

has centered in Wilkes-Barre, where the open tournament has been held. Messrs, T. H. Watkins, J. H. Brooks, F. P. Fuller Law Watkins qualified. In the first day's match J. H. Brooks, Fuller and Woodruff were tied in the medal

Today at the Scranton Country club a men's foursome will be played, and it is expected that an unusual amount of interest will be awakened. Many good players are being developed and the links have never been so popular as now. Tea will be served as usual, Mrs. T. C. Von Storch and Mr. M. B. Fuller won the mixed foursome last week. Mrs. Von Storch has been playing but a short time, having learned on the skin greens of Florida, but she promises to become a leader among the

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Simpson gave a lawn party for their little daughter, Katherine, on Wednesday. The perfection of the weather assisted in making the occasion a delightful one and the little people greatly enjoyed their afternoon, of which the supper under the trees was the climax. Among those present were: Marion Kings-Mary Dimmick, Anna and Bosworth Parke, Helen and Gretchen Mott, Romayne Spencer, Eleanor Kingsbury, Grace McLean, Margaret Shafer, Edward Warren, Frank Silliman, Joe Tate, Henry and Nat Robertson, Harold Ware, William Jermyn, William Von Storch, Richard Austin Robertson, Edwards Kingsbury, Simpson Geoffrey Wisner Kingsbury, John Howell, Marion Holcombe, of Pittston.

Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Fulton entertained informally on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Lily F. Jones, of Philadelphia. Miss Jones is the leading soprano in the New Century La-dies' quartette, in Philadelphia, a well known musical organization, which is A favorite for social functions in the Quaker City and Pittsburg. Among the guests on Wednesday evening were: Mrs. William Connell, Mrs. W. F. Hallstead, Dr. and Mrs. H. V. Logan, Mrs. Chauncey Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Fulton, Dr. G. D. Murray, Miss Duncan, the Misses Reynolds, the Misses Sprague, Dr. Keller, Messrs. Doersam and Reynolds.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Watkins entertained informally at a musical party on Tuesday night. Among the guests were: Miss Law and Miss Lewis, of Pittston; Miss Nichols, of Milford; Mr. and Mrs. Brady, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Kirkpatrick, Miss Louise Matthews, Miss Gearhart, Miss Hanley, Miss Howell, Messrs. Snyder, Hanley, Gearhart, Williams, Kingsbury and Law.

Mrs. W. W. Rogers, of Savannah, Ga., is the guest of Mrs. Frank Silliman, jr., and has been entertained the past week at a number of pretty dinners. Mrs. Rogers will remain during the coming week.

Charles E. Masters, of Pittston, and Miss Mildred Davis, of Scranton, were married Wednesday morning at 11.30 o'clock by Rev. Joseph Madison at the

HE INTEREST IN golf this week | home of the bride's mother, Miss Etta Davis, of 1006 James street. Mrs. Masters is a very popular young woman whose many friends will regret her departure from the city. They will reside in Pittston.

> Miss Mary E. Jones was married to Edward Young at St. Luke's church Thursday evening by Rev. Rogers Israel, D. D., rector. The bride and groom reside in Green Ridge. They were attended by Miss Margaret Walsh, of West Scranton, and William Cressler, of Green Ridge. After the eremony there was a reception at the bride's home at Green Ridge.

Many weddings took place the past week and there are reasons to believe that this June is to be a record breaker in marriage licenses in this city.

### Movements of People

Miss Anna Law is the guest of Mrs. T. H.

Mr. Richard Matthews and family are at Row ayton, Conn

Miss Mary T. Manness is visiting friends a Chestnut Hill. Rev. Dr. McLeod and family will go to Eas Hampton next week. Professor Nicholas Stahl, of Lawrenceville

cademy, is in the city. Victor Koch has returned from a trip to Phila delphia and Sea Isle City.

Miss Hartnell, of Boston, is the guest of Mrs. I. V. Logan, on Quincy avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Pierce, of North Scranton are visiting friends in Sayre, N. Y.

Mrs. A. B. Blair and grandson are guests Mrs. Joseph Platt, at Waterford, N. Y. Mrs. Joseph Levy, of Vine street, has returne nome after a visit to Albany and New York. Misa Nellin Morgan, of Church avenue, visiting friends in the central part of the state Mrs. Fred Mason and children, of Edna avenue, have returned from a short sojourn in Mos

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Patterson were among for mer Scrantonians who attended the national con

Mrs. Percy Moore, of Washington avenue, has returned from a two weeks' visit with her parents in Trenton, N. J. Henry Nichols, son of Dr. G. Parson Nichols, of Binghamton, N. Y., is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Blackinton.

Mrs. Fish and daughter, Mrs. Farrington New York, are guests of Major and Mrs. J. B. Fish, of North Main avenue.

J. M. Daly, superintendent of transportation of the Lackawanna railroad, has returned from a trip to Syracuse and Utica. Dr. and Mrs. L. M. Gates returned yesterday

morning from Hillsdale, Mich., where they have been attending the reunion of the alumni of Hillsdale college. Miss Estella Stutzman, of 642 Adonis avenue

left during the week for a visit with relatives at Williamsport, Sunbury and Jersey Shore. She will be gone two months. The art department of the Hardenbergh School,

under Miss Hester A. Worthington, will close a most successful year by an exhibition of pupils' work Monday and Tuesday, June 25 and 26, Frank Weichel, who has been representing the International Correspondence Schools for the past year at Toronto, Canada, is spending a few days

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with his brother, Emil P. Weichel, on Olive

Among the visitors to the national convention om Lackawanna county were: R. J. Foster, Taylor Foster, J. L. Connell, James McAnulty, George Wahl, T. F. Penman, John Reynolds, George Wahl, T. F. Penman, John Reynolds, John Gibbons, W. E. John, J. H. Phillips, John Seamans, R. Willis Roese, Edward Robathan, Hon, and Mrs. J. R. Farr, G. W. Jenkins, T. J. Reynolds, J. H. Fellowa, H. P. Jadwin, Col-onel Long, E. A. Jones, of Archbald, F. W. Fieltz, Harry Jenkins, Dr. Portous, of Taylor.

### Substitution with the state of HER POINT OF VIEW 5 Sananananana &

WELL, it is all over, that great convention. It is now nothing but a memory—a memory of wave upon wave of upturned faces, of billows of pennants, of the steady pulsating of fans-and a strange kaleidoscope of color. There is a memory of the sensation of frightful heat, which everyone was too excited to realize at the time, and then comes a faint repetition of the thrill one experienced when those states started on their parade round the hall. Imagine a lot of mile-post signs on poles, eight or ten feet high, planted at regular intervals down the delegates' section of the house, and bearing the names of our states and territories. Imagine seeing them suddenly uprooted by frantic hands and trotted up the broad aisle in a wild, swaying procession to the accompaniment of an ever-swelling tornado of shouts. They tried to lift Ohio far above the yelling, struggling mass, but no man by taking thought even of his ambition and pride of a state or presidents and statesmen, can add a cubit unto his stature, and consequentv a plume of pampas wrass waved its fair tri-color in the ascendant.

Pennsylvania was rather in the lead in this tempestuous march and the state banner was held by Congressman William Connell, who endeavored to lift it still higher than the others. Just then the procession was passing the platform, and Mrs. Stone, wife of the governor, leaned forward and, grasping the staff, aided in bearing it aloft until it rose, as it should, far overtopping the sister states, and how the throngs cheered. "We must have Pennsylvania first," said the governor's fair lady, laughing in a half-embarrassed fashlon, after her unpremeditated and impulsive movement.

