

Buyers'
Guide
and
Community
Annual

1925 Northumberland, Pa. 1925

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The SQUIRREL

Has the Right Idea!

Hurrying, scurrying, busy little squirrel--working through the summer and fall months to lay by its provisions for the winter. How wonderful to think that Nature has provided him with the Saving instinct.

Would that many "humans" had it. For it stands to reason that, unless man stores up a supply of ready dollars for the season of need in his life--he can't expect to enjoy unchecked Happiness.

Use precaution. Open a Savings Account with this Bank. We'll add 3% interest.

People who joined our Christmas Savings Club for 1925 will have funds aplenty for spreading cheer this season.

If you are not among them, now is your opportunity to join the 1926 Club.

THE FARMERS & MECHANICS BANK

NORTHUMBERLAND, PA.

Buyers' Guide and Community Annual



Merry Christmas

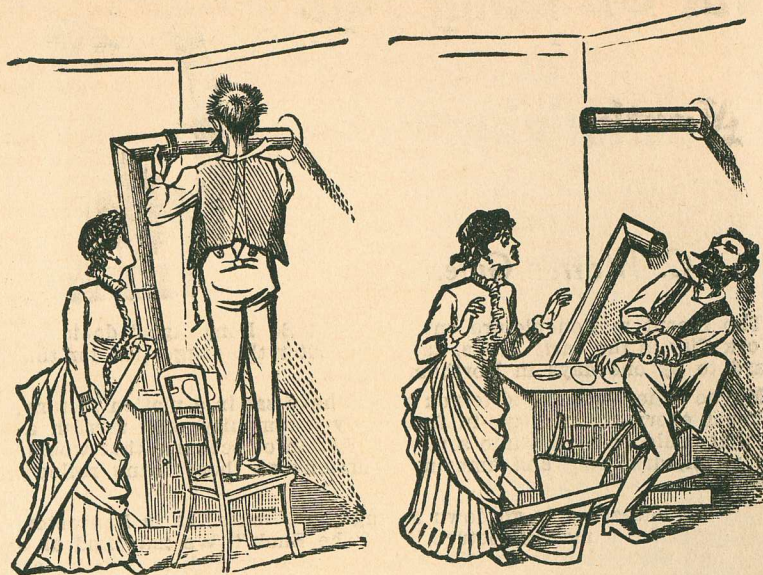
1925

Published by
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Northumberland, Pa.

and delivered to every home in the town without
charge

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of The Susquehanna Press for

10 Cents



Your Grandparents had a time putting up stovepipes and having them fall down thirty years ago.



Your Uncle Jim and Aunt Mary out for a walk thirty years ago.

A Town Character of the Early Nineties.

These old electros were dug out of the "morgue" of the old Public Press published in Northumberland for 45 years until 1917.

was it that Shakespeare said in "As You Like It," about all the world being a stage, and all the men and women merely players?

The sooner each one of us looks into the mirror and takes a good laugh at himself, the sooner he will learn to really enjoy himself and the folks with whom he comes into contact.

Yes, we all have some personality, individuality or eccentricity that marks us as different from the rest of mortals, and the more of this stuff we have in us the better material we are for the creation of a character in fiction.

Take the writer's father, for instance. He was a typical country newspaper editor and publisher. He ran a small town paper for fifty years just as thousands of his contemporaries all over the United States were running them. He mixed politics with business, which is poor policy from a financial or economic standpoint, and he was long on extending credit and showing favors. Oh, some folks get away with it, but they happen to be United States Congressmen, or Senators, or high-up politicians. As we see it now, depending on political favors and preferment is a poor way to get along in this world. It has been the undoing of many a man in more ways than one. The best policy is to produce something worth while and make people pay for it, especially one's friends. Many an old Public Press was sent to people as a courtesy and favor, and they never paid for it. The old subscription books show it, and I don't think they lie. I do recall people coming in and paying as high as \$25.00 and \$30.00 on back subscription to the paper. At \$1.50 per year you may figure up for yourself for how many years their credit was extended.

In the story, "Hempfield," written by David Greyson a few years ago, which is the story of a country newspaper office of a decade back up in New England, I saw reflected the incidents and experiences I have seen in a newspaper office right in Northumberland.

Now, let us go back, not seventy-five years, nor even fifty years, but just about thirty years, to the life of Northumberland at that period, because that time is just about within the recollection of the writer.

Boys and girls of this very modern day in Northumberland, how would you like to live in a town without a piped water supply, without any bathrooms except in a few of the more pretentious houses where the owners were able or wished to provide a private water supply, no electric lights on the streets nor in the houses, no sewer system, no paved streets, very few sidewalks and poor ones at that, no trolley line, no automobiles, no banks, no telephones, radios nor phonographs, no motion pictures, and no amusement parks nearby to amount to anything.

"A dead one," you'll say.

Well, your parents grew up in a town just like that (this town or some other town, for in most respects they were alike) and these older folks had a gloriously good time of it.

You bet they had a good time. The young shieks of that day would take their flappers out buggy riding, and they'd hold the lines with one hand, too! And sometimes they'd park along the roadside for awhile and spoon! Oh, don't you youngsters think that petting parties came in with the automobile. They sure didn't. The only difference between a petting party of today and one of yesteryear is that then the traffic was slow and few and far between, and the safety factor was much better.

And they went to dances and they tripped "the light, fantastic toe" like fury, too. Don't think either that those words "Dancing from 8:30 'til," which now appear on dance cards, came in with the strolling, jazz orchestras. They certainly did not. The last waltz in those days was not "Three O'clock in the Morning." Oh, no, believe me or not, it was just a wee bit worse—"After the ball is over, after the break of morn!"

We were glad to see that some Methodist bishop out in Chicago some time ago told the truth about life as it existed thirty and forty years back. That man is a hero.

Now, don't let the older folks kid you about this. The chronicles of the past speak for themselves. Furthermore, the writer was a kid at that time, and I saw things for myself, and you can't put anything over on a small boy!

It would be impossible in an article of this limitation to dramatize many interesting incidents which have happened in Northumberland within the writer's

recollection. It will have to suffice for us to create merely an atmosphere or settings for our motion picture of Northumberland in these by-gone days. You will have to ask some of our contemporaries or older residents (who can tell you much more) to provide the incidents and characters.

Wouldn't it be great to see in a screen comedy some dignified lady of the town driving down the main street in a phaeton (an old style comfortable vehicle) on a hot Fourth of July with sleigh bells jingling on the horse, or a young man who had just attained his majority going home from the polls on election day and receiving a sound thrashing from his irate Democratic father when he told him that he had cast his first vote for the Republican ticket, or a boy of nine or ten as a punishment from his Mother being dressed in girl's clothes and sent up town to buy a cake of soap at the grocery store, or a lady returning from a meeting of the Dickens Club on a pitch dark night running into what she thought was a large woman and politely saying "Excuse me," only to realize immediately that she had merely bumped into a strolling cow?

Yes, we might tell you of the consternation that seized the residents of this placid, conservative old town when the Jews first came into our midst and took a hand in local politics, or of the lady who came here from New York and thought she could introduce the German (a dance) into the polite society of the town, but we cannot take the space to do so.

In the first place, contact with the outside world was not what it is to-day. Sunbury was many miles away from Northumberland if we measure distance in time. There were two covered wooden bridges over the North Branch, and the one over the West Branch (destroyed just several years ago). These were toll bridges, the fares being collected from toll houses at the Northumberland ends of the bridges. At night the gates were closed and locked, and if the watchman or toll collector went to sleep a late traveler would sometimes have a heck of a time arousing him and getting through.

There was no trolley line between the sister towns, the only means of transportation being to walk, use a horse and rig, go by train or take one of Ira T. Clement's steamboats.

Yes, for some years there was a steamboat line between Sunbury and Northumberland. The old dam across the river a short distance below where the Bainbridge street bridge now stands made the river navigable for that purpose. Shamokin Dam—that's where the village down the river got its name.

And, oh boy, wasn't the "Perry White" a swell boat! The old gentleman—Mr. Clement, I mean—did not allow that craft to be used every day. It was too nice—that was his Sunday best! But when it did pull into the wharf down there right above the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge, we could hardly wait until the ropes were tied and we could hop onto it in childish glee. You see it was a pretty big boat and we had plenty of room to run around on it.

I never cared much for his other boats—they were too small and dinky. It always seemed to me that, like Mark Twain's celebrated steamboat on the Mississippi River, the engines were too large for the boats, and everytime the engineer would blow the whistle, the boat would have to let up speed to get its breath.

