



The Chamber of Commerce
and Its Importance
to
Northumberland



By *Scott J. Corbett*

*President of The Northumberland Chamber of
Commerce*

The Northumberland Chamber of Commerce is the outgrowth of a meeting of a few business men about a year ago. They met with no other thought than that of trying to solve a few community problems, so that the town in which we have our homes and businesses might be made a better place in which to live and do business.

So many problems were presented, that organized effort was clearly shown to be the need of the community. With this in mind the Northumberland Chamber of Commerce was organized.

Those of us who have lived in Northumberland for a few years, realize, more each day, its increasing advantages. It is a rare thing to live in a town with such superior railroad service, with improved highways that reach out in every direction, ideal drainage, no flood menace, excellent water, cheap electric power, good schools and churches, a free library, strong financial institutions, and industries to employ every one who will work. Then most important, hundreds of homes are owned or are being purchased by those who live in them. These home owners are the real backbone of our community.

What then are our particular needs, with all these advantages?

First—A spirit of loyalty to the town by every citizen in the town, which cannot be better expressed than by membership in an organization like the Chamber of Commerce. Let us take as our slogan,

“Pull for Northumberland or Pull Out”

Second—Ample playground and recreational facilities, so that our future citizens may come into manhood and womanhood with the full vigor of physical well-being. Through the whole-hearted cooperation of our largest employer of labor, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, a real start has been made in this direction. The swamp between the railroad and the West Branch, will, we hope, by another year, be a playground for children and grown-ups—no longer a swamp, but a beauty spot.

Third—Get firmly back of our present industries. This is vital. At the present time nearly thirty per cent of the people employed in the town live outside. This is due primarily to lack of houses. Every effort, by our banks and Building and Loan Association, is being made to correct this condition, but much yet needs to be done in this direction.

We have many other needs; real hotel accommodations, tourist camps or some similar means of caring for the hundreds of out of the state cars that go through daily; the whole river front beautified, further improvement of the King Street Park, permanently improved streets, boulevard lighting, additional school buildings.

The Chamber of Commerce is the only organized agency that will give us all of these things, if we will but support it. Therefore, let us support it as a Community Enterprise in which we will all have our place. Unselfish service by everyone in Northumberland will make it the outstanding town of this marvelous Susquehanna Valley. For with united effort we can accomplish things that today seem impossible.

Northumberland Chamber of Commerce

Officers and Committees

PRESIDENT

Scott J. Corbett

VICE PRESIDENTS

Dr. Charles W. Rice Charles G. Bolig

SECRETARY

M. Luther Bastian, Jr.

TREASURER

John A Mitchell

DIRECTORS

Scott J. Corbett Dr. D. F. Heilman George Derick
Charles G. Bolig Albert Boyer S. T. Post
Dr. Charles W. Rice Paul Andrews J. W. Cook (resigned)

SOLICITOR

Samuel Gubin

COMMITTEES

Entertainment—Victor Gubin, S. E. Sowers, Herman Mertz

Civic and Public Affairs—Charles Steele, M. R. Butler,
C. D. Bolig, (deceased)

Membership—Dr. C. E. Rutter, George V. Walker, Charles
S. Blue, B. F. Long

Merchants—S. T. Post, Paul Andrews, George Derick

Publicity—Harry Haddon, C. Warren Gutelius, N. A.
Danowsky



The Chamber of Commerce Makes Good

By C. Warren Gutelius

The activities in Northumberland during the year just closed really hinge around the organization of the Chamber of Commerce, and the enthusiasm engendered by its first year of existence, which, it is to be hoped, will not wane.

It was inevitable that Northumberland should have a Chamber of Commerce. There is not a town or city of any size or standing in the country today which does not have such a trade organization.

We either had to co-ordinate the activities of the community in such an organization, or become a back number.

Years ago we had a Board of Trade in Northumberland. It died. Later we had a similar organization known as the Bureau of Industry. It also died, because at that time the imperative necessity and importance of such organizations to a town or city that wants to forge ahead were not thoroughly understood and appreciated.

Our new Chamber of Commerce is not going to die—for the simple reason that such an organization in the maintenance of real community life has become as indispensable in promoting the civic and commercial welfare of a community as the regular municipal bodies are in governing and administering them.

After two enthusiastic preliminary meetings the Chamber of Commerce was actually organized at a dinner in St. John's Lutheran Church on Tuesday evening, February 23.

The nine directors elected at this meeting perfected an organization on February 26, and contrary to the notions of some people in the community, they have been busy doing one thing or another ever since.

One of the first things done after the organization was to offer prizes to children of the public schools for the best slogan suggested for the use of the Chamber and the town. A committee was appointed to pass on the merits of the slogans submitted, but after careful examination this committee found that while several of the slogans carried merit in a way, there was not one significant and suggestive enough to be adapted by the Chamber. Prizes were awarded to three of the contestants, but the matter of a slogan was dropped for the time being.

Two outstanding events of the year, the success of which were largely due to management by the Chamber of Commerce, were the dedication and celebration of the opening of the new West Branch Bridge on July 2, and the visit of world chemists for the dedication of the Priestley Museum on September 5. The former event was one of the most spectacular and unique demonstrations ever staged in Central Pennsylvania, drawing people from far and wide. The parade of elaborate floats and beautifully decorated automobiles from Northumberland, through Sunbury, to Selinsgrove and return over the handsome new bridge, made a picturesque event that will not be forgotten in a long time. The people of Sunbury and Selinsgrove participated whole-heartedly in this affair. Paul Andrews, of the Andrews Hardware Company, was chairman of the finance committee for the event, and Dr. Charles W. Rice was chairman of the parade committee.

Under the direction of E. G. Van Alen as general chairman, the program for the dedication of the Priestley Museum on September 5 was also successfully carried out. A brief account of this event, as it was reported in Industrial and Engineering Chemistry, an organ of the American Chemical Society, appears elsewhere in this Annual.

A project gotten under way last summer by the Chamber, which will be of great value to the community, is the development of the large tract of ground belonging to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, west of the road leading to the West Branch Bridge, and between its right of way and the river, for a community athletic field. Two of the directors of the Chamber, Dr. Charles W. Rice and Charles G. Bolig, and the Secretary, M. L. Bastian, Jr., went to Williamsport, and after an interview with Superintendent Russell were given the

The SAVOY

A Comerford Theatre
Northumberland, Pa.

THE movies have grown up," as we say, and with them the Comerford Chain of Theatres.

A Comerford Theatre takes pride in the fact that it is a real community institution.

