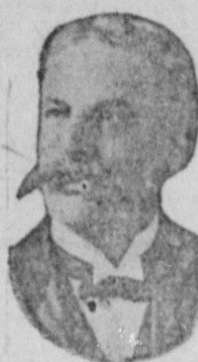
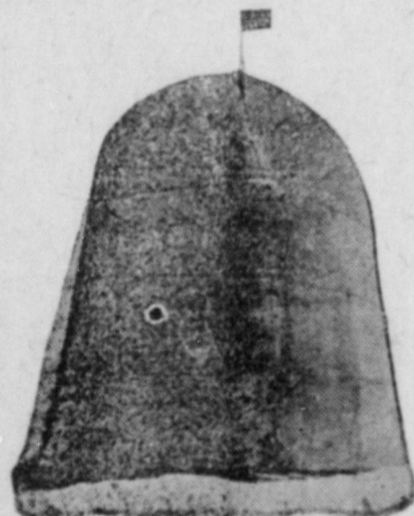


**Side Lights on Newsy Matters.**



WALTER WELLMAN.

**UNDETERRED** by the mysterious fate of Andree, who left Dane's island, Spitzbergen, in a balloon on July 11, 1897, with two companions and has never been heard from since Walter Wellman, a newspaper correspondent, has spent many weary months and many thousands of dollars of the Chicago Record-Herald's money in preparation for a second quest of the north pole by airship. Three men and twelve dogs will share the perils of the expedition, and the spot chosen for the start is the very spot where Andree and his companions waved their farewell. Wellman's airship, the America, carries gasoline sufficient to run its three motors until the craft has covered 2,700 sea miles, or more than twice the round trip distance between Spitzbergen and the coveted pole. The America is 183 feet long, 65 feet high and 52.5 feet wide and is one of the largest, strongest and most expensive dirigible balloons ever built. Its total weight when fully equipped with men and supplies is 22,840 pounds, and from it will hang a leather "sausage" guide rope 130 feet long packed with over 1,000 pounds of bacon, ham, bread and butter. This odd contrivance, which will trail along over the ice floes, was devised to check the speed of the airship and at the same time furnish an additional supply of food. In case Wellman and his party are stranded near



THE MAMMOTH BALLOON HOUSE OF THE AMERICA.

the pole because of disaster to their airship they will push on toward their goal with a complete sledging outfit drawn by Siberian dogs or make a dash for civilization. The Spitzbergen group of islands is 504 miles northeast of Norway and is owned by Russia.

Dr. W. H. Wiley, the government chemist, and former Senator Thurston of Nebraska went out to the Columbia Golf club to play golf. Wiley started off gayly from the first tee. He topped his drive, and the ball rolled into the bunker. Wiley began beating the ball with a niblick. He couldn't get it out. At the fifteenth stroke his caddy lighted a cigarette, sat down on the grass and said, "Well, anyway, it is a fine day."

Governor Edwin Warfield of Maryland is credited with a distinct ambition to go to the United States senate. Should that ambition be achieved during the present administration there will be at each end of Pennsylvania avenue one of the best horsemen in the country. President Roosevelt's horsemanship is well known. Governor Warfield, who has passed much of his life on the farm in connection with his great estate of 800 acres, is so proud of his ability to sit a lively steed that once when a Baltimore newspaper stated that the Hon. Edwin Warfield had been thrown from his horse he called up the editor by telephone at once and said:



EDWIN WARFIELD.

"That was Edwin Warfield, Jr., who was thrown from his horse, if you please. The horse does not live that can throw Edwin Warfield, Sr."

Governor Warfield belongs to one of the oldest of Maryland families. The family fortune was impaired during the civil war and the reconstruction period, and the future governor was compelled to look out for himself to a considerable extent. He was a store clerk, a country schoolteacher and the editor of a paper in a small town. Later he became a resident of Baltimore, got into the banking business and became a man of wealth. His fine estate he farms thoroughly, employing many negroes.

Governor Warfield once remarked at a high school commencement that in his opinion girls should not marry until they reached the age of twenty-six. He was severely censured for trying to create a race of spinsters, but the governor valiantly stuck to his thesis and argued against early marriages for either men or women.

Representative Morris Sheppard of Texas was declaiming one day in the house against the distribution of seeds by the government. He contended that it is a useless, wasteful and altogether deplorable practice.

"Why," said Representative Shep-

pard, "the people do not care for the seeds. I sent some to a constituent last year. A time ago I received a letter which said the man had the seeds I had sent him and didn't want any more. 'Instead,' he wrote, 'if you really want to do something for me I wish you would send me a suit of this new-fangled union underwear.'"