But there was an extra added feature to this steamboat line that furnished special pleasure to people in the summertime. There was the "Double-Decker"—sort of a large boat—really a large flat or scow with a covered pavilion built on it. This was chartered by churches, clubs and individuals for "moonlight" boat-ing parties. It had no engine, but it would be spliced to the side of one of the regular steamboats and propelled by the little craft. An evening's outing would consist of a trip around the Island, maybe up to Johnson's run on the North Branch, and a short distance up the West Branch.

In speaking of the limited transportation facilities between Sunbury and Northumberland I might mention that Miss Isabel Gossler, who died a few years ago and taught in the Sunbury schools for a number of years, many a morning with gum boots on tramped through snow and sleet and rain to her school house in Sunbury.

There were no banks in Northumberland at that time. The town in earlier years had had a bank that made quite a name for stability, but Sunbury stockholders gained control and moved it over the river, it becoming the First National Bank of that town. Most of the banking business of the town was

transacted in Sunbury. You may imagine what a drawback and inconvenience this was to local business people, especially when it was so hard to get there.

The town had no water system. Most every home had a well with a pump, and some of these pumps stood out on the street and were free for all. There were bathrooms and running water in only several of the largest and most pretentious homes in the town. The supply of water for these homes was secured from the roof when it rained, being stored in a large tank in the rear at the upper part of the house, or from a cistern.

Of course, every home that could not afford this exceptional luxury had "a back house," as it is politely called in a poem on the subject by James Whitcomb Riley. Some of these back houses had ventilators on the top, and moon-shaped or round apertures were cut in the board walls to give light (and ventilation) provided the cracks between the boards were not sufficient for that purpose. Many were a sight to behold inside from the standpoint of interior decoration. The walls were plastered with calendar pictures, show posters, picture cards that came in cigarette packages, and other chromos.

There was no sewer system, the back house of each house serving for the disposal of all garbage.

Every home and every business place was illuminated with kerosene lamps. Trimming the wicks and filling the lamps was a regular job around the homes in those days. My father, who established the Public Press in Northumberland in 1872, used to tell of one of the prominent citizens who asked for the privilege of writing the account of the wedding of a niece. It seems that he treated the occasion with more or less levity, and the prominent family in which the wedding occurred were horrified to read that "the ceremony took place in a room brilliantly illuminated with coal oil at nine cents a gallon."

The streets were pitch dark, except for an occasional lamp post placed on the curb by some public spirited citizen. But one could not always depend on these lamp posts, except as a means of support when some chap who had imbibed too much down at the hotel tottered home and ran into the first lamp post in his path, embracing it like he would a long lost friend. Not only would the owners frequently neglect to light them, but they would have a habit of running out of oil just as an automobile runs out of gas these days. Many women would carry lanterns around with them at night.

I say the streets were pitch dark, and that was largely true except in the business section, where the stores were open until nine and ten o'clock at night. For you see in those days people were very fearful of burglars, every house had shutters with bolts, and every night after dark they would be closed and bolted until morning.

Why is it that people have had to suffer all inconveniences and hardships in one age? You would naturally think that with a poor or no town lighting system some smart citizen would have invented some kind of even sidewalks. But not so. It seems that the inconveniences were suffered in pairs, or to put it another way, every inconvenience had its complimentary inconvenience. It seems that they simply conspired to make living as hard for mortals as possible. You see, just when the town had no banks it was hardest to get to Sunbury, and just when it had no lighting system, it had the very worst sidewalks.

Some of you young folks may wonder how your dad learned to swear, when one of the Ten Commandments absolutely forbids it. I'll tell you—he learned his first cuss word one night when he had been out to see his best girl several blocks away, and on his journey home (it was a hazardous journey in those days) he stubbed his toe and skinned his new patent leather shoes on a protruding stone in some one's sidewalk (it's immaterial whose it was, for they were nearly all alike).

Concrete was unknown in those days, and flagstone pavements were a rarity. What pavements there were consisted of brick and odd-shaped stones, and the frost in the springtime played havoc with them. But there were lots of places where there were no pavements at all—merely footpaths.

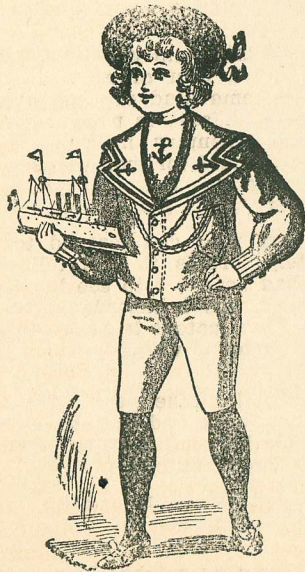
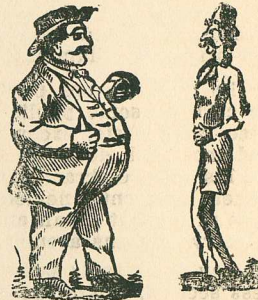
And the roadways—they were mostly of dirt as nature put it there, but some citizens did help to improve them by filling the ruts and holes with the ashes from their stoves.

It would not be fair to say that folks were not as neighborly and friendly then as they are to-day, but what a sense of security they felt in having a substantial board fence between their lot and that of their neighbors. Oftimes a



Teachers did not spare
the rod thirty years ago.

Corner loafers and town wags were
pretty much the same thirty years
back.



Do you remember the nice
boy, tattle-tale, and all-round
pest of your school days, the
tricky little devil who was
always slyly courting a fight
with the rest of the gang, and
every time he got beaten up
(which was quite often) he'd
make a bee-line for home to
tell mamma? Well, here he
is—the little dear!

This was in the days of the
Spanish-American War, when
big boys were shouting, "To
hell with Spain!" and the small
boys in sailor suits and with
toy battleships in their hands
echoed lunguriously, "Re-
member the Maine!"

beautiful lawn and flower garden was hidden from public view by a high enclosure. You heard more about "spite fences" in those days.

Of course, there was some reason for the fences around the lots skirting the streets and the alleys, for cows and hogs and other large domestic animals would browse about the streets contentedly in those days. There was Taggart's donkey, for instance. Sometimes it would break loose and pay friendly visits on folks about the town, sometimes to the consternation, and sometimes to the amusement of the kids. Poor old "Ginger." Speaking of moving picture characters, if Ginger were living to-day how I should like to see Earl Foxe ride him in one of his Van Bibber comedies. I think Ginger would screenize all right. With all due respect to mortal man that existed here thirty years ago, I think that of all living objects Ginger would have made about the most popular motion picture star of the lot.

Then we were still living in the canal boat days, and about the busiest place in town was at the locks down at "the point," where the boats were left down into the West Branch to be towed by the mules over the bridge to the canal on the other side of the river, or, having come from the south, were raised from the river to the canal to continue the trip up stream. Small boys were wont to loiter around this center of activity, for they enjoyed seeing the boats come in or go out. A whole book could be written on the old canal boat days in Northumberland.

We have told about how the young folks used to go buggy-riding. Now, there were different models in horse-drawn conveyances those days as there are in automobiles to-day. Some of the more fortunate young sports would take their girls out in "runabouts." These were rubber-tired, one-seated vehicles without tops, and the possessor of one was just as proud to take his girl out in such an outfit thirty years ago, as the young man with a 1926 Cadillac sport model automobile is to-day.

Several families in town had "surries." They were the swell conveyance in the town at that period. The surrey was a two-seated conveyance with a little more class to its body than the two- or three-seated carriage. Any of the older folks were highly pleased to be invited to take a "surrey ride" in those days.

The bicycle had its vogue thirty years ago. The present model, with chain and gear and inflated rubber tires, more comfortable and easy-riding than its predecessors, came in about that time. This type of bicycle made it possible for girls and women to ride one with ease, and many took up the habit. I recall one woman in town at least fifty years old and a grandmother, who rode one quite gracefully. That's when "the bloomer girls" and "the new woman" actually came in. Young folks commenced to take long trips, and men would run around attending to business on them.

If I recall rightly an older brother of mine had the only old style high bicycle in town. That was some model, and I imagine he felt way up in "G" and like a million dollars when he rode up Queen street on it. There was one big wheel in front to which the seat was forked, and at the rear there was a small trailing wheel connected with the seat and keeping it in an upright position. The big wheel was at least five feet in diameter, although to a small boy it seemed twice that big. I must admit that as a small kid I admired his bravery in mounting that contrivance and locomoting about town on it.

After the trolley line was built between Sunbury and Northumberland "trolley parties" became a novel form of diversion. Ladies would charter a car and entertain their friends with a trolley ride. The trip would be made from a certain point along the line to the terminus in Northumberland, which was at the Vankirk House, to the terminus in Sunbury, which was on Second street, down near Bainbridge street. Sometimes the hostess would throw herself and have the trip repeated.

