

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

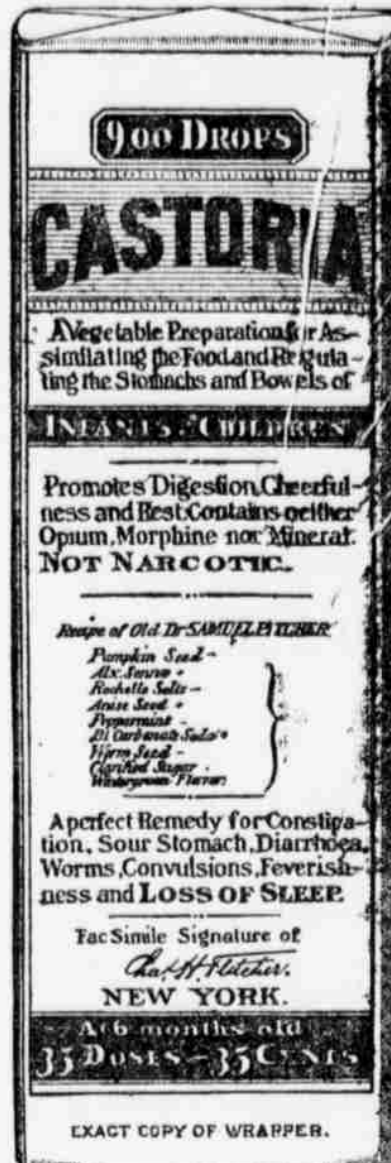
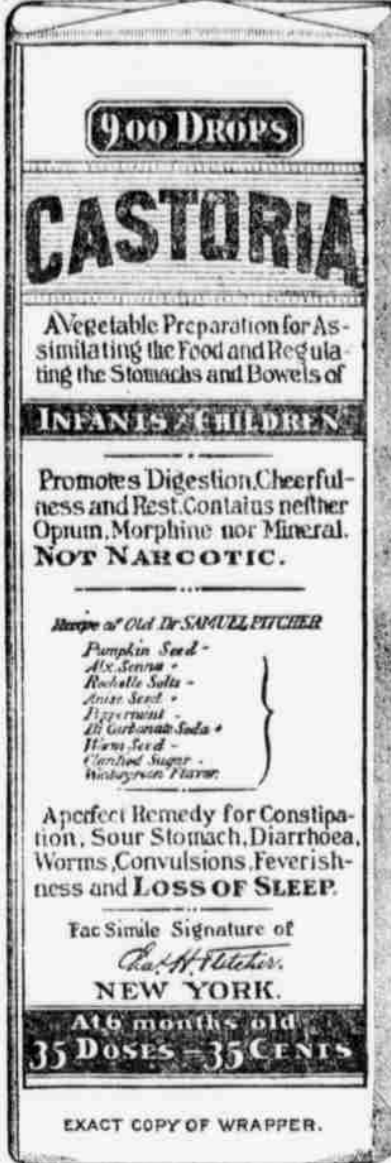
WHAT IS CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher



The Kind You Have Always Bought. In Use for Over 30 Years.

Social Personal

Shelter Island must have been a specimen of the Garden of Eden, picked up and located to more advantage than the early summer resort of our first parents. It is all very well to have four rivers and a big tree in the midst of the garden, the latter having special arrangements for getting us into a heap of trouble, but for a summer home, rivers aren't anywhere in comparison with Long Island Sound and the wide, magnificent expanse of shimmering waves fading out into the ocean.

The level sandy beaches along the New Jersey coast have their charms and the sand dunes of Nantucket and Block Island, the rocky palisades of Maine and the inlets and bays of Rhode Island and Massachusetts are a joy forever, but for riotous beauty, shelter islands surpasses anything. Pennsylvanians, coming from a state which has beggared itself of trees and forests in its greed for gain, are prepared to appreciate the wooded bluff sweeping down its stately line to the bay and to marvel at the magnificent trees, the growth of centuries, which are found on every hand.