Among white children the Teddy bear doll is a thing of quite recent date, but there is a tribe of American Indian children to whom the bear doll, though of course not exactly the Teddy kind, is very ancient. These are the children of the Moki, in north central Arizona. The Moki Indians form one of the most interesting tribes we have. They have rites and ceremonies dating back, no doubt, to prehistoric times.

At the several annual dances and ceremonial affairs of these Indians some of the men appear in strange and



TEDDY BEARS OF THE MOKI GIRLS.

fantastic costumes. Each costume represents some mystic idea. One man, for instance, comes out dressed as a bear. Another is in a wolf's garb. These are the bear god and the wolf god. The latter is one of the deities of war. The bear god also serves some mysterious purpose in the primitive belief of these people.

There are little bears and wolves and other animals of miniature size carved out of the roots of the cottonwood tree. This tree has a sacred character because it grows near water, the scarcest and most precious article in that sun parched country. When the big folks get through with the animal dollies they give them to the children for playthings; hence the pre-Teddy bears shown in the picture.

United States District Attorney Charles B. Morrison of the northern district of Illinois is one of the government's lawyers who are concerned in the so called "immunity bath" enjoyed by E. H. Harriman and the Chicago and Alton railroad officials. Attorney Morrison prosecuted for the government in the case wherein the Standard



CHARLES B. MORRISON.

Oil company was fined \$29,240,000 for accepting rebates from the Chicago and Alton. The officials of that road turned state's evidence, it being understood that in consideration of such assistance the road would not be prosecuted.

District Attorney Morrison has had much experience in government service as a prosecutor. He was chosen to conduct the famous beef trust inquiry of two years ago, a distinction earned by long service as district attorney, to which office he was appointed in 1898.

Mr. Morrison has resided in Illinois from early boyhood. He is an easterner by birth. In 1878 he was graduated from the Union College of Law in Chicago and began practice at Dixon, Ill. He served two terms as state attorney for Lee county.

The lawyer who has been selected to be Harry K. Thaw's chief counsel in the next trial of Stanford White's slayer is Martin W. Littleton of Brooklyn. Mr. Littleton is only thirty-five years old and possesses enthusiasm enough to supply several average men. His career is one that is possible only in America.

Born in Tennessee, Littleton was taken to Texas in early boyhood. There he grew up without schooling, save for a seven months' term. He worked as a farm hand and later as a railroad trackman. He read and studied in his leisure time to such an extent that he was admitted to the bar before he was twenty-one.

Texas, though the biggest state in the Union, apparently was not large enough to satisfy the vaulting ambition of young Littleton. He removed to Brooklyn shortly after beginning law practice. He got into politics, being a Democrat, and soon was making stump speeches throughout the state.

This placed him in line for office, and in 1903, at the age of thirty-one, Mr. Littleton was elected president of the borough of Brooklyn for the term of two years. At the Democratic national convention in St. Louis in 1904 Mr. Littleton was selected to place Judge Alton B. Parker in nomination. Some time after the election Littleton was introduced to President Roosevelt in this fashion:

"Mr. President, permit me to introduce the man who elected you."

"Indeed," said the president. "And how was that?"

"He nominated Parker."

**"Fighting Bob" And His Fleet.**

**R**EAR ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS, who will command the great fleet of battleships on the forthcoming trip to the Pacific, is the naval hero now foremost in the public eye. "Fighting Bob" is an international character. Having spent forty-six years in the navy, including his course at Annapolis, he has voyaged in practically every sea and is known in all harbors and on all shores. Several years ago somebody figured up that Admiral Evans had spent actually at sea more than twenty-one years. He is one of those officers who have not intrigued, hinted or whimpereed for a soft place on shore. The sea and the deck of a battleship suit this sailor very well.

In 1897 Evans, then a captain, was on duty at the Brooklyn navy yard. Somebody ran across him one day looking lonesome.

"When are you going to make your next cruise?" asked the friend.

"I don't know," replied Evans, "but I don't intend to be hung up in any navy yard very long. Some day we're going to fight Spain. The fellows who are at sea will have the first chance, and those who have been in the habit of going to sea early and often will be the men who will get the best commands."

A year later Captain Evans commanded the battleship Iowa at the sea fight of Santiago. Captain Eulate of the Spanish battleship Vizcaya, his vessel wrecked by the guns of the Iowa and other American ships, was brought aboard and surrendered to Evans. The American officer merely touched the proffered sword of his defeated foe and permitted Captain Eulate to keep it. This brought rousing cheers from the Iowa's crew.

Captain Evans said that the cheering touched him deeply, for it showed him that the men appreciated his feelings.

On this occasion Evans handed his vanquished foe a drink of whisky,



REAR ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS.

which Captain Eulate found quite welcome after his desperate fight. His head was covered with blood from three wounds. After the drink went to the right place Captain Evans found in his pocket a ten cent cigar of West Indian make. He gave this to Eulate, who accepted it with thanks, but pulled from his pocket a splendid Porto Rican cigar and handed it to Evans with a polite bow.

