

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT"



# The Maroon and Blue

Leesburg, New Jersey

May 19, 1922

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*P.D.F. produced by the M.R.T. Heritage Society*



## The Maroon and Blue

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## EDITORIALS

### Community Day

Ada Thompson

Community Day, as a whole, is a source of delight to everyone. The schools of our township did not observe it until three years ago. The parents as well as the teachers and students take an interest in it.

To the small child it is a day of continual whirl. He passes from one joy headlong into another and at night comes home with pockets bulging, and himself dusty, tired, but happy. He is blissfully unconscious of his candy covered and chocolate covered suit and soon forgets everything as he drifts away into the land of childish dreams.

Some of his innocent happiness might have been taken away if he could have heard his older brother boasting noisily to his parents. "What did they have Community Day for, anyway," he complained. Dine it all, why didn't they have a decent ball game once in a while. The foolish teachers made him skip around with the girls, and he never did approve of those butterfly dances, never would either. Why should everyone go crazy over the day, ding it! It held no pleasures for him, but they sure did have swell ice cream, though.

The Grammar School pupil views it with a finer and deeper sense. He is most interested in the athletic contests. He realizes that each school is doing its

best for the honor of the day. Although he has the true spirit for his own school, he applauds heartily for the winners for he recognizes their feats as being the best. Because his grade is the highest in Grammar School, he naturally assumes the leadership over the others and by sharing the responsibility with the teachers, he takes great pride in the efforts of the other classes.

The High School student considers himself too old for such childish things as Community Day affords. He would rather be dreaming of the dance in the evening, or of the bobbed-hair flapper he is going to take to the latest show. Or if he be studious he would wish to spend his leisure time pursuing some special course. Yet when the day is over he feels dimly conscious of having enjoyed himself thoroughly, experiencing genuine pleasure in boyish things which he thought he had forgotten.

To the teachers has fallen the responsibility, practice and drilling for Community Day. Although several times their patience has been tried to the utmost in preparing, they are confident when the day arrives that it will be a success even before it is so pronounced. Thus to them the honor of the day should really be given.

For the community at large this day has helped wondrously to unite parent, pupil and teacher more closely in the fuller appreciation of all good things.

Fond mothers are always present, anticipating and yet fearing the appearance of their children. They stand, scarcely breathing, watching the various contests, and when it is all over, praises for the little folk are heard from every side.

Therefore, to all, this day brings pleasure which lingers long in the minds and hearts, even after school activities have ceased.

### Faith

Martha Champion

It was midnight but still Aunt Faith sat in her brightly lighted sitting room. Her time-worn Bible lay open before her, but her sad eyes had wandered to the window, where she could see the dying camp fires of the enemy on the distant hill. In her mind she reviewed every thing that had happened in the past week; first a small portion of the Union army southward bound had passed the little village of Redmont; a large Southern army coming in from the West had completely surprised the small company from the North that was

camping just south of Redmont, had surrounded their enemy and then there was great dread and expectation of an inevitable attack which would wipe out that portion of the Union army.

If true devotion straight from the heart would win a war, Aunt Faith's patriotism would have won the conflict for the North almost before it started. Now that this small village was about to witness terrible slaughter she kept her faith and believed they would in some way be rescued. Suddenly shots rang out, piercing the midnight stillness and causing many a white face to grow still whiter. Aunt Faith sat, tensely erect, while minutes like hours dragged by, then did she hear pounding hoof beats or was it the wild beating of her heart? She heard some one coming with uneven tread up the little gravel path, a brush against the door resembling a feeble knock, then a dull thud as of some one falling. Quickly Aunt Faith opened the door; there before her on the step was a Union soldier apparently badly wounded. Here was her opportunity to serve her country and she took it. Slowly she dragged the young man into the room; in broken gasps he made her understand that he must be hidden; she rapidly pulled up loose boards in the floor, disclosing a large hole where she had sometimes kept potatoes. Into this she painfully put the suffering soldier. No sooner had she replaced the boards and thrown a rug over the blood stains on the floor than the sound of many footsteps came to the ears of the listening woman, followed by a loud knock and the mingling of still louder voices.

Then Aunt Faith, outwardly calm, but inwardly trembling, walked firmly across the floor and opened the door. What she saw didn't much surprise her, about fifteen men stood around the entrance. The leader demanded the right to search her home, the reason being that tracks led to the cottage which was the only house giving forth a light in the community.

"I have been reading," she said, "but I give you permission to search my house."

After a few of the men had completely scoured the premises, not finding whom they sought, they became convinced that Aunt Faith's little abode concealed no Union soldier. Expressing their regrets for disturbing her the rebels left the brave little woman, who quickly lowered the shades and more quickly pulled the boards from the floor where the Yankee lay hidden.



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Upon examination she found him quite exhausted and faint, but with deft fingers she bandaged his wounds and gave him stimulants, helping him to a clean bed. After a while he revived sufficiently to tell her his story. He began:

"You know the position in which our little army is. Some one had to risk crossing the rebel line. Midnight was chosen for the time of the attempt and I, Neil Keith, was chosen as the man for that attempt; my duty was that of carrying the message to General Grant, stationed about thirty miles north of here, that would bring him to our rescue at once. Only tonight is left for they move camp in the morning. When the time came I started; I rode to where I thought the line would be easiest to cross. I managed to pass by a sleeping sentry without being seen but he awoke and gave the alarm when I was about one hundred yards away and going like the wind—a chase followed; I was wounded—but seeing your light I managed to get here. I gave my horse a terrible blow that sent it I don't know where, but I knew it must not be found here; now that I am wounded, I can't go on and I can't save the men over there. What shall I do?" He closed his eyes and appeared to be suffering more from the thought just expressed than from physical pain.

Aunt Faith was drawn to the young soldier; she realized what he had sacrificed and how awfully important his errand was; for a long time she sat at his bed side staring straight before her thinking—thinking—

Suddenly she turned, "Do you think a girl could go on with that message?" she questioned eagerly.