It was about this time that Hotel Shikellamy was built by Drumheller Brothers of Sunbury on Blue Hill right opposite the lower part of town. People would come there from the cities for their summer vacations, and they helped to add something to the gayety of both Sunbury and Northumberland. On certain nights dances would be held there, and the young folks would fill a hack or so from Johnson's livery stable, and go over to spend the evening. This hotel, which was really quite a delightful resort for that day, went up in flames in 1898, and was never rebuilt.

Fire fighting in Northumberland in those days was a hopeless task. If a building took fire and was not discovered before it could be extinguished with water buckets, it simply was destroyed. There were no chemical fire exting-

uishers, no streams of water from a plug to ply on the flames, no pumper to get sufficient pressure. The old Hook & Ladder Company's truck, in addition to the ladders, had a row of buckets suspended on either side. After the reservoir was built near Montour Ridge and the town was piped with a water supply, the Northumberland Fire Company secured two hose carts which were used up until about ten years ago.

Each church in Northumberland had its separate graveyard at one time. I recall four that still remained twenty or twenty-five years ago—one at the rear of St. John's Lutheran church, one at the rear of St. Mark's Episcopal church, the Catholic graveyard on Westway at Third street, and the old Presbyterian graveyard at the corner of King and Third streets. In later years these graveyards were badly neglected, and it is a fact that bones were washed and dug out of the graves and found on the surface of the ground. One time an uncle of the writer was coming from the West on a visit to our home. When the conductor took up his ticket on nearing Northumberland he remarked to my uncle, "Aha! You're going to the town where the dog run around picking bones out of the graveyards."

People gossiped in Northumberland thirty years ago just as they do to-day. In this connection we might mention one particular topic for gossip which we do not have to-day. At that time all women who wanted to look well wore corsets. It was the day of tight-fitting garments for women. If a girl had a particularly trim figure, it might be whispered around that "she laces." To lace was one of the cardinal sins at that time. It meant that the girl under discussion in dressing would tie the ends of the strings at the back of the corset together, put them around the bedpost, and pull and pull and pull herself up so tight that she could hardly breathe.

Skirts were long—extremely long in those days. For a woman to wear skirts that came above her shoe tops was considered extremely immodest and vulgar. Only a woman who cared nothing for the proprieties and her reputation would do such a thing. I have heard my Mother tell of a well known lady of the town walking the streets in a costume so long that her pet dog could sit on the train and she could pull it along with her.

If the mothers and grandmothers who passed away twenty years ago could return and behold some of the sights on the streets and in the living-rooms, that have become commonplace to-day, what a shocking time there would be!

"Life," the comic weekly, recently ran a series of pictures entitled "The Gay Nineties." One of them shows a couple of town sports standing on a corner and very much interested in seeing a woman lift her dress as she steps from the street to the sidewalk. Underneath is this comment: "It is hard to conceive, in this day and age, that there really once was a time when the 'he-pelicans' in front of the cigar store got a whale of a thrill out of just a mere ankle."

I wish I had the space to give you a description of some of the old landmarks in Northumberland, also pen pictures of many of the old residents as I recall them coming into our home or into the printing office, or as I would see them in their haunts.

It will have to suffice to mention just one in closing—the Rev. Alvin C. Campbell. This gentleman was a typical Scotchman, quiet, slow and deliberate in his speech and actions. He possessed a marked individuality and originality, and he had a vein of dry humor. It might also be said that he had opinions of his own in regard to some things, and between you and me he was not strictly orthodox, according to Hoyle. He formerly preached in Northumberland and then he gave up the charge here, and for some years preached in Montgomery, continuing his residence in town. His widow passed away several years ago, and the house they occupied for so many years is now the American Legion home.

The Old School Presbyterian church was located on King street between Second and Third streets at the alley (Church Alley). It ceased to be a church many, many years ago, and it was then turned over to some very worldly diversions. It was in turn an opera house (run by Lewis Haas), a skating rink, a dance hall, a gymnasium, and finally it became a hat and cap factory, run by Seff and Lauterstein, who came to Northumberland from Shenandoah.

It seems that the old church had gone out of existence as a result of many of the congregation leaving and forming the congregation of a new First Presbyterian church on Queen street.

A certain old resident, who had been affiliated with this Old School

O-FISH-UL A-NOUN-SMENT

THE NORTHUMBERLAND CLUB

Presents Their Furiously Fun Furnishers From Far-off Formosa in Fiendishly Fantastic Farce, Headed by the

DARKTOWN AGONY MINSTRELS

MR. B. S. NESBIT

The Elongated, Elegant EM-Bellished Squeezer, from Onion County in
HIS ORIGINAL LEMON DANCE

MR. J. H. MAILEY

The African Dodger, in His Zulu Specialty

The WEARY WOEFUL ABBLING ALK

MR. G. M. ECKERT

The Southern Chocolate Drop, Honored Father of "Sneeze Kid, Your Br in's Rusty," in His Dixie Melody—

"TAKE BACK YOUR HEART, I ORDERED LIVER"

MR. P. (D) G. SLEPPY

The Mississippi Babe, Proud Parent of "I Should Worry" in his Touching Ballad
"Where the Heart Lies the Lungs are Close By"

MR. W. R. BRIGHT

Warbling, Whistling, Willie, In His Great UndertakinG
"Harvesting the Berry Crop"

MR. C. G. BOLIG

Chirping, Chuckling Charles in His "FLOUR" Song
"Circular Gertie or the Centagraphical Boohooanies"

MR. H. D. PHILLIPS

Hairbreadth, Hottentot HARRY from the ISLE of QUE
In His Long SUIT, "The Red Man's Hope"

11

ALLURING ALGERIANS

IN THEIR TERPSICHOREAN REVEL

"The Turbulent Tumultuous Ticklers"

11

BOUST'S OPERA HOUSE

NORTHUMBERLAND, PA.

Tuesday Evening, April 15, 1913

8:15 o'clock.

Public Press Print, Northumberland

OH, WHERE ARE THE STARS OF YESTERYEAR?
The German invasion of Belgium had nothing on this high crime!

Presbyterian church, never joined the new church and became "a back-slider" in church attendance. He passed away in the time of Mr. Campbell, and the latter preached his funeral sermon. In the course of his remarks and in his kindly way he was trying to extenuate the deceased gentleman for his apathy toward the church in later years, and he reviewed the transitions through which the old King street church had gone. "Well," he said, "I don't know but what it is a better thing to make good caps than it is to make poor Christians." Of course, solemn as the occasion was, his witty remark caused quite a ripple of amusement among the people gathered at the home.



Some Folks of To-day Who Deserve Special Mention

Dr. John Simpson, of Washington, D. C., because it was largely through his interest and generosity that St. Mark's Episcopal Church was transformed from a shabby old building into one of the prettiest, coziest little churches to be found in this section of Pennsylvania. Also, because Dr. Simpson has always shown a fond interest in the town of his early adoption. A few years ago he remodeled Oak Hall, the interesting old country home that for many years was the residence of his grandparents, his mother, and his aunt, Miss Carrie Horton, and he made of it one of the most charming country places to be found around here. Just last summer he met the writer down on Front street and he remarked that he should like to see a \$1,000,000 hotel down there on the Vankirk House corner. We looked at him in amazement and said, "Don't you think your figures are rather high—Northumberland is not in Florida, you know." He then admitted that his idea was somewhat rosy, and that a hotel to be constructed for one-fourth of that amount or less, would serve the purpose very nicely. May his vision be realized.

Mrs. Mary Kapp Sheppard, of New York City, Atlantic City, Florida and Northumberland, because she also contributed generously toward the remodeling of St. Mark's Episcopal church and largely helped to make it one of the outstanding improvements in the town within the last few years. Also, because as a world-wide traveller she has an appreciation of magnificent distances, and it was only natural that she should present a handsome globe of the world to the new Priestley-Forsyth Memorial Library, realizing that it would be a fine adjunct to the service that institution will render to the community.

M. P. Tierney, because he is one of the best-natured citizens of Northumberland, and the fact that he has been a justice of the peace for sixteen years has tended to strengthen rather than to weaken his sense of humor. We do not recall ever seeing Mike with a frown, and we have never heard him berate anybody. We don't know of any person who shows a finer tolerance for other people's short comings. He has practiced law, bought and sold real estate, served as justice of the peace, made money (and lost some, too), and is raising four fine boys, and yet he has always had time to be agreeable and to punctuate the transaction of business with funny stories. In the capacity of a town squire he has settled as many cases by Irish common sense and wit as he has settled on points of law. In carrying the glad game through life Mike is very much like Peter Pan, and in mixing story-telling with serious business he presents a very striking resemblance to Abraham Lincoln.

