

PEOPLE OF THE DAY CHOICE MISCELLANY A MAD REVENGE HUMOR OF THE HOUR

A Royal Visitor From Japan.

A visitor to our shores who has been attracting much attention is Prince Kuni of Japan, cousin of the mikado and therefore a member of the royal family. The plans of the prince provide for a comprehensive tour of the United States, and as a special representative of the emperor Uncle Sam is showing him every courtesy. On his arrival in this country he was taken in charge by officials of the state and war departments and entertained in a manner befitting his rank.



PRINCE KUNI OF JAPAN.

Prince Kuni has long had in contemplation a visit to the great country of the west, and the recent Hudson-Fulton celebration provided the opportunity.

In his own land the prince is a great personage. Although a young man, being still on the sunny side of forty, he has won his spurs both as a soldier and statesman. He served in the war with Russia on the staff of General Kuroki and holds the rank of major in the Japanese army. After the close of hostilities he studied the art of war in Germany and has on several occasions represented his government on important diplomatic missions.

His Amazing Memory.

Charles J. Ross, the actor, was discussing a recent divorce suit. "The convenient memory of the average witness," he said, "is like that of an old colored man I once met who claimed to have known George Washington. I asked him if he was in the boat when General Washington crossed the Delaware, and he instantly replied, 'Lor, massa, I steered dat boat.' 'Well,' said I, 'do you remember when George took the hack at the cherry tree?' 'He looked worried for a minute, and then, with a beaming smile, said: 'Why, snath, massa, I done drove dat hack mahself.'"—*Young's Magazine.*

Harry Whitney, Sportsman.

Harry Whitney of New Haven, who is mixed up in the polar controversy, went to the arctic regions with Peary in the summer of 1908. His purpose in going was to hunt the big game of the north. Whitney joined the Roosevelt at New Bedford and presented to Peary as part of the expedition's equipment two power boats of the whale-boat model.

Mr. Whitney is a sportsman pure and simple and is interested in exploration only in a general way. His fortune is large enough to enable him to live without toiling for his daily bread, and a tendency to lung trouble in youth turned him to outdoor life. For years he has done little save hunt and



HARRY WHITNEY.

fish, and in these harmless and perhaps unprofitable pursuits he has had numerous interesting experiences.

In physique Mr. Whitney, who is about thirty years old, is slight. Unusually tall, this characteristic is somewhat hidden by a slight stoop. He is thin, too, but years of roughing it have given him muscles of iron and a frame that can withstand even the rigors of an arctic winter.

Flying For One's Health.

The influence of even sporadic flight on the physical body and the health is remarkable. In balloon voyages I have been in the air as long as four days at a time. Once I made a voyage almost an invalid from rheumatism. I could scarcely raise my arms on a level with my head. My blood was black. The doctor would not permit me to take meat. Within a few hours every drop of blood in my body had become a bright red liquid, looking like flame, and I seemed unable to appease my appetite for strong animal food, of which I had none too much aboard. From the tortures of rheumatism that voyage conveyed me to the tortures of hunger.

I went to see a friend who was low with consumption. I told him to go with me on a voyage and he would come back a well man. He shook his head, but I was persistent. At last he went, and for the first two hours in the air I thought he would bleed to death with hemorrhages. I felt like a murderer, but soon he began to change. The voyage was from St. Louis to the Atlantic coast. That was twenty years ago. He went back home and is still living, a robust man. I had another friend who cured a bad case of iron and copper dust in the lungs by a few balloon voyages.—*World's Work.*

A Vote In the Slot Machine.

An Italian civil engineer, Signor Gagliano, has invented a voting machine which, it is claimed, is absolutely "ungettable" and incorruptible. He calls this invention the pephograph. So complete and satisfactory has this machine proved that it has been adopted by both the Italian and the French governments.

The pephograph is a little over a yard in height and is provided with as many openings as there are candidates in the field. The voter presents his card to an official who has charge of the voting booth and receives a small metal chip about the size of an American dime. He is then given permission to enter the booth and steps behind two screens, which render him invisible to both the public and the overseers alike. There he finds the voting machine facing him.

After carefully scanning the different slots, above which is a space containing the names of the candidates, he selects the one he wishes to vote for and drops his chip in the slot corresponding to it.

Factory Cruelty Long Ago.

