

GOVERNORS MEET.

State Heads at Spring Lake Bar Politics.

WESTERNERS IN SPECIAL CAR.

Thirty of Forty-eight Executives Assemble in Annual Conference at Jersey Summer Resort to Discuss National Questions.

Spring Lake, N. J., Sept. 12.—The annual conference of governors opened here this morning. Efforts to get the governors to discuss political conditions in their home states and the nation at large are futile and the score or more of newspapermen who descended upon the visitors are able to get but little satisfaction.

Governor Judson Harmon of Ohio was one who had to answer many questions, and he reflected the sentiments of the whole group when he said that he had come here to gather in a lot of information from the others, who undoubtedly had come on the same mission, and he was not going to talk politics at a nonpartisan gathering.

The meeting opened this morning when Governor Wilson of New Jersey told the visitors how gratified he is to welcome them in this state. Governor Joseph M. Cary of Wyoming made the response. In addition to forming a temporary organization, Governor A. E. Willson of Kentucky delivered an address on the possibilities of the governors' conference. This afternoon the governors learned why Governor Norris of Montana and Governor O'Neal of Alabama think the powers of the executives should be strengthened.

There has been but one change necessary in the program. Governor John A. Dix of New York, who is to deliver an address on the inheritance tax and state comity, will not be able to get here on Thursday and that subject has been put over until Friday afternoon. Governor Deneen of Illinois, who was to deliver an address on employers' liability tomorrow, cannot come because of the accident in which he broke his leg, and Governor M. E. Hay of Washington has been substituted. This will occupy the time of the conference tomorrow afternoon.

Of the thirty odd governors here Governor McGovern of Wisconsin is the only one who was officially authorized by the legislature to attend the conference, although some states made appropriations.

Sixteen of the thirty-five governors arrived here yesterday afternoon ready to start work today. The first arrival was Governor Hay of Washington and he was followed shortly by Governor Gilchrist of Florida and Governor Kitchin of North Carolina, whose presence was very much in doubt. The visitors from the west came in a special car and were greeted at the station by the members of a citizens' reception committee, the chairman of which was former Governor J. Franklin Fort.

Spring Lake entertained the visitors last night with a big display of fireworks. A 1,200 foot court of honor has been erected approaching the new Monmouth hotel, where the meetings will be held, and this is illuminated, as has been the boardwalk. Nearly every house in town displays the national flag. Tonight Governor Wilson will give a reception for the visitors and tomorrow the whole party goes to Fort Hancock on a special train.

PAYS TO BE A PREACHER.

New Orleans Clergyman's Fees From Weddings Amount to \$50,000.

New Orleans, Sept. 12.—That the ministry is a paying proposition from a worldly standpoint was borne out by a statement that from wedding fees alone in his twenty-seven years as rector of Trinity Episcopal church of this city, the Rev. A. Gordon Bakewell has received \$50,000. Rev. Mr. Bakewell's statistics show that during his pastorate here he has performed 10,036 wedding ceremonies, for which he received an average fee of \$5. He has baptized 1,069 babies and has officiated at 2,001 funerals.

CAR DITCHED, WOMAN DIES.

Special Agent of New York State Labor Department the Victim.

Binghamton, N. Y., Sept. 12.—The chauffeur employed by Miss Woershoffer of New York was taken ill yesterday at Walton and when she attempted to drive to Deposit to take an Erie train near Cannonsville, the car was ditched and Miss Woershoffer received injuries from which she died at Cannonsville today. Physicians were called from the Roosevelt Hospital, New York, to attend her. Miss Woershoffer was a special agent for the state department of labor.

Congressman Latta Worse.

Rochester, Minn., Sept. 12.—The condition of Congressman J. P. Latta of Nebraska, who underwent a serious operation in this city some time ago, has taken a turn for the worse. While he has made some recovery, the outlook is not so bright as a few days ago.

Shaker Sister Dead.

Thompsonville, Conn., Sept. 12.—Sister S. Emily Copley, one of the oldest Enfield Shakers and for thirty-one years a trustee of the North Shaker family, is dead.

ABOUT PEOPLE'S NAMES.

People Live Up to Them and Make Them Fit.

A person will grow to look like and be like his or her name. Algerons and Reginalds of modern times look the part, and owe a deep debt of ingratitude to their parents. A young man named Harold or Montmorny would be justified in hiring an automobile and running over his aged parents as they are attempting to cross the street on the way home from church.

But it isn't just the society-column names that a person will come to be like. Take any name at random, think of all the people you know who are going by that nomination, and see if they aren't all a good deal the same type.

Name a girl Gertrude and then call her Gertrude for the first fifteen years of her life, and she will inevitably become a victim of the psychology of the name. She will chew gum, wear her hat on one side, and giggle with slight provocation.

Let us now consider for a moment the names John and Ed. Can you conceive of any man you know by the name of John being named Ed? To apply Ed to a man who has been named John all his life would be as absurd as to take a staid-looking minister, remove his black clothes, shave off his white fringe of whiskers, and then dress him up in a plaid cutaway coat, double-breasted green vest, and brown derby.

John is a stolid sort of person, inclined to smoke thoughtfully and stand with his hands in his trousers' pockets while you do the talking. Ed isn't that way at all. Ed is a jaunty person. He breezes up, carrying, perhaps, a baseball extra in one hand, and begins to talk rapidly of batting averages, politics, or what not. Like as not he has recently heard some fool story that he tells you almost before he's said good morning. A man named Ed usually wears his hat shoved back on his head.

Not infrequently he wears a cute little stubby mustache and carries a slender cane that heightens the air of jauntness. Ed may be a barber, a real estate salesman, or a broker. John would be found less frequently in any of these vocations. He is more likely to be a street-car motorman, a plumber, or a bank officer. It is an extremely rare thing for a John to have any sense of humor.

The strangest name in the list is William. A boy is christened William, but may be called Willie, Bill, or the other variations. His character will depend on which of the diminutives people get to calling him by. If he should be called invariably by the full name, William, the boy will be studious, thoughtful, hard-working, dressing conservatively and talking almost humanly. Call him plain Bill and he may not study much, but he will organize a baseball team and have himself elected Captain before he is 10 years old. It is when the boy William is called Will that the situation is serious. Many boys turn out all right in the end, but they have much to overcome. Throughout their early lives there is a strong tendency to revert to type, that is, to look like the hero of a story in a Sabbath school leaflet, talk precociously, and make puns frequently. It will take him twice as long to learn to chew tobacco as those of his companions called Bill.

Frank usually means a distinct type. A great many livery stable horses are named Frank, and there are people who declare that Frank was originally intended only for a horse name. This seems extremely doubtful, but it must be conceded that nine men out of ten named Frank have a bland, quiet manner like a horse, plod along without saying much, are reserved but kindly disposed. Some time ago a friend of mine made an investigation of the names of bartenders. About 41 per cent. of all the bartenders he interviewed were named Frank. This, however, does not show that a man named Frank will be any better bartender than one named Harry or Fred. Neither does it show that because a boy is named Frank he is going to be a bartender when he grows up. Every little while one finds a Frank selling life insurance or clerking in a jewelry store.

People still name boys Roy and Clarence. A boy by the name of Roy runs the risk of getting fat and pudgy, as if to make his appellation look still more dinky by comparison. Just as a young Harold will take naturally enough to lace collars, Little Lord Fauntleroy suits and spring heel shoes, so will a lad called Henry go in for hound pups as companions, crave brass toed boots and carry fishing worms in his breast pocket. He will grow up to be a man who dresses plainly with a tendency to have his clothes too large for him, and with a predilection toward money rather than art or literature or other of a Henry with a hobby for old prints or rare bits of china, but unless he guards against it, a Henry may carry a toothbrush in his vest pocket and read George B. McCutcheon novels.

George is still one of our leading joke names. We call a colored waiter George if we do not know his real name; simply because it seems the most natural name to call him. But it is difficult to chart George out in confined limits. The name has become so common that scores of excellent men are named George. However, if a person answering to the name George has developed strictly according to type, he will wear tight-fitting trousers, patent leather shoes, white vests, gray alpine hats, and tend to use profumery. Most of our best barbers are named George. Many of them have delightful traits of character and never say anything about giving a customer a haircut or "massodge" until the customer speaks of it himself.

There is little chance for a man named Arthur to be anything but the sort that a man named Arthur was intended to be. The odds are largely in favor of his being called Art, and then it is all off. He will hang around haberdasher shops studying the latest things, and will glory in wearing a soft shirt with the collar fastened together with a gold safety pin. He will stand on street corners, in immaculate garb, smoking cigarettes, and if he can afford it may in extreme cases have his initials printed on his cigarettes. The name Art makes its bearer a trifle jaunty, much as the name Ed does, only in a more malignant form. He keeps slapping a man on the shoulder all the time he's talking to him. Unless he has friends who watch him closely a man with the Art title will wear a diamond ring even if he has to buy it on the installment plan, and he has poor judgment on theatres. He will go to every punkerino musical show that comes to town and enjoy it, and when at last something fairly good happens along he will admit to being bored to death.

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SHALL THE BABY BE ROCKED?

Chicago's Department of Health is making an official campaign against the world-old habit of rocking the baby.

Dr. Caroline Hedger, in charge of the field nurses, asserts that "the best cradle in the world is not a good thing for a baby to rest in," and that "there is no more reason for tossing a baby about in order to rest than there is for swinging about a grown-up."

It may be very presumptuous for a mere newspaper to take issue with an experienced physician like Dr. Hedger, but on behalf of the baby we feel constrained to ask if the doctor may not be mistaken in spite of her technical training?

Rocking the babies undoubtedly is carried to extreme in some cases. There are mothers who are worn out rocking the cradle. There are infants who refuse to close their eyes without rocking, because they know that they have only to refuse in order to be rocked. We have no intention of advocating the kind of rocking that spoils the child, but it seems to us that Dr. Hedger is going too cruelly far when she says that a baby ought not to be rocked at all, and that there is no more excuse for rocking a baby than for rocking a grown-up.

Is it possible that Dr. Hedger was never rocked in a mother's arms, or that if she was, her memory dates back so short a distance as to enable her to forget the delights of it? Can Dr. Hedger not even recall the remains of the passion for being rocked, which exhibited itself at the age of 8, 10 or 12 years in a mania for swings?

Those same swings to-day would make her violently sick, but they were the acme of delight in that transitional stage between babyhood and youth. The swing is an echo of infancy. You rarely see adults in swings because they don't need them and don't want them, and it would seem logical to suppose that the reason children do want them is because they need them.

Some of us can remember distinctly past the swing age direct to mother's arms and having such a vivid recollection of what that rocking meant to us—of its soothing qualities, its power to charm away grief, to lighten dull moods and to calm the wearying restlessness of childhood—we should dislike to see the practice abolished altogether because of the decree of some learned physicians.

The probabilities, however, are that the mother instinct will be too strong for the edict of Science. Babies always have been rocked and, bless their clinging hearts! if they have the right kind of mothers, they always will be.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

PICNIC AT LAUREL LAKE.

On Aug. 22, 1911, a party of girls met at Laurel Lake for a picnic. Those present were Lela Keesler, Lillian Canfield and Vera M. Rutledge, Galilee, Pa.; Bertha C. and Harriet S. Seipp, Tyler Hill; Ruby Keesler, Canistota, N. Y.; Helen Bender, New York City; Harriet Rosencranse, Hawley, Pa.; Dorothy Lake, Staten Island and Alma Canfield, and Helen Jackson of Laurel Lake. A very enjoyable day was passed by all. The following is a "jingle" composed by two of the girls describing the picnic:

On a sunny day in August
We started out to take
A little picnic by ourselves
Down at Laurel Lake.

The road was hot and dusty,
The way seemed rather long,
But we continued our journey
Singing many a song.

But we were exceedingly lucky,
We girls so bright and gay,
When Mr. Seipp, a neighbor,
Chanced along our way.

We piled our baskets in his wagon
And then we clambered in,
But after he had left us
We wished him back again.

At last we reached the grove,
And 'neath its leafy shade
We found a cozy spot
And there our lunch cloth laid.

Our luncheon soon was ready,
Then each her place did take,
We sampled first the salad
Which was of Lela's make.

Our cameras were not forgotten,
So when we had all eat
We snapped a few little pictures
Which would be hard to beat.

Soon Alma, a jolly lassie,
Who is staying near that place,
Came to join our party
With a smile upon her face.

We were later joined by Dorothy,
A Staten Island girl,
She's a capital hand at rowing,
She makes the oars just whirl.

So we passed the time in boating
And gathering lilies fair,
Singing songs and telling jokes,
Sitting by the water there.

Many other sports were indulged in,
Perhaps some were rather queer,
Till at last we journeyed homeward,
Hoping to meet again next year.

—The coming attraction—"Let George Do It"—will be very entertaining. Don't forget that.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

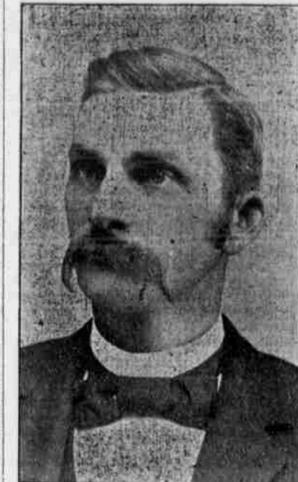
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Peck*

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES

one size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Relieves swollen feet, blisters, callous and sore spots. It is a certain relief for sweating, tired, tender, aching feet. Always use it to Break in new shoes. Don't go on your vacation without a package of Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold everywhere 25c. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE trial package, address Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

Republican Candidate For County Commissioner.



FRED A. STODDARD.

Being a resident of one of the extreme northern districts of Wayne county, which has never been represented on the board of county commissioners, and being also a contractor and builder, conversant with concrete work and bridge building, and further having a special interest in a needed reduction of taxation, I feel assured that I could discharge the duties of the office economically and satisfactorily in every way to the people. Farmers and real estate owners bear the heaviest and most unequal share of taxation and should be relieved by the burdens being more equally placed on all classes of property owners. To this end, if nominated and elected, I will direct my best efforts.

FRED A. STODDARD.
Starrucca, Pa.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

I hereby announce myself as a Republican candidate for the nomination to the office of County Commissioner of Wayne county, and respectfully solicit the support of my friends at the primaries to be held on September 30, 1911.

J. L. SHERWOOD.
Preston, Pa., Aug. 15, 1911.
65c01t.

The Farmer's Candidate for County Commissioner on the Republican Ticket

GOTTLIEB LANDERS
BERLIN TOWNSHIP.

Primaries Sept. 30.

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.



JOHN MALE,
Cherry Ridge.

We print circulars,
We print legal blanks.

ALL FAVORS APPRECIATED.



Republican Candidate for the Nomination of Register and Recorder,
W. B. LESHNER, Sterling, Wayne County, Pa.

The Ideal Guardian

of the estates of your minor children. It has the very best facilities for the profitable and wise investment and re-investment of the principal and accrued income - The Scranton Trust Co. 516 Spruce Street.

IT GIVES THE BEST RESULTS.
LIGHT, ANATOMICALLY CORRECT
TRADE MARK
"THE SMITHSONIAN" TRUSS
HOLDS IN ANY POSITION.
FOR SALE BY
C. C. JADWIN

One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold and Merchandise will be Given Away Absolutely Free by The Clark & Snover Company

to the persons securing the largest number of points in the following contest:

1st Prize	\$50.00 in Gold
2nd "	25.00 " "
3rd "	10.00 " "
Next 10 Prizes	5.00 " "
Next 40 "	One pound each of Clark & Snover "Stripped" or Top Wave Tobacco.

Fifty-three Prizes in all, and every one worth working for

All you have to do to win one of these prizes, if you secure points enough, is to save the NEW CLARK & SNOVER YELLOW COUPONS, BEARING THE EXPIRATION DATE, JUNE 1, 1912. No others accepted in this contest), and either mail or bring them to The Clark & Snover Company's office, No. 112 Adams Avenue, Scranton, Pa., before 12 o'clock noon, October 31, 1911, and, in addition to the premiums listed on the backs thereof, you will be given credit for all the new coupons returned, beginning with the morning mail August 1, 1911, and closing with the last mail before noon, October 31, 1911, according to the following schedule:

- Coupons marked "Value 1 Coupon" one point
- Coupons marked "Value 2 Coupons" two points
- Coupons marked "Value 5 Coupons" five points
- Coupons marked "Value 10 Coupons," ten points.

In addition to this, we will give contestants credit for two points each for every advertisement they send in, in which the name "THE CLARK & SNOVER COMPANY" appears. These advertisements may be taken from the newspapers, dance programmes, pay envelopes, or from any publication in which an advertisement containing our name appears.

This offer is open ONLY to CONSUMERS of Clark & Snover Tobaccos, and no jobber, dealer, coupon collector or broker is eligible to enter the contest, and coupons or advertisements turned in by any but CONSUMERS of our tobaccos will not be accepted for credit in this contest. Therefore, Mr. Consumer, if you want to win one of these prizes, hang on to your coupons.

Tell all your friends about this contest and get them to use CLARK & SNOVER "STRIPPED" or "TOP WAVE" Tobacco, and if they do not want to enter the contest, they can give you the coupons.

The Clark & Snover Co.
112 Adams Ave., Scranton, Pa.