"I don't know; thirty miles must be covered before dawn. My horse has gone and I never yet saw a woman with the nerve to do a thing like that save you, which is quite impossible."

"Yes, I must stay here with you but Jean Carmen has courage and a fine horse. I know she will risk that much for the Union."

With these words Aunt Faith rose, put on a cape and securely locking the door after her hurried away into the darkness. Probably a half-hour passed before she returned with the girl.

Neil thought he had never seen any one just like her before, her dark eyes were black with excitement and the desire for service, her cheeks were slightly flushed and wisps of brown hair fell beneath a black Tam o'Shanter. She

was of medium height but her tanned hands and straight figure gave evidence of strength.

Time was precious, so after she had received the letter and necessary information as to the road she must take, with hurried words of departure she ran from the house, sprang upon her large black horse to which she was strongly attached and with many words of encouragement spurred him on to the thirty-mile race through the darkness.

Hardly a thought of fear came to her mind seething with hope and sure faith for victory.

"Hurry, Dover! Faster! It must be 2 o'clock. Yes, this is the right road. Oh! Faster! Faster! Thirty miles. You must do it Dover, you must!"

Mile after mile flew by with Jean sitting low in the saddle, racing wildly with the darkness; only the white road stretching before her showed the way. Ages it seemed had passed, when in the East a glimmering grayness told her dawn was near. She came to cross roads; a moment she hesitated, took the left as Neil had informed her; just beyond was General Grant's camp and she saw it; her whole soul was filled with thanksgiving if only she had come in time.

"Halt!" a stern voice called. With all her strength she brought the galloping horse to a stand, aware of confusion around her. The army was preparing to move. Orders were being quietly given to men who worked together like one great machine. Only an instant while she thrust the letter into the sentry's hand. He read, then summoning an escort he directed her to the General. Leaping from her exhausted horse, weary and near fainting she gave the great Northern leader the papers and stood anxiously watching his expression, which changed as Grant read the message, from mild interest to burning excitement and then, as he gazed upon that beautiful brave girl to speechless admiration.

Time could not be wasted, hurried orders were given and at the break of dawn that vast army hastened southward, Jean, after resting her horse, riding into the next town to stay with her aunt until danger was over.

In the afternoon of that day the long expected came. The Southern army in its great number attacked their enemy unequal in strength. Great fear filled the hearts of the two inmates in the little white cottage but still faith was there stronger than ever. The din of battle

increased and the little Northern division was fast losing ground. Then from the North came Grant. The outcome was certain; the rebels taken unawares, were put to flight and victory was assured to Aunt Faith and Neil.

That evening General Grant told Neil's commander of the acts of self sacrifice and bravery on the part of both Jean and Neil. Highest tribute was paid these two who had risked so much.

Days passed into weeks and still Neil remained at Aunt Faith's recovering slowly while Jean came every day with some dainty.

After the war a Philadelphia newspaper announced the marriage of Neil Keith and Jean Carmen, who it was reported would immediately go to Redmont to visit an old friend of Civil War days, Aunt Faith.

### *Our Three Years in U. H. S.*

Just about three years ago

We entered Leesburg High,  
And though we've had some hard old tasks

The end is drawing nigh.

At first we found it quite a trial  
To wrestle with the books;  
And, if we made a slight mistake,  
Endure the teacher's saucy looks.

We've seen some blissful moments,  
We've spent some busy hours,  
But as you know 'tis often said,  
You pick the thistles with the flowers.

Our class mates have been dropping off  
From twenty-four to ten;  
We miss their smiling faces,  
Their humor and their grin.

Here're three long years already spent  
In study, fun and books;  
We hope for great progression,  
But not for fame and looks.

We've trod along three toilsome years  
Through foul and pleasant weather;  
'Tis our desire to tread right on,  
And gain success together.

A. C. H.



## The MAROON and BLUE

### School Organization

#### Faculty

S. H. CLAIR.....Principal  
MISS PRISCILLA W. HEACOCK...Assistant

#### Students

##### Eleventh Year—

Alma Hoffman, Leesburg.  
Edna Chambers, Leesburg.  
Ellen Harris, Port Elizabeth.  
Gertrude Sharp, Leesburg.  
Martha Champion, Dorchester.  
Zada Riggins, Leesburg.  
Corson Reeves, Dorchester.  
John Lapihuska, Delmont.  
Maurice Whildin, Delmont.  
Willis Ackley, Jr., Millville, R. F.  
D., No. 3.

##### Tenth Year—

Edna Thompson, Heislerville.  
Carrie Compton, Dorchester.  
Dorothy Whildin, Delmont.  
Louise McClain, Dorchester.  
Marie Grennon, Port Elizabeth.  
Andrew Sulon, Jr., Delmont.  
Carlton Smith, Leesburg.  
Charles Ackley, Millville, R. F. D.,  
No. 3.  
Joseph Bennett, Dorchester.  
Raymond Warwick, Delmont.  
Walter Stowman, Dorchester.

##### Ninth Year—

Bertha Brown, Leesburg.  
Beulah Stiles, Heislerville.  
Blanche France, Leesburg.  
Edith Hand, Eldora.  
Elizabeth McDaniels, Leesburg.  
Elizabeth Vanaman, Port Elizabeth.  
Elsie Carlisle, Leesburg.  
Glena Warwick, Delmont.  
Gertrude Thompson, Heislerville.  
Helen Bailey, Port Elizabeth.  
Irene McClain, Leesburg.  
Lillian Lee, Delmont.  
Mae Franckle, Port Elizabeth.  
Margaret Garrison, Heislerville.  
Ressie Steelman, Dorchester.  
Sophie Henderson, Leesburg.  
Wilhelmina Tozour, Leesburg.  
Charles Elridge, Leesburg.  
David Grennon, Port Elizabeth.  
Edwin Cobb, Leesburg.  
Harold Langley, Heislerville.  
John Cox, Jr., Leesburg.  
Linwood Tomlin, Heislerville.  
Smith Hoffman, Leesburg.

