

PRESIDENT CALLS FOR THANKSGIVING

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1. The president yesterday issued the annual Thanksgiving proclamation, as follows:

"Once again the season is at hand when, according to the ancient custom of our people, it becomes the duty of the president to appoint a day of prayer and of thanksgiving to God.

"Year by year this nation grows in strength and worldly power. During the century and a quarter that has elapsed since our entry into the circle of independent peoples we have grown and prospered in material things to a degree never known before, and not now known in any other country.

The thirteen colonies which struggled along the seacoast of the Atlantic and were hemmed in but a few miles west of tidewater by the Indian-haunted wilderness, have been transformed into the mightiest republic which the world has ever seen. Its domains stretch across the continent from one to the other of the two greatest oceans, and it exercises dominion alike in the Arctic and tropic realms.

The growth in wealth and population has surpassed even the growth in territory. No where else in the world is the average of individual comfort and material well-being as high as in our fortunate land.

"For the very reason that in material well-being we have thus abounded, we owe it to the Almighty to show equal progress in moral and spiritual things. With a nation, as with the individuals, who make up a nation, material well-being is an indispensable foundation. But the foundation avails nothing by itself. That life is wasted, and worse than wasted, which is spent in piling, heap upon heap, those things which minister merely to the pleasure of the body and to the power that rests only on wealth.

"Upon material well-being as a foundation must be raised the structure of the lofty life of the spirit, if this nation is properly to fulfill its great mission and to accomplish all that we so ardently hope and desire. The things of the body are good: the things of the intellect better; but best of all are the things of the soul: for, in the nation as in the individual, in the long run it is character that counts. Let us therefore as a people set our faces resolutely against evil, and with broad charity, with kindness and good will toward all men, but with unflinching determination to smile down wrong, strive with all the strength that is given us for righteousness in public and private life.

"Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, president of the United States, do set apart Thursday, the 26th day of November next, as a day of general thanksgiving and prayer, and on that day I recommend that the people shall cease from their daily work, and, in their homes or in their churches, meet devoutly to thank the Almighty for the many blessings they have received in the past, and to pray that they may be given strength so to order their lives as to reserve a continuation of these blessings in the future."

Halloween Surprise Party.

A pleasant Halloween surprise party was tendered Miss Media Kramer at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kramer, Wall street. Refreshments were served. A number of gifts were received.

Those present were Misses Audrey Kramer, Nellie Burns, Margaret Hurley, Pearl Frye, Esther Rogers, Anna Werle, Mary Deibert, Ida Cashner, Ellen Young, Laura Morrison, Jennie Haas, Zella Paynham, Beatrice Bline, Carrie Blue, Catherine Whapham, Viola Wray, Leona Snyder, Florence Mader, Margaret Fields, Catharine Fields, Messrs. Beaver Kramer, Henry Warner, Raymond Frye, Joe English, Howard Warner, Lester Werle, Paul Walker, Larue Thomas, Theodore Walker.

Funeral of Mrs. Gething.

The funeral of Mrs. Thomas B. Gething, whose death occurred at her home West Hemlock township, Sunday morning, took place from Stranb's church Tuesday afternoon and was largely attended. Interment was made in the cemetery adjoining the church. The pallbearers were Frank Blohn, Herbert Blohn, Harry Hawkins, Cleaver Beaver, Norman Krum and Jasper Stettler.

Heavy Freight Movement.

The movement of freight on the S. H. & W. division of the Pennsylvania railroad is increasing very rapidly and is said to be very nearly as heavy as during former prosperous times. The attaches of the station on the south side are kept on the jump. The revival can be viewed in no other light than that of returning prosperity.

Have Retired from Farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Cleaver recently of Franklin township, Columbia county, have retired from their farm and will henceforth make their home with Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Clark, South Danville, Mrs. Clark being a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cleaver.

The result of the balloting will disappointing to many is accepted by all.

WALL STREET "TIPS."

Best Place to Plant Them if They Come Your Way.