"I left 15,000 of those on the Vizcaya," he said sadly.

Just then the Vizcaya blew up. "I'm sorry I didn't know it sooner," replied Evans, "or we might have saved some of 'em."

The admiral dislikes to be called "Fighting Bob," but there is no help for it. Just before he started for the Spanish war he entered a shop in New York to make a purchase. The German proprietor observed that he wore a navy uniform, but had no notion of his rank or identity.

"I haf a son in der navy," said the genial shopkeeper.

"Indeed," replied Evans, "and what ship is he on?"

"He iss on der Iovay," proudly said the father, "mit Bob Fighting."

Admiral Evans once had on his ship a young Japanese, a very bright chap, as steward. Some years later Evans paid an official visit to the captain of a Japanese war vessel on board the latter's ship. All Japs look alike to some persons, and it is probably so with "Fighting Bob." Evans had no recollection of having seen him before. But when the Japanese commander approached very close and asked in a familiar tone, "What will the captain have to drink?" the American officer recognized in his host his former steward. The steward, of course, had been a naval man at the time, but was merely studying Ameri-

can naval conditions at first hand.

After Evans was shot in four places at Fort Fisher toward the close of the civil war the surgeons wanted to amputate both of his legs. Evans, who was eighteen years old, drew from beneath his pillow a big navy revolver. Glaring at the one doctor present, he said:

"There are six loads in this. If anybody else enters the door with anything that looks like a case of instruments I'll begin shooting, and you may rest assured that I'll kill six surgeons before they cut my legs off."

Thus the future admiral saved his legs, along with a slight limp which adds to his glory.

**BISHOP OF LONDON.**

Right Rev. A. F. W. Ingram and His Visit to America.

One of the early autumn visitors from abroad is the Rev. Dr. A. F. W. Ingram, bishop of London, who comes to America to bring the Bible which King Edward presented to the old Bruton parish church at Williamsburg, Va. This gift is complementary to the gift of a beautiful lecture from President Roosevelt, on the desk of which the Bible will rest. The three-hundredth year of English settlement in America, now being commemorated by the Jamestown exposition, furnishes the occasion for the gifts and for the bishop's visit.

Dr. Ingram is a man of strong personality. For many years prior to his elevation to the high ecclesiastical post which he now holds he devoted his energies to the amelioration of the condition of London's poor and unfortunate. With another man he es-



BISHOP A. F. W. INGRAM.

ablished one of the first and most successful slum settlement institutions. His work in that connection endeared him to the great mass of common people in England.

The bishop will visit the principal Canadian cities and New York, Washington, Richmond and Boston. He will be present also at the ceremonies in dedication of the restored Bruton church.

**A Big Difference.**

"For my part I can't see the difference between gambling and speculating by buying or selling things on a margin."

"There is a big difference. A man who gambles has a certain number of chances out of a thousand to win."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Quaint Fish Has Numerous Names.**

The monkfish is a quaint creature. It is a sort of shark, which looks much more like a skate, and other curious resemblances have given it a variety of popular names. It is called "monkfish" from its decidedly cow-like head; "fiddle fish" because of its general shape, and "angel fish" because its wanglelike pectoral fins make it to the eye of fancy very much like a very bad angel. "Shark ray" is yet another name, and a composite photograph of a shark, a ray, a skate, an angel, a monk and a fiddle would really give a very fair idea of this fish. Science is on the side of the angels, with the name "squatinus angelus."—Dundee Advertiser.

**The Neck of the Bottle.**

On the neck of a wine bottle a ridge can usually be seen. This ridge has a purpose to serve. It is not made merely to decorate the neck of the bottle. When the bottle is opened and its contents have to be poured into a glass the ridge is adjusted to the top of the glass, so that the wine cannot trickle down the side of the bottle and then on to the tablecloth.—London Telegraph.

No matter how intently a wife may listen when her husband is talking in his sleep, she very seldom learns anything of real importance. And the result would usually be about the same if she should listen to everything he says while he is awake.—Somerville Journal.

**The New Oil Stove**

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**NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove**

saves fuel expense and lessens the work. Produces a strong working flame instantly. Flame always under immediate control. Gives quick results without overheating the kitchen. Made in three sizes. Every stove warranted. If not at your dealer's, write our nearest agency for descriptive circular.

THE **Rayo Lamp**

is the best lamp for all-round household use. Made of brass throughout and beautifully nickelled. Perfectly constructed; absolutely safe; unexcelled in light-giving power; an ornament to any room. Every lamp warranted. If not at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency.

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