### Maurice River

#### Township High School

Maurice River Township High School has been the subject of a series of meetings in the township, the results of which were misleading. The most conspicuous speakers at these meetings were persons known to be in favor of transporting pupils out of the township. After the speakers had given figures concerning the cost of a new building, perhaps the best in South Jersey, and a few additional opinions, the people were asked whether they were prepared to build such a high school or to send their scholars out of the township. Confronted by the questions as stated, the majority always voted against the building of the new school.

It is my impression that few of the large property holders were present at these meetings, or, if they were present, they remained silent because they saw the audience was not ready to listen to them. In other words, it was the small property holders that voted. For these reasons I say the results were misleading. I think the people did not consider their own interests when they voted to send the pupils out of the township. They, (the less prosperous), would pay, in proportion, the same rate of taxes as the larger property holders, but the amount in dollars would not be so great. Then consider who would be the most benefited. The better-situated would secure an education anyway, while the others would perhaps not, because they would not be able to attend school so reasonably and easily if it were taken out of the township. Also many of the less prosperous have more latent ability, which the high school would help bring out, than those of its more prosperous class. As I said before I doubt whether the small property owners thought of their own good, because in an improved high school they would receive the same and perhaps greater benefits and would not cost them so much as it would the higher taxpayers.

The property holders would be benefited by the school because in a community with an efficient school better and more people will come, thus increasing property values. Then the property owners are the ones who are proud of, and would work to help the community. They are as able to pay their taxes as the less well-to-do, although the taxes are greater. In other words, those who consider they cannot pay their taxes

might be getting something for little cost if they only knew it.

The township for its own good must have a high school. Without it fewer people will move into the township and perhaps some of the present ones will leave as, at least one family did. Many who would become influential men with a high school education will be only day laborers without it.

Manufacturing concerns would not build plants here so quickly as they would if we had a first-rate high school. If such factories were built and new families should move in, we would have no school for their children, although one could be built later.

If we had an efficient high school with a commercial course, more grammar school graduates would take up a high school course with the intention of finishing, thus in the end enriching the township.

But if all of the students were sent to Millville, many of the present pupils would not attend because the personal expenses would likely be too great. By sending to Millville would no doubt decrease the taxes, but that is not what the people of the township should want. In a word, doing away with the high school is doing away with one of the township's assets.

What should be done is for the Board of Education and the people to get together and plan for the good of the township. I believe their verdict will be an efficient, not elaborate, modern, up-to-date high school for Maurice River Township.

W. A.



## **The Border Justice**

*Joseph Bennett*

The night was damp and cloudy. The single horseman, cloaked and booted, who pursued his way across the plains in the northwestern part of the United States, had not met a traveler, when the sound of hoofs brought him to the knowledge that a body of horsemen were approaching. He reined in his horse and awaited them.

There drew out of the darkness six riders, all heavily armed and splendidly mounted, and he who seemed to be the leader advanced and said, "Have you seen a man riding a black horse galloping through here?"

"No," answered the horseman. "Are you looking for one?"

"Yes, we are looking for the murderer of John Jones, killed in Deadwood about two days ago. Haven't seen him, eh? Well, so long," and the leader of the cavalcade galloped with his companions down the rocky trail.

They were looking for him. They did not recognize him in the darkness. They were the famous Royal Northwest Mounted Police and he was the murderer. These thoughts ran through Bill Strong's mind as he sat there in the darkness. He had killed John Jones in a drinking brawl and was a fugitive from the law and he had to think of means of escape since he was pursued. A sudden thought came to him; he would go to his old friend the miner in the mountains near the Canadian border. He put spurs to his mount and started up the trail.

In the meanwhile the police had searched the mountains and had encamped for the night. "Did you not think that fellow we met was a suspicious looking one?" asked Private Roberts, of his superior officer, Inspector Wood.

"Yes, I thought so, too," answered Wood, as he sat smoking his pipe. "I did not have a chance to examine him thoroughly in the dark. He will bear watching. I think we shall follow him."

They broke camp, packed their horses and started after the fugitive slayer.

The murderer, having galloped hard all night, reached his friend's cabin about daybreak. He soon made known his predicament. His friend welcomed him, promising his protection.

One day, two months later, as Bill Strong sat eating his mid-day meal, he and his friend caught sight of four scarlet-coated horsemen riding up the

canyon toward the cabin. The miner immediately hid Bill in the loft, giving instructions to shoot if necessary.

The inspector entered the doorway and made known his business and what he was after. The miner seeing that he was found out, drew his pistol and fired at the police officer. But the shot went wild; in a second the inspector bore him to the floor and handcuffed him; the other troopers hearing the shots, ran in just in time to capture Bill Strong as he was coming down from the loft to aid his besieged companion. A trooper quickly pounced upon him, thus the slayer was captured. He was taken to the District Headquarters of the Provincial Police, was found guilty and hung; his friend was sentenced to ten years in prison.

This incident is a striking example of Border Justice, of the thoroughness and the alertness of the scarlet-coated riders of the Canadian plains, the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

## **Mischief's of Party Spirit**

*Raymond Warwick*

There cannot be a greater disaster befall a country than that spirit of separation which divides a government into two distinct peoples and makes them more suspicious of one another. Such an evil is party spirit. The results of such a division are harmful to the last degree; not only do they produce quarrelsome sentiments which effect our individual morals and understandings, but they weaken the virtue both of the nation as a whole and of all divisions of the government and destroy common sense needed for general welfare. This frantic spirit, when we think we control it, breaks out in secret acts, slander, false accusation, and only partial administration of law. One philosopher says forcefully: "We should not allow ourselves to hate our enemies, for if we indulge this passion in some occasions it will rise of itself in others." These party divisions are inconsistent with conscience and religion.