John A. Mitchell, because as cashier of the Northumberland National Bank for a number of years he has filled that position with tact, courtesy, and conscientious, faithful attention to the transaction of the business of the institution. Also because he has always been willing to assist any movement for the benefit of the community in the capacity of treasurer, or in giving suggestions or advice for its financing, even though the deposit of its funds in the bank meant no large monetary benefit to that institution. For instance, he is a trustee and the treasurer of the new Priestley-Forsyth Memorial Library. Every once in a while we read in the papers about some bank official who has embarrassed or wrecked a bank by misappropriating its funds. Now here is one of the thousands of bank cashiers who has gone straight and will continue to go straight. Mr. Mitchell is a good example of the young man who, without either a High School or a College diploma, has fitted himself to hold a position of responsibility.

Ralph P. Russell, because he is another example of the young man who by self-education and careful application to duties intrusted to him has forged his way to a high position of responsibility. Starting as a clerk in the Pennsylvania Railroad freight office in his native town about twenty-five years ago, Mr. Russell gradually advanced until to-day he is Superintendent of Freight Transportation of the Eastern Region of the Pennsylvania Railroad with headquarters in Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. Early in his High School days Mr. Russell left school to go to work. But his education did not stop there. The writer could not take an oath that he burned the midnight oil, but we'll betcha dollars to doughnuts that he did. We are particularly glad to mention Mr. Russell because he takes his success so gracefully. We don't believe there is a person in Northumberland who begrudges the progress he has made. He has never forgotten that the Pennsylvania Railroad still runs through Northumberland, or if he wants to get away from engines and coaches, that there is a good automobile road all the way from Philadelphia to the old home town—for he frequently comes here to spend a week-end with his folks and friends, and everybody is always just as glad to see him as he is to see them.

W. H. Calhoun, because for many years he was director of Calhoun's Band of Northumberland, which was widely recognized as one of the very finest bands in Pennsylvania. At some big celebration where ten or a dozen bands would be present you could always pick out the home band from the rest by the exceptional harmony of the instruments, the general smoothness of the music, and the excellent time. This is not an exaggeration. The band actually was recognized by lovers of good music in other places as an exceptionally well-rounded organization. Mr. Calhoun also deserves special mention because during the past year his fondness for his old hobby again got the better of him and he returned to active band direction. He has whipped into a very excellent juvenile band some of the most promising lads of the community.

NO BLISS FOR THE GOLFER IN HADES

A good golfer recently died and found himself before the pearly gates. Being of a canny, cautious disposition he thought he would do some investigating before entering the Celestial City.

He engaged in conversation with St. Peter and at last inquired of that Patriarch, "Do you have any links in heaven?"

St. Peter shook his head. He seemed never to have heard of them.

"No links," replied the golfer. "You surely must have a golf course. Why you're not up-to-date at all."

And he turned sadly away to try his luck in hell.

Coming to the domain ruled by Satan he was welcomed by an imp.

"Do you have any golf courses here?" he inquired.

"Certainly," the imp replied. "We have all the modern improvements."

The golfer's face lit up. Here was evidently the abode for him.

"Lead me to it," he urged.

"Yes, sir, right this way, sir," and the imp led him to a distant part of hell. Before the golfer stretched a course more wonderful than any of which he had ever dreamed.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "Now, son, get me some sticks and balls and I'll have the game of my life."

"We haven't any," the imp replied.

"What!" exclaimed the golfer. "Not any clubs and balls with a course like this?"

"No, sir," replied the imp, grinning fiendishly. "That's the hell of it!"—Harper's Magazine.



"Great Oaks from Little Acorns Grow"

New Building of the Northumberland National Bank Will Be An Outstanding Monument to the Prosperity of the Community

In November of 1903 The Northumberland National Bank was organized with a capital of \$30,000, the first board of directors consisting of C. M. Howell, E. G. Van Alen, Harris Seff, John T. Colt, W. H. Mertz, H. F. Geise, W. R. Bright, G. R. Van Alen, M. H. Taggart, John L. Sheef and Charles Steele.

The new institution started business in the old Forsyth building at the corner of Water and Queen streets, John L. Sheef, now with the Dime Trust & Safe Deposit Company of Shamokin, being the first cashier, and Roy G. Holt, now holding a responsible position with the Equitable Life Assurance Society in New York City, being the first teller and bookkeeper.

Senator Charles Steele was elected President of the Institution at the time it was organized, and he has served continuously in that capacity.

The building now occupied by the bank on Front street was erected in 1904.

One of the first statements published showed that the deposits of the bank amounted to \$25,987.15. In 1913 they had grown to between \$325,000.00 and \$350,000.00. Today the deposits amount to over \$1,050,000.00.

The capital was increased in 1913 to \$100,000.00 with a surplus of \$30,000.00. It was again increased in July of this year to \$125,000.00, with an increase of the surplus to \$125,000.00, thereby qualifying to act as fiduciary and trustee. The new trust department is now opened and has a substantial amount of business.

These figures show the healthy, steady development of this local financial institution and give reason why it has outgrown its present quarters, and is erecting the handsome, new, completely modern banking house at the corner of Front street and Wheatley avenue, on the site of the old Weimar property.

When completed this new bank building will compare favorably with the finest banking houses erected in nearby towns within the past few years.

The architects for the new building are Simons, Brittain & English, Inc., of Pittsburgh, who are specialists in bank building. They designed the Bloomsburg National Bank building, opened this month, the Susquehanna Trust Company's building in Williamsport, and numerous other banking houses throughout Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, and New Jersey.

Albert Boyer, the well known local contractor, who has to his credit the erection of some of the finest buildings in central Pennsylvania, was naturally given the contract for the erection of this modern banking house in Northumberland. W. W. Van Alen had the contract for the excavating.

The new building will be exclusively a banking house. The exterior is of White Florence Vermont Marble with a base of Grey Florence Vermont Marble. The interior, including the floor, will be finished in Golden Pink and Grey Tennessee Marble.

The building will be fireproof throughout, including the equipment. The only wooden furniture will be the directors' tables and chairs. On the first floor there will be a central public space with tellers' windows on each side. On the right side will be the officers' rooms, and on the left side a ladies' room, private conference rooms and coupon booths, all of which will be strictly modern in their appointments. The vault custodian will have a desk opposite the coupon booths.

The main vault is built of concrete and lined with steel, and will be equipped with a burglar system covering every inch of the surface. The main vault door will be sixteen inches thick and contain a seven inch solid plate of Don steel, manufactured by the Mosler Safe Company of Hamilton, Ohio. This Don steel has never been penetrated burglariously at any time, being both torch and drill proof. The entire vault and equipment, including 772 safe deposit boxes for customers' use, will be Mosler-made.

The directors' room will be on the mezzanine floor above the vault. The basement will contain a book vault and storage rooms for stationery and supplies.

Heating of the building will be with the vapor steam system.

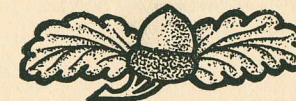
Large windows at the front and the Wheatley avenue side of the building will give the interior a flood of natural light. The electric lighting system will be both direct and indirect.

The burglar protective system is being installed by the Duplex Electric Company of New York City.

Arrangements have been made with Van Alen Company and Waples, whose department store is on the other side of the avenue, to pave Wheatley Avenue for 110 feet, the length of the bank's lot.

The board of directors who authorized this magnificent improvement to the town's business district and for the comfort and accommodation of the Northumberland National Bank's hundreds of patrons, consists of Senator Charles Steele, President; Harry Steele, Vice President; John A. Mitchell, Cashier; Paul L. Andrews, W. R. Bright, W. C. Burns, W. H. Diehl, H. F. Geise, George M. Howell, Robert F. Scott, George G. Seasholtz, H. J. Stannert, Colonel M. H. Taggart, E. G. Van Alen and William W. Van Alen.

The clerical force consists of Elmer R. Young, assistant cashier; Mark Y. Bolig, teller; Miss Cora Holtzapple, Nelson Butler, Freeman Ramer and John McCreary.



Bits of History about the Island

The large island in the Susquehanna River between Sunbury and Northumberland has always been a center of much interest because of its location, size and natural beauty. During the past century it has had many changes of owners, and it has always been known locally by the name of the party who owned it at that particular time. At the present time it is known as Pontius Island, because it was purchased by A. W. Pontius and others of Sunbury for realty development several years ago.

The Island was an important landmark in early times and was a favorite place with the Indians. They had two villages there, one being at the upper end and the other about the middle, and the remains of their wigwams were pointed out long after the white settlers came. Stone axes and spear and arrow-heads of flint were also picked up where their huts had stood.

A mound is said to have existed on the Island, where it is supposed many bodies were buried. Only a few skeletons were unearthed and they appeared to have been buried a long time.