It is interested in the welfare of the community, and it demonstrates this interest by rendering a genuine service to the public—by placing its auditorium in a substantial, commodious building; by making the auditorium attractive in all appointments; good ventilation, proper heating, correct illumination, and comfortable seating; and by maintaining a management that is solicitous for the comfort of patrons and courteous under all circumstances.

The reels of pictures presented in a Comerford Theatre are mechanically first class. No "hand-me-down," worn out, mutilated, imperfect films are sent over the circuit. This is the reason why the people in a small community are able to see pictures in a Comerford Theatre that are just as well presented as they are in the mag-

nificent motion picture palaces of our great cities.

But better still, the Comerford management invariably presents the very best feature pictures, short comedies and news reels it is possible to obtain. Patrons of Northumberland's Comerford Theatre, the Savoy, may compare a week's program presented here with any presented in the theatres of the largest cities, and observe for themselves that this top-notch policy is consistently maintained.

The Comerford System does not ask what a community can afford. It gives the community the best, and the people invariably show their appreciation by their unstinted patronage.

The Comerford Management invites complaints, but at the same time it reduces complaints to almost nothing by constantly anticipating and fulfilling the demands of the public.

This is the reason why, wherever a Comerford Theatre is found, it has become an outstanding institution in that particular community.

The Savoy is Northumberland's Only Motion Picture Theatre, but nevertheless the management is none the less vigilant in maintaining the highest standards of entertainment and service in keeping with the general Comerford Policy.

H. C. HAWLEY, Manager

privilege of using the tract for this purpose. The ground was surveyed for the high water mark, and since the middle of the summer it has been undergoing filling to the proper level. The Railroad Company is donating ashes for this purpose. It is anticipated that the tract will be filled to the proper level by next autumn at the latest.

Among other things taken up or accomplished by the Chamber have been the following:

The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company was persuaded to change the name of Blue Hill Station to Northumberland.

Through the committee on Civic and Public Affairs, of which Senator Charles Steele is chairman, the matter of abolishing the dangerous grade crossing of the D. L. & W. Railroad at the foot of Water Street was brought to the attention of the proper authorities of the Company. In some correspondence which Senator Steele had with the Chief Engineer of the Company, the latter held that this crossing was no more dangerous than many others along its right of way, and that the Company would be unable to remedy the situation. However, the Chamber of Commerce turned the matter over to the Borough Council with the recommendation that that body take the proper steps to have this grade crossing removed. The death risk at this crossing has been greatly increased with the opening of the new bridge, and owing to its peculiar extra hazardous situation, every step possible should be taken by the municipal authorities to have the railroad tracks at this point properly located.

When the use of traffic signals in the borough became a bone of contention in Council, the Chamber of Commerce cut the red tape by getting expert advice from H. R. Wertz, district engineer of the State Highway Department, in regard to the satisfactory use of such signals in the town. If in the near future Council decides to adopt such signals, the valuable suggestions given by Mr. Wertz will likely be heeded.

The paving of Duke Street as a necessary adjunct for the improvement of traffic conditions in the town was recommended to the Borough Council.

The Merchants' Council of the Chamber, of which S. T. Post is chairman, put on two gift sales toward the end of the year to stimulate buying in the town—one in October and another in December. These were the first occasions for Northumberland merchants to participate so generally in co-operative sales drives on so large a scale.

Quaker Green, the little park above the Town Hall on Second Street, which was improved some years ago by the Women's Civic Club, but which, after that organization went out of existence, was badly neglected, was given attention by the Chamber of Commerce late in the summer, but when the Civic Club was revived in the autumn, the matter of its care was turned over to that organization.

An offer of the Hockenbury System of Harrisburg for making a scientific, accurate survey of the town to ascertain our requirements in the way of hotel accommodations, was accepted by the Chamber, and this survey is now in course of preparation. The Hockenbury System, by the way, is an organization of experts on community hotel financing and building, which has paved the way for the construction of some of the finest small city and town hotels in the country.

But the Chamber of Commerce has not only been engaged in arousing activity and achievement in mere civic matters. It has had its eyes open for new industries, and, very sensibly, it has concerned itself with the welfare of industries we already have in our midst, not in a meddling way, but in an attitude of helpfulness. At the present time it has several industrial projects on foot that may prove of real constructive value to the community.

The meetings and dinners of the members of the Chamber at stated times in the social halls of several churches have been of inestimable value in promoting good fellowship among our citizens. These dinners, of course, have been featured by out of town speakers well qualified to discuss various subjects. We have had among others: James R. Brown, President of the Manhattan Single Tax Club, New York City, on "Single Tax"; Major Barton, of Bloomsburg, on "Building and Loan Associations"; Frederic A. Godcharles, of Milton, on the "Early Pioneers of Northumberland" and Professor White, of Bucknell University, in a very scholarly and practical address emphasizing the primary importance of initiative and pride in the individual citizens before anything can be accomplished in a social or co-operative way in a community.

Some Suggestions for Keeping the Chamber of Commerce a Going Concern

By C. Warren Gutelius

The directors of our Chamber of Commerce serve without pay. They are all business men who cannot afford to neglect their own business for community activities. If they did they would not be good business men. What they do for the benefit of the community at large must be done on extra time, and some times on borrowed time. Like other business men and citizens of the town they benefit only indirectly from the achievements of the Chamber. Consequently the results they are able to accomplish must be judged accordingly.

There is no reason why there should be any undue friction between the Chamber of Commerce and the legally constituted municipal authorities. In fact a Chamber of Commerce, by investigating or formulating various projects for the improvement of the community, and by sounding out or crystalizing public sentiment on various matters, and truly representative as it is of varied interests in the community, can be of untold help to the municipal authorities.

Our Chamber of Commerce must persistently and uncompromisingly steer clear of factionalism, or it is doomed for the rocks. The Chamber of Commerce is bigger and broader than any single business man or small group of business men in the community. Let us give a hint of what we mean. A few years ago the writer was in a town of about twelve thousand people not two hundred miles from Northumberland. One hardly entered the town until he felt an atmosphere of stagnation and deadness. Asking a citizen about the cause of this condition he explained it in this way: There were two big industries in the community extremely antagonistic to each other. The merchants and other small business people were afraid of them, and timidly lined up with one concern or the other. If one made a move for some public improvement, backed by its faction, the other fought it, with its cohorts lined up with it. The town was continually living under actual warfare or an armistice. The progress of the whole community was held up to gratify the senseless vanity and pride of a few selfish individuals who thought they held the whip-hand. Several years later we were in the same town, and a change was very apparent. Asking the same citizen for the cause, he explained that the merchants and business people had finally been aroused, signed a Declaration of Independence and formed a Chamber of Commerce. The war lords were told to either get in and play the game like good sports, or get out. They got in, and then the town loosened up and commensed to move forward.

The people of the town must have patience with the Chamber of Commerce in securing new industries. They are not picked up every day, and considerable care and foresight must be used in bringing one into the community. There are plenty of wildcat promoters who would be only too eager to rush into the open arms of a Chamber of Commerce. In this respect the Board of Directors of a real Chamber of Commerce have a large responsibility resting on them.

But better than bringing new industries into the town is the policy of encouraging and helping those we already have. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," as the old saying goes. A certain man in a large town in Central Pennsylvania developed a truly substantial and worth-while industry for the community a few years ago. We visited the plant after it was in operation. Something was mentioned about the town's Chamber of Commerce, and he expressed no interest in it whatever. Then he explained his attitude by saying that not once after his project had been gotten under way did the Chamber of Commerce take any recognition of it. He did not want any financial aid from that body. The hard earned savings of himself and others, augmented by a loan from a bank, had supplied the necessary capital, but he thought that he ought to have had at least a word of recognition and encouragement from the organization that apparently was so interested in promoting the industrial welfare of the town. The highly paid secretary of the organization was writing all over creation for industries, and yet he could not come down to earth and run out to see this dandy little industry that was springing up right under his nose.

People should take pride in the products manufactured in their own community. Oftimes something turned out in a small, unpretentious plant in some out-of-the-way place may have excellent possibilities for production on a large

scale. Over in Sunbury, back on the hill, W. G. Lenker, former Borough regulator in this place, is manufacturing a splendid surveyor's rod that he had patented some years ago. Through modest advertising he sells these rods to city and county engineers in every State in the Union. We don't know whether Mr. Lenker would want to engage in the manufacture of these rods on a large scale, maybe in connection with some other product, or not. We don't know whether he would sell his patent to others who would be interested in manufacturing these rods on a larger scale. We do know that he is getting a heap of satisfaction out of making these first class surveyor's rods out of choice wood from saplings that he personally selects, although the people in this locality know very little about it.

Here in Northumberland are being manufactured in large quantities every day very high grade iron cut nails. They have been manufactured here for over half a century by Van Alen & Company. Yet how many of our people thoroughly appreciate the superior merits of these cut nails over wire nails, and how many, not only as a matter of local pride, but because of the better lasting and holding value of these nails, would specify that they be used in building projects? We mention these nails as only one among other things of superior merit that may be produced in our community.

B. C. Forbes, the business authority, and editor of Forbes Magazine, recently made an address before business men of Philadelphia, in which he told them frankly that they were living too much off of their past glory and achievements. He told them to waken up and make known to the world the superior products manufactured there, and its fine advantages as a manufacturing center. In speaking of this to a Philadelphia business man a week or so ago, he told us that what Forbes said had sunk in. "Just wait until after the first of the year," he said. "Watch the newspapers and see what happens."

What B. C. Forbes said to the business men of Philadelphia can be applied to many smaller communities. If Northumberland ever becomes a city, it will not be by its citizens living off the town's past glory, and it will come to the forefront only through our unselfish co-operation.

The New Northumberland National Bank

By far the most outstanding public improvement completed in Northumberland during the past year was the handsome new building of the Northumberland National Bank, which had its opening under most auspicious circumstances on Saturday, June 12.

Without a doubt it is one of the best arranged and most finely appointed bank buildings in Central Pennsylvania. Out of town visitors to the Bank from a distance repeatedly remark about its superior facilities.

The exterior of the new banking house is of Vermont Florence White Marble. The interior finish is pink Tennessee Marble, bronze and plate glass.

Entering the main banking room from the front vestibule an appearance of substantial construction and convenient arrangement is presented. The Morene Stone finish, blending harmoniously with the attractive ceiling design and color, all tends to produce an agreeable atmosphere for the transaction of business.

Much credit is due the architects, Simons, Brittain & English, Inc., of Pittsburgh, Pa., for wise planning, and the local contractor, Albert Boyer, for substantial construction and harmoniously working out the details of the new building.

But more credit is due to the directors of the Bank for authorizing the erection of a building that will take care of its growing business and serve the needs of the community for many years to come.

Events Deserving Every Citizen's Support

The Teachers' Lyceum Course, with three entertainments still to be given this season.

The Winter Chautauqua, an annual event for some years, which will open here this year on January 18.

"Them Were the Good Old Days"



A Native and Former Resident Recalls the Town's Outstanding Characters, the Scenes and Pranks of His Boyhood

By Tim O. Van Alen

(Editor's Note: In last year's Community Annual the Editor had an article describing the life of Northumberland in his boyhood days. When Tim O. Van Alen of Harrisburg saw it, he was so interested that he wrote us a letter, corroborating our sketch of the old town, and giving us an inkling of some of the things he might relate. Then and there we decided to bide our time, and "nail him" for an article for this year's Annual. The following entertaining recollections are the result. In last year's publication we painted a general picture of the town in those days. Now Mr. Van Alen deals more with pen pictures of many of the prominent and conspicuous residents of that period.)

It was only recently that Miss Kathryn Rutter was visiting us here in Harrisburg, and the topic of conversation turned to Northumberland thirty or forty years ago. In reminiscing about the first ten years of this period, it was necessary for me to do most of the talking, as Miss Rutter was A. W. O. L. about that time. However, she took her share in the conversation later on.

One of the subjects discussed at length was Market Square, or the King Street Park, and incidents that came to mind as a result of this subject. In the olden days De Russey's Lane had nothing on the Park, as you may well remember.

As I first recall this neighborhood, the Park itself was at a much lower grade than the surrounding streets. The grass was kept down by neighbors' cows, assisted from time to time by "Ginger" Taggart, a Mexican burro, known to every resident of the town in some manner or other—either favorable or otherwise. There was a path that ran diagonally through the lower end of the Park, from in front of the old Gossler home, (now replaced by the H. C. Swenk residence) to the Methodist Church. Everybody going up or down town used this path. The lower part of the Park, in that section where the fountain now is, was the athletic field for the neighborhood kids, and many a fine game of base-ball, foot-ball, etc., was played there. "Squirrely" Holt, "Chill" Howell, George Jones, Bert VanAlen, the Taggart boys, and many others participated. The younger kids, "Babe" Sleppy, Les Van Alen, Ted Howell, Carl Holt, "Pee Wee" Leisenring, and others were there too. John Colt, John and George Morgan, Bill Van Alen, Kirb Sleppy, and some of the "Down-towners" often played there. Later on came James Baldwin, the Rorke boys, Wilbur Martin, Paul Sleppy, Charles Gubin and many others.

