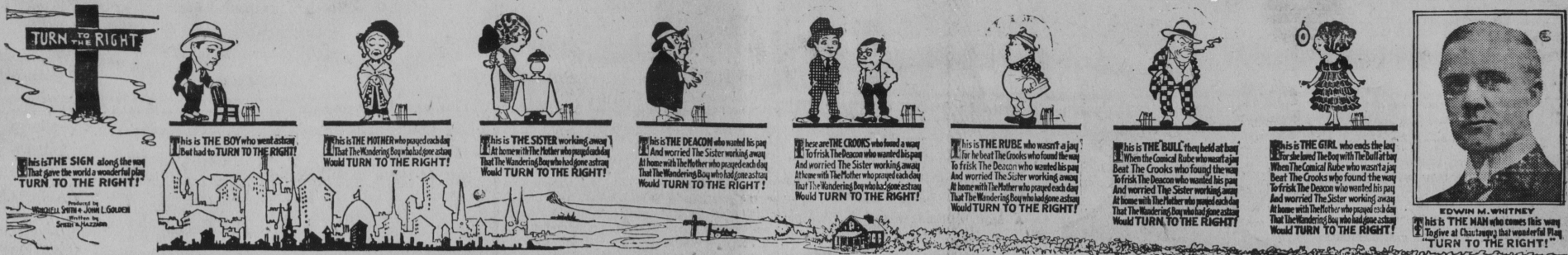


"TURN TO THE RIGHT!"

Play to Be Given by Edwin M. Whitney, First Night of Chautauqua



In presenting "Turn to the Right!" on the first night of the Chautauqua Mr. Whitney will impersonate thirteen characters as presented during the sensational run of the play in New York and Chicago.

It is interesting to note in this connection that Mr. Whitney is the only monologist who has the privilege of presenting the story—in fact, the producers are authority for the statement that outside of New York and Chicago

the play has not been given except by Mr. Whitney. The comments which follow give a definite idea of the enthusiastic reception which the story has received from an appreciative public during the few

months that it has been presented. "Best play of the season."—New York World. "The audience called it blessed."—New York Sun. "One of the loveliest plays of the era."—New York Morning Telegraph. "Assuredly a

big hit, and deserves to be."—New York Tribune. "Something you can and will go to see."—Chicago Tribune. "A peach of a play—audience actually cheered."—New York American. "First nighters went into hysterics

with laughter and tears."—Chicago American. "Audience in a state of bubbling expectancy—wreathed in smiles or exploding with delightful laughter."—New York Evening Post.

"There Is a Tide in the Affairs of Men"

By OSCAR COX

I am not an educated man and have no knowledge of literature, but I once heard or read the following statement: "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." This is my literary stock in trade. Since it applies especially to my case it is quite sufficient for me. From my boyhood I was averse to hard work. By hard work I mean drudgery. I think that if I had been born the president of a manufacturing company I might have managed it admirably. I question if even lack of experience would have downed me. The reason I believe this is that when fate finally boosted me into a responsible position I took to the duties as a duck does to water.

My inclination, so far as I was aware of what I wanted, led me to adopt the profession of a tramp. I began my career in this line at eighteen years of age and followed it for four years. There was something so attractive for me in it that even now I don't look back to it with the horror it merits. Its very discomforts were at times attractive. Real tramp-ing—I mean on foot—did not interest me. My favorite method of getting out of a district I had worked dry into one sufficiently far from it that I would not be recognized as an old offender was hanging on to the under part of a railway car.

And it was here that the tide of my affairs took me up and carried me on to fortune.

One day I was riding on the bottom of a car. I was located under the baggage car, which was next behind the express car. Suddenly while passing through an open field the brakes were applied and the train came to a stop. I expected that it would proceed in a few moments, but it didn't. I heard a shot forward. This suggested to me that the train might have been held up. I put my head out where I could get a glimpse of what was going on. I couldn't see much before or behind, but one thing I saw very plainly—a masked man with an enormous revolver in his hand hurrying past to the rear.

A short distance ahead of me—the express car was directly over it—was a cattle guard. It occurred to me that from it I could see without being seen. I made my way to it, dropped down and hid behind a fence beside it. From between the boards I had a good view of what was going on.

The engineer and fireman were climbing down from the locomotive cab, being induced to do so at the point of two pistols in the hands of one man. He drove them back, where he was joined by another man. I could see no more train robbers and believed that the rest of the gang were going through the passengers for their valuables. One man was hammering at the rear door of the express car. It was evidently locked, and he could not open it. Another man climbed up beside him, and they consulted as to means of forcing the door. Both scanned the ground beside the train for some implement by which to effect their purpose. One of them spied about 100 yards from the car a log.

Both men jumped down and hurried toward this implement. Here came the opportunity of my life. What other robbers there were were in or about the rear cars. The engine and express car were unguarded. Like a flash of lightning an idea entered my head. I was not ten yards from the rear end of the express car. Leaving my hiding place, I got under the car, crawled to the rear end, mounted the platform and released the brake. This I accomplished without the men who were going for their battering ram seeing me, for their backs were still toward me.