The English factories before the passing of the factory acts were not much better than the Scottish coal pits of the seventeenth century. Children were often worked for sixteen hours at a stretch. Hundreds of them died. Many tried to run away, and to render this impossible irons were riveted on their ankles, and in these they worked and slept. The author of "The History of the Factory Movement" gives a graphic account of a typical factory in those days: "In stench, in heated rooms, amid the constant whirling of a thousand wheels, little fingers and little feet were kept in ceaseless action, forced into unnatural activity by blows from the heavy hands and feet of the merciless overlooker and the infliction of bodily pain by instruments of punishment invented by the sharpened ingenuity of insatiable selfishness." And all this was less than a hundred years ago!—*London Chronicle.*

The Bearded Chancellor.

Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg may claim the unique distinction that he is the first German chancellor to wear a beard. Bismarck hastened to shave his off when he entered upon diplomacy and showed his rivals and enemies a massive jaw and clear cut chin, and he shaved to the end, with an interval enforced by neuralgia in the early eighties. As a soldier, too, Capri shaved all but his mustache, and so did Hohenlohe and Bulow. But Bethmann-Hollweg is gaunt, rugged, hirsute, pan-Germanic.

Very Artistic.

"Was she artistic?" asked an inquiring person of Kin Hubbard, the Indianapolis epigram maker, who was describing an Indiana genius, says the Saturday Evening Post.

"Artistic?" said Hubbard. "Was she artistic? I should say she was. She was so artistic that one day, when one of her peekaboo shirt waists she had made herself fell into the piano, they played two Beethoven rhapsodies with it before they discovered their mistake."

Bill Cross.

Colonel William H. Cross, secretary of state for Oklahoma, probably is the only public official in the United States who signs his nickname to state documents. "Bill Cross, secretary of state," is the unaffected signature he has affixed to records and correspondence ever since he began his tenure of office, Nov. 16, 1907. He does this on the authority of a special opinion handed down by the attorney general of his state.—*Argonaut.*

The Chinese Way.

This curious item comes from the North China Daily News: "Recently the waterworks company in Peking when digging the ground in front of Prince Kung's establishment to lay down service pipes discovered a jade bridge measuring over thirty Chinese feet. It is reported that as it was a piece of antiquity the company decided not to disturb it without authority, and the valuable bridge was again covered up."

A Blow to Sentiment.

"The other day," said the hostess, "I found two little packets of love letters that were written to me when I was a girl at boarding school."

"How lovely!" lisped the much puffed maid of dubious years.

"They were tied with faded blue ribbons," the hostess continued, "and held a faint scent of lavender. I hadn't looked at them since my wedding day, and how they happened to be laid away I can't remember. Anyway, I opened and read them."

"It must have seemed like a stolen pleasure," giggled the ancient maid.

"Perhaps I had a little sentimental curiosity at the moment," laughed the hostess. "If so it was rudely jarred. One of my youthful lovers couldn't spell, and the other wrote an atrocious hand. Dear me, but it was silly stuff! And a funny thing was that both writers had made use of the identical same sentimental expression."

"Two souls with but a single thought," slurred the ancient maid.

"No," returned the hostess. "I fancy the explanation is due to the fact that both of the young men used the same 'Handy Guide to the Art of Letter Writing.'"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A Question of Locality.

A little girl whose brother had died when small asked her mother if she didn't think he would rather have stayed on earth so he could have played with her. "I mean to ask him when I go to heaven," she said.

"But," said her mother, in order to see what she thought, "if he shouldn't be in heaven?"

"Well, then, you ask him," replied the tot.—*Delineator.*

How It Hurts.

Tommy—Smokin' cigarettes is dead sure to hurt yer.

Jimmy—G'on! Where did yer git dat notion?

Tommy—From pop.

Jimmy—Aw, he wuz jist stringin' yer.

Tommy—No, he wasn't stringin' me. He wuz strappin' me. Dat's how I know it hurts.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Looked Like It.

"Is this a big day in the city?" asked the stranger.

"No, sir," said the policeman at the crossing.

"Are you entertaining any distinguished visitors?"

"No, sir."

"Then what the Sam Hill have you got yer streets all torn up for?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

'Twas Ever Thus.

The nights were growing colder.

"Well, an revoir, old chap," said the front gate. "I'm off for my vacation."

"Mine is just over," rejoined the parlor sofa, with a sigh, "and now I'll have to get busy again."—*Chicago News.*

It All Depends.

"One laugh is better than a thousand groans," remarked the moralizer.

"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "unless the laugh is on you. Then one groan is better than a thousand laughs."—*Los Angeles Times.*

An Exception.

"Honesty is the best policy," she sighed softly.

Whereupon he stole a kiss. Later she admitted that there are exceptions to all rules.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Same Old Thing.

Aunt Julia—So you and your fiance have quarreled. How did it happen?