Pennsylvania's ensign was the object of close attention by the great assemblage. It was here under the placard that Mr. Quay sat, close to the wide centre aisle. He grasped the staff of Oregon in front. Since the demonstration of the day before, people were watching out for anything which might happen in connection with "the senator from Pennsylvania," to quote Chairman Lodge. The Flinn faction did not intend to be caught napping on this occasion, and let such a wave of Quay enthusiasm capture the convention. The Quay sympathizers proposed to cheer their man as often as they pleased, and they did it with such a will that the unhappy disaffected found themselves in a minority too dismally hopeless to be heard, and they didn't exactly follow the example of Peter and go out and weep bitterly, but they met in hotel corridors afterwards and made vows, and then fell to scrapping over the matter of explaining how it happened that Quay got an ovation every time he sneezed, while the public seemed to have forgotten that Wanamaker. Van Valkenburg & Co. were on the earth. Then they went around to with their explanations. You read them today. One man, who sneered when the Quay applause took place on Wedneslay, made a suggestion that somebody mention Wanamaker's name and hear the thunders of enthusiasm which would ensue. "Just you try it!" yelled a Quay advocate, hoarsely, who sat "Just you try it, and listen to the frost," which was rather mixed as to metaphor, but unmistakable as to sentiment. Then he dared the Wanamakerite to pipe up for his idol, and then as promptly invited him out to

Indeed, the "Quay incident," as it was called, made a diversion in what would otherwise have been a very tame convention-for one couldn't but feel disappointed that there were not more cales and Lawns, all new designs, with new soft cuffs, not a garment candidates, in order to make the excitement more decided, or that the presidential nominee was not present to be escorted to the platform and yelled over. To be sure, he couldn't have well done that; it wouldn't have been modest as long as there was no uncertainty about his nomination, but Summer Skirts—53 Linen and Pique Skirts, not a garment in the line marked less than \$2.50 and as high as \$3.50, it was a pity that the big, goodnatured crowd couldn't have had the Saturday...... \$1.95 satisfaction of having him hear the yells in person, instead of by proxy. Anyway, you can't enthuse as much over a renomination as over a new one. rived to day, warranted \$2.50 quality, special............ \$1.50 Even Teddy wasn't escorted to the platform, as everybody thought he would be, in order to receive public congratulations. He just sat down than 25c, Saturday ...... 15C there in front of Chauncey Depew and smiled his own copyrighted smile.

fight, and the other man subsided into

One couldn't but wonder what were his sensations. Did he really want it all the time, as some believed? Was he happy and proud, with no admixture of longing for a certain flesh-pot containing a more or less tough governorship of New York, with a possibility, when it was all eaten to the bone, that it might be miraculously replaced by a julcy tenderloin of the presidency? What does a man think when twenty thousand people are shouting themselves into premature bronchitis in a temperature of 100 degrees over him, and when it seems the whole world, with the exception of Mark Hanna and Tim Woodruff, wants him for a lofty place? What does a man think when he finds himself thus at the proudest pinnacle of his career -and only at the age of forty-one? What did Teddy think? I can't pretend to say. I sat where I could look into his face, as one looks into the face of a man across the dinner table. He coquetted with his fan, and listened when Odell whispered in his ear, and Good plain Corset Covers for ..... he showed his teeth in that weird smile. Embroidered and Trimmed Corset Covers ...... 15c When Senator Depew was speaking, he listened with the most devout atten-blinking in their fixed gaze, and some 

> . . . Between whiles he surreptitlously performed manicuring operations on his nervous, muscular hands. It is possible that he, too, expected that he would be called to the platform after the nomination. He is ruddy as to countenance at any time, but that last day in the intense heat and the mad excitement he looked as if he had been conscientiously boiled. How we all wished he would be escorted to the platform for the final ovation. He got

it by installments, however, on his way out. At the entrance the admir-ing crowd would have forcibly taken him off his feet and borne him to his carriage had not the swarm of police in the vicinity quickly closed in and rescued him. The populace were wont to mob "our Chauncey" at these periods of incoming and outgoing but on this occasion as he passed through the throng he was allowed to flee, ac-companied by a few cheers, for wasn't there Teddy Just behind?