Mungo Reed appears to have been the first white man to settle on the island, erect a cabin and make improvements. The records show that Reed purchased the island from the Penns for \$1,413.33. In 1786 he sold the Island to Abraham Scott, an officer in the French and Indian War, and a brother-in-law of Colonel Hunter, commandant of Fort Augusta.

Edward Lyon, an Englishman, and grandfather of the present Edward C. Lyon, of this place, became the owner of the Island in 1802. He had been proprietor of cotton mills in Nottinghamshire, and came to America on the same ship as the celebrated English exile, Dr. Joseph Priestley.

Following the death of Mr. Lyon the Island experienced frequent changes

America's Women--

Civilization may be measured by the plane upon which its women live. Measured by this standard, we have made progress, but not enough. The home of the future will place all its tiresome, routine burdens on the shoulders of electrical machines, freeing women for their real work, which is motherhood.

Electrical Appliances Will Do The Work You are Now Doing

For Two or Three Cents an Hour!

Some women of to-day are still doing this work which motors can do as efficiently; women selling their time at wages of two cents an hour, having to neglect the highest work entrusted to them--the work of motherhood. It is not too late to change and there is no better time than during the joyous Christmas season. Insure a happy Christmas---

Give Something Electrical

You can be sure your gift will be appreciated and prove lasting, when you buy an Electrical or Gas appliance from us you are getting the best--an appliance guaranteed by the manufacturer and by this company. We are here to give you service not only now but in the future years.

Easy Terms

A small down payment is all that is necessary to have an Electric or Gas Appliance delivered to your home. The balance is divided into easy monthly installments.

The Home of the best Appliances
Pennsylvania Power & Light Co.

of ownership. For many recent years it was known as Packer's Island, because it was part of the estate of the late John B. Packer of Sunbury.

James B. Packer, who passed away several years ago, in looking after the large holdings of his father's estate, paid special attention to the Island. It was known far and wide for its well kept farm buildings and highly cultivated soil. Having a hobby for fast horses, he built a race track on the upper end of the Island, and here many races were held, in which Mr. Packer's favorites would participate.

Some years ago, after the original Sunbury and Northumberland Street Railway Line was built, the large grove on the Island was leased by the trolley company for a pleasure park. It proved very popular, being the mecca for many large picnics from a distance. It was later abandoned, and all the attractions were dismantled. However, the natural beauty and attractiveness of the place had such a hold on the people that they would insist on getting permission from Mr. Packer to hold outings in the grove.

Several years ago, after the death of Mr. Packer, the Island was purchased by the present owners for real estate development, and the pretty little houses that are rapidly dotting the Island show that people readily appreciate the location for home sites.

Here is also located the popular Island Park, developed within the last two years by the Wiest Amusement Company into one of the finest recreation parks in Pennsylvania.

Within the recollection of the oldest citizens of the vicinity the Island has withstood the highest floods, it never being submerged. According to surveyors' records the old brick farm house on the Island (now remodeled) sets seven and one-half feet higher than the platform of the Pennsylvania Railroad Passenger Station in Sunbury.

THE ONE-MAN TOWN

The wholesale firm of Brown, Brown and Brown had a claim against the general merchant of Littleville, who flatly refused to pay.

The claims department wrote the Littleville freight agent to know if the goods had been received in good order; wrote the president of the Littleville First National Bank to know if the merchant was good for the amount of the bill in case judgment were rendered against him; wrote the Littleville postmaster to obtain the name of a good lawyer, and wrote the man himself to come across with the money.

In reply, Brown, Brown and Brown received the following letter:

"Gentlemen:—Your four letters received. As local freight agent, will say the goods were received in good order. As president and principal stockholder of the bank, can assure you the claim will be good if you can get it. As postmaster, I cannot recommend a lawyer for you as I am the only local attorney and I am retained by the other side. And if I were not the Methodist minister here, I'd tell you to go to hell."—Strickland Gillilan in "Life."

"What was the strangest thing you saw in Florida?"
"A touring car with a Florida license plate."—"Life."

WHY I LOVE FLORIDA

I love Florida. Its people are the best the North can produce. Its climate is the most inviting that ever existed in a prospectus. It presents glorious opportunities to make money on orange plantations, on city lots, and on paper. Its ocean frontage has more building sites than a realtor can shake a stake at. I love Florida. I have never been there.—"Life."





A Choice Selection of Jewelry, Watches, Silverware and other Articles



is carried in stock for the holiday trade and the year 'round at

HARRY OTTHOFER'S
Queen Street, Northumberland

Compare our prices with those in the Jewelry Stores of larger towns and you will be convinced of our reasonable prices.

Auto Accidents

we always have
with us.

Maybe you have never damaged
another's car, but there is no tell-
ing when you might do so.

Be Prepared

by carrying a substantial sum of

Auto Liability Insurance

W. G. McCORKILL

Writer of all kinds of Insurance

District Agent for the
**Northwestern Mutual
Life Insurance Co.**



Many people find satisfaction in
buying at

T. F. Freeburn's
City Grocery

and so can you

Cor. Queen and Front Streets

Meats that Please

H. T. JOHNSON

Meat Market

Front and Queen Streets
Northumberland

You can make that pair of old shoes do for
a while longer at the

Modern Electric Shoe Hospital
220 Queen St., Northumberland - Branch at 673 Queen St.

We specialize in shoe repairs while you wait, all work
being guaranteed to give satisfaction. Shops open from
6:00 A. M. until 7:00 P. M.

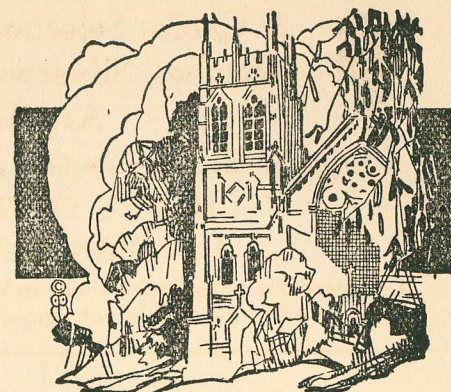
Lewis Santangelo, Proprietor

The Churches as a Boon to the Community

By

Rev. John B. Kniseley

Pastor of
St. John's Lutheran Church



A living church is the most important force, the most potent factor, in the welfare of any community. It represents eternal values. The Church lives in and for two worlds. It serves to-day, while it prepares for the tomorrow of eternity.

Take the churches out of Northumberland and vicinity, and the community will soon be depopulated. Even the person, who takes no interest in the church, does not want to live in a community where there are no churches. This being true, what an appeal the Christian churches ought to make upon the citizens of our community. How fortunate our community is in having good churches, where the youth and the adults may meet for the study of the Word! What a mighty factor the Christian churches have been in this community!

There are folks, who are ready to tell us, that the Christian Church has failed. But, with very little thought, we will discover the falsehood of such a statement. The failure has been with the individual and not with the Church. No, dear reader, the Church has not failed! Let no one deceive you! Remember what our Lord said regarding His Church, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

We cannot afford, or, at least, we would not want to lose any of our good public institutions or worthwhile organizations, but, the last that we would want to lose would be the Christian Church. What a great boon she has been to needy humanity in all the years, since established by our beloved Lord!

We are fortunate today in our land of liberty, that we have churches with open Bibles. The Word of God is not chained. The Bible is available to every individual. And, surely every citizen ought to take advantage of the opportunity offered to be taught from its sacred pages. A number of years ago Justice Brewer, then of the United States Supreme Court, affirmed that, if the Bible could be sent throughout the land, so that its teachings and precepts could be brought home to the people as they ought to be, the results would be grander than all the victories won in all wars since the beginning of time. Our churches are trying to bring to pass this ideal, and when a noble response is made by the citizens of the community towards the welfare of the Christian churches the ideal will be the nearer attained.

The Church stands for the highest and best and noblest that is in man, and when these qualities and ideals are put into practice, they make for the betterment of any community. Take away, therefore, the Christian ideals for which the Church stands, and you see an uncivilized, degraded, selfish, unprincipled mass of humanity fighting each other for a mere existence. But, give the teachings of the Church rightful place in the individual life and in the life of the community, and you see a people interested in education, in better moral conditions, in a more beautiful environment, and in a more brotherly spirit of unity and helpfulness.

The churches of our community are a boon to the welfare of all, and help in no small way in making the community life desirable. We will venture the following prophecy: If the citizens of this community will make their churches and their schools what they ought to be, and what they can be, with united interest and effort—folks will literally flock here to live.

Ready to Serve You—

Whether or not your need for electric service represents the largest or smallest demand in this community, we are ready at all times to give you instant, unfailing, economical service.

Household Appliance Service

For the convenience of consumers in this territory, a complete line of electric and gas household appliances are offered in our salesroom at Sunbury. Thoroughly modern in every respect, these appliances, purchased from nationally known manufacturers, represent the best on the present market.

