south coast of Brittany. On two dark nights last November, with an east wind blowing, this light caused the death of 3,200 birds, including curlews, thrushes, snipe, starlings, over 100 woodcock and some sparrows and quills. Thirdly, the Piller lighthouse kills every season some 10,000 birds. An old sportsman of Normandy declares that round the lighthouse of Barfleur last November there were picked up in the course of four nights 10,000 birds of all sorts, including 1,800 woodcock. The destruction of bird life by the hundreds of lighthouses elsewhere can only be imagined.

SURGERY IN ANCIENT TIMES

Trepanning Is One of the Oldest of Operations, Dating Back to Stone Age.

"There is no doubt that some rough form of surgery must have existed from very ancient times, but have existed from so long ago that no complex operation as trepanning is one of the oldest.

So far as actual records go, Hippocrates gives us the earliest account. He wrote treatises on fractures, dislocations and wounds of the head, in which he described the method of procedure to be followed in the case of a fractured skull. His direction was to cut away a piece of bone so that the pressure on the brain might be relieved.

There are also records about this time and later of a file being used for this purpose, which at a time when anaesthetics were unknown must have been, to say the least, painful.

According to Dr. T. Rice Holmes, the operation of removing pieces of bone was performed long before historic times. The effects on the skull are easily seen after death and are visible so long as the bones are preserved.

From inspection of certain skulls of the later stone age in ancient Britain, Dr. Holmes has come to the conclusion that some of these had undergone the operation, which must have been performed with a stone implement—London Standard.

Have an Ideal.

If our minds are resolutely set on an ideal good, and if we follow this with an inflexible patience and persistence, then, though we may often blunder in our choice of ways and means, somehow the grace and sweetness of our inner life will pass into our children's hearts.—J. W. Chadwick.

The Elements of Joy.

The delights of thought, of truth, of work, and of well doing will not descend upon us like the dew upon the flower, without effort of our own: Labor, watchfulness, perseverance, self-denial, fortitude, are the elements out of which this kind of joy is formed.—S. C. Jones.

Great Labor Bureau.

In the Civil Service Commission the United States Government has the greatest employment bureau in the world. Over half a million people are on the Government payroll, and of these nearly half are receiving pay as the result of competitive examinations.

Mysterious Letters.

A Frenchman upon receipt of a wedding invitation, was puzzled at the mysterious letters R. S. V. P. After a long deliberation he finally concluded its meaning to be: "Remember sex wedding present."—Norman E. Mack's National Monthly.

The Farm Hand

"I don't see, Ianthe, why you persist in going to the country every season," said Mrs. Montague, frowning slightly.

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THE ECONOMY

of employing our services is manifold. We paper rooms as low as Two Dollars—some a little bit more; parlors Three Dollars, and other work in proportion. Price always includes paper and workmanship complete. MOST IMPORTANT of all is our GUARANTEE that paper sticks or NO PAY!

We are now inaugurating a system whereby you can have work done on the easy payment plan. INVESTIGATE IT.

STATEMENT No. 3

If we could but solve the problems of life as soon as they appear, many a sorrow might be avoided. One that mystifies nearly everybody today is the lack of interest in the home.

Solve this problem—Save the Home—it is urgent! See if there is something wrong with its surrounding—and improve them.

Perhaps the paint is worn; then let us suggest some new color scheme for it. Or, if the wall paper is old and shabby, let us take it off and put on new designs.

It will increase your interest in the home wonderfully.

We do the work just a little bit better and a little bit cheaper.

WRITE—CALL—PHONE

B. S. FINEMAN

House Painter Paper Hanger

518 Cinnaminson Avenue, Palmyra, N. J.

Telephone 241 Store open evenings

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THE NEW ERA

(Published every Friday at)

RIVERTON, N. J.

JOSHUA D. JANNEY, M. D.
Editor

WALTER L. BOWEN
Publisher

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

Subscription One Dollar a year in advance
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.

An Enjoyable Trip Down the River.

The publisher enjoyed a most pleasant trip down the river aboard the Neptune, with her genial owner, Capt. John C. Stolz, last Saturday. We tied up to a float at League Island for lunch, during which we were entertained by several selections by the band aboard one of the battleships anchored there.

Refreshments over, we ran a short distance up the Schuylkill River, into the "back door" of League Island, and inspected the six modern warships lying there, looking very grim and terrible in their sombre gray. More interesting, though not so formidable, were the hulls of some old sea fighters, partly dismantled, lying low in the water, and the very picture of spent usefulness, though still retaining traces of the glory that was theirs when they were the wonders of their day. They looked quite insignificant beside the modern monitors which lay all around them.

One of the interesting sights at League Island was the Haitian gunboat Ferrier, which is lying there awaiting a purchaser. The only occupant of the boat is the captain, W. F. Watt, who retains possession in the hope of realizing \$700 due him for services, when the craft is sold. The Ferrier was sent here for repairs, but when the cost was learned it was decided not to proceed. Capt. Watt can learn nothing definite about the disposal of the boat, either from his government, nor from the Minister from Haiti to the United States, Solon Minat, and is enjoying a considerable degree of suspense. On Sunday H. H. Gildersleeve, representing a Canadian Navigation Company, inspected the Ferrier, with a view of purchasing it.

From the island we ran down below Chester, passing the Californian which refused aid to the Titanic, and on our return stopped at the Philadelphia Sanitarium, on the Jersey side, where thousands of children and many mothers with their babies are entertained daily. The attendance was small when we were there, owing to an excursion that day, which proved to be a successful counter-attraction, so that we saw only about a thousand women and children. We inspected the culinary department, where soup is prepared for the visitors and served with crackers every day at noon. The matron told us that one day last week two barrels of crackers were given out, and so great was the attendance that the supply of soup, which was made in two great boilers holding about twenty-five gallons each, was exhausted. On the grounds are numerous attractions—a sand pile, merry-go-round, swings, slides, etc. There is also a home for old ladies, and a hospital where children are treated during the season.

Just after passing League Island on the return trip, we hailed Capt. Tracy and wife aboard the Wastrel, who had just anchored to see Marshall Reid make an ascent in his hydroplane. There was an hour's wait while some holes were repaired in one of the pontoons, which had been damaged in alighting a few days before, and then the machine was pushed into the water. Some difficulty was experienced in getting the engine started, which was cranked by tiring the propeller blades, but once started the machine skimmed over the water like a thing of life, and gracefully mounted in the air. After making a double circle at a considerable elevation, the machine descended, striking the water very lightly, and slipped back to its landing.

Mrs. Charles Pike, of Philadelphia, is spending the week with her mother, Mrs. Beddoe.

Mr. Ingersoll, of Cape May, spent Thursday with his cousin, Mrs. Charles G. Davis. He made the trip in a 40-ft. power launch.

Mr. C. P. Padmore went to Atlantic City Wednesday with the photographer's convention, in session in Philadelphia, this week.

The Tree Commission is having the low limbs overhanging the sidewalks trimmed high enough to allow comfortable head room when carrying an umbrella.

In another column two very desirable properties are offered for sale on unusually attractive terms. Ask George W. Shaner, builder, about them, or telephone. His number is 309.

Up to date the Board of Health has purchased 1,200,000 flies. Therecord for last week was 350,000. On Monday the price was reduced from 2c to 1c per 100, and Reseiver Coddington reports a marked falling off in the number of flies turned in since the reduction was made.

Mr. Cargy Padmore spent Sunday at Penns Grove with his sister, Mrs. William Becker. He returned home in the afternoon on the Queen Anne, the Ship John Light excursion boat, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Becker. The boat was caught in the terrific storm which swept over the lower Delaware river, and suffered considerable damage from the wind, besides being struck by lightning.

WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET for Riverton and Vicinity

The new boat time table appears in this issue.

James Brown is visiting friends in Narbeth.

