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If your dealer does not have the kind you want, send for the prices in stamps for full size packages, charges paid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.,  
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The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.

Drumm's Handmade Pretzels  
"Made in Johnstown" on sale at  
McKenzie & Smith's and at F. A. Bittner's Meyerdale's progressive grocers. Better than the rest, kind.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

**ATHENS TO BE CITY BEAUTIFUL**

Will Have Ancient Wonders in a Modern Setting.

**ACROPOLIS IN BOULEVARD.**

English Landscape Architect Plans Government Center and Other Attractions on the Lines of Economic as Well as Aesthetic Development.

Thomas H. Mawson, the English landscape architect and city planner, who has recently returned to London from Athens, has given the following information as to his great town planning scheme:

"I had the honor of placing certain tentative proposals before their majesties, the premier and the mayor, and the suggested developments were approved. These were the result of three months' study and work, and the ideas are now to be embodied in a preliminary set of plans, which I hope to submit in three months.

"I have made a thorough study and investigation of the archaeological problems, because archaeologists are those with whom a modern town planner has chiefly to contend. I have studied the matter with Dr. Karo, the famous archaeologist responsible for the excavations of the German School of Archaeology in Athens and a leading authority on ancient remains. I spent considerable time with Dr. Karo going over every yard of the ground likely to be affected by the new city plan and have mapped out with him the area over which excavations will be conducted.

"The scope of the work of reconstructing the city will be even more extensive than was originally expected, as the largely increasing population that is flocking into Athens demands very extensive street planning for the future.

"It is now agreed that there must be very considerable clearing of undesirable property in the neighborhood of the Acropolis, around which a great boulevard is to be constructed. Before, however, much demolition takes place it is proposed by the mayor, M. Benekes, who has lived a great deal in England and has been much interested in the question of the housing of the people, especially in Bourville,

Port Sunnart and other garden cities, that an extensive housing scheme shall be developed—a scheme planned on the latest English models, but adapted, of course, to the climatic conditions of Greece."

Mr. Mawson said that he has submitted to the authorities rough suggestions for dealing with the new government center, saying that the starting point of the plan will be the new union railroad station, into which it is proposed to bring the several lines of railway now running into Athens. The suggestion respecting the site of the station has met with general approval and probably will be adopted.

"It will afford a panoramic view of great beauty of the most interesting portion of ancient and modern Athens and will give a visitor a fine and probably lasting impression of the city," he continued. "One view will include the Temple of the Winds, another the Acropolis, another the Temple of Theseus and another the new government center. The Lycabettus will form another view, while still another vista will lead up to the beautiful park."

"The new houses of parliament, the various ministries and other important buildings in the government center are now receiving much careful attention. I have had several interviews recently with M. Gennadius, the Greek minister in London, who has taken great interest in this part of the work."

Provision is made in the scheme for well placed first class hotels, and it is anticipated that the extended suggestions will lead to the removal from ancient Athens of numerous small factories and the grouping of them in a new area, where they will be in direct communication with the railways. Thus heavy traffic will largely be taken from the roads in the ancient city.

Mr. Mawson believes that the population of Athens will in ten years reach half a million and that the railway traffic will have increased fivefold. He also contends that the re-planning scheme will be on the lines of economic as well as aesthetic development.

Wing Shun's Note.  
A woman going away for the summer received the following note from her Chinese laundryman, to whom she had sent word that he need not call at her house for the laundry work until her return in the autumn:  
Dear Lady—Wing Shun sends sorry regrets on you go away. Hopes you have happy good time and need some more washing and you get home. Glad to wash you some more then. All business dull in summer time some more for so many like you to go off and stay one, two, three some 4 months. Bad for Chinaman; good for lady. I hope you write me letter or say on telephone where you return back all dirty clothes in trunk and I come some more. With love, WING SHUN.  
—New York Post.

**THE FADING OF THE ZOO.**

That the growing sense of our national history with the animal world, and our obligations to them will ultimately be taken into account, is a thing which we have long maintained. The day may be far distant, but its coming is promised by the rapid development of the humane sentiment during the last fifty years. Just as slavery was doomed the moment the rights of man as man began to be a part of the ideal of which a few dared dream, so this injustice to our kindred, fowl or born, this entailed imprisonment of them for what crime might have been our pleasure, will cease as man's finer and nobler sentiments lead him a little further onward.

Feeling as we do, we quote with a great deal of pleasure a few sentences from an article in the New York Mail under the heading—"Are Zoos Doomed?"

"A humane public sentiment will not long tolerate the confinement of animals in menageries and zoological gardens. There is no creature on earth that is really 'happy' in confinement. Even a hen chafes when kept in a pen or chicken house and her extravagant joy when liberated is pathetic.