The beautiful island is phenomenal in its diversity of scenery. The finest possible drives lead across it in every direction, and while from one abrupt rise the blue waters, dotted with vessels, sweep round in every direction, a few rods farther on one could fancy being in the heart of a rich farming district, broken by fine stretches of woodland and fair landscape. In a moment the road turns to come upon a splendid villa set among the trees with a water outlook entrancing at every point.

The island has come down in unbroken succession, the present owners of a large portion of it being lineal descendants of those who first received it as a manorial grant from the king. It is not always remembered by the summer visitor that the name was given because it was a shelter for persecuted Quakers, who there found refuge from the stake and the torture chamber. Roger Williams, George Fox and many other illustrious members of the Society of Friends were sheltered there. In a secluded part of the woodland, belonging to the Housford estate, is a tablet relating the story of this "shelter" afforded by the Sylvesters and the Gardiners, who

from the Earl of Sterling and he from the king (after the Narragansett Indians) had received the manor. Two solitary women, single and of advancing years, occupy the old manor house, pure colonial in style, with its box hedges, its old garden, English in every detail, and its splendid trees, which in its seclusion and decaying magnificence of a forgotten age is worth a long journey to see in our bric-a-brac day of the world.

It is small wonder that Mr. E. L. Fuller has chosen this island as a place for a summer home. Mr. and Mrs. Fuller are enjoying to the full the loveliness of the resort, and have their large and commodious residence in the shadow of the largest oak tree on the island, a tree so colossal, so beautiful, as to give a revelation of the charm of Druidism. They have a steam yacht and have also taken down both driving and saddle horses, and thus their guests, of which they are entertaining a succession this season, cannot fail to find congenial amusement. The bathing is fine, and Mrs. Fuller is one of the best swimmers in the throng of noonday bathers.

Shelter Island is one of the stations of the New York Yacht club, and on the occasion of the club's visit there last week Mr. and Mrs. Fuller entertained a number of prominent yachtsmen at luncheon. On Saturday night a birthday dinner was given for Mr. Mortimer Fuller, when many Manhattan guests were entertained, together with the members of the house party, including Miss Eleanor Anderson, Miss Amy Jessup, Mr. Guerin, of New York; Messrs. Edward Holland and Robert Froy, of this city. This week Mr. and Mrs. Fuller have at their home Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Watson, Miss Hunt, Miss Linberg, of Trenton, N. J.; Messrs. T. S. and F. B. Fuller and Dr. J. W. Decker.

The Scranton contingent has distinguished itself on the golf links at Shelter Island this season. Mr. J. H. Brooks, when there, made the best record of the course, and his playing attracted much attention from some of the most famous amateurs of the country who were at the Manhansett. Last week Miss Eleanor Anderson won an exquisite crystal and silver cup at an important match. The course is a rather fine one of nine holes; the greens are not, however, in first-class condition, but there is much interest in the game.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bellin, Jr., are entertaining a house party in honor of their son, La Motte, at their beautiful country place, Glenverly, near Waverly. Among the guests are Miss Gertrude Sprague, Miss Anna Archibald, Miss Amy Jessup, Messrs. Hickock and Gilbert, of Harrisburg, and Thayer, of Buffalo.

Miss Lee, Miss Pettigrew, Miss Zang, Miss Edith Jones; Messrs. Fassett, F. W. Emerick, Beers.

Mr. William Connell has returned from the Adirondacks and is spending a few days at Lake Henry. Mr. James L. Connell and family have returned after a several weeks stay at that pleasant resort.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Barker are chaperoning a party at Preston Park, among the members of which are Miss Hanley, Miss Gearhart, Messrs. Robert and Ellison Snyder and others.

A masquerade party was held at the summer home of Mr. Charles Schlager, at Elmhurst, last evening. The guests were chiefly relatives and summer residents of that vicinity.

Colonel and Mrs. Austin B. Blair and Miss Alice Blair are at the Manhansett, at Elmhurst, last evening. The guests were chiefly relatives and summer residents of that vicinity.

General Manager R. B. Williams, of the Ontario and Western railroad will go to California early in September to bring home his wife and daughter, who have spent the past year in Oakland. Mrs. Williams has not improved in health as completely as her many friends could desire.