Pretty Niece—Oh, it's the old, old story. First we fell in love—then we fell out.—*Chicago News.*

Fair Play.

The trap was sprung. Said little Tom: "Take that cat away, Effie, cos I don't want the mouse to get hurt."

I'm goin' to keep it until it grows into a rat."—*Brooklyn Life.*

Matrimonial Recipe.

Knicker—Can a couple live on bread and cheese and kisses?

Becker—They can, provided the kisses are homemade and the bread isn't.—*Judge.*

The Reason Why.

"Why did you let him kiss you?"

"Well, he seemed to like it, and I was sure there was something wrong about it."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A Freethinker.

Sillicus—Jones boasts of being a freethinker. Oynicus—Ah, then of course he isn't married.—*Exchange.*

In 1910.

Father's in his airship.
Gone to spend the day,
Looking after loans and bonds
In Europe, o'er the way.
Mother, who likes comfort
And does not care to roam,
Is shopping via wireless
In Paris at her home.

Brother, who in deep seas
Has a coral grove,
Is going in his submarine
Among his crops to rove.
Uncle, in the navy,
Who's left his ship a span,
Is shooting through pneumatic tubes
To join her in Japan.

Sister, who's a suffragette,
Has worked reforms so rare
That even the ward meetings
They open now with prayer,
And when, tired by her labors,
She'd body rest and soul
She goes to spend for pleasure
A week end at the pole.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

NOTICE.

Application of Archie Clinton Davis for a transfer of the retail liquor license heretofore granted to Schuyler J. Emery at the "Falls Creek Hotel," in the Borough of Falls Creek, County of Jefferson, Pennsylvania.

In the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for the County of Jefferson, Pa., No. 2, November Sessions, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that on Monday, November 8, 1909, Archie Clinton Davis, of the Borough of Falls Creek, County of Jefferson, Pennsylvania, will present to the Court of Quarter Sessions of Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, his petition praying for a transfer to him of the retail liquor license heretofore granted by said court to Schuyler J. Emery at No. 14, January Sessions, 1909, for the "Falls Creek Hotel," situate in the central part of the Borough of Falls Creek, County of Jefferson and State of Pennsylvania.

That the lot upon which said hotel building is erected is bounded on the north by Main street; on the east by Street and Jefferson and Clearfield county line; on the south by an Alley; and on the west by lot of B. C. Whitehill, said lot being No. 49 in the Fuller and Taylor Addition to Falls Creek.

BLAKE E. IRVIN,
Clerk of said Court.

If you have anything to sell, try our Want Column.

A BRIGHT CLEAR LIGHT "Family Favorite" LAMP OIL

Absolutely the best oil possible to produce from the best known source—Pennsylvania crude oil. Smokeless, sootless, odorless. Burns clean and steady to the last drop without readjusting wick. Your dealer knows it's good oil. He can supply you.

Waverly Oil Works Co. Independent Refiners Pittsburgh, Pa.

Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines.

—How to be well dressed all the time.

Some men are well dressed only while their clothes are new. From that time until they buy another new suit, they look seedy, careless and shabby.

Might just as well be well dressed all the time. This costs no more if you wear

Clothcraft All-Wool Clothes

These are the *only* clothes at their prices that positively hold their shape and style as long as they last. They are made of pure wool and are scientifically tailored—that's the reason. And a Signed Guarantee goes with each suit whether it costs \$10 or \$25.

Your clothing troubles are over the minute you decide to buy CLOTHCRAFT. It's worth trying.

BING-STOKE Co.

EVERY WOMAN
Who manages a home is interested in the best cooking appliance that can be made.

PRIZER'S STOVES

are the result of the best experience and materials. They contain advantages not found in others. If you want a good baker and a perfect roaster without taking any chance—buy Prizer's. We claim for them what we can prove—no more. Guaranteed—your money back if not satisfied.



REYNOLDSVILLE HARDWARE CO.

JOB WORK ——— of all kinds promptly done at THE STAR OFFICE

Who Gets The Difference?

If your bank pays you only two per cent on your deposits you are losing one hundred per cent on your income.
If your bank pays you only three per cent, you are losing thirty-three and one-third per cent.

Because this bank pays four per cent interest compounded every six months on all savings and time accounts of any size.

You can Bank by Mail with Ask for Free Booklet J.E. us as easily as in person. It explains everything Capital and Surplus, \$10,000,000.00 "In Capital and Surplus, there is Strength."

THE COLONIAL TRUST COMPANY
(SAVINGS BANK)
317 Fourth Ave.—314 to 318 Diamond St. PITTSBURGH, PA.