Now let here be a prediction: Teddy will not be dead yet if he doesn't eatch typhoid fever from the Philadelphia water, or meet with some similar disaster. He was prophesied as having killed himself upon becoming a member of the cabinet family, but he lived to go up San Juan Hill. He was guaranteed dead that time after assisting in the "round robin" protest in Cuba, but he became governor of New York state. He was supposed to have effectually achieved suicide when he demanded Payne's resignation, but he will be vice president of the United States and even that grave won't hold him. Keep your eye on Teddy.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew is everything a fond country has pictured. It pays to be good and to have noble houghts, if for nothing than to bear a face like that. No picture of brush or pen can do justice to such nobility of countenance. Some one in the final stage of paresis has been the medium of circulating a rumor to the effect that he is growing old. If to be old is to have eyes as young as the blue of the June sky then we may all stretch forth our hands gladly to age. I had a-good long look from those eyes the other day as I came face to face with their owner at the front of the auditorium and am prepared to stand by this statement.

If to be old is to have a skin of dellcate texture and clear smoothness, with no lines of care or irritability then age is not so bitter but a smile can make it sweet. If to be old is to have a splendid erectness of figure, a ringing sonorous voice which penetrated the deepest, noisiest corner of a great building, to have a fineness of courtesy unlike almost anything in the world, to have time to be gracious and pleasant and gentle in this modern day hurry, then perhaps Dr. Depew is old and we are all ridiculously young and crude. To be sure the snows that melt not are gathering on his head, but look at that face. Age If thou be this we welcome thee!

Congressman Connell came in for a great deal of attention at the national convention. His rooms were the headquarters for not only Lackawanna and Luzerne counties, but for prominent guests from all over the country. He gave the leaders no little worry at the beginning with his boom for Charles Emory Smith, and many of the most sagacious now say that if the post-master general had stood firmly to the project he might have been nominated. Quay kept in close touch with Mr. Connell and frequently sent for him for conferences. His leaning toward his friend Dolliver endeared him to the western people and his friends in the lower house, as well as the senate, were legion. He was the target for the camera flend whenever he appeared outside his hotel, and was recognized as a power in the deliberations of the state committee. At the preliminary caucus he was called to the chair by Mr. Quay, and on Friday, at the meeting of the national committee, he represented Pennsylvania's representative in the organization and was Quay's proxy in the voting. Senators and governors were among those who were to be found at his rooms, and one of the latest visitors who called to pay respects was Mayor Ashbridge, Mr. onnell had an able assistant at his headquarters in the person of Assistant Postmaster John Williams, of Wilkes-Barre,

An amusing incident took place on the last day of the convention. As the enogressman from this district was entering the grounds a street fakir threw into the carriage a handful of small, green objects, which on inspection proved to be the most exact imitation of a cucumber pickle. Of course, they were labeled "Heinz," and were proa severe silence, amid jeers from all vided with a ring for suspension upon watch chain. Mr. Connell laughed heartily as he said: "We made them at our button works up in Scranton. He gave us an order for a million of

them for this convention." The Lackawanna delegation showed up prominently in various important lines connected with the convention Mr. Dale made a most pleasing impression on more than the state representatives, and Mr. Warren's abilities received due recognition in the caucuses and committee deliberations. He was mentioned as the best-looking man in the Pennsylvania delegation. Mrs. Warren and Miss Warren accompanied the major, and were also the ecipients of much pleasing recognition from distinguished guests at the

Rev. Dr. George Edward Reed, state librarian, and president of Dickinson college, who was an alternate, came in for much attention as one of the hand-

Well, to sum up, nobody in the wide | neighborhood of the nineties. world should miss a Republican national convention, if he can possibly to see once in your life, and you'll be glad and proud forever after that you are a Republican. If you happen to be a Democrat, you will probably want to change your politics, just as those billionaire Colorado delegates did since McKinley times set in. But it was an

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awful strain, this big convention, and have some new specs or git tongs to RERECENCE much desire to see everything. Saucy Bess.

A FAIR IN THE OLDEN TIME. Memories of New York's World Exposition in 1853.