A seasoned Wall street campaigner condenses a life of practical observation in the remark: "Stock market 'tips' are, as a rule, founded on nothing better than guesswork or pure invention. Although usually without value, openly peddled out to the public and not possible to trace to any reliable source, they come clothed in such a garb of mystery and apparent importance that there are always a lot of ill informed persons who will accept them and act on them as on gospel truth.

"Often these so called 'tips' are but the whispered suggestions of some manipulator who was confident that his mysterious, semi-confidential hint would travel and be made the basis of large buying of some stock he was especially anxious should be largely sold.

"It is told of one great speculative magnate of the past generation that when he was approached by the pastor of a rich and fashionable Fifth avenue church in search of means by which he could become suddenly rich he put his lips close to the cleric's ear and whispered: 'Buy Pacific Mail. It's a sure thing. If you lose on it I'll make good your losses.'

"The pastor departed gleefully. Some two weeks later he called at the office of the manipulator and deplored the great financial losses he had incurred in following the confidential 'tip.' 'How much were they?' asked Mr. G., and on being told he drew his personal check for the amount.

"The minister took it and after expressing his thanks hesitated a moment and then said: 'But how about my parishioners? You placed no ban of secrecy on me, and their losses have been enormous.'

"The financier smiled grimly as he remarked, 'You see, doctor, those were the fellows I was after.'

"This story may be true or may not, but it points a moral. If you get a 'tip' on Wall street bury it in the back yard and forget it."—Cleveland Leader.

A Double Headed Bull.

On the occasion of a public reception at Napier, Australia, the school children of the town, after being duly complimented by his excellency from County Tyrone on the hearty manner in which they had rendered the national anthem, were solemnly assured that if they put their shoulders to the wheel they would be sure to reach the top of the tree, upon which a complot turned to and said, "Sure, it was an axletree he meant, bedad!"—London Spectator.

Equally Cutting.

"Your voice," said the commanding officer, "is decidedly rasping."

"Yes, sir," said the subordinate, touching his hat. "I have been out roughing it with a file of soldiers all morning."—Chicago Tribune.

Why He Loved Spain.

Gioacchino Rossini, who was a great jester, was once seen embracing a Spaniard with great effusion. Asked the reason, he replied, "Because without Spain we would be the last nation."

THATCHING.

The Ancient Art in the Low Countries and in England.

Once upon a time two amateur botanists were hunting bog mosses on Exmoor, on the confines of the land of Lorna Doone. About the hour of luncheon they found that their enthusiasm had led them far afield, a good hour and a half from the farmhouse which they had made their temporary headquarters. The only place which yielded promise of food was a shepherd's shack half a mile distant, so thither they went. That the shack, or, rather, its owner, a small, wiry, dark man with curly hair, could afford nothing better than brown bread, which was woefully "clit," or heavy, and raw onions is neither here nor there. The point was that the roof of the shack was artistically thatched with layers of plaited reeds.

The Kind of Boy He Was.

That Marshall Field of Chicago knew how to make victory from defeat and make stepping stones of stumbling blocks is shown by the following story told of him by a friend.

When a boy young Field went to a great merchant and asked, "Do you want a boy?" "Nobody wants a boy," replied the merchant. "Do you need a boy?" "Nobody needs a boy," was the reply. But he would not give up.

"Well, say, mister, do you have to have a boy?" "I think likely we do," replied the merchant, "and I rather think we will have to have a boy just like you."

The Rose's Memory.

[One of the scientists declares that plants have memories.]

How Hammer of Death Struck James.

The old parish church of Plumstead is probably at least 1,000 years old. The picturesque churchyard, a cherished haunt of the poet Bloomfield during his visits to Shooters Hill, contains a delightfully choice "derangement of epitaphs." One of these on "Master James Darling, aged 10," teaches a lesson of moderation during the cherry season to the youth of other places besides Plumstead. Speaking from his tombstone, Master Darling exclaims:

The hammer of death was given to me For eating the cherries off the tree. —Westminster Gazette.

A COURSE OF OX.

Try it as an Antidote For the Ills of the Strenuous Life.