Arthur Bowker is spending a fortnight at Atlantic City.

Miss M. S. Myres went to Eagle Island, Me., on Wednesday.

Miss Lillian Woolston came home from Ocean City yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Blyen returned from Spring Lake on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Collings returned from Newport, R. I., on Sunday.

Mrs. Edwin Evans entertained her sister from Philadelphia on Monday.

Miss Beanie Karins went to Providence, R. I., on Friday to visit relatives.

Mrs. Charles Dean returned to her home on Thursday after spending ten days with her daughter in Middletown, N. Y.

Mrs. Frank Troutman and son, Frank J., spent Sunday with parents at Lancaster, Pa.

Mr. Charles Howard, of Main street, is entertaining his mother, from Lansdowne.

N. Myers Fitter is ill with typhoid fever, at Spring Lake. Dr. Mills is in attendance.

Mrs. William Cunningham and son, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Mrs. J. B. Watson.

Dr. C. S. Mills returned on Tuesday from Waumbeck, N. H., where he spent his vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Hoffinger returned on Sunday after spending a few days at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy, Jr., and family, spent Sunday at Wildwood.

Mrs. Alexander Marcy, Jr., has been entertaining Mrs. Julia Ward Fraser, of East Orange, for two weeks.

Miss Eugenie Nichols, of Linden avenue, returned home yesterday, after spending a fortnight at Yonkers, N. Y.

Mrs. E. H. Nichols, of Linden avenue, returned from Tuckerton on Sunday, after spending two weeks there.

Mrs. John Rothelmer and daughter, Florence, of Philadelphia, were guests of Mrs. J. B. Watson on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Evans, of Oak Lane, spent Thursday with her mother, Mrs. Samuel K. Cole, of Midway.

Mrs. Wilson, of Thomas avenue, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hunsinger, will start on Saturday for a trip abroad.

Miss S. L. Conrad left for Atlantic City on Monday after spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Biddle.

Joseph M. Roberts, Jr., George W. Evans, Miss Elsie Evans and Miss Catherine Roberts spent Sunday in Atlantic City.

Mrs. Wilson, of Thomas avenue, and her daughter from Ohio, who is spending the summer with her, are at Niagara Falls.

Mrs. George S. Washington entertained Mrs. Alexander Marcy and Mrs. Julia Ward Fraser at luncheon at the Lawn House on Wednesday.

The St. Paul Baptist Church is holding a picnic at Rancocas Park to-day. Transportation from Riverton was furnished by Watson's stages.

E. C. Stoughton, D. M. Clifton, Freeholder L. F. Lowden and Louis Corner attended the Roosevelt convention at Asbury Park on Tuesday.

John W. Chesshire who formerly kept the butcher shop where C. W. Ludlow is now located, sends a picture post card from Niagara Falls, stating that he is having a fine trip.

John Sheak and Miss Sarah Dougherty were married Thursday evening by Rev. J. F. Hendrick. After the ceremony a reception was given in their home at 503 Cinnaminson avenue.

The moonlight excursion of the Tall Cedars of Lebanon last Monday night was well patronized. About 50 went from Riverton and Palmyra. All told there were in the neighborhood of 700 aboard.

With two constables in Cinnaminson township why should one of them not reside in the East Riverton section of the township? As it is, that part of Cinnaminson is obliged to rely on the Borough of Riverton for police protection. The term of one of the Cinnaminson township constables expires this fall, and it would seem like a good time for East Riverton to put a good man in the field.

On Monday Sheriff Jordan and Marshal Quigley went to Philadelphia and got Edward B. Love, the colored fellow who stole some money and other valuables from Oscar Speight, at the Lawn House, three weeks ago, and took him to Mount Holly, where he awaits the action of the Grand Jury in the fall. It was through the prompt action of Marshal Quigley in notifying the Philadelphia police authorities at the time the theft was committed that Love was caught.

The Tekama, Commodore Reese, and the Allegro, Captain Jones, were the only boats to sail in the up river cruise last Friday. In fact, the Tekama did not start until Saturday. She anchored for the night off Penns Manor, while the Allegro continued to Trenton. It is a matter of surprise that more of the boats of the fleet do not participate in this cruise every year, for it is a sufficient number were the affair could be made very enjoyable.

Asbury Park's 22nd annual baby parade and children's carnival will be held on August 14 and 28. The coronation of Queen Titania, XII and the children's pageant on Ocean avenue will be held two weeks in advance of the baby parade. The coronation will be staged in the great Ocean Grove auditorium, with its seating capacity of 10,000. Prof. Tall Ben Morgan will bring into play all of the wonderful facilities of the auditorium, including his children's chorus of 1,000 voices, the great organs and immense stage. Titania will be crowned on the night of Wednesday, August 14, and the baby parade will take place two weeks later on Ocean avenue, Asbury Park, where an amphitheatre seating 7,500 people will be erected around the Queen's court. Nearly \$5,000 worth of prizes have been donated.

Christ Church, Riverton.

Rector, Rev. John Rigg, B. D.

Services for July 21st, seventh Sunday after Trinity:

7.30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

10.15 a. m., Sunday School and Bible classes.

11 a. m., Matins, Litany and sermon.

5.00 p. m., Evensong and sermon by the rector.

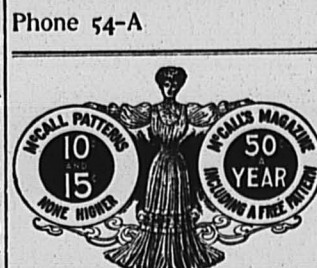
There will be no services during the week.

Granite State Spring Water Ginger Ale Carbonate with Natural Gas

10c per Bottle

\$1.10 per Dozen

AT COMPTON'S



Novelties of the Season

Ivory Belt Pins 25c.
Ivory Belt Pins with Pearls 50c.
Link Stud and Cuff Buttons in colors to match 25c and 50c.
Pearl Studs with holder to keep soft collars from breaking in front.
All these you will find at

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

A mortgage is like Deacon Smith's Mule, "Dreadful sot in its ways." It has a habit of bobbing up regularly. While you live you can take care of it. After that—well, you'd be wise now to consult the

Penn Mutual Life
Philadelphia
Represented by
H. E. Foyner

Keith's Theatre.

As July was culminated in brilliantly in vaudeville at B. F. Keith's Theatre, the pace that was set was maintained and even exceeded during the month, and now reaches a climax in one of the brightest programs ever seen in vaudeville, beginning with the 20th. It is just the sort of light, happy and diversified bill that suits the season to a nicety. To begin with, a new English act has come to our shores, reviewing a splendid welcome. It is called "The Sunshine Girls" and comprises twelve of the prettiest, liveliest, best-trained and costumed dancers that have ever boasted of a big London Music Hall reputation. Dancing acts have been particularly popular at this Theatre for the reason that the best Terpsichorean features from all over the world have been secured from time to time, and the audiences given opportunity to contrast them. Among these England has sent several that have found favor, but "The Sunshine Girls" certainly take the laurels for life, ginger and grace. They will be a hit here as they have elsewhere. Bonita & Hearn are two names to conjure with in vaudeville, the former being one of the most beautiful comedienne and comedians on the variety stage, while the latter character humor the name of Tom Hearn is a classic. They present an amusing travesty that is as original as it is laughable; and the first appearance here of this calvinizing pair of entertainers will surely enhance their popularity. Here is a quarter-hour's genuine fun no vaudeville can afford to miss. And what patron of the varieties could ever forget Milton & Dolly Nobles' distinguished author-actor and his charming co-star, who appear after the lapse of many years, presenting one of Mr. Nobles' later successes, "The Auto Suggestion Club?" Many patrons will recall with pleasure Mr. Nobles' amusing sketch, "Why Walker Reformed," and the new feature may be called a happy sequel to this bright bit of comedy. The playlet might be called "A Tempest in a Teapot" for that's about what it is, for that necessary household utensil leads to many vicissitudes and gets these amiable people "Mr. and Mrs. Walker," into no end of trouble. Remember that Keith's Theatre is the coolest summer resort in America, always below 65 degrees in temperature.