Bribery! Does it exist today? Yes, it prevails in all America in our small centers as well as in the larger places. Are you encouraging it, and through nothing more than through politics? Do not allow yourself to co-operate in carrying out this malicious evil. Stand firm if you cannot see what is right, wait and seek for yourself, you will find it. Be true. Then you will ever be respected.

Calumny (false accusation), is prac-

ticed by some on both sides in party politics, calumny that has never been proven and which the originator knows in his own heart is false, but which he has used for the purpose of defeating his righteous opponents. If this harmful practice endures, honest judgment will be unused by many.

Today suffrage is universal in the United States. How filled with enthusiasm are the women as election day approaches. I would that all men were interested to such a degree, then they would co-operate for the best interests and endeavor to extinguish this pernicious party spirit which rages with so much violence in some of our smallest communities.

## **Some Comments of Men on the Modern Girl**

Even the men are discussing arguments for and against the modern society girl. They complain "she is everywhere, we see her at dances, theatres and hotels, smoking, drinking and immodestly dressed." Where are the sensible girls who have too much self-respect to do those things?" Yes, where are they? They are probably at home by themselves, but you don't meet them. How is it that these girls are at these hotels, dances and theatres? Who takes them there but the men? They may criticise the modern girl but nevertheless they continue to take her out. In answer to this they explain that they have these girls just for amusement and entertainment but are not the kind they wish to marry. When the modern man turns his attention from the wordly minded girl to the sensible girl probably then the modern society girl will change her ways.

E. C.



## One Morning After a Shower

John Lapiluska

One morning after a night's shower I walked out into the garden. It was a clear day, the sky was beginning to change its color by the glowing sun, the rays of which were appearing over the tree tops. On my way to the garden I could see the green grass all about laden with drops of shiny dew, crows and other birds were flying to and fro in the clam, moist air, the chickens were wandering about picking up the worms which were wriggling out of the ground. The fruit trees were covered with blossom filling the air with a fragrance that blended with the odor of some one smoking tobacco, the smell of boiling coffee and the most appetizing of all, that of fried potatoes and ham. Many sounds echoed here and there; the cawing of the crows, the sturdy crowing of the roosters, the song of the sparrows, robins and quails. The dogs were barking and everything seemed to be awake after the shower.

When I reached the garden all seemed alive and stirring. First my attention was drawn to the rills, formed in between the rows by the night's shower, and then the way the ground was packed; the rows of yellow lettuce with its curled leaves covered with as much dew as they could hold, and other things were in the same position covered with dew. Red and white radishes were peeping above the ground, the cabbage plants as green as paint already large enough to be set out into the open ground; parsley was just lifting itself through the earth in some places, the onions stretching out their tops to the glowing sunlight; everything in the garden spreading its leaves so that the bare ground could hardly be seen; string beans with their triangular shaped leaves about two inches high. The most marked thing that made the garden so inspiring was that the rows were as straight as they could be and not one weed appeared in it. The ground, of a grayish color, seemed very attractive where it could be seen between the green leaves. The whole scene was pleasing.

## The Lost Child

Wilhelmina T ozour

Dora Barns was the hired girl at Mrs. Smith's. They had taken her from an "Orphan Home" about two years before. She was then fourteen years old, with little education, but she was good looking and seemed to be from a nice family. She still carried with her a beautiful ring, and a tiny net dress which she had worn when found on the step at the Home. There she was taken in and cared for until one day Mrs. Smith went to the Home in search of a girl that wanted a good place to work. She found Dora and was very much pleased with her.

As Mrs. Smith entered Dora's room one nice spring day, she said, "Oh, Dora, I am so pleased I have just received a letter from a dear friend that I have not seen for fourteen whole years. She is coming to pay me a visit next week."

"Oh, aren't you glad," answered Dora, kindly. "I shall have to get busy right away and get the work done."

"Please don't leave just yet," begged Mrs. Smith, as a mother would do, because Mrs. Smith had no children of her own and Dora seemed more like one of the family than a hired girl. "I want to tell you why I haven't seen her for such a long time. She had the sweetest little girl that I ever saw, and one day she dressed her all up in a nice new dress and put her out on the porch in a rocking chair while she hurried across the street to the store. When Mrs. Barney came back the child was not to be seen anywhere. She and her husband searched high and low, advertised and did everything imaginable but no trace of Dorris could be found. Mrs. Barney worried and fretted and soon the house where she lived was so lonely without Dorris, that she and her husband moved out west, and now she is coming back to see me." Mrs. Smith had told the story so fast that she was breathless. "My, it must have been a terribly sad case," replied Dora.

"Yes, it was," answered Mrs. Smith, "and they never found out what became of the child. I suppose it must have been taken by gypsies or some one like that. Well, Dora, you may fix the spare room up in the best shape possible. Take you time though, because we still have a whole week yet." With these words Mrs. Smith departed, leaving Dora to do as she had been told.

A week from the day that the letter had been received Mrs. Smith was sitting back in her cozy sitting room look-

ing her best and waiting the arrival of Mrs. Barney; Dora was in the adjoining room making a towel for Mrs. Smith. As the clock chimed 3 a taxi drove up and Mrs. Barney got out. In an instant Mrs. Smith was at the door and Dora thought that they had gone crazy over one another. They soon came in and Mrs. Smith introduced Dora to Mrs. Barney and then had Dora take her to her room.

Every day Mrs. Barney made a plan to have a private conversation with Dora and soon learned to like her very well.

One evening after Dora had retired, Mrs. Barney began, "Really, Mrs. Smith, I am going to look into this matter."

"What matter do you mean?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"Why, about your hired girl," answered Mrs. Barney, "I really get the notion in my head sometimes that she might be my lost child. I am going right down to the Home tomorrow and find out all that I can about Dora."