Mr. J. D. Williams entertained at a reception Thursday afternoon and evening in honor of Mr. Williams' mother, Mrs. Joshua Williams, whose eightieth birthday was thus celebrated. A large number of guests attended both functions. Mr. Williams' brothers and sisters joined with him in celebrating the event. Mrs. Williams was surrounded by her children, J. D. Williams, W. C. Williams, R. J. Williams, Ebenezer Williams, Miss J. Louise Williams and Miss Josie Williams. Besides the children the following grandchildren were also present: Children of Robert, Ruth, Carl and Ralph, children of W. C. Williams; Robert E., Edith L., Howard, Edward, Mary, Louise, Joshua, Harrison T., Ebenezer and Sarah, children of Ebenezer; Paul H., Lewis H. and Archibald, children of J. D. Williams, and Gerard, son of Robert J. Williams. These comprised all her grand children, with the exception of Corporal Robert E. Williams, who is with the American army in the Philippines.

Mrs. Williams was assisted in receiving the guests by Mrs. W. C. Williams, Mrs. Ebenezer Williams, Mrs. R. J. Williams, Miss Josie Williams, Miss M. Louise Williams, Miss Edith L. Williams, Miss M. Adelaide Davies, Miss Kate Potts, Mrs. J. Eschelman, Miss Clunnie Evans, Mrs. F. L. Phillips, Mrs. Eugene P. Marsh, Mrs. Horatio Keller. Elaborate refreshments were served and a musical program of remarkable merit was provided.

Movements of People
Mrs. W. T. Hackett is at Summit Lake for a few days.
Mrs. Mary Kaye and son are at a New England resort.
Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Sanderson were at Preston Park this week.
Miss Frederika Dorman has returned from a visit in Michigan.
Mr. James P. Dickson and family are at the Vail cottages, Black Island.
Mr. G. F. Reynolds and family are spending a fortnight at Lake Ariel.
Miss Sarah Deen, of Danville, is the guest of Miss Sprague on Quincy avenue.
Mr. D. E. Taylor and family have gone for a coast trip to remain for several weeks.
Rev. and Mrs. Redies, of Philadelphia,

are guests at the home of Colonel E. H. Rippe.
Mrs. George B. Smith and children have been at Block Island for the past fortnight.
Dr. and Mrs. N. Y. Loet have gone to a lakeside resort near Syracuse for a month's stay.
Mr. John Sherman, of Newport, will be a guest at the home of Mr. W. D. Kennedy next week.
Mr. John Roll has been brought home from Mount Clemens, Mich., apparently ill with septicemia of the liver.
Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Matthews and Misses Evelyn and Martha Matthews have returned from Preston Park.
Mrs. John Fauror, who has been spending the past fortnight at Lake Nicholson, is at Montrose for a two weeks' visit.
Mrs. John Williams, Miss Margaret Edworthy, Mrs. Edith Richards and Edward Thayer, esq., have returned from a fortnight's stay at Block Island.

Mr. E. W. Holland is at Rye Beach. Mr. A. W. Dickson was in Carbondale yesterday. Mr. B. H. Bonham and Miss Bennett Thayer, esq., have returned from a fortnight's stay at Block Island.

Mr. E. W. Holland is at Rye Beach. Mr. A. W. Dickson was in Carbondale yesterday. Mr. B. H. Bonham and Miss Bennett Thayer, esq., have returned from a fortnight's stay at Block Island.

Mr. William Kennedy, Jr., and family have returned from a fortnight's stay in the Thousand Islands.
E. H. Lynde and family have been spending some time at Preston Park.
Mr. and Mrs. Will Phillips have been at Preston Park for the past fortnight.
William Bean and Miss Bennett will sail for home today after a European tour.
Judge and Mrs. Willard have returned from a trip to Duluth and through the lakes.
Mr. William Kennedy, Jr., and family have returned from a fortnight's stay in the Thousand Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. John Howarth have been spending some time at Preston Park.
Miss Anna Nield, who has been visiting friends in this city has returned to her home in Harrisburg.
Mrs. J. H. Shepherd returned yesterday from Lake George and Saratoga.
Adrian Knafman, of the draughting department of the Colliery Engineer, left on Thursday for a visit to his home in Canada.

Miss Eva M. Brown, of the Colliery Engineer, left for Clark's Summit, where she will be the guest of Miss Patten over Sunday.
William Bean leaves Saturday morning for Peekskill, N. Y., to join Swetlick's Dramatic company. This is his third season with this company.

J. E. Burr is at Spring Lake.
Miss Mary Burley is at Fond Eddy.
Charles D. Oldknow has returned from New York.
Mr. W. R. Hughes, of The Tribune staff is at Atlantic City.
Miss Winifred Howe, of Capoue avenue, is visiting in Boston.
Miss Cora Farnham, of Edna avenue, is visiting in Boston.
Mr. J. C. Welch has returned from Draper's Home, Monroe county.

Professor J. E. Wagner and family have returned from Ocean Grove.
Mrs. S. E. Addyman, of Monsey avenue, is the guest of relatives in Binghamton.
R. E. Stevens and family, of Capoue avenue, have returned from Atlantic City.
D. J. Evans is at Asbury Park for a few days after which he will visit New York.
Mr. and Mrs. George P. Weeks and family have returned from a month's stay at Belmar, N. J.
Miss Margaret Callahan, of New York, has been the guest of Miss Knittel, of Jefferson avenue, the past week.

Professor and Mrs. Thorpe, of Forest City, are the guests of C. E. Tohey, private secretary to E. E. Loomis, superintendent of the mining and real estate department of the Lackawanna road, at his Capoue avenue residence.
Mr. and Mrs. George P. Weeks and family have returned from a month's stay at Belmar, N. J.
Misses May and Marjorie Haslam, Fannie Dersheimer and Little Smith, Messrs. George and Charles Smith, of Dalton, comprise a camping party that has

pitched its tents on the shores of Lily Lake.
Rev. C. D. Moore and family are at Unityville, Pa.
Rev. L. H. Waring is spending a few weeks at Tyrone, Pa.
H. B. Williams left for an extended stay in California yesterday.
George L. Weaver and family have returned from Atlantic City.
William Morris, the shoe merchant, is home from a visit at Philadelphia.
L. Kaye has returned from the Wyoming camp grounds and Harvey's Lake.
Mrs. E. B. Franklin and son are home from a stay at Carbondale and Waymart.
Miss Elizabeth Cadden, bookkeeper at Seaman's grocery, is sojourning at Lake Ariel.

Mrs. Nellie Seward, of Ridge Row, has returned from a stay at the Thousand Islands.
Mrs. C. W. Silverberg and son, Harold, of Wyoming avenue, have returned from Lake Ariel.
Mrs. John Johnson, of Park Place, is at the Dimock camp ground, Susquehanna county.
Mrs. A. B. Hackett, of Shenandoah, is visiting her sister, Mrs. B. F. Landig, of 542 Prescott avenue.

Miss Glass and Miss Scott, of Ringhamton, are the guests of Mrs. Willis Knicker, of Madison avenue.
C. G. Roland is at Pittsburg and will visit Allentown before his return, where the Western Association of Heptastrophs has a celebration.
Martin J. O'Malley, of the Truth, is able to be around after an operation for sciatica, performed by Dr. R. H. Gibbons and son, Dr. Miles Gibbons. Mr. O'Malley is rapidly regaining strength and will resume his duties in a few weeks.

Dr. Gardner and family have been camping at La Grange for the past fortnight.
Attorney John E. Edwards has returned from Block Island and a trip up the Hudson.
Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Dickson and Mr. Walter M. Dickson and family are at a Jersey coast resort.
Mrs. Pauline Peeler and Miss Peeler, of Philadelphia, are visiting Mrs. J. H. Kerel on Webster avenue.