Mill is Veteran in Service.
Residents along the New York and Connecticut shores of Long Island Sound are familiar with an interesting old mill, still in operation, which was erected at the close of the Revolution and has been in more or less constant operation ever since. Original power was developed through two undershot wheels which, in course of time, were replaced by turbines. The waters are impounded at high tide in an artificial basin and are released when the tide commences to fall.

Four Years of Real Joy.
Germany has added another to its list of distinctions. It has produced the perfect father of Dortmund was transferred from one school to another; he found out that his name was not entered on the register. That was four years ago. Since then he has gone from home every morning with his bag of school books, and each evening at the appointed hour he has returned. It has now been discovered that the new school has never seen him, and that he has had four years of vagabondage.

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The New Premium Reduction Policy



of The Prudential provides for a first year's premium approximating the premium charged by participating companies. The second year's premium is reduced to a figure slightly lower than The Prudential's regular rate and stays the same until maturity of policy.

The Prudential

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

Jottings from Asbury.

The Asbury M. B. Sunday School picnic was held at Knights' Park on July tenth. There was a large attendance of members and friends, the pastor, Rev. H. Crammer and bride being among the number. All enjoyed the day.

George Southwick visited the Rev. D. D. Fisher, at Marlton, on Sunday.

Miss Mattie Richman, of Barrington, has returned after a fortnight's visit at the home of R. Richman.

Mrs. Frank Ward who has been quite ill is improving.

William Lowden visited his daughter, Mrs. Crammer, at the parsonage on Sunday.

Miss Elsie L. Richman is visiting Rev. and Mrs. N. D. Aspinwall at Forked River.

Mrs. Thornton Southwick is suffering with inflammatory rheumatism.

Services are being held in Asbury Church every Sunday as usual, both morning and evening. All are invited to attend.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

Rev. N. F. Stahl, D. D., pastor.

Services next Sunday as follows:

9.45 a. m., Sunday School.

10.45 a. m., morning service.

8 p. m., evening service.

Arrivals at The Lawn House.

Mrs. R. M. Biddle, Mrs. M. Murray, Joseph A. Wade, Miss Kent, Mr. G. Belmont, Philadelphia.

Mrs. A. Fraser, East Orange, N. J.

Mrs. Geo. F. Wingate, Mrs. M. Blank, Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Hutchinson, Georgetown, N. J.

Miss C. McCann, Miss G. Black, Geo. Ackers, Johnston, N. J.

Rev. G. Wharton McMullin, Gibbsboro, N. J.

T. C. Clothier, Haverford, Pa.

Mrs. F. E. Brinton, Miss Brinton, West Chester, Pa.

Mrs. and Mr. J. E. Wilson, Mrs. H. E. Bowser, New York City.

C. D. Moore, Belwood, Pa.

Original of Sam Weller.

The original of Sam Weller was Sam or Samuel Vale, who was well known as a London comedian who acted in the farce called "The Boarding House" and subsequently at Covent Garden theatre. Sam Vale was noted everywhere for the Wellerisms, such as "Come on, as the man said to his tight boot." "I'm down on you, the extinguisher said to the candle." "Where shall we fly, as the bullet said to the trigger," and "Let everyone take care of themselves, as the donkey observed when dancing among the chickens." Sam Vale died in 1848.

Formation of Icebergs.

The proportion of an iceberg which will be under water is determined by comparing the density of the ice with that of the surrounding sea water. The densities of ice and sea water are nearly 92 and 103, respectively, from which it can be calculated that only about one-ninth of the iceberg's bulk is visible above the surface. No iceberg could float with one-third of its actual bulk out of water, but if it were irregularly shaped, with peaks, it might seem to be much less than eight-ninths submerged.

Chance Here for Argument.

The dislike of women for effeminate men, and of men for masculine women, is due to the instinctive belief of both men and women in the governance of man—London Mail.

Consoling Mother.

Ex-Servant (to former mistress)—"So you won't give me a character! (with deep scorn) you—you lady!" Little Monty—"You're not, are you, mother?"—Punch.

A Confession.

"Well," he said, "it is—let me see?—three years since we met crossing the ocean, isn't it? Are you married yet?" "No," she sweetly replied, "again."

Merely Cumbers the Earth.

A man who does not avail himself of a chance of raising his position is not really a man. He is something walking about to save funeral expenses.

Temperature of the Earth.

The temperature increases about one degree for every 60 feet as we penetrate into the interior of the earth.

Fact and Imagination.

"I know you don't love me," she cried, peevishly. "I do love you," he murmured, "only not as much as you imagine I do."—Satire.

To Make Advertising Pay.

"Use good bait, fresh bait, and patience," is the advice Isaac Walton years ago gave to fishermen, and fishing after all is what men engage in—fishing for business. Have for bait good live copy; fresh, up-to-date "set up" and patiently fish in one pool. You never heard of a successful angler who rushed first to one pool and then to another. Got the best pool known by experience to contain the fish, and lure him on by offering the best bait, your kit. Fishing and advertising are alike.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Canine Swear Words.

Another vocal trouble comes from Hungary. There a grammophone dealer has been so annoyed by the singing of the girls in a dressmaker's workshop that adjoined his room that he filled one of his instruments with swear words and set it to work when the girls were all assembled at their labors. The defense that he was only "testing new records" did not save him from having to pay damages. He would have found it cheaper to buy a parrot.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Doing Good

"I'm kind of uneasy about my health, doctor," said the major. "I have been suffering from shooting pains in my right side, where my heart is, and all my organs seem out of which in one way or another, so I thought I'd ask you to examine me and tell me what's wrong and give me a prescription."

"I'll be glad to examine you and prescribe, Major Standoff," replied the doctor, "when you have settled that old account of yours, which has been running for three years. At the last meeting of our county medical association we passed drastic resolutions forbidding members to have dealings with certain people, who are notoriously bad pay, and your name was the first mentioned in this connection."

"Well, great guns!" cried the major. "That should have to be insured by a lantern-jawed sawbones right here in this town, which owes its very existence to his heroism and self-sacrifice in the times that tried men's souls! This surely must be an evil dream from which I shall presently wake!"

It doesn't stand to reason that any man, much less a one horse doctor, would dare to hand such an insult to the pioneer who made the wilderness blossom as the rose!

"Why, sir, I have been the best friend you ever had since you hung out your shingle. I have boosted you in season and out of season. I took an interest in you from the first, and whenever a friend of mine fell sick I would say to him: 'Call on Doctor Standoff. He is the most divinely gifted physician in these parts.'"

"When old John Bonehead fell sick he was going to send for one of the old established doctors, but I labored with him and exhausted all my eloquence to get him to send for you. Now, I ask you, as man to man, did he send for you on my recommendation or did he not?"

"He certainly did, and I've always felt that it was a low trick on your part. Here I was a stranger in a strange land, a young physician trying to establish a practice, and you unloaded that old deadbeat on me and nearly broke me up in business! I treated him for six months and as soon as he was able to move he jumped the town and I haven't had a cent from him to this day."

"That's your idea of gratitude, sir, is it? When I go forth to the homes and highways to find patients for you, you think I should be responsible for the bills they run up! I suppose you have forgotten who called you up yesterday that he'll have to pay them."

Just as soon as I heard of his illness I nearly foundered myself rushing to a telephone to notify you, knowing that you needed patients. I suppose you have forgotten that kindness!"