Convenience of Time Payment

In the Sunbury salesroom you will find the widest quality of electric and gas appliances for the home. Each appliance is fully guaranteed and may be purchased on the time payment plan if desired.

The Home of the Best Appliances

**Pennsylvania
Power & Light Co.**

that there were so many flower lovers in Northumberland, and that this idea could be so catching. All of which augurs well for the plans of these women for next spring and autumn.

William G. McCorkill, because Mr. McCorkill believes he is engaged in one of the best lines of business on this terrestrial globe, and because he does not have the slightest objection to people knowing that he thinks so of it. We recall hearing Rev. George F. Schaum, of Sunbury, in addressing one of our Chamber of Commerce meetings during the past year, speak of the romantic side of a man's business, and he went on to say that when a man commences to look at his business in this light he develops the keenest interest in it. Now then, Mr. McCorkill believes in the romance of the insurance business. To discuss the merits of different forms of insurance with a prospect, or to sit down and write-up a policy that will protect a man's family from want after he has passed away, is just as romantic to Mr. McCorkill as to spend a whole evening reading the latest book of fiction or to go to the movies. It is largely due to the fact that Mr. McCorkill is so thoroughly sold on his own business that he is getting along so well in it.

Miss Ida B. Weaver, because she has given the best and most active years of her life to the service of popular education, most of them in the Northumberland High School. We think that the interest the writer has always had in history was largely inspired by the methods Miss Weaver used in teaching that branch when we were in High School. Somehow or other she had the knack of making the chronicles of the ancient or modern past intensely interesting. Our mutual friend, Henry Ford, may think that "history is all bunk," but thank fortune! Miss Weaver knew better long before he invented an automobile. Some day she will be retiring with a pension from the State, and hundreds of her former pupils scattered far and wide will know of no other teacher who better deserves it.

Members of the Borough Council—Messrs. Charles Grant, H. F. Sanders, John M. Earp, Charles R. Morall, W. E. Mertz, H. A. Kline, H. E. Troxell, J. H. Strausser and M. L. Simcox, because they authorized an appropriation of \$2,635 in this year's budget to take care of the annual installment on the pumper purchased a few years ago by the Northumberland Fire Company, No. 1. This is as it should be. Volunteer firemen do a lot for the community when they make themselves available at all hours to go out and fight fires. Why should they be compelled to beg and exhort citizens to contribute to something for the protection of all citizens, only to be flatly refused by many? Hereafter the Tax Collector, without any additional trouble, will collect the balance of the money due on the Town Pumper, and he will collect from all pro rata, not merely from a few.

Members of the former Board of Education of Point Township, Messrs. S. T. Post, Thos. L. Hoffman, Harold V. Lescher, J. W. Diehl and N. W. Troutman, because they sponsored the erection of one of the finest consolidated rural school buildings to be found in the State of Pennsylvania—a six-room brick structure, erected by Albert Boyer at a cost of about \$32,000, on a site donated by James Taggart. Also because they put one over on Northumberland by giving the town's celebrated pioneer, Dr. Joseph Priestley, a recognition that he should have had in the town years ago—they named the new building the Joseph Priestley School.

Home Builders May Get Information at Library

Through the courtesy of the Stannert Building Supply Company, a copy of the 1927 Edition of the Home Builders' Catalog, published by the Pennsylvania Retail Lumbermen's Association, will in a short time be presented to the Priestley-Forsyth Library for the use of the citizens of the town and vicinity who are interested in home-building. This is a large book, containing suggestions, illustrations, and plans for the erection of modern homes. Between eight and nine hundred illustrations, many of them in color, showing different types of homes, are presented in the book. The Stannert Building Supply Company is to be congratulated on its thought in making such a practical and valuable book available to the people of this section through the medium of our Public Library.

The Relation of the Church to the Community

By Rev. Chas. W. K. Mills
Pastor of the Baptist Church of Northumberland

Every community, no matter how great or how small, no matter how rich or how poor, has its foundation in the individuals who go to make up its citizenry.

It has been said that no community regardless of its wealth or population can ever be better than its best citizen. If this be true, then the question of the Church's relationship to the community is the question of the Church's relationship to the individual citizen.

In every normal person there are the three fundamental elements—the body, the mind, and the Spirit. These three parts of men are distinct yet inseparable, being absolutely essential to a well balanced character. Where one of these elements of character has been developed at the expense of either, or both of the others, the character is unbalanced and is apt to become one-sided. (It is generally observed that great geniuses, whether of art or of science, or statecraft, have been persons of this one-sided nature.)

It has been said of Charles Darwin, for instance, that he was one man to whom God was unnecessary. Though in his youth we know that he had a well defined Spiritual element and even contemplated the Gospel Ministry, yet in his later years we find that along with his magnificent intellectual development there came that in him also which practically extinguished his true Spiritual self and thus rendered God to him a non-essential.

However, fortunately for the rest of us, we know that the greater part of the world's activities are not carried on by geniuses alone, but by the normal, well-balanced man, and that life holds greater opportunities for the plodding pioneer soul who can be depended upon to do more than one thing with a reasonable amount of efficiency.

Now if it is true, that the community reflects the citizen, and if the good citizen is a man of these essential parts, then we may expect to find in every good community an element to correspond with each of the three elements of the thoroughly balanced character. Let us see if this be so:

To begin with, the first thing that presents itself to a man who desires to settle in a new community, is how to earn a living. If he is a physician, he will think of the possibilities of securing a practice; if a lawyer he will consider the possibilities of a clientele; if a merchant his thought will be of the community's need of a new store. If he cannot find an occupation in line with his training, or something that will make it worth his while to change his method of earning a livelihood, he will forthwith conclude that the community holds no place for him and that so far as he is concerned it is not a very good place in which to make a home. Thus we see that if a community is inadequately equipped to supply the physical needs of man, it can hardly aspire to any great pretensions as a place for man to dwell.

The next problem, that presents itself to a seeker of a new home community, is how he shall educate his children. Are the school facilities as good in this new community as in any other in the land? I have known in a number of instances in which men have had to give up good positions in otherwise good communities to seek homes in other communities having sufficient educational advantages for a growing family. Thus we see the essential need of the mind is made to be another criterion upon which a community is judged as to its fitness to be the home of man.

Then along with a community's need of industry to care for the physical needs of its inhabitants, and its need of schools sufficient to care for the mental development of its inhabitants, there comes the need of a no less essential channel for the proper expression of the spiritual element of man.

It is said that if one should cease to use one's right arm for a sufficient length of time that that member would eventually become useless. As a result the entire body would be handicapped because of the arm. A man can no more hope to develop a perfectly well balanced character while neglecting his spiritual life than one can hope to maintain a perfect physical condition while living constantly in a wheel chair.

In a triangle of three equal points the church holds forth the only means of perfect spiritual satisfaction. One may find many means of supplying one's physical wants as civilization has invented many means for intellectual culture, but the church is the home of the spirits of men and without it men grope in darkness.

The greatest Teacher of all time has said: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you," and verily I believe that if the people of Northumberland will look first to their essential spiritual need that according to His word, "My God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in Glory by Christ Jesus."

Northumberland's Oldest Industry

Among the younger generations in Northumberland it is not generally known that the nail mill of Van Alen & Company is the oldest industrial plant in the town.

Established in 1866 by T. O. Van Alen, Abraham H. Voris, and George M. Leslie, this industry has run for over half a century with hardly an interruption except for accidents or other unforeseen contingencies beyond the control of the management.

T. O. Van Alen, the prime mover in the founding of the industry, had an interesting career. He was of Dutch descent and was born at Chathan Center, Columbia County, N. Y., in 1819. When he was twelve years of age he was placed in an Academy at Kinderhook, N. Y., and during his sojourn there he resided with the family of the now celebrated minister and author, Dr. Henry Van Dyke. At fifteen he went to New York City and served an apprenticeship in a hardware store, a few years later returning to Salisbury Mills, Orange County, N. Y., where his parents were then residing, and engaging in the manufacture of paper and agricultural implements, and also merchandising with his father.

In 1844 Mr. Van Alen came to Danville and became connected with the Montour Iron Works. During this time he built what was known as the Company Store, and in association with others engaged in the mercantile business under the firm name of T. O. Van Alen & Co. Later he was engaged in the manufacture of staple and fancy soaps at Newburgh, N. Y., and during the Civil War he was associated with others in the manufacture of merchant iron, mine rails and nails at Duncansville, Blair County, Pa.

Then followed the establishment of the industry at Northumberland in 1866. The original mill was built on a site directly west of Water Street and on the lower side of the Pennsylvania Railroad right of way. It was destroyed by fire about Jan. 1, 1895. The old mill formerly operated by Reuben Johnson and later by M. H. Taggart, which had been standing idle for some time, was then acquired by Van Alen & Company, where the industry has been running ever since.

T. O. Van Alen died at his home in Danville in 1891. Some years before his original partners, Mr. Voris and Mr. Leslie, had sold their interests in the mill to Mr. Van Alen, and in the mean time three sons became actively associated with him in running the business—Cornelius G. Van Alen, Gilbert R. Van Alen and Edmund G. Van Alen. Another son, A. O. Van Alen, with W. B. Waples, managed the Company Store, still run as the store of Van Alen Company & Waples, Inc. A. O. Van Alen passed away several years after his father, and Gilbert R. Van Alen and Cornelius G. Van Alen have passed away within the last fifteen years. E. G. Van Alen and W. B. Waples constitute the present firm of Van Alen & Company.

A puddling department was operated in connection with the mill until 1907, when, following a disastrous boiler explosion, it was abandoned. The mill has since been devoted exclusively to the manufacture of cut iron and steel nails.

The policy of the elder Van Alen, one of the founders of the mill, was to always maintain a first-class product in every respect and to keep the industry steadily running by asking fair market prices. This policy was consistently followed by the sons, and is given strict adherence to-day by E. G. Van Alen. As a result of this policy, the customers of Van Alen & Company have not been so variable as they are in some industries. Some of the best customers of this industry are concerns, or their successors, to whom they have been selling nails for many years.

Blue Tire Co.

Featuring
**Seiberling
All-Treads**

Queen Street
NORTHUMBERLAND, PA.

HAIR CUTTING SHAMPOO

SANITARY BARBER SHOP

H. F. KNOUSE, Prop.
79 Queen St., Northumberland

Ladies' Bobbing a
Specialty

The Barber They All Talk About
MASSAGE—EYE BROW ARCHING

Better Ice for the People of Northumberland

We have just recently let the contract to the York Manufacturing Company of York, Pa., for the construction of an artificial ice plant—the only one in Northumberland—which when completed will be capable of producing fifteen tons of artificial ice daily—enough to supply the entire needs of the town. The ice will be manufactured from the town's water supply—the same water as we drink—which will insure a quality of ice that may be freely used for any purpose. We will be ready to supply this artificial ice sometime in March.

W. E. MERTZ COAL AND ICE

Northumberland, Pa.

Screened Coal—2240 lbs. to the ton
Prompt, Courteous and Efficient Service

Office at Residence Prince & Front Streets Phone 1268-W

Robert L. Maurer
Vulcanizing & Tire
Repairing

Distributor for

EXIDE BATTERIES

Queen Street Northumberland

Dr. S. S. Creasy

DENTIST

2nd Floor, Leshner Bldg.

209 Front Street

Northumberland, Pa.

The value of the iron cut nail in this day of fads and fancies is not generally appreciated. Because it is easier to drive, the wire nail has largely superseded the cut nail. But the fact remains that the iron cut nail is more durable, holds much better, and has a longer life. E. G. Van Alen has made careful observations and tests that prove this assertion, and many of the older builders and carpenters recognize their superiority.

There is no question that if the few remaining cut nail manufacturers in the country would combine in an extensive advertising campaign through such national mediums as the Saturday Evening Post, i. e., if the superior value of iron cut nails were to be brought directly and forcibly to the attention of the ultimate consumers of nails all over the country, there would be a remarkable revival in their use. Other articles of merchandise have regained popularity through such printed salesmanship, and there is no doubt but what the superior cut nail could again come unto its own in the same way.

Men Who Have Faith in the Business of the Town

Charles S. Blue, of the Blue Tire Company, by erecting a beautiful automobile service station at the corner of Water and Queen Streets, which will also serve as a salesroom for his Seiberling Tire Agency. F. D. Kessler, who has launched out in the contracting business within the past several years, is erecting the building.

J. M. Lloyd, by erecting a modern fire-proof garage with eleven private stalls and all conveniences, at the corner of Wheatley and Park Avenues. This garage is constructed of the Straub Patented Nail Blocks, manufactured by the Sunbury Cement Products Company, which are gaining quite a name in this section.

The Andrew's Hardware Company, by erecting a large addition to its attractive and commodious building on Queen Street, which will largely increase its warehouse facilities. Albert Boyer has the contract for this improvement.

W. E. Mertz, by starting the installation of a plant for the manufacture of ice from the town's water supply, the capacity of which will be sufficient to supply the entire town with clean, pure ice.

Northumberland Lodge, No. 897, L. O. O. M., by erecting a large modern fire-proof brick garage at the rear of their home on Wheatley Avenue.

Third Edition of Baptist Cook Book

For a number of years there has been in use in many of the households of Northumberland and vicinity a valuable little cook book published by the ladies of the Baptist Church of this place. The demand for copies of the book recently became so great that the Sentinel Bible Class of the Church decided to get out a third edition, larger in contents and in form. The books are now being sold to the housewives in town and elsewhere.

Added value is given to this book by the fact that most of the recipes have been well tried by some of the best cooks of this locality, and were contributed to the book by them. With such a book as Sentinel Recipes so readily available and at such a trifling cost, there is no excuse for there being any poor cooks in Northumberland.

The first Commencement Exercises of the Northumberland High School took place in 1883. The graduating class consisted of three young ladies—Miss Edith Hawley, now Mrs. Bigony of Sunbury; Miss Nellie Voris, now Mrs. Minor of Williamsport; and Miss Sallie Renninger.

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Service of Priestley-Forsyth Library Exceeds Expectations

The Priestley-Forsyth Library, opened on January 1, 1926, has completely justified its establishment in Northumberland, and by the use made of it by our townspeople and outsiders, has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the women who made it possible for the community—Mrs. William Forsyth and Mrs. E. M. Herr. Not that they had any doubts about the people of the community making good use of it, but the whole-hearted interest in the different phases of its work by young and old, and the genuine and unstinted co-operation with the Librarian on the part of different individuals and agencies of the town, is what has brought real pleasure to them.

During the first month of its existence 235 grade students, 167 High School students, and 280 adults registered at the Library, and 2797 books were loaned for home use.

In speaking of the work of the Library sometime ago, Miss Jessie Wilson, the Librarian, said: "While it might be a bit early to say in the second month of its existence that a project is a success, yet those who had expended effort, money and time were beginning, even at that early date, to realize the worth of their investment. Notably outstanding, was the use made of the reference room and the loan of books of non-fiction to adults for home use. One hundred and thirty-two new card holders were registered during the month and 2021 books were loaned.

"A contributor to one of our weekly magazines says 'Reading is the most durable happiness known'. If that be true, then many of our townspeople are finding that happiness.

"Neither marbles nor roller skates have kept the juniors from their reading, and such tasks as gardening and house cleaning affected the adults not at all. They had time to read 3055 books during March, including topics of philosophy, religion, natural science, useful arts, fine art, literature, history, travel and biography.

"In May, a Junior Civic Club was organized with 22 charter members, whose immediate objective was the beautifying of the park. With the encouragement of the Adult Civic Club, and with permission of Council, who also prepared the plots, seven flower beds were planted under the supervision of John M. Earp, who also donated the plants.

"The Library co-operated with the Churches in the observance of Children's Week by conducting a continuous Story Hour from two until six P. M., April 26th. The total attendance was 518. It was necessary to hold two "overflow" groups in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The largest group entertained was the five o'clock group for girls nine to twelve years old, when 141 were present.

"The Library and the community, and the community and the Library, have carried out many plans of material interest and profit. Civic Clubs—both Junior and Adult—held regular meetings in the Library, the Adult Club reorganizing with the following officers: President, Mrs. Wm. Van Alen; Vice President, Miss Jessie Wilson; Secretary, Mrs. Marion Skeer; and Treasurer, Mrs. W. G. McCorkill.

"A project which proved to be thoroughly successful was a series of flower exhibits held on consecutive Saturdays during October. During this period, forty-seven different exhibitors displayed a large variety of beautiful and rare blooms.

"Do people want books? They do!! In the eleven months the Library has been opened 1228 registered card holders borrowed more than 25,000 books; the average daily circulation was 295, while the average monthly circulation was 2,486 volumes."

The Huntingdon Reformatory was built by William Elliot of this place in 1879-80. Mr. Elliot was well known as a contractor in Central Pennsylvania. He built the large brick mansion at the corner of King and Water Streets, where his daughter, Miss Annie Elliot, still resides.

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Reminiscences of the First Pilgrimage to Northumberland

By Dr. S. Anthony Goldschmidt
of New York City

The following was the address read by Dr. S. Anthony Goldschmidt of New York City at the Pilgrimage of members of the American Chemical Society to Priestley's grave in Northumberland on Sunday, September 5, 1926. It was published in "Industrial and Engineering Chemistry, a journal of the American Chemical Society.