In the house occupied by Mr. John Cook, then lived the Young family. Mr. Hiram Young was a constable, and when fights started, as they sometimes would, Mr. Young would step from behind the high board fence that in those days surrounded the property, and with his little note book and pencil, scatter the players, pretending all the while to take their names with a view to arrest. This is an example of the tact used by the "arms of the law" in the old days. Mr. Young prevented any serious trouble, and yet I never knew him to arrest

anybody in all the years that he was constable. The chief occupation of a constable in those days seemed to be the burying of dead cats and dogs.

The high spots in the ball games for me, were about supper time, when Cal Shaffer, and some of the "young old men" would be coming home from work, and would stop to play with us. Cal always took his turn in the field and worked up to bat, and it always seemed that just about this time Mr. Young had finished his supper and would come out to stop the ball game.

Doctor Sheets was another resident of the neighborhood about that time. He lived where Scott J. Corbett now resides. It was great sport to ring the doctor's doorbell at night, and beat it, for we knew that we were in for a chase. Another good place for door-bell ringing or a tick-tack, was at the home of Mrs. C. W. Gutelius, on the opposite corner. The results secured were always exactly what we desired and usually closed a very successful evening of this harmless fun.

In recalling old memories of old Northumberland, one cannot refrain from mentioning some of our best known residents. We all recall, or have heard of Mr. John Bardell, whose anecdotes and stories, children of his own fertile brain, would make the fairy tales of Grimm or Anderson seem the work of rank amateurs. After many embellishments and repetitions, John really began to believe his own stories, and as the listeners often heard them at the business end of a shot-gun, a show of belief on their part was all that stood between them and a load of buck-shot.

"Governor" Wenck was an able assistant and collaborator; in fact he admitted that he and John had hauled Blue Hill to its present advantageous position overlooking our town from "opposite Sunbury," the sole method of transportation being wheel-barrows. The Governor positively refused to have his picture taken, and I remember hearing him tell my Mother one day that "'Peg' Hawley had been following him all over town with one of those damn little black boxes."

It was John Bardell who went to Blue Hill one day for hickory nuts. After a vain search, he saw on his return what appeared to be a huge log stretched clear across the river. He decided to walk back on this, and on nearing the opposite bank, saw the largest hickory nut tree he had ever seen. Just as he stepped ashore the log began to move, and to John's infinite surprise it proved to be an eel. It switched its tail out of the water, and wrapping it around the hickory nut tree, shook it until the nuts fell in a perfect shower, entirely covering the ground. John, never at a loss, quickly killed and skinned the eel, and gathering the nuts, placed them in the eel skin and carried them home.

Many of us remember the Oscar Vandling family as well as the Barges; the two most care-free and prolific families of which the town could boast. They were "producers" as well as "performers" (along certain lines only), and were accepted as a community responsibility. Every now and then they were induced to move, and the cheerful news would be circulated; but almost before a breath of relief had been drawn, an empty chicken-roost would inform some unsuspecting and long-suffering citizen that they had returned. Oscar's one worry was that some day a home-breaker might happen along in his absence, and alienate the affections of Susie, his wife. Under these circumstances, Oscar found it necessary to tarry about the "homestead" (or I should say "home-boat," for they lived in an abandoned house-boat, after moving from the old school-house in Wheatley Alley) to guard and protect his woman. Hence it was impossible for him to hold a permanent job. About the only thing that would stir Oscar into any sort of action was the simple and apparently harmless word "Quack." This, sung out by anyone at any time or place, would bring results far beyond my power to describe.

And little Andy Carothers, who might have given Tom Thumb a run for his money, who on getting into a quarrel, would quickly disappear and return with his wife, who was as large as Andy was small, and from the safe shelter of her broad back, would say, "You lick 'em Lyd." This was always effective, and results all that could be desired, and Andy, though small, was not to be trifled with.

Then there was John Chesney, lover of arguments and children—never known to refuse a nickel to a youngster, or refrain from taking part in a discussion, and he was no respecter of the kind of child or the nature of the argument. His vocabulary was choice and original, and Dawes at his best, could not be more expressive or fluent than Mr. Chesney. His favorite expression was, "It beats business how Hell keeps up."

We cannot refrain from mentioning Doctor Elliott, a huge, handsome man,

with a leonine head, and an intellect as powerful as his body, and to cap it all—a marvelous sense of humor. He was not concerned about his personal appearance, and regarded clothes as a necessary evil, and enjoyed his own scanty attire. A salesman, waiting in the doctor's office, engaged in conversation with a man who was sitting there. After about an hour's conversation, he left, without as he thought, seeing the Doctor. Later he remarked that Dr. Elliott had the smartest fellow for a "hired man" that he had ever talked to. Needless to say "Doc" appreciated this tribute, for it was he himself to whom the salesman had talked.

Another character who might have stepped from some book of fiction was Charles Boust, owner and manager of Boust's Store, and for many years, the "Opry" House. He established a successful business with seemingly less effort and fewer words than any man in history. Mr. Boust was never known to waste a word or a move. The following incident shows him in what might be called a talkative mood.

He sat dozing in his rocking chair in his store, where you could buy anything from a ton of coal to the kitchen sink (if you were willing to look for what you wanted and wait on yourself) when a furniture salesman came in. "Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Boust?" he said. Mr. Boust opened one eye, and drawled, "Uh, Uh." "Well, where is he?" asked the salesman. "Here," chuckled Mr. Boust. "Ah, Mr. Boust," said the man, "You have a fine store here, do you sell much furniture?" "Umh, do you?" was his reply, and the conversation closed, Mr. Boust resuming his nap undisturbed.

But Mr. Boust was not parsimonious with his worldly goods, and he was known in Northumberland and surrounding towns as "the poor man's friend." He would go out of his way to help some one in need.

The Old Town can boast of many of its citizens who were particularly well known for one reason or another. Space does not permit of a detailed description, but many will recall Katy Klopp with her wheel-barrow, Old Julius Herlinger, Coleman Burgitt and the strains of his fiddle; those two old patriarchs, Squire Dieffenbach and Squire Vincent; Col. Cake and his faithful attendant, Billy Botts; my Grandfather, Martin Withington; Comrade Milton McPherson, the terror of our youthful days and friend of our later days; Comrades Starick, and Adam and George Seid, who successively marshaled our Memorial Day parades. While speaking of the Civil War Veterans, we cannot overlook Comrade Peter Zeliff, whose "hollow cough" presaged an early demise. His life was insured by a syndicate of local men but Peter outlived them all.