In the choice of motor power allow me to suggest the ox. The horse leans forward to pull and even helps himself along by bobbing his head. He jerks a load out of a hard place by plunging bodily against the collar, stopping and lunging again. He strains through a hard place and then starts suddenly forward at his release. He works himself into a lather, and you, if you are the right kind of person, cannot help feeling for him and assisting him with inward stress and strain.

The ox does not bob a horn. He simply journeys, and the load goes along. When he comes to a tough place his pasterns do not bend down, he does not squat to pull, he does not pinch along on the toes of his shoes, he seldom blows, and he does not know how to sweat. He does not exert himself at a patch of woeen soil and then hurry up when he is past it. The chain becomes stiffer, and the yoke sits solder to his neck, and that is all. There is no sign of effort. The earth may grit its teeth and crunch as it swallows the plow, but the ox stalks on his way. With the share deep or shallow or lifted entirely and hanging from the axle, whether he is plowing earth or air, it makes no difference to him. His most ponderous task is still himself, and he heeds no incidents.

He is out for a stroll. He does not allow work to interfere with the even tenor of his way. His tendons are rigged to his outstanding rump bones like so much spar and tackle, and he goes along by interior leverage. Inside his old woman hulk is the necessary engine work, and he will neither go slower for this thing nor faster for that. There is much about him besides his disposition that is self contained. He is the antithesis of the automobile. To ride on his back is a cure for indigestion; to ride behind him is a rest for the mind. A course of ox is an antidote for the ill of the times.—Charles D. Stewart in Atlantic.

ASLEEP UNDER WATER.

One of the Funny Incidents Possible in a Diver's Life.

As showing how much at home a man may be today under water I may relate an amusing story. Some months ago while a great battleship was at Malta one of the seamen divers went down to clear her propeller from some fotsam that had become entangled, and he failed to come up. It chanced that the rest of the battleship's divers were ashore, and grave concern was felt on the ironclad for the missing worker. Signals by telephone and life line were sent below without avail. In the launch above the thro-trob of the air pump's cylinders went on, but the attendants looked at one another in dismay, fearing some strange tragedy deep down in those heaving green seas.

The worst was feared when some big brushes and other tools came floating to the surface, and thereupon the navigating lieutenant sent ashore an urgent message for one of the other divers. The man came on board, dressed immediately and went below, only to come up full of indignation.

"Why that fellow's been asleep all this time!" he said wrathfully. It was true. The man had just had his lunch, and, finding the work much less serious than he had thought, he finished it in a few minutes and then sat comfortably on one of the giant blades of the battleship propeller and went to sleep with inquisitive fishes swarming around him, attracted by the dazzling searchlight on his breast. The officers were so amused at the occurrence that no punishment was inflicted on the lazy one.—St. Nicholas.

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The Rose's Memory.

[One of the scientists declares that plants have memories.]

I wonder if each rose that lies Between dim, long forgotten pages Has memories of dreamy eyes That mirrored love in other ages? I wonder if each petal pressed Against a bosom wildly heaving Can hear the hope, the love confessed And listens, joyously believing?

Can you long treasury rose recall The gay night when a maiden kissed it And, having yielded it let fall, Pretended that she never missed it? How clearly I behold the scene Which pleasing fancy spreads before me! Ah, many and severe have been The storms that since have broken o'er me!

Wireless Typewriting.

Practical Demonstration of Knudson's Machine—Type Set Same Way.

Hans Knudson, a Danish electrical engineer, recently gave in London a practical demonstration of his ability to work a typewriter by wireless telegraphy. Knudson declares that a lino-type composing machine can be operated in a similar fashion, and, although his demonstration was made with apparatus in a more or less experimental stage of construction, the results were such as to open up a wonderful vista of almost magical attainment.

Many people present at the demonstration, which was held at the Hotel Cecil, wrote on a wireless typewriter in one room, and what they wrote was immediately printed by a receptive typewriter in a neighboring apartment. In a precisely similar way Knudson says it will be possible to actuate a lino-type machine, messages of news being sent off on a wireless keyboard at a central office or news agency.

Telegraphing sketches and photographs by wireless can also be accomplished, he asserts, by means of a special form of the same machine.