"Watch the lions, tigers, leopards, cheetahs, wolves and other 'free people' in their cages. They may be fat and sleek but see how closely they keep their noses to the bars as they walk up and down. Not one thirty-second of an inch do they allow to intervene between them and the blessed outside. Everyone of them proves constantly that he yearns for liberty. They suffer and sorrow in confinement, and sensitive humans are beginning to sorrow with them.

"The day will come when men and women will no longer take pleasure in seeing animals shut up in cages. When that time comes the zoos will go out of existence."

**Woman Suffers Terribly From Kidney Trouble.**

Around on her feet all day—no wonder a woman has headache, backache, stiff swollen joints, weariness, poor sleep and kidney trouble. Foley Kidney Pills give quick relief for these troubles. They strengthen the kidneys—take away the aches, pain and weariness. Make life worth living again. Try Foley Kidney Pills and see how much better you feel.

Sold by all Dealers Everywhere. ad

**HABIT.**  
Imagine Hercules as oarsman in a rotten boat. What can he do there but by the very force of his stroke expedite the ruin of his craft? Take care, then, of the timbers of your boat, and avoid all practices likely to introduce either wet or dry rot among them. And this is not to be accomplished by desultory or intermittent efforts of the will, but by the formation of habits. The will, no doubt, has sometimes to put forth its strength in order to strangle or crush the special temptation, but the formation of right habits is essential to your permanent security. They diminish your chance of falling when assailed, and they augment your chances of recovery when overthrown.—John Tyndall.

**ON HIS BLINDNESS.**  
When I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent which is death to hide  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest he returning chide.  
"Doth God exact day labor, light denied?"  
I fondly ask. But patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies,  
"God doth not need  
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best  
Bears his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state  
Is kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed,  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
They also serve who only stand and wait."  
—John Milton.

The Letter X.  
The letter "x" appears but once in English for every six times it occurs in French.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years  
Always bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

**A Study of Heredity**  
By EUNICE BLAKE

Mrs. Waterbury employed a maid who was not only comely, but there was about her an air of one to the manner born. So impressed was the lady with the belief that Silvia had good blood in her veins that she asked the girl to tell her something about her origin. Silvia refused.

"Where did you spend your childhood?" asked Mrs. Waterbury.  
"I cannot tell you," was the reply, while Silvia hung her head.  
"Don't you remember your parents?"  
"I do not."  
"How long have you been in service?"  
"Two years."

Mrs. Waterbury gave up trying to find her maid's antecedents, for she was not convinced that she had been born a servant. Silvia's case interested her the more because she reminded her of a woman she had met when she was entering society. This Mrs. Marshall had been at the time a woman of forty and had become a social leader from the fact of a certain courtliness there was about her.

What it was in the servant that reminded her of the high bred woman Mrs. Waterbury could not tell. Mrs. Marshall had been socially prominent a quarter of a century before. Mrs. Waterbury, who was twenty years her junior, had not been intimate with her and had seen her only at certain functions.

Silvia came to be an important person to her employer other than as a servant. Arthur Waterbury, the latter's son, came home from college and had not been in the house a day before his mother noticed that he had become acquainted with her maid Arthur struggled against the passion till withholding expression of it became unbearable, then confessed it to Silvia. His mother overheard him doing so.

"You were not born a servant," said Arthur. "No such high bred manner could come from a plebeian; it is hereditary."

"I am a servant and nothing else," Silvia replied.  
"Whatever you are I cannot help loving you. I do love you, and you shall be my wife."  
"I will not be your wife, because to marry me would deprive you of the social position which is your right. You would always be ashamed of me, and I would drag you down."

Mrs. Waterbury heard no more. She said nothing to her son about what she had overheard, but the next day did all she could to save her son from a misalliance. She sent the girl away and did not tell Arthur where she had gone.

Several months passed. Mrs. Waterbury saw that her son was not the same man he had been before he came home from college. Ambition had left him; he took no interest in anything. He had experienced a grand passion, and the breaking with his mate had blighted his life.

Then came a coincidence—a chain of coincidences. If there were no coincidences there would be no stories.

Dr. Shotwell, Mrs. Waterbury's family physician, one day drove up to her house, rang and was admitted.

"Why, doctor," said the lady, "what brings you? We are all well here. Surely you must have called socially and are welcome socially."

"I have called to tell you of a singular happening."

"Let me hear it."