This is the age of memoirs, reminiscences, and recollections. Publishers' catalogues are filled with titles, whose number is scarcely surpassed by those of novels. I have sometimes wondered how authors could write so many details of the past, unless they commenced a note book at the time of their birth, if not before.

It is only when I endeavor to recall the happenings at the centennial celebration of the discovery of oxygen, that I realize how difficult it is not to allow recollections to be affected by imagination, in order to make them interesting.

You well know how, in April, 1874, Dr. H. Carrington Bolton, an instructor in the Columbia University School of Mines, suggested a commemoration of this event, on which was laid the foundation of modern chemistry.

To this, Professor Rachel L. Bodley, of the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania, added that of holding it here at Northumberland, Pa., where Priestley passed the latter days of his life.

A circular signed by thirty-seven leading chemists of the day, was sent to all thought to be interested in chemistry, calling a meeting to be held on July 31 and Aug. 1, the latter being "Oxygen Day."

The meeting was attended by seventy-seven chemists, some with ladies, many of whom were the leaders in the profession in this country. Others hoped to follow in their steps and attain a similar reputation, an ambition which, perhaps, may have been easier to achieve with the then limited number, than at present, when the American Chemical Society, alone, numbers thousands on its roll.

Then a chemist was supposed to have almost universal knowledge, but scientific advance has been so rapid that now one is fortunate to be able to know a single branch well.

The meeting, after a welcoming address by Col. David Taggart of this town, was organized by the election of Dr. Chas. F. Chandler as chairman, and thirteen of the most distinguished chemists of the country as vice presidents.

Dr. Chandler, the leader among the younger men, though only thirty-eight, had already made a reputation on the continent second of none, a reputation which lasted until his death last August.

In the two-days' session, papers were read by H. H. Croft on "The Life and Labors of Priestley;" T. Sherry Hunt on "The Century's Progress in Theoretical Chemistry;" J. Lawrence Smith on "A Review of Industrial Chemistry;" and Benjamin Silliman on "American Contributions to Chemistry." The eulogy, delivered by Henry Coppee, at the grave on the hill overlooking the beautiful Susquehanna, closed the evening of the first day. These addresses, with an account of the proceedings, were published in the American Chemist, a journal upon which was laid the foundation of the great publication of the present Society.

On the second day was advanced the suggestion of forming an American Chemical Society. Such an organization was opposed by several prominent men on the ground that there were not enough chemists and, probably never would be, in the United States to support such a society. This perhaps might have proved true, had it not been for the unwearied effort of Dr. Chandler. At his instance another circular was issued, in January, 1876, in which was suggested forming a local New York City association. The response was so hearty that those present at a meeting in April of the same year decided to start an American Chemical Society to cover the entire country and possibly Canada. The history of its subsequent vicissitudes and final success belongs to the narration of others.

It is not difficult, however, to recall the unbounded hospitality of the citizens

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of Northumberland. Every house was opened to the visitors; nothing was left undone to minister to their comfort.

As a slight acknowledgment of these courtesies, photographs of the event and an album with an address, signed by those present, were placed in the Priestley house, then occupied by his descendants, and now, thanks to the generosity of the chemical alumni of Pennsylvania State College, converted into a permanent memorial by the erection of the fire-proof museum dedicated today.

I am personally glad that in calling the present meeting the chemical department of Pennsylvania State College has violated the resolution, which adjourned the Centennial celebration to 1974, as it enables one of the three survivors of 1874 to again see this beautiful spot, and to convey to the descendants of our entertainers a slight appreciation of the kindness of their parents.

The Dedication of the Priestley Museum

The chemists' visit to Northumberland and the dedication of the Priestley Museum on Sunday, September 5, 1926, was thus reported in "Industrial and Engineering Chemistry," a journal of the American Chemical Society, in its issue of September 10:

Although the elements were not exactly favorable at the start of the pilgrimage of members of the American Chemical Society to the grave of Joseph Priestley at Northumberland, Pa., on Sunday, September 5, the rain stopped just about the time the special train reached the last resting place of the discoverer of oxygen.

About 200 chemists proceeded from the Priestley House to the grave. The local residents supplied automobiles for the trip and also a red rose for each visitor which was reverently laid on Priestley's grave.

At the Priestley House, about 500 were gathered to pay tribute to the memory of the great pioneer chemist. Mrs. Frances Priestley Forsyth, a great-granddaughter of Priestley, as well as a great-great-grandson of Priestley, represented the Priestley family.

After inspecting the restored laboratory and the museum of apparatus in the Priestley mansion, those present gathered under the huge evergreens in front of the home to listen to a number of addresses made from the porch of the house. This meeting was in commemoration of the visit of American chemists to this shrine fifty years ago, which resulted in the organization of the American Chemical Society.

W. H. Teas, an alumnus of Pennsylvania State College, who had been largely instrumental in preserving the Priestley home and relics, presided at the meeting.

Rev. Dr. H. R. Bender of Northumberland gave the invocation and State Senator Charles Steele made the address of welcome. President James F. Norris responded on behalf of the visiting chemists.

William H. Walker, representing the G. G. Pond Memorial Association, spoke on the "History of Priestley House, the Movement for Its Preservation and Dedication of the Priestley Museum."

S. A. Goldschmidt and A. A. Breneman, surviving members of the group which visited the Priestley home in 1874, spoke on "The Birth of the American Chemical Society at the Priestley House in 1874."

C. A. Browne, chairman of the American Chemical Society Committee on the historical program for the fiftieth anniversary, spoke on "Priestley's Life in Northumberland and Discussion of the Priestley Relics on Exhibition in the Museum."

The group returned to Philadelphia early in the evening.

The brick building now occupied by Reuben Brouse as a store on upper Queen Street was used as a show house back in the seventies and eighties. It was known as Mertz's Opera House.

Additional copies of this Annual to send to your friends out of town may be secured at the office of The Susquehanna Press for 15c the copy.

The Year's Most Outstanding Accomplishment in Our Public Schools

By the Supervising Principal, N. A. Danowsky

The teachers, directors, alumni, parents, and pupils of the Northumberland Schools may well take a pardonable pride in the achievements of past years. None, however, was more praiseworthy, nor evinced a more noticeable esprit de corps, than the splendid showing made by the Northumberland Team of last year which won the Scholastic Meet and was declared County Champions.

The contest was held under the auspices of the County Superintendent's Office and included competitive examinations in Rapid Calculation and Grade and High School Spelling and participation in a Declamatory Contest.

The team representing the local schools was composed of Pansy Ruch, John Bird, Walter Bingaman, Ralph Rishel, Lela Rich and Frank Petrullo—all of whom were successful in contributing points. Other pupils also were entered but did not succeed in placing themselves as point winners.

The Rapid Calculation Team included Pansy Ruch, who won a First Place, John Bird, a Second Place, and Walter Bingaman, a Fourth Place. Ralph Rishel won a First Place in Declamation, Lela Rich, a Fifth Place in Grade Spelling, and Frank Petrullo, a Second Place in High School Spelling. The score was as follows:

RAPID CALCULATION	
Pansy Ruch, First Place	5 Points
John Bird, Second Place	4 Points
Walter Bingaman, Fourth Place	2 Points
DECLAMATION	
Ralph Rishel, First Place	5 Points
HIGH SCHOOL SPELLING	
Frank Petrullo, Second Place	4 Points
GRADE SPELLING	
Lela Rich, Fifth Place	1 Point
TOTAL	21 Points

The nearest competitor totaled only fourteen points.

The prize awarded the local team was the large silver loving cup donated for this purpose by the Northumberland County Directors' Association and is now on exhibition in the Junior High School Auditorium of the Second Street Building.

Building and Loan Association Proves Value to the Community

Organized about five years ago by a group of enterprising business men, the Northumberland Building and Loan Association has to its credit the financing of thirteen new homes and loans for the purchase of twenty-seven houses already erected in the community.

These figures show that the Building & Loan Association is actually accomplishing what it set out to do—to elasticize funds for the the encouragement of home-purchasing and home-building.

In speaking of the annual statement showing the healthy condition of the association on September 30, 1926, C. B. Herman, the Secretary, says:

"The assets of the Association have been increased over \$26,000.00 during the year just passed. This is evidence of progress and reflects additional wealth accumulated to the community.

"These assets are very tangible and are not subject to fluctuations of market changes. They are represented by first mortgages on Northumberland homes, and are as safe an investment as could possibly be made.

"The object of the Association is to encourage thrift, to provide a lucrative and safe investment for installment saving, and to provide means for borrowing members to pay for homes on easy payments."