"I have often thought of it lately," replied Mrs. Smith. "Her eyes and hair are the same color as yours, and I believe the expression on her face is nearly the same. Do you know what kind of a dress your little Dorris wore the day that you lost her?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Barney, excitedly. "I would know it in Ireland." "Well, Dora has the dress that she had on when found on the Home's step. I will ask to see it tomorrow if you wish," replied Mrs. Smith.

"Very well, I will attend to it in the morning, because the clock has just struck twelve and we should go to bed. Good night!" replied Mrs. Barney.

"Good night! I hope Dora is your lost child because it nearly breaks my heart to think of her having no mother. Shall I call you for breakfast in the morning," asked Mrs. Smith.

"Why certainly," returned Mrs. Barney, and then she started upstairs but no sleep came to her eyes that night; all of her thoughts were of her lost child.

Bright and early the next morning the dress was brought by the anxious Dora to Mrs. Barney, who decided that it was the same that her little Dorris had worn.

For further information Mrs. Barney went to the "Orphan Home" and learned that when the child had been found at the Home they examined the ring that she had on her finger and made out the letters D-o-r-r for the first



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name and B-a-r for the last, but the rest were worn, and they could not tell what they were meant for. The name was therefore decided Dora Barns.

Mrs. Barney returned and told Dora the glad news. She had found her lost child, Dorris Barney.

### The Mysterious Pass

Beulah Stiles

"Now, Dick, you mustn't go down to Ashleyville. If those robbers killed your father they wouldn't think much of killing you, too."

"There's no use of trying to persuade me not to go, Jim. I don't intend to get killed, but I want to find out where those robbers stay."

"Well," said Jim, "if you go I'm going too." "If you really care to go where I'm going alright but remember, it may not be pleasant," said Dick.

"I'm no coward and I'm going," said Jim.

"Then be ready to start tomorrow and we'd better get our things prepared now."

Dick Morgan was eighteen years old. His father had been killed two weeks before by some robbers when he was on his way to Ashleyville alone on horseback. The next morning he had been found in a pass through which he had had to ride to get to the town.

Ashleyville was a mining center from where the men sent their money by stage coach to their families. This stage was often held up and robbed. Killing and robbing was getting to be a thing that occurred daily in the pass. Parties of men had searched all over to find where the robbers stayed but their hiding place had not been found. No wonder that Dick Morgan was anxious to find them and his friend, Jim Richards, wanted to go with him.

The next morning the boys started off toward their destination on horseback. In a few hours they had entered the pass which was narrow with rocky walls rising on either side. There were trees and bushes growing on the tops of the rocks but the sides were bare. The boys observed the pass carefully but there seemed no place for the robbers to hide, for no one could climb the sheer wall rising nine feet above the road. Leaving the pass they journeyed on into town and put up their tent on a vacant lot.

That evening they went to the village store where some men were taking up a donation to pay a widow's way home. Jim left the store before Dick did and

slipped across back of the houses to the tent. As he was passing by the widow's home he saw a man looking in the window. Jim watched and saw him climb into the house. When he came out he had a tin box which he threw into the bushes after taking something out of it. Jim quietly stole up, got the box and hastened to the tent. When Dick came home Jim showed him the box.

"Where did you get that, Jim?" exclaimed Dick.

"That's the very same box that the money for the widow was put into."

"I know it," replied Jim.

Then he told Dick how he got the box.

"Could you see what the man looked like?" asked Dick.

"Yes," said Jim, "and that's what seemed so strange to me. He was the man who came into the store tonight, Percy Ruggles."

Dick was surprised to hear this for Percy Ruggles had given freely, saying he was always ready to give for a good cause.

"Jim," said Dick, suddenly. "We must watch Mr. Percy Ruggles. I believe he is one of that gang of robbers."

With that thought in their minds they went to bed. The next morning all the people of the town were aroused when they found the widow had been robbed. Percy Ruggles was seen very often and appeared to be as excited as any one about the robbery.

Since coming to town Jim and Dick had heard many stories about headless men and dancing skeletons appearing on the rocks above the pass as people went by, so they decided to start in search of the robbers the next morning.

As they went along the road Dick suddenly cried out, "I say, Jim, what's that shining? It looks like gold dust to me."

"And that's just what it is," said Jim, who had dismounted and was examining the ground. The gold dust was at one side of the pass and looked as if it had been spilled as some one was carrying the bag. The boys walked along gathering it up.

"It appears to me as if we have struck a golden trail," remarked Jim, "I wonder where it came from."

"Percy Ruggles or some of his friends have dropped it, I think," returned Dick.

They followed the trail quite a distance when it suddenly stopped.

"You ride ahead around that bend, Jim, and see if you can find any more while I scrape this up," said Dick.

Jim rode around the bend and was down on his knees looking for gold dust when some one took hold of him. He sprang up, confronting two men. One had a sack which they slipped over the struggling Jim's head. They carried him up the rocks through a concealed path. When they removed the sack he saw he was in a sort of cave. Several men stood around him and among them was Percy Ruggles.

In the meanwhile Dick was busy gathering up the gold dust. Suddenly he heard a call and looking up saw a skeleton dancing on the rocks above him. While he watched it disappeared and in its place stood a headless man. In addition to this two men held Jim's head downward over the cliff. With a cry Dick tried to climb the rocks. About four feet up his hand touched the stone wall and lo! it was not rock but the bottom of a long curtain on which was painted the sheer rocks. He pulled himself up by the aid of the curtain to where the men stood. They being frightened by this audacious act, let go of Jim and jumped behind the curtain. Dick struck right above the neck of the headless man and made a slit in the canvas. The man jumped back and Dick tearing the curtain apart covered all the robbers with his revolver.

"Jim," he cried, "Ride to town and get help!"

Before Jim could mount they heard noises and down the pass came a party of men and the stage coach. It was a matter of a few minutes before the robbers were bound hand and foot and off for the jail. Percy Ruggles tried to say that he had been caught by the robbers and was a prisoner, but the court knowing it was a lie, he received the same punishment as the others.