But to get back to the subject of the Park. About this time the Cap Factory became a Northumberland industry, and it was necessary for them to erect a building. In so doing there was a lot of earth made available, and whether it was an honest desire to fill up the Park, or whether that was the nearest dumping ground, I am not prepared to say. At any rate this earth was dumped in the Park, and it was gradually filled up, or at least partially so. It really took years to complete the job, but finally it was done by Charles Grant and James Dieffenbach. I remember that there was some difference of opinion between these two gentlemen regarding the proper artistic touches, the number and shape of the paths, etc., but it was finally completed. Whichever one is responsible for the three long grave-like mounds that run its full length may have the credit. Certainly it is nothing to argue about.

During the years required to fill up the village dump, it became a veritable jungle in the summer time. I am not exaggerating when I say that weeds, grass, cornstalks, etc., grew from two to ten feet in height. No more was it the playground of the neighborhood youth, but rather it became the rendezvous of mosquitoes, flies, unpleasant odors, etc. that even had our old constable been alive, it would have been impossible for him to have named them all, and then written them in his little book. It may be that this period of construction was too much for even his hardy nature, for Northumberland lost this old and respected citizen.

While the boys had lost their playground, even they, in their youth, noticed conditions. (You see Boro Council, then as now, were slow to act, and they did nothing more about this important matter than they have done about fire apparatus in later days). One morning following Hallowe'en, the citizens of the town awoke to find that planted among the dead cornstalks, drooping weeds, etc., there were a great many hand-painted signs (prepared in the back-yard of a residence facing the Park), admonishing unsuspecting citizens to beware of the dangers that lurked in the jungle. The following Spring somebody else was doing some excavating, and enough earth was secured to complete the job.

There was one place in the lower end of the Park near Front Street where good green grass still grew. This small section had never been blessed with any filling. You will remember Marcus Rank, an old and honored veteran of the Civil War. Marcus used to come up there with a little paring knife, and a couple of peach baskets, and cut the grass by hand for his horse, Charlie. He worked diligently until some boy would stick his head around the corner, and yell at Marcus, "When is Charlie going to have a colt?" Then Marcus would start throwing brick-bats or anything that came to hand, and I really believe that for several years he threw more filling out of the Park than was hauled in during the same time. Needless to say, Charlie never had a colt any more than Rhodes cow had a calf. The calf incident was quite a disappointment to the Rhodes boys, who had already arranged to sell the calf. You see it was not that kind of a cow.

Like all kids in those days, our gang liked to have a show once in a while. Admission 10 pins. I had a tent in the yard, and "Pee Wee" Leisenring was ring master, and chief trapeze performer. Willie Strawinski, a rather delicate boy, whose father was then the Methodist minister, was not able to take a more strenuous part in the show than to roll the curtain. "Pee Wee" was doing "his best" on the trapeze at one performance, when the broom handle, on which he was "skinning the cat," broke, and "Pee Wee" landed on his back. Instead of dropping the curtain immediately, Willie Strawinski laughed, and that ended Methodists in the show business as far as we were concerned.

Speaking of the Methodist ministers, they used to have one who had an extraordinarily deep bass voice, and a daughter Rhoda. I cannot say of which he was the prouder, but he seemed to like to have Rhoda go out of the house, and then, no matter where she might be, he would stand on the front porch and roll that voice of his around the word RHODA, and believe me, there was no Rhoda not hearing him call. Mrs. Martin used to call Wilbur in a lyric soprano voice, and Mrs. Baldwin used the same key and pitch. Mrs. Rorke used to clap her hands for Frank and Bob. I think that she was just practising the motion that she used when they really did come home. I was not often called, for the reason that I did not often get out of the yard, and when I did, you can bet that I got far enough away that calls did not mean anything. It was when I got home that I got mine. They used a strip of whale bone, which had formerly been a "corset board" for some highly respected female forbear. I understand that these "corset boards" were originally intended to be used in a perpendicular position in the front to keep the wearer's figure erect. My recollection is that it was used in a horizontal position, and rather abaft the beam, as far as I was concerned. It fulfilled its purpose in this manner, as I always walked erect after an application. The back of a hair brush had its moments too. Both of them loosened up the hide and increased the circulation.

On the west side of Front Street, just north of Queen Street, there used to stand a row of low frame buildings, occupied by shoe repair shops, candy and fruit stores. My Grandfather Withington's back yard was just in the rear of these premises. He did not object to us playing there as long as we did not stick the onion tops back in the ground after pulling and eating the onions. When we tired of this, there was nothing easier than to hop over the fence, climb onto the roof of the little shops, and quietly drop a sand-bag on the head of the unsuspecting proprietor as he stood in front of his shop. In the winter a flat piece of wood placed on the chimney usually started something besides the fire.

Nearly every summer we had a camping party and would invite our friends to come to see us, and promise them a fish dinner. We always kept our promises, even though it was often necessary to open a can of sardines. This particular camping party was originally started by the Rev. James MacIntosh Longstreth Eckard with his Boys' Brigade. This movement was not popular with members of other denominations, who had not thought of this scheme to get the boys interested in Sunday School, and Rev. Eckard was accused of trying to get boys from other Sunday Schools to attend his church in order to become members of the Brigade. I always liked Rev. Eckard. One reason was because on Sunday evenings, he used to preach "sermonettes," so that he could dismiss his congregation early and get to another church in time to escort one of the ladies from that congregation to her home. It also was an advantage to those of us who had similar plans. However, Mr. Eckard evidently did not "know his vegetables," as the lady married her own pastor.

Speaking of ministers, a year or two ago I boarded a trolley car in Philadelphia, and sat in the seat with the Rev. William McNally. He did not remember

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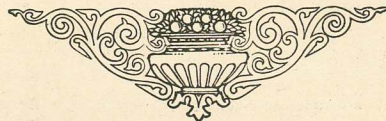
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me, but I remembered him, principally because I have never forgotten that he came to Northumberland at the time we were studying about Indians in school. I understand that he was stopping at the Gutelius home, and that Warren went into his room just as he removed his wig, and thought that he had been scalped. That is when Warren set his speed record running down stairs.