From the New York Times. "There's time enough for no end of evolution in forty years," observed the gray haired man, "so naturally the Chicago Exposition was another sort of a show from the World's Fair we had here in New York away back in the 50's. But that was considered a wonderful thing in its time, and not without reason, as it showed the enterprise of the American citizen of

"It was not gotten up by the coun-

try at large, or by the state, or even by the city, but was the work of an association of private citizens, and though, of course, it didn't come withheld in London two years before, it did credit to those who got it up. "I never pass through Bryant park that I do not think of it, for that was where the New York Crystal Palace stood for the short time before it was burned down. For beauty of architecture that building knocked the spots out of any other structure that has been erected in this country, and we young Americans were proud to show it to Europeans, even while it was surrounded by scaffolds.

"New York was a small place then, omparatively speaking, and Bryant Park, known as Reservoir Park, was so far up town as to be quite suburban. On the day of the opening the crowd was about as big as anything I have seen here since, and, in spite of the heat and dust-it was the 14th of July -was as good humored as the New York crowd usually is. The population of this city was then about 300,000, but on that day it seemed to be nearer ten million. There were visitors, of course, from all over the country, flocking in as fast as the trains could bring them "The most important visitor was the

president of the United States, Franklin Pierce; but if you heard the hurrahing from the crowd around the Crystal Palace that day, when he came in sight, coming down Forty-second street, mounted on a big black horse, and attended by the Washington Grays, you might have thought he was George Washington himself. Before going to work to open the fair he disappeared into a Sixth avenue saloon somest men among the national dele- to get a drink of brandy and water, and folks could not blame him for it as the mercury must have been in the "General Winfield Scott was here,

towering above everybody else, get there. It is a sight that you want and the place was fairly swarming with governors, to say nothing of the distinguished European visitors, though New York didn't bank so high then on distinguished European visitors as it does now. Bishop Wainright made the opening prayer, and then there was the 'Halleluiah Chorus' and 'Old Hundred,' followed by no end of operatic music.

"The World's Fair directors afterward gave a dinner at the Metropolitan the time, being just out of round jackets, to do full justice to it. The bill of fare was so uncommonly grand that it was published in the papers, some thing unusual those days. I remember it began by being French, but dropped into American by the time it reached the roasts, and in the pastry course were six different kinds of pies. Americans ruled America at that time, and they weren't going to give up their pies to please the finest French cook ever imported."

### FITTED HIM.

The Maine Farmer and the Traveling Spectacle Peddler.

From the Lewistown (Me.) Journal.

The traveling eye doctor came along. The man of the house was out in the barn sorting potatoes for seed. His wife told the doctor that she guessed her husband wanted some glasses, for he had been complaining about his old ones. So she went out and called him. He came slowly in through the shed walk, dusting the grime off his hands. "Yes," said he to the doctor, "I have been havin' quite a tussle with them

eyes of mine. Guess I've either got to

the present writer feels exactly as if hold my paper with. Hain't got much her ears were pointing forward like a ready money just now. Jest got up pony's, because of much endeavor to March hill, ye see, and it's seed and isten to everything, and her eyes were | fertilizer and all that to buy. But trot bulging Brownie-fashlon, because of out yer glasses, mister, and we'll see if we can trade," So the doctor opened his case and

commenced to try on the glasses. As each was fitted on his nose the farmer ooked gravely onto the page of the weekly paper and then off at the wall, "No, that ain't it yet," he would say. At last he seemed to get discouraged. "I don't believe ye've got anything in your stock," said he, "that's goin' to do me any good. Guess we might's

well stop tryin'." Quoth the doctor: "Well, try these. It's the last pair we haven't tested. If they don't fit we'll call it a bad job." And he carefully placed the glasses astride the farmer's nose and passed the paper over to him.