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"As pleasant to the taste as Maple Sugar"

Children Like It

For SICKENESS—WEAK CHILDREN By Dr. W. H. W. Kennedy and Charles P. H. — Own and Sell For Sale by Pauls & Co

RESULT OF ELECTION IN MONTOUR COUNTY

Table with columns for CANDIDATES and various wards (DANVILLE 1ST WARD, DANVILLE 2ND WARD, DANVILLE 3RD WARD, DANVILLE 4TH WARD, ANTHONY, COOPER, DERRY, LIBERTY, LUMBERSON, MARYBERY, VALLEY, WEST HEMLOCK, WASHINGTONVILLE, TOTAL). Rows list candidates for President and Vice President, Judge of Superior Court, Congress, Representative, District Attorney, County Commissioners, and County Auditors.

SELFRIDGE'S GOOD WORK.

Aeronaut Killed by Wright Airship's Fall Recognized as a Leader.

Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge, who was killed by the fall of the Wright airship at Fort Myer the other day, was one of the most enthusiastic believers in aeronautics among the officers in the military service and through his own efforts succeeded in securing a detail with the aeronautical division of the signal corps. He was born in San Francisco twenty-six years ago and was appointed to the Military Academy at West Point from that state. He was appointed a second lieutenant in the artillery corps in 1903 and commissioned a first lieutenant four years later.

While with the Fifth field artillery he became interested in the work of Professor Alexander Graham Bell, who was experimenting with tetrahedral kites, and about a year ago was attached to the signal corps.

Lieutenant Selfridge was one of the three officers who successfully operated Captain Thomas Baldwin's dirigible airship over a month ago when that machine was undergoing its official tests for acceptance by the government. Lieutenant Lahm and Lieutenant Folsos assisted him, and Lieutenant Selfridge's management of the big airship brought him into marked prominence as a successful operator of air machines. He designed the propeller of the Baldwin craft, which was considered a marvel of efficiency.

As secretary of the Aeronautic Experiment association at Hammondsport, N. Y., Lieutenant Selfridge took a leading part, and he was closely consulted by its organizer, Alexander Graham Bell, in the construction of the big airship on the tetrahedral kite principle which Professor Bell has been building for over a year at his summer place in Baddeck, Nova Scotia. Lieutenant Selfridge in December, 1907, made the first flight in a large tetrahedral kite which was to form part of the Bell machine. The kite flew well for 108 feet, but glided into the water.

The first machine built by the Experiment association at Hammondsport was Selfridge's Red Wing. It was constructed from his own designs, assisted by the engineer, Glenn H. Curtiss, who built the engine and eight cylinder forty horsepower motor. Lieutenant Selfridge did not go up in the first flight, which was made March 12 of this year. F. W. Baldwin, a civil engineer of Toronto and an active member of the association, operated the machine, and it made a successful flight over Lake Keuka of 318 feet 11 inches. Of the flight Professor Bell said:

"It was the first public exhibition of the flight of a heavier than air machine in America."

Five days later the machine was seriously damaged, and a short time after Mr. Curtiss' June Bug was built, which has flown over a mile.

The organization of the Experiment association was brought about largely through the interest of Lieutenant Selfridge in aeronautical matters. He recognized the need for a place where practical experiments might be made.

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BREACH OF PROMISE.

Manner in Which the Law Treats It in Different Countries.

England is the best place, from the plaintiff's point of view, for a breach of promise action. All other countries seem to regard with grave suspicion any attempt to recover monetary compensation for the loss of a prospective husband, and unless the plaintiff has a very strong case indeed it is never worth her while to carry her grief into the law courts.

In France breach of promise cases are rare, for the simple reason that the law requires the plaintiff to prove that she has suffered pecuniary loss. Now, this is not an easy thing to do on the part of the lady, especially in a country where a girl without a dot—that is, a marriage portion—has a poor chance of finding a husband. Holland and Austria have adopted the French system, and the result has been about the same. Breach of promise actions are rare, the injured damsel, or her relatives usually taking the law into their own hands.