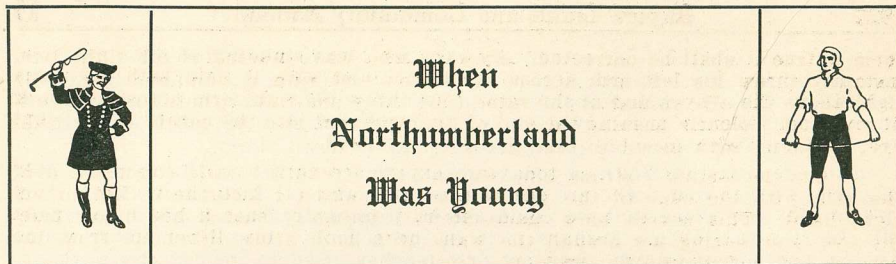
I believe that the Youth of today get experience earlier in life than we did. I never see gangs today who are satisfied with a game of "kick the wicket." We used to hide any place that we could get in, from underneath a house to Uncle Billy Lloyd's have-oven. Perhaps it is in the schools. I well remember when Miss Susan Leisenring, who was my first teacher, used to inspect the work on my slate, wet her finger on her tongue, and erase it all because it was not correct. A couple of years later Burg Maurer and I "sat together." I'll admit that Burg had a vocabulary of words not to be found in the Third Reader, but a bigger-hearted, kinder fellow never lived. Frank Leisenring, Ralph Todd, Earl Gemberling, Charlie Murray, and others who are no longer in Northumberland, were other "seat-mates." Botany trips in the summer, sleighing parties in the winter—I shall close by simply saying, "Them were the good old days."

A True Daughter of a Worthy Sire

During the past year Northumberland lost one of its oldest and well known women in the person of Miss Clara Kapp. One of her outstanding characteristics was the devotion to the town in which she spent the greater part of her life. She belonged to that old group of residents who believed in zealously protecting the rights and safety of the town, as she saw it. Although she numbered many friends in Sunbury, the fear she occasionally expressed for the encroachments of our younger sister city on old Northumberland, were sincere, although mistaken from the view point of the younger generations. The writer well recalls a remark she made at the time an effort was made by Sunbury people to have the old West Branch bridge, destroyed by fire in 1923, replaced by a bridge at Sunbury. "They took away the old bank," she said, referring to the old Northumberland State Bank, which later became the First National Bank of Sunbury, "and now they will do everything they can to get the bridge away from us."

Maybe this devotion of the pioneer on the part of Miss Kapp to her home town was due to the fact that her father, Amos E. Kapp, was so prominently identified with the town for so many years around the middle of the past century. In the Northumberland Public Prses of January 5, 1883, appeared this interesting little sketch, which was copied from the Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin:

Just fifty years ago to-day Amos E. Kapp left Harrisburg for Northumberland, where he settled and has lived uninterruptedly up to the present time. Mr. Kapp is a native of Harrisburg, having been born there August 27, 1809, in a building which stood in the northwest corner of Market square, adjoining the present Bolton House. On the 30th of December, 1832, when a young man of 23, he left Harrisburg in a stage coach to seek his fortune "up the river," and William Boas, the friend of his youth, saw him off. Yesterday Mr. Kapp visited his old friend at Harrisburg, as has been his custom every year for half a century. Mr. Boas, who is four or five years older than Mr. Kapp, has grown quite feeble, but the veteran stage proprietor and agriculturalist, although 72 years old, is more healthy and active than many men of fifty. After landing in Northumberland he took charge of the stage coach business at that place on the 1st of January, 1833, and immediately became identified with that famous old line of coaches which used to carry passengers up and down the river, and he remained with it as a partner until the locomotive came and drove them off the road. There are few men living in the West Branch Valley who have witnessed more important events in less than three quarters of a century than Mr. Kapp. And it may be mentioned as a remarkable fact that he was present at and witnessed the inaugurations of the following governors of Pennsylvania: Findlay, Hiester, Schulze, Wolf, Ritner, Porter, Shunk, Johnston, Bigler, Pollock, Packer, Curtin, Geary, Hartranft and Hoyt. Here are fifteen governors, and six of them served two terms each, there were 21 inaugurations to attend. Is there another man in Northern Pennsylvania who witnessed as many inaugurations? Mr. Kapp expects to attend the inauguration of Governor Pattison on the 16th of January, which will make the twenty-second ceremony of the kind he has witnessed!



John Binns, Intrepid Pioneer, Participated in Last Duel Fought in Pennsylvania.

The Story of One of Northumberland's Most Pictur- esque Residents in the Early Days

By Frederic A. Godcharles

(Editor's Note: Hon. Frederic A. Godcharles of Milton was asked to contribute an article on the early pioneers of Northumberland to this number of the Community Annual, similar to the remarkably interesting address he gave at a recent meeting of the Chamber of Commerce. Due to illness, he was unable to comply, but he gladly suggested that we use any material we desired from his splendid historical book, "Daily Stories of Pennsylvania," published two years ago after the stories had been syndicated and run in the leading daily papers of the State. A copy of this book was presented to the Priestley-Forsyth Library by the writer's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Burkenbine Godcharles, of Milton, and a copy was recently purchased for the High School Library. Many references are made in this book to Northumberland and its early pioneers, and it should be a valuable addition to any Library in this community. Copies of the book may be secured at the book store of Heber G. Gearhart on Market Square in Sunbury. The following article on John Binns is compiled from several stories regarding that prominent pioneer that appear in this volume.)

Dueling was prohibited by an act of Assembly in Pennsylvania March 31, 1806, and it is a fact that the passage of this prohibitory measure was due wholly, or in a great degree, to a duel which had occurred between John Binns and Samuel Stewart December 14, 1805.

The prominence of the antagonists had much to do with the public feeling which followed this affair.

Binns was the owner and editor of the Republican Argus, of Northumberland, the most influential newspaper published at that time in the state save the Aurora, of Philadelphia, and Binns was the agency which, a few years later, drove that paper out of publication.

Samuel Stewart was a resident of Williamsport, where he enjoyed a wide political influence, which made him the object of attack in the opposition newspapers.

John Binns in his autobiography says: "On Saturday, November 2, 1805, while I was in the public ball alley, in Sunbury, with a yellow pine bat in my right hand, tossing a ball against a wall, waiting for Major Charles Maclay to play a game, a very tall, stout stranger came to me and said:

"My name is Sam Stewart, of Lycoming county; your name, I understand, is John Binns, and that you are the editor of the Republican Argus." I answered: "You have been correctly informed." "I wish," said he, "to know who is the author of the letters published in that paper signed "One of the People.'" "For what purpose?" said I. "Because," said he, "there are some remarks in one of them which reflect upon my character, and I must know the author."

"With this demand I declined to reply, but said: 'If there be anything in

them untrue it shall be corrected.' Stewart, who was standing at my right side, instantly threw his left arm across my breast and with it held both my arms tight above the elbows and at the same time threw his right arm across the back of my head, violently pushing the end of his forefinger into the corner of my right eye, evidently with intent to tear it out of my head.

"Upon the instant I struck him, with all the strength I could command, over the shin with the edge of the yellow pine bat, which I fortunately had in my right hand. This severe blow made Stewart instantly snatch his finger from my eye, and seizing me around the waist with both arms, lifted me from the ground and endeavored to throw me down.

"This attack and struggle took place in the ball alley of Henry Schaffer, into whose hotel I went and wrote a note, which was handed to Mr. Stewart forthwith by Major Maclay, Sunbury, November 2, 1805. 'After threatening me like a bravo, you have attacked me like a ruffian. Some satisfaction ought to be rendered for such conduct. If you have the spirit and the courage to meet me as a gentleman, and will appoint time and place and meet me with pistols, accompanied by a friend, what has passed shall be overlooked by John Binns.'

"To this note Mr. Stewart returned a verbal answer, by Major Maclay, that he was going to the city, but would be back in two or three weeks, when he would acquaint Mr. Binns of his arrival and give him time to send to Buffalo (Union County) for Major Maclay who, he presumed, would attend Mr. Binns as his friend on the occasion.

"On the day of its day I received a note, of which the following is a copy, from Andrew Kennedy, the printer of the Northumberland Gazette, who informed me Mr. Stewart was at his house, and requested that any answer I thought proper to send should be sent there.

"Northumberland, Dec. 13, 1805.

"When I received your challenge I was at that time on my way to the city, and had it not in my power to meet you, but now I am here, ready to see you. You will therefore, mention the time and place, and you will have it in your power to try my spirits that you so much doubted; it must be immediately; let me hear from you.'

"To this note I forthwith returned the following answer:

"Yours I have just received. You are aware that my friend Major Maclay is to attend me; so soon as he arrives, I shall be ready; I shall send for him immediately, and expect he will lose no time in coming to Northumberland, in which case I presume every necessary arrangement can be made between him and your friend this evening and we can meet tomorrow morning.'

"Immediately after writing the above note, I wrapped a pair of pistols in my great-coat pocket and walked about half a mile to the house of William Bonham, where I had directed that my horse, and any answer sent to my note, should be forwarded. While waiting at Bonham's, Major Maclay arrived. I made him a statement of all that had passed between Stewart and myself, put him in full possession of my opinion and wishes, and he went to Northumberland to settle the time and place.

"On Maclay's return, he informed me that the meeting was to be at 7 o'clock the next morning behind Lawshe's house, opposite Derrstown, where we agreed to sleep that night.

"We were on the ground at 7 o'clock just at the gray of the morning. In a few minutes we saw Stewart and Kennedy coming down the lane. After mutual salutation, Maclay and Kennedy then retired, and after some conversation, stepped eight paces and placed Stewart and myself at the extreme ends of the line. Maclay then said: 'Gentlemen, it is agreed between Kennedy and myself, that if either of the parties shall leave this ground until the affair is finally settled, such party shall be regarded as disgraced.'

"The seconds then tossed up to determine which of whom should give the word. Maclay won. The pistols were presented and discharged so simultaneously that but one report was heard. Neither of the balls took effect. Maclay then addressed Kennedy and said, 'You had better consult your principal, and I will do the same.' Maclay's first words to Binns were, 'Kennedy is a scoundrel. He is determined, if he can, to have you shot.' Binns said, 'Very well, you know the terms agreed upon and we will carry them out.'

"Mr. Maclay came between the antagonists and said, 'Gentlemen, I think

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this business has gone far enough and may be amicably and honorably adjusted. To effect this I propose that Mr. Stewart shall apologize for the attack he made upon Mr. Binns, and then Mr. Binns declare that the publication which gave offense to Mr. Stewart was not made from any wish to wound the feelings or injuriously affect the character of Mr. Stewart, but because Mr. Binns believed it to be true and that it was a matter proper for public publication."

After a pause Mr. Stewart made the required apology and Binns made the declaration which his friend proposed.

The matter being thus satisfactorily arranged, the parties shook hands and at a tavern in the neighborhood they and their friends breakfasted together. Stewart and Binns continued friends.

Stewart was elected to the Assembly from Lycoming County by the Federal Party and every year voted for John Binns, then editor of the Democratic Press, of Philadelphia, as a director of the Pennsylvania Bank.

John Binns was one of the most influential citizens of the State during the quarter century of which the War of 1812 might be considered the central period. He was a politician, but more than all else an editor, who was a fearless and trenchant writer.

Binns had experienced a stormy life in England before he came to America. He was born December 22, 1772, in the city of Dublin, Ireland, and received a fair education at an English School.

April, 1794, he went to London and soon became a member of the London Corresponding Society, an event which gave much color to his future life. This society was the leading opposition to the Crown and many members were arrested and tried for high treason. Binns was an officer and most active member, and was soon in trouble, being arrested, March 11 1796, while making an address in Birmingham, and imprisoned in "The Dungeon," charged with "delivering seditious and inflammatory lectures."

Binns was mixed up in the movement of the United Irishmen to have France make an invasion of Ireland. He was arrested four times for the same offense, and was sentenced to Clerkwell Prison. Soon as he was liberated, he was again arrested for high treason, and sent to the Tower of London, where he was confined under a strict watch.

After a number of trials he was freed, only to be again arrested, and confined in Gloucester prison, where he was ill-treated. On his liberation he embarked July 1, 1801, for the United States and landed in Baltimore September 1.

Upon his arrival at Baltimore, he hired three wagons, loaded them with his personal effects, and set out, on foot to accompany them to Northumberland, where he proposed to reside. At Harrisburg he hired a boat, and helped push it up the Susquehanna. At Northumberland he joined Dr. Joseph Priestley and Judge Thomas Cooper, two former Englishmen, who had sought refuge there.

Dr. Priestley lived an ideal life of peace and usefulness in Northumberland, but Dr. Cooper, the most learned man of his time, a Judge, president of two different colleges, and renowned chemist, was so violent in his politics that he was imprisoned for a libel on President John Adams.

On July 4, 1802, John Binns delivered an oration, which was printed in the Northumberland Gazette, the only paper published beyond Harrisburg, in the State, at that time. The many criticisms of this oration led to a lengthy newspaper controversy, and finally resulted in John Binns establishing at Northumberland the Republican Argus, which soon became one of the best and most widely known papers in Pennsylvania.

John Binns, from that date and for many years thereafter, became a dominant factor in politics.

In January, 1807, he was urged by the influential Democrats to remove from Northumberland to Philadelphia and to establish a newspaper there. The Republican newspaper in that city, The Aurora, had lost its punch; William J. Duane, its editor, was losing his grip as a leader, and Binns' power and influence were in the ascendent.

Binns yielded to these solicitations and the first number of the Democratic Press appeared in Philadelphia March 27, 1807. He was advised against using the word "Democratic" in his paper's title, and later took much satisfaction in

having started the first paper anywhere published under the name. He claimed the title of his paper led to the change of the party name to "Democratic."