"No, I have not forgotten, major, and if it hadn't been for your gray hairs I'd have shown my appreciation with a wet elm club. I was just getting a footing in some of the wealthy homes of the town then. There was a mild epidemic of measles, and I was quite busy and the outlook was encouraging. Then you sent me your confounded telephone message, and I rushed down to see Mrs. Toxlophy, fell sick, and now you have the nerve to come here reminding me of it!"

"Well, of all the shameless ingratitude that ever defaced the annals of our glorious country this is the worst! This is the reward a man gets for helping the poor and needy, for straining his hind legs rustling around trying to do good! A man may shed blood and sever his heart-strings trying to aid struggling young men, and after years they turn and rend him!"

"Well, you can go to thunder with your medical association. I don't suppose you could tell an attack of glanders from a lunar eclipse, anyhow, and so your diagnosis wouldn't be worth a cent. If I had a sick cow I wouldn't let you prescribe for her. The undertaker was telling me yesterday that he'll have to buy an extra hearse if you stay here. So I bid you good morning."

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INTERESTING NEWS BITS in and around Palmyra

Mrs. W. Groves entertained the 500 Club Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris M. Sapovitz spent Sunday at Chester.

Miss Ida Griffith is spending a week at Walnut Hills.

Walter Horner and family are spending a week at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Dorel Mason are spending a fortnight at Ocean City.

Two candidates were initiated at the P. O. of A. Thursday evening.

Mrs. J. B. Van Buren entertained the Thursday Euchre Club yesterday.

Mrs. Mary Harris went to Pitman Grove for a month on Wednesday.

Mrs. Bewley, of Philadelphia, is spending ten days with Mrs. W. W. Dye.

Mrs. Paul Jones returned home Sunday after visiting relatives in Fox Chase.

Mrs. William Weikman and daughter, Carrie, spent Sunday at Atlantic City.

Misses Nettie, Sarah and Amanda Pounce will spend Sunday at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Emily S. Harkins, of Philadelphia, spent Tuesday with Mrs. Fred. Black-burn.

Miss Georgie Wallace, of West Philadelphia, spent Thursday with Mrs. W. B. Powell.

Real estate agents report a large demand for small houses, which they are unable to fill.

Mrs. Lacey, of Buffalo, N. Y., is spending the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Adolph Hirsch.

Kindling wood, 75c a load. G. W. Shaver. For particulars see ad in cent-a-word column.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Durgin visited the Boy Scouts' camp at Birmingham, N. J., on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Jones, of Uniontown, Pa., are spending today with friends in Palmyra.

Mr. and Mrs. Elias Morgan visited the Boy Scouts at Camp Warner, Birmingham, on Thursday.

Miss Desbie McElroy, of Philadelphia, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Walter Gladney, of Delaware avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Neim, of Reading, Pa., are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. John Ewald.

Misses Edith Fisher and Esther Kell returned home yesterday after spending a week at Fairview.

Albert H. Hodson and family will go to Wildwood in their auto on Saturday, to remain until Labor Day.

Mrs. A. H. Weikman entertained a number of friends at her boat house on Pennsauken creek, on Thursday.

James T. Weart left on Wednesday evening to visit his brother, Spencer S., who is very ill at Canton, Ohio.

The Boy Scouts are camping at Birmingham. In another column we publish an interesting letter from them.

Fred. Schroeffer and family will move to Cheswood, Del., next week, where he will go in business with his father.

Mrs. Rocky, of Third street, visited her mother in Baltimore this week, and attended the wedding of her sister.

Mrs. Samuel A. Via, of Atlantic City, has returned home, after spending some time with her mother, Mrs. J. J. Tomes.

James, the three-year-old son of Emanuel Keuser, of West Palmyra, died on Wednesday, and will be buried in Morgan cemetery on Saturday, Undertaker Morton in charge.

On Saturday night William Miller beat up Martha Boyer, both of West Palmyra. On Sunday Officer Gibbs placed Miller under arrest, and Squire Hirsch committed him to the county jail to await trial.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Anna S. Taylor, who died recently at Palmyra, have been granted to her daughter, Emma T. Zilly, of Palmyra, who is the sole devisee under the will.

J. Preston Sharp started yesterday morning on a hike to Weymouth, N. J., and return, a distance of about 100 miles, which he hoped to make in 32 hours, including a stop-over of six hours.

Mrs. A. C. Roray entertained Mrs. William T. Hawkins, of Philadelphia, from Saturday to Monday. On Monday Mr. and Mrs. Roray accompanied Mrs. Hawkins home, remaining until Thursday.

Mrs. Julius Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Everingham, and Mr. John Stratton, Miss Elsie Gibson, Miss Edith Shea, and Mr. Hauser, of Camden, spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Edson Styles, at Holly Beach.

H. P. Huff, who has been very ill for several weeks is now believed to be suffering with tumor of the stomach, which it is hoped to remove as soon as he is strong enough to undergo the operation. If this can be done it is expected that Mr. Huff's recovery will be speedy and complete.

On Monday night the following officers of Washington Camp No. 23, P. O. S. of A., were installed by the District President: president, George W. McIlhenny; vice-president, Charles Koppenhofer; master of ceremonies, George Spencer; conductor, Walter Horner; guard, George Hubbs; trustee, William C. Straug.

That Uncle Sam expects his assistants to be civil and courteous is shown by the dismissal of Frank Antrim, of Mount Holly, from the Rural Mail Carriers' office at that place. Antrim was charged with insubordination, carelessness, loitering on the route, and making abusive and insulting remarks to patrons. Antrim denied all this, but it was no use. The Department made its own investigation, and acted on the findings. Antrim's fate should have the effect of teaching civility in some other sections.

An unsuccessful attempt was made about 1.30 Wednesday morning to break into the store of the Acme Tea Company, on Broad street.

The officer saw a colored man trying to climb through the transom, by the aid of a box. Officer Baker called to the fellow, but he started to run, joined by another colored fellow who came from behind the store. Baker opened fire, but both men escaped toward Riverton. Postmaster George N. Wimer heard the firing, and hastily donning a few clothes, assisted in the chase, but the fellow made good their escape.

Miss Edna Lloyd is spending a few days at Wildwood with Mrs. A. H. Riddick.

The Misses Stella and Grace Evans are spending a week with Mrs. F. L. Jewett, at Bordertown.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Crowell, of Germantown, are spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Huff.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Goodwin and daughter returned home on Tuesday, after spending several weeks in South Jersey with relatives.

Misses Helen Appel, Bertha Joyce, Ethel Mattis, Ellen Atkinson, Helen Thacher and Anna Keil were guests of Miss Edna Forrester, at Island Heights, on Wednesday.

A Scotch colic belonging to Rev. Samuel Sargent was shot and killed yesterday, by parties unknown. The dog had been in the family a number of years and was highly valued.

J. B. Horton fell down the elevated stairs at the Market street ferry, on Tuesday, and was so badly bruised he has been confined to the house ever since. He was hurrying to catch a train. He got it.

Frank Markowski, aged 62, died suddenly of apoplexy last Sunday afternoon. Coroner E. W. Bolton gave a burial certificate. High Mass was celebrated in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Riverton, Thursday morning, and interment was made in St. Peter's cemetery. Undertaker John C. Belton in charge.

Miss Margaret Stager, aged 23, died of diphtheria at the home of parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Stager, on Morgan avenue, early Wednesday evening, after a short illness. Miss Stager was suffering from tonsillitis, and had been ill about ten days when diphtheria suddenly developed, with fatal results. Interment was made at 10 o'clock this morning, in Morgan cemetery, Undertaker Morton. Miss Stager was a member of the Baptist church, in the work of which she was actively engaged, and her death is mourned by a host of friends.

BOY SCOUTS IN CAMP.

CAMP WARNER
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA
Birmingham, N. J.,
July 24, 1912.