Practical Germany, as might be expected, has perhaps the best method for solving this problem. When a young couple become engaged they have to go through a public betrothal ceremony that ought to knock all the shyness out of them. In the local town hall the pair declare their affection, willingness to marry, etc., ending by signing a collection of documents that apparently leave no loophole for escape. But if either party to the contract wishes to withdraw another journey is undertaken to the town hall and another collection of documents signed, witnessed and sealed. Then the authorities determine the question of compensation—should it be claimed. In this connection it may be said that the man can and often does claim a solatium for his wounded feelings. The usual award is one-fifth of the marriage dowry. It is easy to understand when all this is remembered how loath the young people of Germany are to break their betrothal oaths.

As the law of Italy affords little or no protection whatever to jilted damsels or swains, it is not surprising that the stiletto should be the favorite mode of deciding breach of promise cases. The Italian law demands that the person suing for the breach shall produce a written promise to marry from the defendant; otherwise the action cannot proceed. This difficulty is almost insurmountable, and the Italian judges are seldom troubled to adjudicate between one time lovers.

To bring an action for breach of promise of marriage against a reigning monarch is an achievement, but it has been done, and by an English lady. Miss Jenny Mighell sued the sultan of Johore, and as there was a doubt whether the dusky one was actually a reigning monarch the case was allowed to come into court, but the judge quickly disposed of the action by ruling it inadmissible for the reason referred to, and Miss Mighell was nonsuited.

It is remarkable that one of the two actions which have brought verdicts for £10,000 each to the plaintiffs should have had for its defendant the editor of a matrimonial paper. The second case was between a well known actress and the eldest son of an earl.—London Tit-Bits.

Tune For Tune.

Frederick the Great made generous presents to all musicians except fute players. He played the fute remarkably well himself. A famous futeist once asked permission to play to the king, hoping that Frederick would show his appreciation of his skill by some valuable gift. Frederick listened attentively while he played a difficult piece. "You play very well," he said, "and I will give you a proof of my satisfaction."

So saying he left the room. The musician waited, guessing at the probable nature of the proof. Presently the king returned with his own fute and played the same piece. Then he bade his visitor "Good day," saying, "I have had the pleasure of hearing you, and it was only fair that you should hear me."

Cynical Man—Nature must have been dreaming when she made woman. New Woman—She must have had a Welsh rabbit nightmare when she made man.—Bohemian Magazine.

A SCISSORS ARTIST.

The Wonderful Feats Performed by Joanne Koetren.

More than 200 years ago a little girl was born at Amsterdam, Holland, whose name was Joanne Koetren. She was a peculiar child in that she cared nothing whatever for play and sport, but found her greatest delight in making copies of things about her, imitating in wax every kind of fruit and making on silk with colored floss exact copies of paintings which were thought wonderful.

But after she had become very accomplished in music, spinning and embroidery she abandoned all these for a still more extraordinary art—that of cutting. She executed landscapes, marine views, flowers, animals and portraits of people of such striking resemblance that she was for a time quite the wonder of Europe. She used white papers for her cuttings, placing them over a black surface, so that the minute openings made by her scissors formed the "light and shade."

The czar, Peter the Great, and others of high rank paid her honor. One man high in office vainly offered her 1,000 florins for three small cuttings. The empress of Germany paid her 4,000 florins for a trophy she had cut, bearing the arms of Emperor Leopold, crowned with eagles and surrounded by a garland of flowers. She also cut the emperor's portrait, which can now be seen in the Royal Art gallery in Vienna. A great many people went to see her, and she kept a book in which princes and princesses wrote their names.

After she died, which was when she had lived sixty-five years, her husband, Adrian Block, erected a monument to her memory and had designed upon it the portraits of these titled visitors. Her cuttings were so correct in effect and so tasteful as to give both dignity and value to her work and constitute her an artist whose exquisite skill with the scissors has never before or since been equaled.

CAMELS HARBOR HATRED.

Will Wait Until an Opportunity Arrives For Revenge.

The Arab who has angered a camel will throw his clothes upon the ground, and the infuriated beast after stamping on them and tearing them asunder with its teeth goes on its way, and the driver is thereafter quite safe, as it seems to be an axiom with the camel that no man shall be put in peril of life twice for one offense.

The camel is stupid save when angry and then seems to become almost preternatural in carrying out its vengeance. Palgrave relates the following story of a camel's revenge, which serves to illustrate this point: "A had of fourteen had conducted a large camel laden with wood from one village to another at a half hour's distance. As the animal halted or turned out of the way its conductor struck it repeatedly and harder than it seemed to have thought he had a right to do; but, not finding the occasion favorable for taking immediate quits, it 'bode its time.' That time was not long in coming.

"A few days later the same lad had to reconduct the beast, but unladen, to his own village. When they were about halfway on the road and at some distance from any habitation the camel suddenly stopped, looked deliberately round in every direction to assure itself that no one was in sight and, finding the road clear of passers-by, made a step forward, seized the unlucky boy's head in its monstrous mouth and, lifting him up in the air, flung him down again on the earth with the upper part of his skull completely torn off.

"Having thus satisfied its revenge, the brute quietly resumed its pace toward the village, as though nothing were the matter, till some men who had observed the whole, though unfortunately at too great a distance to be able to afford timely help, came up and killed it."—London Telegraph.

Famous Gossip—S. Weeden, who died suddenly the other day at Bisby Lodge, in the Adirondacks, was famous on two continents as an author of gospel songs and as an evangelist chorus leader. He worked notably with Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and William Phillips Hall.

HUGHES ON SPIRIT OF PLAY.

Governor Praises Playground System and Its Work in Cities.

Governor Charles Evans Hughes of New York was the principal speaker at a recent session of the second annual congress of the Playground Association of America, which has been holding forth at the American Museum of Natural History, in New York city. He said the best way to train a boy to do right is not to lecture him into tears about his wrongdoing, but to show him the delight of a noble and happy boyhood.

"The successful worker must have the spirit of play in his heart," said Governor Hughes, "and the successful man is only a boy with a man's experience. He must have the zest, the devotion, the spirit of comradeship, the capacity of self forgetfulness, added to the wholesome outlook of the life of the boy. If he is to do a man's work in the world, how are we in our great congested population to make possible the spirit of play, the opportunities which are essential to the development of the normal manhood? I cannot aid you by expressing a suggestion, but I can bid you godspeed from the bottom of my heart.

"We are fighting with intelligence, and we hope, wisely, the great white plague. But the dread disease of tuberculosis must be successfully fought by developing stamina, physical strength, plenty in all the physical activities. We must nourish that strength in childhood. We do not want simply hospitals and pavilions and notices giving instructions to those who are infirm. We want to save the health of the country so that we may develop a strong, well nurtured community.

"If we are thinking of nothing else but the preservation of life and the proper function of government in protecting against the community exposure of the people to infection and the inroads of disease, we would make it one of our first objects to secure adequate playgrounds for children in the free air and give them opportunities of rescuing themselves from their overcrowded abodes.

"We want playgrounds to conserve the morals of the people. There may be some who look upon human nature as absolutely debased and yet recall it as exhibiting here a very extraordinary illustration of epianemic virtue, virtue in spite of tendency. My opinion is that the average boy and girl are good. I believe that every man and woman would rather do right than wrong.

"And, knowing what makes for a reduction of unnecessary temptation, it makes it easier to have wholesome living that nourishes normal youth with a fair chance for gratifying normal appetite. That is a safeguard of the country and of the institutions of our government.

"We want playgrounds in order that we may develop the sentiment of honor. In the playground the boy learns without any suggestion of rebellion against instruction and precept and preaching. He learns it because he does not want anybody else to cheat him, and he is down on the boy that does not play fair. Thereby he maintains a standard which we must establish in the community and particularly in our great cities."

Governor Hughes said he did not believe in making boys compete in sports that necessitated training which they lacked merely to encourage play. Routine and schedules and a training which smacks of a playground congress should be banished, he said, and the playgrounds should be for boys and girls who just want to play.

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