The people got back most of the money and gold dust that had been stolen from them. They praised Dick and Jim highly and wanted them to accept a part of the money as a reward, but the boys refused, saying that the adventure and fun derived from it was their reward.

"Who would have thought," said Dick, as they rode home, "that the solid rock was only a curtain to hide the robbers and that the headless man had a head through a slit in the curtain, and the dancing skeleton was worked by machinery."

"The funniest part of it all is, that the people did not find it out before," said Jim. "Those robbers certainly were clever."



## The MAROON and BLUE

They rode along in silence for a while then Dick said, "Say, Jim, that was a golden trail, wasn't it."

### The Day After a Party

Ellen Harris

Last night Celestina went to a party and it was rather early this morning when she arrived home. At seven o'clock her mother had called three times. Oh, how she hated to crawl out of bed! When she did get up it was about three quarters of an hour later than her usual time of rising. "Well," she thought, "I can hurry and I shall be ready for school in time." While half asleep she stubbed her toe over a rocker and found the floor very hard. This made her very provoked, but she just sat there and laughed. She was awakened considerably by this. After she started to comb her hair, she had lots of trouble with it, and her mother kept saying, "Oh, stop patting your hair, you spend half of your time doing that." "Well," said Celestina, "If you would let me have my hair bobbed as I want to, I assure you it wouldn't take me so long to comb it." Celestina's mother didn't bother her again concerning how long it took her because she was very much opposed to bobbed hair.

Finally Celestina started off to school, she hadn't had any breakfast and was putting her coat and gloves on as she went. Most of that day she didn't know much that was going on as she was so sleepy.

Once she did fall asleep and the first thing she knew her teacher gave her a wack on the head with a ruler. Celestina didn't know her lessons, but she skimmed through them some how. Most of the time she was thinking about what happened the night before.

There had been some strange fellows there and she finally concluded, after sitting dreaming most of the day, she did believe the one that seemed the nicest had smiled at her once, and when she was dancing with another he asked her if she knew why she was like a hinge. "No, why am I?" she asked. "Because you are something to a door," he had answered. She thought that was lovely of him. Finally school was dismissed. Celestina thought to herself, "I'll hurry home and take a nap before supper."

On arriving home her mother informed her that she wished her to get supper. Celestina didn't have much patience and sorry to say her supper was

a failure. She then planned to take a nap after the meal. She had just lain down when a knock came to the door. It was one of the neighbors. Celestina wasn't in very good humor because her mother had gone out and she had the neighbor to entertain. It took the neighbor about a month, it seemed to Celestina, to say a sentence and then it didn't amount to anything. She finally went home and Celestina climbed the golden stairs before anyone else came to see them. She also resolved that the next time she went to a party on a week day night she would come home sooner.

### DEPRECIATION IN VALUE

She—"Marie paid \$5.00 for her silk hose."

He—"Too bad she can only show \$4.75 worth at a wearing."

"Do you mean to say, doctor, that you charged \$1,000 for removing that little appendix?"

"Yes."

"Well you can put it back. It isn't worth it."

### ADAPTABLE

Yes, nature is certainly wonderful.

Did you ever see a pair of lips that wouldn't fit?

"I suppose I'll have to study upon the traffic rules," said the man, who was learning to drive.

"There's only one rule worth bothering about, that is, to keep an eye on the cops."

What would Leesburg High be without:

The class of 1922?

Bill Ackley's Ford?

Corson's laugh?

Maurice's bright eyes?

John's Arguments?

Ellen's smile?

Gertrude's humor?

Alma's bobbed hair?

Zada's hungriness?

Martha's foolishness?

Edna's shortness?

The Maroon and Blue?

### School Activities

On October 27, the Leesburg High School gave a Hallowe'en Party. Each student was allowed to bring one guest. Much merriment was spent through the evening, by dancing, contests and playing games. A very pleasant program was also rendered. At a late hour the jolly company returned to their homes. Don't think for once, that Miss Heacock didn't enjoy herself, for she had a good dance with Percy Reeves

### Athletic Association

At the beginning of the school year we organized a Girls' Athletic Association, electing the following officers: President, Alma E. Hoffman; Secretary, Gertrude Sharp; Treasurer, Edna Chambers; and Zada Riggins and Carrie Compton, Captains of the volley ball teams. Our volley ball was a big feature during a large part of the winter. The boys, under their own coaching, have had a happy year with their base ball. Honor is due them as true sports.

### Literary Society

We must not forget to mention, the reorganization of our Literary Society. We divided it into two teams, the Maroon and the Blue, electing the following officers: President, Martha Champion; Secretary, Ellen Harris; Treasurer, Smith Hoffman; Captain of Maroon Team, Willis Ackley; Captain of the Maroon Team, John Cox, Jr. Our of the Blue Team, John Cox, Jr. Our fortnightly meetings have given us the opportunity to show our individual ability in debates, essays, recitations and dramatics, and now at the close of the year we realize wherein our talents lie.

### Recital

On February 18th, a very enjoyable recital was given, for our piano fund, by Miss Dorothy Compton, assisted by music from pupils of the High School. Miss Compton, one of our alumnae, is now a student at the Schoemaker School of Elocution in Philadelphia. Her talent and generosity was highly appreciated by all.

E. D. C.



## The MAROON and BLUE

### Unfortunate Base Ball Team

The baseball team of the Leesburg High School was organized this spring. We have already played a few games; the first with Port Norris High School, the second with the New Jersey State Farm and the third with Delmont, but in some way or other we were unfortunate and have lost every game thus far.

We lost the game with Port Norris April 14, 1922, because we lacked sufficient practice and besides, that was the first game which we had experienced with another team, and another thing the pitcher of the team is very much interested in girls and while he pitched against that team he saw a nice girl with bobbed hair standing behind the catcher quite a distance away looking at him. She caused him to look at her all the time and it sort of put the idea of playing ball out of his mind. It go him so rattled that he could not pitch a ball over the plate to save his neck, (at least that was what he said was the trouble with him). The Port Norris High School players had one advantage over us and that was they have a four year course, which allowed them to have older players on their team.