"You remember the pretty maid you had here for a time. I have often seen her here and noticed how little like a servant she appeared—that ladylike air—"

"Yes, we all noticed that," interrupted the lady somewhat impatiently.  
"Well, on leaving you she at once found a position in a family I also attend professionally. She is ill, and I was called in to treat her. In applying a hot poultice between her shoulder blades I noticed a birthmark shaped something like a Maltese cross. I had reason to remember that birthmark, for I had attended the mother of the child who bore it eighteen years before under peculiar circumstances. The woman was the daughter of a social leader, and I had not heard that she had been married, though I was afterwards furnished with proof that she was. At any rate, the accouchement was secret."

"The name of this family, doctor?" Mrs. Waterbury broke in.  
"Marshall."

"Marshall! Do you mean to tell me that Silvia is the granddaughter of Mrs. James Osgood Marshall, who flourished socially twenty-five years ago?"

"I do. Julia Marshall, the daughter, married clandestinely. There was trouble in the family, and her mother withdrew from society. Julia's marriage was never published. The child was consigned to a foundling's home and was lost to her parents, both of whom died soon after she was born."

When Silvia recovered her health she was removed to the house of her former mistress not as a servant, but as the betrothed of Arthur Waterbury. Her identity was established, and she came into possession of certain property that had been left her, but could not be paid since no trace of her could be found.

Since Mrs. Waterbury noticed in her daughter-in-law the manner of a woman she had not herself seen in more than twenty years she has become a strong believer in heredity.

**WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL, BECAUSE—**

- T**URKEYS are not extinct.
- H**ALF a dollar will buy a table d'hote dinner.
- A**PPLÉ pie is not all made in factories.
- N**UTS and raisins can be eaten even when you haven't room for anything else.
- K**NIVES and forks still have work to do.
- S**WEET potatoes haven't gone out of fashion.
- G**RAPÉ juice has the approval of the department of state.
- I**CE cream is sometimes made of cream.
- V**ERY little turkey will be left to make hash of.
- I**NDIGESTION comes after dinner—not before.
- N**EW sweet cider is in season.
- G**ORGONZOLA cheese is not compulsory.

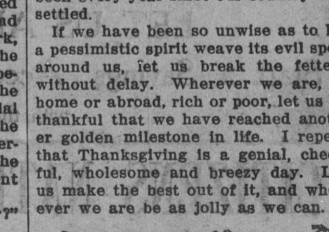


**THE** great American nation takes a holiday at the bidding of the president every November. Our many states all unite in keeping the beautiful festival of Thanksgiving. Its very name is suggestive because the giving of thanks implies a recognition of One, unseen but ever-living, who sends the world the gifts on which its existence depends. From Almighty God we receive the rain, the sunshine, the summer's heat and the winter's cold, the bread we eat, the fuel that warms us and the clothing we wear. There are few so foolish or so stupid as not to believe in the great Creator and the kind All-Father, from whose hand our daily blessings come. Especially should you and I have a thought of him when the myriad homes of the country are enjoying at this season the gifts that must be traced directly to the kindness of heaven. The great nation keeps Thanksgiving, but the great nation is composed of millions of individual persons, among them you who read and I who write. Suppose we stop and ask ourselves what we like best about this holiday and what spirit we may most fittingly bring to its celebration.

First, I think we like it because it is so genial and jolly, so cheerful and bright, so patriotic and stirring a day. Thousands of families are reunited at the Thanksgiving dinner. The trains that come to New England or Pennsylvania or Illinois, from California, Oregon and Nevada, bring home for Thanksgiving men and women who want to be boys and girls once more under the old roof.

I remember watching from a train as it stopped at a station the delighted greeting of a half-dozen people who seemed to be father, mother, sons and daughters, as they swarmed upon a dear little old lady who was waiting to receive them. Her husband, a white-haired patriarch, who might have sat for the portrait of Sassa Claus, was holding his horses while the children and grandchildren thronged into the big four-seated wagon. They had come home for Thanksgiving. Many such scenes will be enacted this year, as they have been every year since our country was settled.

If we have been so unwise as to let a pessimistic spirit weave its evil spell around us, let us break the fetters without delay. Wherever we are, at home or abroad, rich or poor, let us be thankful that we have reached another golden milestone in life. I repeat that Thanksgiving is a genial, cheerful, wholesome and breezy day. Let us make the best out of it, and wherever we are be as jolly as we can.



**Much to Be Thankful For.**

If ever we are tempted to say that though others have much to be thankful for, our lives are hard and our paths are thorny, let us stop a minute and see by what standard we are measuring our blessings. If we look at a cripple plodding along with crutches we cannot help being thankful that we have feet which serve us well and that we can walk and run without so much as considering the effort. If we see somebody who is barefooted, we may be thankful for shoes. When the rain beats on the roof at night we may be thankful for the house that shelters us. When the doctor calls next door to see an invalid who is tossing with fever we may be thankful that we are well. If there are flowers on the door step across the street we may be thankful that there are no vacant chairs in our home.