Editor of THE NEW ERA:
Dear Sir:—Troop 1, Boy Scouts of America, arrived here on Monday afternoon after a most enjoyable trip in Mr. Pike's auto-truck. We found that a very beautiful and convenient location had been selected for us on the bank of a stream of brown water, such as is seen in the pine regions, and which we do not have at home. Arriving here in the afternoon it was necessary to hustle in order to get our tents up before dark and have our beds arranged before time to turn in for the night. During the first night none of us felt the least bit like sleeping, and after going through the formality of going to bed we proceeded to keep every one around us awake; and dawn was upon us before we had enjoyed a single sleep.

We have one tent 12x18 feet, and five smaller ones. The camp is in charge of Dr. Dye, and Frank Matthews is helping us out very materially by his knowledge of cooking. Charles Bewley, of Philadelphia, is also helping us. We have been very much interested in the contributions of Jacob P. Warner, of Palmyra, and E. B. Shawell, of Riverton. Today (Wednesday) a few boys from Pemberton came to our camp and challenged us to a game of baseball with the statement that they had played nine games this season but had not been beaten. We told them this was the day they would be defeated. And sure enough, we walloped them with a score of 4 to 3, did to the first pitching of Arthur Fichter and the batting and fielding of Robert Blackburn, Andrews, and C. Durgin. Caldwell did good work at short, and the outfield was looked after in good shape by Patterson, Wilbur Matthews and Weart for four innings, and Jack Shawell, Edward Durgin and Henry Krauss the rest of the game.

The features of the game were the hundreds of catches of a fly ball by Gordon Andrews while lying flat on his back, and a throw to the home plate by Joseph Patterson; catching a runner and starting the business end of a double play that ended the game.

When we arrived in camp we found a dandy dinner awaiting us; and during the day we were visited by Mr. and Mrs. Durgin, Mr. William Blackburn, Mrs. Russell Blackburn, Mr. Lenard Baker, wife and baby. They seemed pleased with our camp. We were also visited by Messrs. Harry Hubbs, Harry Davis and Alton Donaghy who hiked from Palmyra, leaving home about 7 a. m. and arriving here while we were eating dinner. They will remain our guests over night. We will be glad to see any visitors from home. We can easily be found by inquiring at Birmingham station.

We wish to express our sincere thanks for the generous support of our benefit at the motion pictures, enabling us to nearly cover the cost of uniforms for thirteen of us.

The boys present in the camp are as follows: Russell Harris, Reeves Morgan, Joseph Patterson, Edward Durgin, Henry Krauss, Earl McCuen, Russell Ties, Gordon Andrews, Wilbur Matthews, Hobart Garwood, Arthur Fichter, Robert Blackburn, Harold Warner, Rolf Westney, Charles Durgin, John Shawell, Foster Caldwell, Jim A. Weart.

We are having lots of fun and enjoying ourselves immensely.

We have christened our camp, Camp Warner, in honor of the president of our Council, Jacob Warner.

Very truly yours,
THE BOY SCOUTS.

Superstition of "The King's Evil."
"James I., when he was brought to England, had strong theological objections to the old superstition of the royal gift of healing, and requested to be spared from performing the traditional ceremony. His English advisers, however, were well aware of the peculiar value set upon it in the southern kingdom, and urged that to relinquish it would rob the crown of a portion of its dignity. James prudently resigned himself."—"The King's Evil," by Raymond Crawford.

Field Club Notes.

Hurray! The Field Club won and it was a rattling good game. The local boys defeated the Tangle A. A. by the score of 5-4, but it took ten innings to do it. Lefty Holt was in the box and worked in grand form, he allowed thirteen hits but kept them pretty well scattered, and with perfect support should have come off easier than he did as his batting mate, George Durgin, had passed ball that let a man go from first to third and then dropped Hughes high foul fly. This gave Hughes a life and to show how much he appreciated it he put the next ball over the fence for a home run, driving a run in ahead of him. This tied the score and things looked worse than ever as after two were down in the tenth, three singles and an error put the visitors in the lead by one run, but The Field Club boys showed their old time spirit by pushing two runs over the pan and adding one to our meager W. column.

The Field Club started scoring in the third. This was with one out and Lefty Holt up—like the mighty Swat Milligan. Lefty filled his lungs with sweet fresh air and getting his preps on one of Barnes' fast ones pushed the ball over the fence. The local boys took the lead when Harry Kemmerle pushed a double to left and Len. Baker hit the right field fence with a long single, pushing Harry over, one more was added. Durgin, the first man to face Hubbs, who had replaced Barnes, hit the first ball pitched to right for a single. Holt sacrificed him to second, a passed ball put him on third base line. The real part of the game came in the tenth, when Herbie Kemmerle started off with a single, Harry Kemmerle then doubled, Hardy was safe on a fielders choice, which scored Herbie Kemmerle on Baker's tap to short. Harry Kemmerle was caught at the plate. This left three men on base with one out and W. Gibson on bat. Walt was equal to the emergency as he pushed one at Perkins too hard to handle which scored Hardy with the winning run.

This Saturday we play Riverside at the West End grounds. Are you going to be one of the merry roustes? Game called at 3.30 p. m. Admission 25c. Ladies 15c.

Squads.
Did you say The Field Club boys could not hit. Fifteen healthy swats looks good.

Reeves and Harry Kemmerle each had three, while Holt and Baker each had two.

Holt and Hughes each had a home run, but Hughes pushed one over ahead of him.

Taubel had twelve stranded on the bases, while The Field Club had ten.

Taubel had three men on the bases in the fourth with only one out, but did not score as Stacks made a perfect peg to the plate.

Don't forget its Riverside at Palmyra. So come out and root, root, root.

ROOTER.

Griffenberg Resigns as Manager of Field Club.

It was somewhat of a surprise when it was learned at the last meeting of The Field Club, that Thomas Griffenberg had resigned as manager of the team. No reason was given but it is understood that his business didn't allow him to give as much time to the team as he wished. While the team didn't rank very high in the League standing, this no doubt, was caused by early season reverses and bad breaks, and the Club loses a man who had the interest of the Club at heart. As a new manager had to be elected Len. Baker was asked if he would accept. He did and he will have full charge of the team from this Saturday on, so come out and give him all the encouragement a large attendance will do. Good luck Baker, may your efforts be well rewarded.

ROOTER.

Telephone Co. on the Rack.

The final hearing of the complaints of the merchants and residents of Camden against the Bell Telephone Company was conducted before the public utilities commission in Trenton on Tuesday. Preliminary briefs have been exchanged in the matter and the complainants, through their attorney Thomas L. Gaskill, will submit a final brief by August 1. The Bell Telephone Company is to have its final brief submitted by August 10. The public utilities commission will then go over the matter in question in detail and render its decision.

Among those interested in the filing of the complaint against the Bell company were State Senator William T. Read, (collier for the Borough of Riverton), William L. Hurley and Charles S. Boyer. They were prompted in their action by the great increase in rates charged by the telephone company under the new tariffs.

Methodist Church Notes.
Rev. Samuel Sargent, minister.
Services next Sunday as follows:
9.15 a. m., Sunday School.
10.30 a. m., preaching by the minister. "The Overcoming Life."
7 to 8 p. m., vesper service. Special music by the Epworth League. Sermon by the minister. Subject, "The Courtship of Isaac and Rebecca."

Christ Church, Palmyra.
Rev. T. J. Bentley, rector.
Services at Christ Church, for next Sunday are as follows:
7.30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.
11 a. m., Choral Holy Eucharist and sermon.
8 p. m., choral evensong and sermon.

Moravian Church Notes.
Rev. Paul S. Meinert, M. A., pastor.
9.30 a. m., Sunday School and pastor's Bible class.
10.30 a. m., sermon and Holy Communion by the pastor.