Mrs. A. B. Hackett and family, who have been spending the summer at Lake Ariel, have returned home.
Mrs. J. H. Muttley and Miss Cora Farnham, of Edna avenue, are the guests of the Messrs. Robinson, of Clark's Green.
P. O'Keefe, H. H. Swelly, Charles W. Roberts and wife, C. A. Godfrey, George L. Dickson and wife and W. M. Dickson, of this city, were registered at the St. Denis, in New York, this week.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gessler, of Gibson street; Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Baas, of Taylor avenue; Mrs. Hess, of Monroe avenue, and Miss Mattie Handegades, of Vine street, are spending a few days at Sea Cliff, Long Island.

Thus Are We Judged.
This is the maxim they swear most by. And the young reporter may take the hint: "It isn't the stuff you write that counts, but what gets into print."
Reams and reams of paper are filed Each day by scratchy pen. With burning thoughts and eloquent words.

From the teeming brains of men. And the editor sits with his pencil blue. And winnows the wheat from the chaff. And what survives of the stuff writ down is a good bit less than half.
Men who win are the men who find The shortest way to the best. They write no more than they have to. And this should be the adjective worshiper know.

As much by the stuff he doesn't write As by that which he writeth down. Mark, then, the maxim they swear most by. It's a rule of the office, hard as flint. "It isn't the stuff you write that counts, but what gets into print."

HER POINT OF VIEW.

A lady who writes charmingly and expresses herself as being an admirer of Saucy Bess (of course that's charming) asks for a candid opinion on several matters that to actually give a candid opinion about, over one's own signature would be simply to invite a riot in one's vicinity or a box of "fixed" chocolate creams in one's mail.

The fact is this fair unknown correspondent wants to know about a lot of things—low-necked dresses on the street—high-skirted gowns on the bicycle and other questions of propriety which must be left to the individual taste. Now that phrase sounds well, "individual taste"—just as Mrs. Rover would speak of enough salt and pepper in the salad dressing. The truth is that if individual taste could once upon a time be depended upon, that condition no longer exists. It has been somewhat generally accepted tradition that no woman of really refined good taste can go far astray in the matter of dress; that her natural intuition will teach her what is unsuitable to her style or what is out of any sense. No more mistaken notion ever existed. Good taste may be assured in language, in thought, in gesture, in companionship, but in dress the whole system is largely a matter of environment.

Robert Louis Stevenson's wife was a woman of exquisite refinement and culture, but even she, afar from the incentives of civilization, within the encircling purple peaks of Samoa grew careless, less in her toilet, wore a single loose outer garment incongruous at what was ungraceful in cut and folds. She foresaw that test of distinctness the smart shoe of fashionable life and wore loose and ugly, if comfortable, moccasin-like foot coverings. Once when an invitation to a dinner at the distant commandant's home promised a certain diversion, the pleasure had to be accepted conditionally on "my wife's finding her other shoe."

The great novelist wrote a dissertation, where there was no particular encouragement to dress, the burdensome part of this necessary daily routine was foreworn or cast. Hisolal communion with a kindred soul, and unconventionality, if Stevenson himself had noticed the difference between a costume of sackcloth or a stylish one from Paris, his wife would have been perfectly familiar with the exact location of that "other shoe" and all the paraphernalia of society life.

There are probably some women who would dress for dinner if that dinner took place on a desert island and consisted of rain water and a few dates a la mode; the "dress" being composed of a half dozen extra sweaters to be strung on a string round her waist in lieu of a trailing skirt. There are women who, if afar on that desert isle, and would match up tines of feathers and shells to harmonize with the brown of their cheeks and the sheen of their hair after their "other clothes" had worn out. That sort of good taste is inherent and individual and is indeed a rare gift. The good taste which impels the average woman in society, or on its fringes, to wear a skirt that clears the ground when all her friends, and what is still more important, all her enemies, are trailing skirts that drag up out skirts of the town, is still rarer; for it hasn't been discovered. Like Miss Harris, "There ain't no one person as the woman ain't will absolutely refuse to yield to fashion's whims no matter what her good taste may dictate.