The second game, April 28, 1922, we played with the New Jersey State Farm. The playing there was a great improvement over the previous one. The pitcher of our team pitched a very fine game for seven innings so that the score was 7-3 in our favor, but at beginning of the eighth another pitcher wanted to finish the game so the former one played out in the field. In the last two innings during the new pitcher's term the farm brought in five runs and thus the final score was 8-7 in their favor. The temper of some of the High School boys was beginning to stir up, they began to throw their gloves around and when the game was over they said that it was the last pitcher's fault, though I know as well as some of the rest that he did his best.

The third game was played with Delmont, April 29th, and a very interesting game was played there, but the High School team lost again.

The fourth game was one in return to Port Norris, May 6th. We were beaten in the ninth inning much to the happiness of the Port Norris students and grief to Leesburg. The game opened with each team getting one run in the first inning and proceeded with the pitcher's doing the work, up until the sixth inning, when Leesburg scored

three runs. Port Norris in one half of the sixth scored five runs, due to a wabbling infield making the score 6-4. Leesburg came back strong in the ninth and two runs crossed. In Port Norris' half they scored the winning run. Two being out when the winning run was scored.

*John Lapihuska,  
A. Corson Reeves.*

### Leesburg High School

#### Base Ball Team

|                       |                     |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| Willis Ackley .....   | Manager             |
| Corson Reeves ....    | Captain and Catcher |
| Maurice Whildin ..... | Pitcher             |
| Charles Lee .....     | First Base          |
| John Lapihuska .....  | Second Base         |
| Mike Sutton .....     | Third Base          |
| Myles Lentz .....     | Short Stop          |
| John Townsend .....   | Left Field          |
| Smith Hoffman .....   | Center Field        |
| Herbert Lee .....     | Right Field         |
| Linwood Tomlin .....  | Substitute          |

#### SCORES OF GAMES PLAYED

| Date                             | Played | Score |
|----------------------------------|--------|-------|
| April 14th—Port Norris           |        | 13-3  |
| April 28th—New Jersey State Farm |        | 8-7   |
| April 29th—Delmont               |        | 8-6   |
| May 6th—Port Norris              |        | 7-6   |

The scores were in favor of the teams we played.

*John Lapihuska.*

### Limericks

Broad's a very nice lad,  
He thinks baseball quite a fad,  
Though stubborn he is  
'Tis no fault of his,  
To stay in for this fault is too bad.

Another young Brutus named Case  
Of whom I'm writing in haste  
Is fond of playing ball,  
And that's 'bout all  
The paper on him I'll waste.

Now Ellen with dreamy eyes,  
Though unknown she's very wise,  
The boys she sure can vamp,  
With her eyes as a lamp,  
Our Ellen with the rolling eyes.

Sweet Zada with auburn hair,  
Her wit it is always there,  
Although full of pep,  
Loves to eat, you just bet;  
Our sweet little Zada so fair.

A slender young lass called M. C.  
Tried to sing in a very high key,  
But her voice it fell flat,  
So she grabbed up her hat,  
Shouting "Gangway, exit for me!"

Bill he surely looks lazy,  
'Bout him Margaret is crazy,  
When she sees this pome,  
You'll see me beat it for home,  
Or the world for me will be hazy.

Little Edna is always quite sweet,  
She Maurice would like to treat,  
But to him she is haughty,  
Though she's not really naughty,  
For spoofing she sure can't be beat.

When Alma tries to drive a car,  
She starts but don't go very far,  
She goes to put it into first,  
But her foot slips on the reverse,  
Then a new bus they sure have to hire.

I think that I'm a rotten poet,  
Now all you people surely know it,  
I'm not writing for fame,  
So me do not blame,  
And mud—please do not throw it.

As Lapihuska will not rhyme,  
His name I'll just mention at this time,  
So he'll feel delighted,  
That him I've not slighted,  
And this is the very last line.

*G. V. S.*



## The MAROON and BLUE

### Humor

Ressie—"Do you like tea?"

Charles—"Yes, but I like the next letter in the alphabet better."

Teacher (in physics class)—"Corson, did you do that experiment on steel?"

Corson—"I did not. When I heated the steel it lost its temper and I couldn't very well finish the experiment when it was in such a state."

For sale—A Cicero, in slight need of repair. (Stupid) Box B.

Auctioneer Z.L. R.

John Cox, the celebrated vocalist, was in a motor car accident one day. A paper, after recording the affair, said, "We are happy to say that he was able to appear the following evening in three pieces."

Gertrude—"Mother, can you write your signature blindfolded?"

Mother—"I think so."

Gertrude—"Well blindfold yourself, and sign my report card."

Miss Heacock—"Why is it that I do not allow you to write a love story when writing your poems?"

Alma—"Because you think we haven't had the experience. But you don't know."

Teacher—"What was the Renaissance?"

Carrie—"The revival of learning."

Teacher—"When was it?"

Carrie—"The day before exams."

Mr. Clair, explaining an Algebra problem, "now watch the board while I go through it."

Martha—"It can't be done."

When our Raymond W. gets excited he generally makes Webster and Funk and Wagnalls ashamed of themselves. Not long ago a small fire broke out at his home and he ran scantily clad to the street crying at the top of his voice, "Conflagration! Conflagration! Hastily bring hither the instruments of deluge."

Martha—"Maurice, tell me some good joke wherein we can make a monkey out of some of the teachers."

Maurice—"We don't have to."

Small boy returning home from circus—"Mother you oughta saw the elephant at the circus. Sister dropped some peanuts and he came along with his vacuum cleaner and took them all up."

"What time shall I come over to the house, Mary?"

"Oh, I don't know, Jack, come after dinner."

"Well, that's what I was comin' after."