Baptist Church Notes.
Bible School at 9.30, all ages studying the Bible. Classes for all. All welcome. Sunday morning worship at 10.45. Sermonette for the children. Subject of the regular sermon: "Our Lives as Trees."
Twilight service at 7 o'clock, singing of Gospel songs, short address by William G. Randolph. Everybody invited.
Friday evening prayer and conference meeting at 8. An illustrated study of the contents of the Bible.
REV. CHARLES W. WILLIAMS, Pastor.

Riches From the Caspian Sea.
Such enormous quantities of salt are obtained from the Caspian sea that promoters in Baku are at present studying Russia with all the fertilizer it requires from this source.

Plays Women Love.
An expert on the drama says women love plays in which Mr. Man gets the worst of it, which surely opens up an amusing field for speculation.

Placing the Blame.
"Only unmarried men wanted! That's the third job Eliza's done me out of this morning!"—London Opinion.

It Was To Be

Rosette laughed softly. "It's of no use, Aunt Louise, I'm going on the next boat. Jim has hoisted the flag and it will be across in ten minutes."

"Do be careful about missing the train," cautioned Mrs. Oxley. "I shall worry if you are out late; remember your fallings."

The young woman pouted. "I never can go anywhere without a peck of advice, just as though I was an infant. You haven't said what you wanted, Aunt Louise."

"What's the use," retorted Mrs. Oxley. "It's no more nor less than a can of that potted chicken at Lovell's. What do you say to that, young lady?"

"Hm-hm!" murmured Rosette faintly. "I'll think about it, auntie. Good-bye."

As the boat splashed around the point Rosette looked dully at the little red station planted upon the bare, sandy knoll like a danger signal. She will be perfectly happy in the city—hot and stupid—but Aunt Louise must be taught a lesson. I won't have her making any matches for me. Cassius Lanford, indeed!

It lacked an hour of luncheon time when Rosette looked out of the nearest set in madam's cool parlors. "How will I ever get through this train back, but then I'd be sure to see that—that creature! And if I should stop at any of the resorts the folks would find it out. No, I'll stay until the 5:10 if I can."

Rosette looked out of the window listlessly. Across the way two huge gray lions snuggled themselves on either side of a wide-pillared portico. "There," Rosette started with renewed energy. "I'll go over to the gallery right after lunch and look at those etchings Miss Carew was speaking of yesterday."

A tall, fine built young fellow was bending intently over a collection. "He must be an artist," thought Rosette covertly eyeing the strong, intellectual face.

Suddenly, the stranger looked at his watch and hurried away. Rosette's interest began to wane; she wandered through the rooms absentmindedly. When a clock struck 5 she started in astonishment; the afternoon had slipped away without her realizing it.

A dull, rainy sky hung gloomily above the waters of the lake as a single passenger alighted at the little red station.

Rosette peered beneath the awning. "Capt. Duggan!"

"Ay, ay," responded a bluff, deep-voiced voice from the depths of the shadows, and the owner of the Water Sprite appeared—a thick-set personage with grizzled hair and beard and the rolling gait of a sailor.

"Will you take me across, captain?" Rosette put the question anxiously.

"Couldn't think of it, ma'am—jest one passenger. I'm lookin' for a ticklish night, but ye can't tell. If it was of Huron, now, I'd know just what to depend on; of the signs was for foul, w'y foul it 'ud be, but this 'ere's the most spiteful, capricious creature!"

"But I must get over some way!" Rosette started as though she had suddenly intended of wading the distance.

"If it ain't that Oxley girl! W'y I didn't know ye! The young lady was in 'em most likely. Well, now, seem' it's ye mebbe I might make it."

A grinning shock sent Rosette from her seat to the bottom of the boat. "You're wrong, Mr. Duggan," she exclaimed, "I'm not Captain Duggan, as suddenly arrested in its course, the boat with one brief fluttering like a disabled bird, gave a sideways lurch and settled helplessly upon some obstruction underneath—the evident cause of the catastrophe.

"Halloo! Halloo!" called a strong voice from within speaking distance. "What's the trouble?"

"Oh her 'round! 'Oder side," bawled the captain. "We're stuck on this confounded 'ol stump."

Nearly drenched, Rosette was assisted into the rescuing boat and in a mass found herself facing her athlete of the afternoon.

"I had just reached the hotel when I heard your signal!" he explained.

"W'y, if it ain't Mr. Lanford," exclaimed the underman with enthusiasm. "We'd probably be playing with the fishes 'bout this time of ye hadn't steered us just as ye did. Look there!" A flapping awning and a mass found herself facing her athlete of the afternoon.

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Rosette pushed back the muslin draperies of her window and bolstered her curly head upon a round, white arm. Through a breach in the darkness, near above a stream of light trailed across the lake and turned to silver the tossing whitecaps in its path. For one instant its rays fell upon a launch which sat across the shining track and then was lost in the darkness beyond.

"It was to be," murmured Rosette with conviction as she watched a vagrant moonbeam that rested for one brief moment on the snowy pillow, and recalled Cassius Lanford's look as he bade her good-night. "Dear Aunt Louise—the sound of steps below brought a sudden recollection—"she shall have that potted chicken tomorrow if I have to go after it myself."

Don't Tell Her.
The girl who tells you she thinks no man is good enough for any woman is merely trying to goad you into an attempt to convince her that she is wrong.

Not That Part of It.
"Did you say I was a dead beat?" "Kope. I never said you were dead."—Houston Post.

One Way.
Would you be shunned? Then tell people things for their own good.

Success and Failure.
Lack of success comes merely from the wrong appreciation of failure.

New Record.
Mrs. Post—"Your old waitress is working for us now." Mrs. Parker—"Hm! That's more than she ever did at our house."—Harper's Bazar.

THE ECONOMY

of employing our services is manifold. We paper rooms as low as Two Dollars—some a little bit more; parlors Three Dollars, and other work in proportion. Prices always includes paper and workmanship complete. MOST IMPORTANT of all is our GUARANTEE that paper sticks or NO PAY!
We are now inaugurating a system whereby you can have work done on the easy payment plan. INVESTIGATE IT.

STATEMENT No. 3

If we could but solve the problems of life as soon as they appear, many a sorrow might be avoided. One that mystifies nearly everybody today is the lack of interest in the home.

Solve this problem—Save the Home—it is urgent! See if there is something wrong with its surrounding—and improve them.

Perhaps the paint is worn; then let us suggest some new color scheme for it. Or, if the wall paper is old and shabby, let us take it off and put on new designs.

It will increase your interest in the home wonderfully.

We do the work just a little bit better and a little bit cheaper.

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South Second Street Philadelphia

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Persons wishing to connect with the public water supply are required to sign an application permit, pay \$3 to make the tap, which includes the cost of ferrule and labor.

1/2-inch tap, kitchen..... \$6.00
Bath tub..... 4.00
Wash basin..... 1.00
Wash tub..... 1.00

The above is for either hot or cold water or both.

Water closet, self-acting pan valve or reservoir..... 3.00
Outside tap, 50 feet or less..... 6.00
Water rents due in advance, November 1st and May 1st.

JOSEPH MORGAN, President.

HOWARD PARRY, Secretary and Treasurer.

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Leave Philadelphia for Riverton—10.30 a. m. and 2.00 p. m.

Leave Riverton for Philadelphia—Saturdays, 9.00 a. m., 5.55 p. m. and 10.40 p. m.

Leave Philadelphia for Riverton—Sundays, 8.30 a. m., 10.30 a. m., 3.00 p. m., 5.00 p. m. and 8.30 p. m.

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E. H. FLAGG, JR.,
Gen. Fht. and Pass. Agt.

If You Desire Success.
If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—Addison.

Character.
As a man's yes and no, so his character is a prompt yes and no marks the firm, the quick, the decided character; and the slow and cautious or timid.—John Caspary Lavater.

New Record.
Mrs. Post—"Your old waitress is working for us now." Mrs. Parker—"Hm! That's more than she ever did at our house."—Harper's Bazar.