No refined, delicate minded woman, if she consulted her good taste, would parade along the beach with a dress above her knee, and which when wet might cling so closely to her figure as to be indecent. That, too, for all the world of summer idlers to see, and yet that very thing, are the nicest, most fastidious women of the land doing this very day at every fashionable ocean resort, and they cannot but be conscious of the remarks made by the onlookers on the defects of attractions of their forms. So that it can rarely be proved that personal standards of good taste have really very little to do with feminine modes of dress and that custom has everything to do with them.

My unknown friend asks what about the propriety of wearing low cut dresses on the street as she says so many ladies are doing. Now in reply to this I "can't seem to see" a very refined lady with care to be stared at by the vulgar, the rude, and the coarse in broad daylight during a promenade down town with her neck and ever so little of her shoulders or bust exposed. She will appear in the evening in this clad, or indeed, without a question as to the propriety of her costume, but for so long custom has decreed that the high collar and close, tight collar is the only permissible day time dress that it is rather startling to see it defied. English ladies have to some slight degree adopted décolleté dress at afternoon teas this season, and the other day at Newport I saw a swell, she was one, truly, for she rode in a velvet, velvet-velvet Victoria with the most solemn footman and the most grave-ignominious coachman in the morning parade down Bellevue avenue, and she wore a marvelous fluffy, foamy gown with a tiny V at the throat, and here a name extremely well known over the length and breadth of the land.

Then the other morning I saw a real lady down here at the market in a low cut dress. The reason of my certainty that she was a "real lady" is because she said so herself. She was scrapping with the market woman about a particularly finical lot of cauliflowers he had sent her the day before. I sympathized with her murmuring along that line and she closed the subject with the decisive statement: "It ain't right and you know it, to treat a lady patron that way and I ain't a-going to do no more." As I was about to remark she had on a blue lawn dress and it was cut very low indeed in the back. The V effect being nice and cool, and, I forgot to add that the crowning point of her attire was a checked sun bonnet which she was watching down in the back evidently with the intention, vain as it was, of screening the expanse of plump shoulders.

These two examples have been the chief ones which have come to my personal notice in the way of low cut street garb. It is rather safe to assert that the type will scarcely become general as the average woman is much like the New York wild man, finishing her mid-time prayer with the addition, "And O Lord, please do make us awfully stylish!" Low-necked frocks for street wear are certainly the reverse of what the women on the street can look anything but sloppy thus attired. The high collar may be uncomfortable and doubtless will rub the necks of women for generations to come, but it surely is stylish, as no décolleté effect for out of door day-time dress is possibly to be obtained. No woman would be rather slow to adopt so conspicuous a fashion.

Another question asked in the letter under consideration is which is the worse for a woman to show her bare neck on the street or a few inches of a leather covered leg as in bicycle riding. As before stated, it isn't a question of "worse-ness." It is entirely that of custom. Bicycling, tennis, golf and the wholesome tendency of the times to outdoor recreations are responsible for the short skirts and what shocked us once is now so common as to be eminently proper. As in most matters, good sense has prevailed and the ultra short skirt is no more seen among self-respecting women. The blouse, the skirt that drags up out skirts, criticism. It is of decent length, and is well fitted and hung. No woman need make an exhibition of having the most desire to do so, and the nice woman doesn't desire.

As to the bicycle lending so many women astray which the cover in this letter implies as being somewhat generally charged is beyond the province of this dissertation to declare. It certainly gives an opportunity for displaying the most wide-awake, scrupulous and indefatigable chaperon and possibly is the medium for much laxity of conduct among certain classes. But the indiscreet girl, the unprincipled man and the reckless woman found opportunities for ruining their own and other people's eyes before the rise of the bicycle and probably will continue to do so after its fall. There are always ways and ways for the weak of the wicked to go wrong. If early hours training, if indeed purity of thought and deed, if the influences of religion and morality are not powerful enough to preserve self-respect and nobility of purpose, the wily bicycle surely should not be held solely accountable for all the bad ends to which fool people come. Saucy Bess.

Buy a Scranton You will be Pleased with your Wheel. Bittenbender & Co.