The farmer read awhile in silent delight and then looked at the doctor. "Complete!" cried the farmer, ecstatically. "I hain't seen so well to read for years. These are jest what I call "

fust-class!" "I'm glad I suited you," said the in hailing distance of the World's Fair doctor, as he tucked \$3 in his vest could fix you before we got done." "And he did fix me," said the farmer, telling about the matter the other day. "When I went to look at them glasse after supper, blamed if I didn't find that they were nothin' but jest bowsnot a speck of glass in either side of 'em. It cost me \$3 to find out that my old eyes are pretty good to read with, after all."

### DEDICATED WITH WHISKEY.

A Bottle of the Stuff Broken Over the Spire of the New Church. rom the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Congregational church at Ausinburg. Ohio, was dedicated as a house of worship by the breaking of a bottle of whiskey over its spire, This town, located six miles south of Geneva, will next June celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of its settlement; and the old church near its geographical center has the distinction of being the first frame church built upon the Western Reserve.

The days when this church was built were avowedly the days of whiskey. It was the day when the drink was poured out freely by all who attended the raising of a building, and when every one partook of it as we of the present would drink a glass of lemonade. Even the Rav. Giles W. Cowles the hero of Austinburg and veteran minister of the country, partook of the "firewater," and pastors subsequently filling the pulpit of the church stopped at the village store, before and after attending services, to take an "eye opener."

The "raising" of the church occupied whole week, having been begun or Monday morning and completed Saturday afternoon. On the last day the entire community was upon the scene to witness the dedicatory ceremonies. As none of those erecting the building would climb to the top of the spire which is over one hundred feet from the ground, the services of a lake sailor were procured. With a rope in his hand he climbed to the top of the topmost point of the edifice and as the last timber was placed he drew a bottle Hotel. I wasn't invited to it, I am of whiskey fro , the ground by means sorry to say, as I was young enough at of a rope, and, breaking it over the spire, shouted: "Three cheers for the new church!"

### PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Ben Teal will begin rehearsals of Klaw & Et langer's new opera, "Foxy Quiller," Sept. 10. Klaw & Erlanger have engaged Hilda Clarke for prima donna of "The Bostonians" next sea-

John Page, the acrobatic comedian, has been ngaged for "The Rogers Brothers in Central Park. Signor de Novellis, the musical director of the

Klaw & Erlanger Opera company, will return from Europe in August. Nellic Thorne will play Esther in "Ben Hur" next season. She is now in England and will return to America Aug. 1. Joseph Brooks and Ben Stern has engaged Hobart Bosworth as leading man of the company

which will support Blanche Walsh in Eugene Frank McKee has decided to call the English version of his German musical farce, "In Him-nelhol," in which Peter II

"Hodge, Podge & Co."

W. S. Hart will play Messala; Mary Shaw,
Amrah; Mabel Bert, the mother, and Adoline
Adler, Tirzah, in "Ben Hur" next season. They
filled these roles in the original production,
Miss Phoebe Davis, the famous actress, whe
has played the leading role in "Way Down
East" more than 1,025 times without missing a
performance, has become one of the wealthy Hodge, Podge & Co."

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women of the stage. Her California ranch, near San Rafael, is one of the finest pieces of properity in America. She is there now spending her well deserved summer vacation. Down on Long Island she has a farm with a magnificent stretch of beach. There are few women-to say nothing actresses-who are fortunate enough to have arms and homes within sound of both the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans. Miss Davies is also the possessor of some valuable city property. Frank McKee has engaged A. S. Lipman to play Lord Clowes, the spy; George Backus, Lieutenant Mobray, and Amy Ricard, Tabitha Drinker, in support of Mary Mannering in "Jan-ice Meredith."

### Wasted Opportunity.

"I don't say as how ye ain't sincere in get n' up an' clamorin' for war," said Farmer Corntossel. "I may be naturally of an unduly suspicius nature."
"I hov allus been fur war on the alightest

provocation," remarked the excitable neighbor 'So ye hev. But I mus' say it kind o' mak me doubtful to find ye wastin' all this ti performance, has become one of the wealthy ticin' with a target."-Washington Star,

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