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TELL YOUR FRIENDS

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MAUSOLEUMS—VAULTS—MONUMENTS—CRADLES INCLOSURES—MARKERS

C. I. HARDING

549 Washington Street, Camden, N. J.
Representative in Camden and Burlington Counties
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WANTED—A RIDER AGENT

IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a simple 1st Model money-fun, bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. We will pay you \$10.00 per week and \$1.00 per day for each bicycle. We will also pay you \$1.00 per week for each bicycle. We will also pay you \$1.00 per week for each bicycle.

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save \$10 to \$25 mid-June's prices by buying direct from us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from a man who does not show you our catalogue and learn our unbiased prices and reasonable special offers to rider agents.

The **FOR SALE** Romance

By W.A. PHILON

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Secret Service Chief Wilkins, pursued over the theft of the Governor's cipher, calls on the Pinkettes. They think they have discovered a new cipher, when the office boy, Brockett, tells them it's "The Pinkettes" and starts for the hall.

CHAPTER II.—Brockett, Chula, Len, and a friend, Solano, a Cuban, together with some twenty other youngsters practice baseball playing until dark. One of Wilkins' stenographers is seen to pass a paper to a mysterious stranger.

CHAPTER III.—An outcome of Brockett's cipher, the ball player and Solano are engaged by government for mysterious mission. Yastmo, mysterious Jap, calls on Brockett.

CHAPTER IV.—Brockett falls into Yastmo's trap, a foot-follower, Brockett coming out on top; Messenger McKane comes to rescue.

CHAPTER V.—McKane was bearer of the mysterious letter; is also ball player.

CHAPTER VI.—Yastmo returns to headquarters and a foot-follower, Brockett, obtains the cipher to Haron Zolner; Miss Lawson, the stenographer, also reports to the Haron.

CHAPTER VII.—Brockett and Solano have encounter with the Haron in which the latter comes out second best.

CHAPTER VIII.—Brockett and Solano arrive in Jersey City; make appointment with McKennedy, the "Iron Man," baseball manager.

CHAPTER IX.—Brockett and Solano arrive in New York and run into a Chinese zone war; rescue a white man.

CHAPTER X.—The place of refuge found to be a trap; find themselves prisoners of Yastmo; McKane's rescue; McKane's Jap out of \$1000.

CHAPTER XI.—Kellie turns the money over to Brockett.

CHAPTER XII.—Brockett and Solano have encounter with tough gang, but are protected by Kellie's men.

CHAPTER XIII.—An alien Cleveland, bound, the Haron, a foot-follower, Brockett, Solano's berth, jumps from train.

CHAPTER XIV.—At Detroit the messengers go to ball game, receive report in mysterious manner and depart for Chicago.

CHAPTER XV.—Arriving in Chicago, the messengers are robbed by "ransom thief," the Haron again appears.

CHAPTER XVI.—The Haron offers to assist in recovering the stolen papers, but that would tip off any other spies or secret agents as to where you more trouble than it would be worth.

CHAPTER XVII.—The messengers find the stolen papers in the possession of a girl.

CHAPTER XVIII.—After a fierce battle with messengers Brockett and Solano wake up in jail.

CHAPTER XIX.—The messengers and police visit the Haron in search of the stolen property.

CHAPTER XX.—The thief is found in a "top joint," a foot-follower, Brockett, and part of the "body" is recovered.

CHAPTER XXI.—Mysteriously receiving another cryptographic message, the messengers board a train for the city and are later arrested by bogus Arkansas sheriff.

CHAPTER XXII.—Brockett and Solano knock the sheriff and his deputies down and his deputies down and take to the woods.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Even in the Arkansas hills news travels swiftly, and the boys had hardly begun the second installment of their flight when they were hailed by a grinning and wholly peaceful negro, bringing tidings from Little Rock, with a request that they return forthwith and give whatever evidence they could against the German noble. "Ah, jes' bout rock a hawss to death, gentlemen," protested the black man, "an' when Ah couldn't ride him no longer in dis celebratory Ah done hiked out 'n' pow'ful to catch 'em." The sheriff, he loved dat he'd gib 'em \$5 if Ah brought 'em 'n' dat dat he'd jest 'n' catch 'em de debil out me if Ah didn't—'an' so Ah stirred maiseff right lively!"

Three hours later the youngsters, stained, muddy and thoroughly tired, were having a friendly pow-wow with

the sheriff. "The 'scenery' was plain enough. All they wanted was the papers and letters you boys are carrying. They'd 'n' took those away from you and then turned you loose, figuring that you were too completely bluffed to make any kick, or to do anything excepting to go straight home. Good ideas, sons—but you sure did sling 'em this time."

"What will you do with Baron Zolner and his hired men?" asked Brockett with natural curiosity. The sheriff knitted his brows, thoughtfully.

"That's something of a power," admitted the official. "If you lads would stay over and testify we could give them plenty of chances to work out a nice long sentence 'specially that 'n' healthy 'n' round these parts, and we'd fix Tom proper. You say, though, that you have to be on your way right sudden, and I won't detain you. You can send Tom and his fellows up for a little while without your help—the testimony of the conductor and of Pod Morgan will just about settle them. He'll be cussed if I know what to do with the Dutchman, though."

"The Haron? He's a spy of the German government, and one of the Kaiser's most valuable agents," Solano remarked.

"That's a certain cinch," said the sheriff, "but that won't get us much right at all. We know who he is; we've taken a lot of good credentials away from him. Wish it was war-time—we'd soon settle a polecat like him. In the war-time we used to catch Yankee spies 'round these woods, now and then—and there was no forger at all. Not a bit of formality, just a tree-kill and a halter. If we only had a nice excuse, like those times, son, we'd tend to your German. As it is, I'm afraid we can't do much more than let 'em go."

"Why not have all the credentials photographed," suggested Brockett, "and keep one set of copies here, while sending another set to the secret service at Washington?"

"Good idea, boy. Good idea," chuckled the sheriff. "I'll do it. Do it right away."

And a few hours later, various highly valued documents, papers, and maps came in the hands of the Black Eagle, were en route to Washington. The sheriff, by way of good measure and variety, presented the boys with a set of the photographs of the German noble. "Ah, jes' bout rock a hawss to death, gentlemen," protested the black man, "an' when Ah couldn't ride him no longer in dis celebratory Ah done hiked out 'n' pow'ful to catch 'em." The sheriff, he loved dat he'd gib 'em \$5 if Ah brought 'em 'n' dat dat he'd jest 'n' catch 'em de debil out me if Ah didn't—'an' so Ah stirred maiseff right lively!"

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"That's a certain cinch," said the sheriff, "but that won't get us much right at all. We know who he is; we've taken a lot of good credentials away from him. Wish it was war-time—we'd soon settle a polecat like him. In the war-time we used to catch Yankee spies 'round these woods, now and then—and there was no forger at all. Not a bit of formality, just a tree-kill and a halter. If we only had a nice excuse, like those times, son, we'd tend to your German. As it is, I'm afraid we can't do much more than let 'em go."

"Why not have all the credentials photographed," suggested Brockett, "and keep one set of copies here, while sending another set to the secret service at Washington?"

"Good idea, boy. Good idea," chuckled the sheriff. "I'll do it. Do it right away."

And a few hours later, various highly valued documents, papers, and maps came in the hands of the Black Eagle, were en route to Washington. The sheriff, by way of good measure and variety, presented the boys with a set of the photographs of the German noble. "Ah, jes' bout rock a hawss to death, gentlemen," protested the black man, "an' when Ah couldn't ride him no longer in dis celebratory Ah done hiked out 'n' pow'ful to catch 'em." The sheriff, he loved dat he'd gib 'em \$5 if Ah brought 'em 'n' dat dat he'd jest 'n' catch 'em de debil out me if Ah didn't—'an' so Ah stirred maiseff right lively!"