Binns was an ardent friend and admirer of Simon Snyder, then Speaker of the House of Representatives. Governor McKean defeated Snyder, "the Pennsylvania Dutchman," but the latter was again returned to the House and elected Speaker.

Snyder was again nominated in 1808. During this campaign Binns wrote a series of letters, over the signature of "One of the People," addressed to Governor McKean, which were published in all the Democratic newspapers of the State, and also in pamphlets.

Binns had no sooner arrived in Philadelphia than he had a clash with Dr. Michael Leib, who had been the autocratic political leader, but for some years with lessening power.

The Democratic Press openly opposed Dr. Leib's candidacy for re-election to the General Assembly, claiming the doctor was the cause of the dissensions among the Republican Party. Leib was elected, but by a much reduced majority than the other Republican candidate received, and Duane was defeated for the Senate. The Aurora groaned aloud at this "first Federal triumph" since Jefferson's election.

From its first issue Binns's paper was highly successful. It soon was published daily. Its circulation increased rapidly and in the same proportion the Aurora began to lose subscribers. The power of Binns was increased in the election of Simon Snyder as Governor in 1808.

In 1811, Governor Snyder was overwhelmingly re-elected, and by 1812 Binns was even stronger as a leader, possibly increased by his war enthusiasm. The Democratic Press published strong articles on the war, while the Aurora was silent.

Binns was an aide on the staff of Governor Snyder, with rank of Lieutenant Governor and was actively engaged during the war of 1812-14.

Governor Snyder always remained a close and intimate friend of Binns, and while he was in office, Binns exercised great power, but only maintained his sway a few years after Snyder's last term.

Binns bitterly opposed Jackson for President. He issued the famous coffin handbills in 1828, and excited thereby such opposition that his house was mobbed, Binns escaping by the roof.

He was appointed an alderman by Governor Hiester in 1822, and in 1829 the publication of the Democratic Press ceased.

John Binns died in Philadelphia in 1860, at the advanced age of eighty-eight years, each one of which was one of prominence, either in England or America.

In 1854 he wrote the "Recollections of the Life of John Binns; Twenty-nine Years in Europe and Fifty-three in the United States." In the introduction he says:

"Soon after my arrival in the United States, which was on the first day of September, 1801, I was urged by the late Dr. Joseph Priestley, his son Joseph, and Thomas Cooper, Esq., to write my life. They were among my earliest American acquaintances, and continued my zealous and faithful friends to their death. Some few American gentlemen who have subsequently, in Philadelphia, read the account of my arrest and examination before the Privy Council in London, and my trials for sedition and high treason in 1797 and 1798, have also urged me to publish my Recollections. Let these facts be received as an apology for this publication."

Northumberland in the Legislative Halls

The people of Northumberland take pride in the fact that the town is now not only represented at Harrisburg by a State Senator, Charles Steele, but also by a member of the Lower House, S. T. Post, who was elected from the first legislative district by a large majority last November.

Tobacco was extensively raised by numerous farmers in Point Township many years ago.

Who's Who in Northumberland

A Few of our Citizens Who Deserve Special Mention

Scott J. Corbett, because we can think (and the members of the Chamber of Commerce evidently thought) of no one better qualified to head that organization at its inception than this gentleman who has been a resident of the town for only about fifteen years. Mr. Corbett possesses one of those individualities that can adapt itself to peculiar circumstances, and can co-operate in doing things with other people, oftentimes of differing opinions, with grace, judgment and tact. The nature of Mr. Corbett's business is such as to take him into other towns frequently, where he is keen to observe what these communities are doing for their betterment, and when he sees some outstanding achievement, he naturally asks, "Why not the same thing for Northumberland?" The bulk of Mr. Corbett's business is outside of this community, and he has a host of friends in other towns, where he would find living just as congenial as in Northumberland, but he prefers to remain here and help Northumberland forge ahead, and we are glad of it.

Morris Gubin. We have read in magazines the romantic and adventurous story of some foreign lad, who, hearing the wonderful tales about the opportunities existing in America, has left behind his native land with its customs peculiar to us, and come to this country, going through all the trials and tribulations of the melting pot in becoming a citizen. Maybe it has never occurred to us sophisticated Americans, in whose land the wide open spaces and opportunities are so unbounded, what it means to break home ties, and national ties, and to go to some foreign country where the mode of living and customs are so different from those to which one has been accustomed. But that is largely the story of Morris Gubin. He was one of those foreigners about whom some folk frequently go on the rampage, and not only a foreigner, but a Jew, and he was born and raised in Russia, where professors of Christianity, before the new regime, inspired by an intolerant autocracy, seemed to take a delicious delight in persecuting, torturing and killing the members of his race. Many years ago Mr. Gubin fled from Russia, and a while after landing in this country, he came to Northumberland. Of course, there was suspicion and prejudice against him in this community, and the difficulties he encountered in getting established here would make interesting reading. Suffice it to say that he finally got started in trade, and from a very small beginning he has built up a business that is not only well known in Northumberland, but in all the towns around here. With the loyal assistance of his wife, he has raised a good family, bought and improved property, and co-operated in different ways for the advancement of the town. We were convinced some years ago that Mr. Gubin was a man of integrity, and through his fair business dealings he has gained the respect and confidence of the people of this community.

Miss Jessie Wilson, because during its first year as one of the town's permanent institutions, she has impressed upon our citizens the high value and broad service of the Priestley-Forsyth Library to the community. We think that if a lot of children in Northumberland were to be asked, "Who's Who in Northumberland?" they would exclaim with one accord, "Miss Jessie Wilson." If there was any doubt about and any prejudice against a public library as a worthwhile institution when she took her position as Librarian the first of last January, that attitude has been largely dispelled in the interim. You see Miss Wilson, like all wide-awake librarians, has shown us that a public library can be a very human institution—something more than a dusty, dingy place for clergymen, poets, and dreamers to cram their heads with book lore. It seems to us that Miss Wilson possesses the happy faculty that could arouse the interest of the dullest mind in books. If you don't believe it, just go to the Library and see her work.

Mrs. Horace A. Hall, Mrs. James Brennan, Mrs. Felix A. McClellan, Mrs. Clyde Shoemaker and Mrs. E. G. Van Alen, because it was this group of women to whom first came the happy thought of having a Garden Club and Community Floral Shows in Northumberland. They started in a small way last autumn—only Saturday afternoons—at the Priestley-Forsyth Library; but what an interest was taken in the floral displays of numerous contributors! One had no idea