### Alumni Notes

Among the graduates of Leesburg High School are a number that have taken up the profession of teaching. Some of these are:

1910

Belford Cruse  
Clara Shaw

1912

Daniel Erickson

1913

Sara Langley  
Ethel Hand

1914

Grace McClain  
Leta Sharp  
William Fidler

1915

Ida Hughes  
Kathryn Hughes  
Adda (Henderson) Stowman  
Ella (Hartzog) Shopshire  
Addie Erickson  
Ruby Godwin

1916

C. Elsie Henderson

1917

Mary McClain  
G. Rollin Shaw

1918

Adella Henderson

1919

George Lloyd

1920

Madeline Fidler  
Mariam Shaw

Belford Cruse, 1910, is studying and teaching in a Western University.

George Sickler, 1914, is associated with "The Sickler Confectionery Company" which is well known in South Jersey and Delaware.

James Vanaman, 1920, is working in Philadelphia.

Charles Thurston, 1920, is working in the Cape May National Bank.

We have heard that Daniel Erickson, '12, Supervising Principal of Lawrence Township Schools, is doing good work in increasing the attendance of the Schools in that district.

William Fidler, 1914, studied last summer at the University of Pennsylvania, and hopes to do the same this year.

John Hollingshead, 1914, is a guard at the New Jersey State Farm.

Lemuel Lee, 1919, is in the service of the Coast Guards at Sea Isle.

Percy Steelman, '20, has graduated from a New York radio school, and is now taking up a second course.

Edwin Sharp, graduated from Leesburg High in 1918, is at present farming.

Bennie Thompson, '13, has established a general store in Heislerville.

Charlotte Brown, '17, is working in Philadelphia.



## The MAROON and BLUE

### News Items

Raymond Warwick is seen quite often studying books on public speaking. We're sure of his future success.

A lot of our students were entertained at Miss Garrison's home one Friday evening and we are still wondering how they like to attend Church.

Alma decided that bobbed hair is very becoming, so she took a trip to the hair dresser. (At whose request?)

Zada has been going around like a head with the chicken off. Some person must be planning a voyage to this country.

Ellen Harris and Elizabeth Vanaman like the shows in Millville very much, but they both agree that the trip in the "Liz" is most fun.

"The longest way 'round is the shortest way home." The company that Martha and Carrie have coming down the railroad makes it so.

Edna has a new address now'days, "General Delivery, Chandler Car, Somewhere in Jersey"—change to "Somewhere in America," when she learns to drive.

Is it the beautiful spring landscape that makes John Lapihuska like to walk to school mornings or is it some cheerful companion?

We wonder why Margaret always rides home on side of Maurice.

One of Mr. Clair's recent Algebra tests unearthed an unknown genius. A mark of a hundred for one of the lesser lights.

Elizabeth McDaniels is one of the many of our students who helps boost the dividends on Standard Oil Stock by her many Sunday afternoon rides.

Blanche France and Helen Bailey are going to make their marks in mathematics. Their enduring patience over Algebra has been an inspiration to all.

A few of the aspirants for the throne of Lillian Russell—Elsie, Beulah and Wilhelmina. All the leading critics are still talking about their performances.

We wonder how Willis likes the new name "dad," given him by his ardent admirers.

A previous engagement prevented Carlton and Ada from attending the Friday evening party.

When the Leboy gives a prize for regular attendance Charles Ackley will be among the high ones; his favorite seat is in the top row balcony.

We think Louise will make a wonderful Red Cross nurse; just one look from her beautiful eyes is enough to kill any pain imaginable.

A good prospect for the Radio salesman—

Ressie has the telephone worked its limit.

A start for the successors of the Philadelphia Orchestra—Charles Eldredge, John Cox and Smith Hoffman—still we wonder if music is the only attraction in Millville.

With a little sunburn to hide the blushes and a little practice in public speaking we think that Joe Bennett will make a second Daniel Webster.

One of these days you'll see one of Mack's scouts picking up Linwood (Shinar) for his star shortstop.

We wonder if a Big Ben would help Irene and Sophie get to school earlier in the morning.

Sam must keep Dorothy Whildin up some late nights, she's been absent from school so much recently.

Some one's ears must be burning when Edith, Lillian and Glena are talking about the same person at one time.

Edwin Cobb is keeping a scrap book for future reference of all the notes Miss Heacock writes about his conduct.

Talk about power of concentration and excitability, Miss Heacock called on Willis to recite when he was home in bed.

May Franckle's humor has been partially eclipsed this year by the frequent enforced absences. May 1922 find her a more regular attendant.

Miss McClain entertained some of the select pupils at her residence recently.

With a girl sitting in back and in front of one, how can a fellow like Corson resist teasing them?

Maurice certainly has a failing for bright colors, especially when it comes to red socks.

We wish we could read characters. What is concealed under Bertha's reserve.

There must be some attraction in Eldora as some of the L. H. S. boys visit there frequently.

### Repertoires of Tenth and Eleventh Grades

Ellen Harris—Say It With Music.

Martha Champion—Baby Curls.

Edna Chambers—Bright Eyes.

Alma Hoffman—Just Like a Rainbow.

Zada Riggins — Are You Reddy (Ready)

Gertrude Sharp — Pucker Up and Whistle.

Corson Reeves—Kiss Me Again.

Willis Ackley—I Hold Her Hand and She Holds Mine.

Maurice Whildin—I Wonder Who?

John Lapihuska—The Sheik.

Ada Thompson — Are You from Heaven?

Carrie Compton—No One's Fool.

Louise McClain—Anna in Indiana.

Joseph Bennett—Nobody's Baby.

Carlton Smith—Absence.

Raymond Warwick — My Mammy's Little Sonny Honey Boy.

Dorothy Whildin—Let the Rest of the World Go By (but give me Sam).

Charles A and Ressie Steelman—Sweet Hearts.

E. H., M. C.



*The MAROON and BLUE*

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