Three hours later the youngsters, stained, muddy and thoroughly tired, were having a friendly pow-wow with

the sheriff. "The 'scenery' was plain enough. All they wanted was the papers and letters you boys are carrying. They'd 'n' took those away from you and then turned you loose, figuring that you were too completely bluffed to make any kick, or to do anything excepting to go straight home. Good ideas, sons—but you sure did sling 'em this time."

"What will you do with Baron Zolner and his hired men?" asked Brockett with natural curiosity. The sheriff knitted his brows, thoughtfully.

"That's something of a power," admitted the official. "If you lads would stay over and testify we could give them plenty of chances to work out a nice long sentence 'specially that 'n' healthy 'n' round these parts, and we'd fix Tom proper. You say, though, that you have to be on your way right sudden, and I won't detain you. You can send Tom and his fellows up for a little while without your help—the testimony of the conductor and of Pod Morgan will just about settle them. He'll be cussed if I know what to do with the Dutchman, though."

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THE BARON RIVED

CHAPTER XXIV.

There isn't much that can be said about certain stretches along the Rio Grande, except that they are undoubtedly those portions of Texas which made a great general declare that if he had that state and the information of his disposal he'd live in hell and rent out Texas. Mesquite and prickly pear; jungles bisected here and there with thorny trails; habitations almost as scattered and as random as the clouds in the sky when the Comanche and the Lipan rode abroad in the land—that is the Rio Grande border. It is an ideal country for smugglers, cattle-thieves and revolutionists, just as it was once the happy hunting ground of the most pernicious red men.

Still, it doesn't matter what the section of the land may be, or what the scenery may amount to. If it is in these United States—and there is a patch of fairly level ground in progress any pleasant afternoon, and the Haron, the German noble, who was to take her to the "old" as she said to herself.

If that husband of mine had a lot of sense he would have told me to go to the Haron, the German noble, who was to take her to the "old" as she said to herself.

Arriving at Chihuahua, they passed slowly through room after room of almost priceless pictures. But Martin spoke never a word, although it was evident that she was not missing anything. Each and every picture they saw they looked at with a keen eye, but to no avail.

At last her master turned to her and said: "Well, Martin, what do you think of this?"

"Why," exploded Martin, rapturously, "I cannot see a speck of dust anywhere."

A possible derivation.

"Words are terribly funny things, aren't they?" said Mrs. Jones. "Take the word 'gargoyle'—how on earth do you suppose that word came from?"

"Very simple, my dear," said Mrs. Jones. "Just look at yourself in the glass some time when you gargle and see how it looks at a gargoyle, and you'll see—Harper's Weekly."

Willie's Proof.

Teacher—"Willie, give three proofs that the world actually is round."

Willie—"The book says so, you say so, and ma says so"—Puck.

New Luxury for the Chinese.

Barber shops are being opened in the far east and the Chinese are learning to appreciate the delights of American hair clippers.

Novel Fly Trap.

In some parts of Mexico the natives hang the heads of large spiders in their homes to trap flies and other insects.

The Best Woman.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, the social reformer, had no more bitter opponent than the party that was looking for a long time his custom to wind up all debates with the conclusive remark: "The best woman I know do not want to vote."

When the New York constitution was being altered in 1867 Miss Anthony laid a trap for Mrs. Greeley.

Reputation is in itself only a farthing candle, of wavering and uncertain flame, easily blown out; but it is the light by which the world looks for and finds merit.—Lowell.

Ascertaining Himself.

"Paw," said Little Dick, "you can swear at me all you want to, but if you swear any more at maw I'll be damned if I don't go and tell a piece of maw."

Why Question It?

"A woman is only as old as she says she is," remarks the Washington Post. And, God bless her, we take her at her word.—Atlanta Journal.

For Sale.

By Rosalie G. Mendel.

"Maybe, while you are away, our house in the suburbs will get sold," said Mrs. Morse to her husband as she helped pack his new wardrobe trunk.

"Well, by jinks, I hope it will," emphatically answered Mr. Morse. "It has been on the market long enough, goodness knows. Yesterday I put it in the hands of a new agent. Maybe he will do something with it."

"Just have a feeling, somehow, that he will," said the wife.

"Just keep that feeling, dear, and maybe it will help matters along," laughed Mr. Morse. "And on the strength of it I'll make an agreement with you. If that blankety blank house is sold before my return, you have permission to order for yourself as handsome a tavalier as your dear little heart desires."

"Oh, you angel man. I've just been dying for one for ages," exclaimed Mrs. Morse, throwing her arms around her husband's neck.

"Don't count your tavalier before it's ordered!" warned Mr. Morse.

A few days later Marjory, Mrs. Morse's sister, came rushing into the house, saying, "Bis, I think your husband is going to be sold! Congratulations!"

"What makes you have such an idea?" eagerly asked Mrs. Morse.

"I slept at Dorothy's last night. On my way home I passed the house and saw three ladies and a child and a dog standing on the porch. The man was busily engaged writing something on a piece of paper. And it all looked pretty business-like to me. Aren't you glad that I told you I was going to get rid of that elephant of a house?"

"I should think I am. Simply delighted. It's too good to be true. Marjory, where did Dorothy purchase her tavalier?"

Early the next morning Mrs. Morse telephoned to her friend that it would be impossible to keep the luncheon for her, owing to a most important engagement. Then she told the laughing Mrs. Morse that she had been away in a most interesting way in a recent errand called a neighbor. Then Mrs. Morse ordered her to take her to the depot, which was to take her to the "old" as she said to herself.

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Flowers For Her

By Rosalie G. Mendel.

They were standing in front of a counter of fresh flowers, she with her eyes fixed longingly on the wares displayed, he jingling his change in his pocket, watching her face.

"Oh, George," she exclaimed ecstatically, "I do so adore those big lavender chrysanthemums! Don't you think them quite the loveliest of them all?" She turned beseeching eyes on him.

"Yes, they're pretty fine," he admitted, doubtfully. "But the yellow ones are more—well, sunny, don't you think?" He eyed the price tag thoughtfully. The yellow flowers were a whole dollar a dozen cheaper.

"Yes," he pondered, thoughtfully. "I suppose they are. But I do love the strength of it. I'll make an agreement with you. If that blankety blank house is sold before my return, you have permission to order for yourself as handsome a tavalier as your dear little heart desires."

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The Oft-Told Tale

By Rosalie G. Mendel.

The typewriter went slower and slower, and finally ceased, as though it hadn't single click let in it.

"Why the reminiscent light in the eyes?" inquired the Audience of One at the bookkeeper's desk.

"Just something I happened to see in a window opposite," responded she in the clerkless keys. The Audience of One directed its gaze at as many of the windows opposite as it could cover simultaneously.

"No use. They're gone now. I guess it's all right, but I hardly know whether I ought simply to giggle or to rush across and make a rescue."

The Audience of One stuck its red ink pen behind its ear and listened with the other to the story.

"Once upon a time, when the panic was on in full force and a job was as difficult to find as an eligible young man in the marrying mood, I happened on a funny experience. It was pretty well discouraged, but one morning I saw an advertisement in the paper that filled me with a fiddid, wild hope. It was a notice for a typewriter, wanted, it ran, 'of attractive appearance, rapid, accurate stenographer, tactful and willing to do a little outside work. Good salary and permanent position to right party, or words to that effect.'

"I spent 50 cents having my hair waved and 75 cents for a facial massage, borrowed my sister's best gloves and went to the office. I happened to be on a funny experience. It was pretty well discouraged, but one morning I saw an advertisement in the paper that filled me with a fiddid, wild hope. It was a notice for a typewriter, wanted, it ran, 'of attractive appearance, rapid, accurate stenographer, tactful and willing to do a little outside work. Good salary and permanent position to right party, or words to that effect.'

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