Jumping down on the side of the train that put it between them and me, I made a dash for the locomotive, climbed into the cab and turned on the steam. The men had reached the tie and were lifting it on to their shoulders. They had barely succeeded in doing so when they saw a widening gap between the express car and the

train. Dropping their burden, they ran for the part that moved. One of them ran so fast that he tripped and fell. The other kept on and, catching the handrail on the rear platform of the express car, managed to swing himself on.

It seemed reasonable to suppose that he would climb over the car and shoot me as he came. I had no weapon, so I prepared for defense with a chunk of coal. But I did not need it. The man did not appear. The noise of the engine and car prevented my hearing anything that might be going on in my rear, but after having run some five or six miles I saw a light in the distance. The light in the cab sounded a signal to stop. Not knowing who had given it, I kept on, but presently rounding a curve I saw the express agent on the platform of his car. I slowed down, and he came forward. He told me that when the train moved he ventured to open the front door and then the rear door of his car. He held a cocked revolver in his hand and, seeing a robber on the rear platform, shot him before he could defend himself.

I had saved \$50,000 dollars from the robbers. Being asked what the company could do for me, I said I would like a job that would keep me moving. They made me conductor of a gravel train and boosted me rapidly. I am now president of the road.

OPIE READ ON POLITENESS



OPIE READ. Here Third Day of the Redpath Chautauqua.

"LIMUEL," said Brizintine. "what do you regard as about the most necessary quality in man?"

The two old men were sitting in the sun, the May side of an April day, discussing that ever present subject, the world.

"Well," Jacklin replied, "there are so many qualities that thaw and run into each other, like snowbanks tricklin' down into the creek, that it wouldn't be easy to determine which. But the one that occurs to me at this moment is one that has been preached on time and again—one that mothers try to enforce on the minds of their sons. It is politeness."

"Useful enough in its way," said Brizintine—"that is, at parties and funerals—but do you think it's business? In these days, you know, a man must be quick. But politeness is slow."

"You've said just about what I wanted you to say," Lim replied. "Politeness is not necessarily slow. It is the gesture of the mind and may be just as quick as gruffness is. One of the reasons that men who have been prosperous begin to fall along in later years is because they have forgotten the necessary politeness of the earlier day. Politeness when once forgotten can rarely be remembered. It ought to come when a feller is young in order to seem natural. The fact is, it must be natural, for there's nothin' that is much more awkward than a man in his maturer life tryin' for the first time to be polite. If a young feller just startin' out in business would sit down for ten minutes a day and give his mind to the study of politeness, not from a book or any set form, but from his own reflections, he would find it the best investment of time he ever made. Politeness is the actor of kindness. It is intended to picture the even and well intended mind. It is a pleasant thought set in visible motion."

"Lim, as the old nigger preacher said, you are now puttin' the fodder a little too high for the calves."

"Not at all. I'm simply speakin' common sense as I see it, and if I see it anybody ought. We very often hear of polite old men, but there are more polite young fellers than old ones. Allments and disappointments make the old man gruff unless he has kept company with books. He believes that he has lived to see the uselessness of politeness, while with the young chap it is still a matter of advancin' experiment."

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Chautauqua Needed Abroad, Says Noted Chinese Statesman-Lecturer

THAT the Chautauqua movement would be the greatest boon to the Chinese people in opening to them a new world vision is the belief of Dr. Ng Poon Chew, famed internationally as statesman, orator, humorist and author. "At the present time the Chautauqua is impractical in my country," says Dr. Chew. "The proper environment of intelligence is wanting. My people are not sufficiently developed to appreciate the work and not public spirited enough to support it, but the time may come in the distant future when the Chautauqua movement may be inaugurated with success."



DR. NG POON CHEW.

Dr. Chew, who is to be here on Patriotic Day, during the Chautauqua, considers the Chautauqua movement the most remarkable institution in America. He asserts that it is the direct product of American spirit and at the present time can exist only in America. "Its continued existence," he maintains, "requires democratic atmosphere, public spirit in the communities, liberal policy along religious lines, political principle and broad mindedness on the part of a country's citizens."

"The Chautauqua movement presents the world thought and the world force to the most remote and secluded village in the land and makes it feel the pulse vibration of all activities of all man-

POTATO CROP MAKES RECORD

Highest in History of Country Department of Agriculture Says. The largest potato crop in the country's history is predicted by the department of agriculture. The crop will reach 467,000,000 bushels, Leon Estabrook, chief of the crop estimate bureau, estimated. The figure is 100,000,000 bushels above the average of the last five years and 104,000,000 bushels above last year's crop.

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The Ne'er Do Well

By Rex Beach
Filmed by Selig in Ten Stupendous Acts with
Kathlyn Williams
and
"The Spoilers" Cast



The Passion-Throbbing film of Panama, by the famous author, Rex Beach. It's fights of sweet romances, action; risks and dangers are more overwhelming than "The Spoilers."

Auditorium Summer Garden
Wednesday Evening, Aug. 29th
First Show 7:00 p. m. Admission 10c-20c

NOTICE TO HOG OWNERS.

All owners of hogs within the Borough of Meyersdale, are hereby notified that they must comply with the Law in regard to pens and other regulations of the Health Board, otherwise they will not be permitted to be kept in the Borough.

W. H. Clingaman,
Health Officer.

30-31
Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA