

MUST KEEP BENCH FREE OF POLITICS

Munson, Democratic Nominee For Supreme Court, Criticized.

HIS TACTICS CONDEMNED

Touching Elbows With All Kinds of Politicians in Tour of the State and With a Pathetic Appeal For "Complimentary" Votes From Republicans.

[Special Correspondence.]
Harrisburg, Oct. 15.

Members of the judiciary and law men generally throughout Pennsylvania are commenting adversely upon the remarkable campaign that is being conducted by C. LaRue Munson the Democratic nominee for associate justice of the supreme court, in his own behalf.

This ambitious gentleman has cast aside all regard for precedent and has ignored traditions of the legal profession in making a political canvass for election to the highest judicial tribunal in the commonwealth.

It has apparently not occurred to Mr. Munson that the proprieties of the situation should prompt an aspirant for an office of this exalted character to respect the sentiment of the people which has manifested upon many an occasion in absolute hostility to anything calculated to bring the judiciary into the game of politics or to besmirch the judicial ermine with the contaminating influence of a personal political campaign.

It is pronounced public sentiment in Pennsylvania, probably more than in any other state, has been agreed that candidates for the supreme bench should refrain from any act that might be construed as appealing for or soliciting votes or to influence a political campaign in any particular.

That an aspirant for the greatest office of a judicial nature in the gift of the people of the state should be found going from county to county, from borough to borough, from ward to ward, in a mad hunt for votes, touching elbows with all sorts and manners of men, good, bad and indifferent, with no evidence of a realization of the undignified, unwholesome and dangerous character of the canvass, has called forth a storm of protests such as would startle a man of ordinary sensibilities.

A Judge's High Ideals.
Judge Robert von Moschlesler, ever since he was honored with a unanimous nomination for the supreme bench, has refrained from taking any part whatever in the political campaign. He spent the summer in Nova Scotia, and since his return has been industriously engaged in the performance of his judicial duties in the court of common pleas of Philadelphia. He has declined every invitation to address meetings, to attend receptions of a political character or to participate in public dinners where any reference might be made to his candidacy.

In his speech of acceptance of the nomination, Judge von Moschlesler showed how much he respected public sentiment. Among other things he said:

"The candidate for judicial office occupies a different position from other candidates. Under our customs he is nominated by the party convention and may reasonably look for the usual party support, but he is not in a position to discuss politics or the policies of his party. For the reasons that were set forth in the address of the bench he is not to be elected to the bench by the voters of the state, but by the electors of the party. It is not his duty, when elected, to forget that he was a candidate of any particular party and to proceed to administer the law for the benefit of the people without regard to any principles or policies, save the principles of the law as he is given the power to understand them. Fortunately, these ideas have become fixed in Pennsylvania, and it is not my desire to make any departure therefrom.

Not a single word or a single act of Judge von Moschlesler since that day can be pointed to that might be even twisted into a suggestion of an appeal for a solitary vote.

Policy of a Politician.
How different with his opponent, Mr. Munson. Mr. Munson is now on a tour of the state, shaking hands with all who will honor him with an opportunity to do so. A complete political machine, entirely independent of the regular Democratic state committee, has been running in his special interest ever since he entered the race.

Canvasses were in the state, letters are being written to Republicans soliciting their support for his candidacy, and individual appeals are being made for "complimentary" votes for Mr. Munson from some of the majority party.

vention and placed upon a Bourbon Democratic platform, in which every principle of Republicanism is attacked, and particularly the fundamental principle of protection, which is a vital issue in the present campaign, presents a unique spectacle in the present contest in appealing for votes, complimentary or otherwise, from Republicans of the Keystone State.

GOV. STUART SHOWS THE WAY

Popular Executive Lauds the Republican Nominees.

PENROSE SOUNDS A WARNING

Philadelphia to Stand Loyal to the Full Party Ticket, and Importance of Big Vote in State is Dwelt Upon.

[Special Correspondence.]
Philadelphia, Oct. 15.

With Governor Stuart presiding at the opening meeting of the campaign, the largest Republican rally ever held in South Philadelphia, the canvass for the state and local candidates may be said to be fairly under way.

That every man on the Republican city ticket will be elected by at least 50,000 majority is the confident prediction of those in a position to gauge public sentiment and that Judge von Moschlesler, Philadelphia's representative on the state ticket and his colleagues, Messrs. Hanson and Stober, will poll the full party vote, is conceded on every hand.

There is a spectacular campaign being waged by a few malcontents against the local Republican ticket, with the aid of the Wasmaker newspapers. The fact that all of the independent newspapers are this time refusing to foster the schemes of the Van Valkenburg political bureau is a source of chagrin to the old-time insurgents.

The great mass of the public spirited citizens are in line with the Republican party.

Governor Leads the Way.
Governor Stuart's attitude is truly representative of the thought of the best citizenship of the community. In his address opening the campaign the governor among other things said:

"I am here tonight in behalf of the Republican party, and to use my best efforts, and by my presence, to show my sympathy with the Republican ticket and my interest in the success of that ticket in state, city and county, at this time in Philadelphia.

"The state ticket is headed by a candidate whom you well know, and that position is justice of the supreme court.

That gentleman has been nominated by the Republican party for the office of justice of the supreme court, and the name of the gentleman is Judge von Moschlesler, a resident of Philadelphia county, and a member of the Philadelphia bar, and he has filled the position as a member of one of our courts for the past seven years, a young man of undoubted ability and integrity, and a man, to my mind, who will make one of the greatest jurists of the commonwealth.

He has paid a tribute to each of the local candidates, and in presenting Messrs. Hanson and Stober, the state nominees, who were present at the meeting, he was very felicitous.

Tribute For Penrose.
Not only was the initial meeting of the canvass a great and imposing affair, but on the following night there was a great demonstration given in honor of Senator Penrose by the workmen of Kensington in recognition of his services in formulating the new tariff bill.

Of Interest to Women

A Late Social Grifter Story—Many Hostesses May Have Had Mrs. Blank's Experiences—Increased Demand For Candle Shades—How to Make Them Inexpensively.

Appropos of the social grifter, Lillian Bell tells this incident in the Smart Set:

"We had been invited to dinner and the table was neatly and daintily set for four, when the telephone rang. This is what we heard:

"Yes, this is Mrs. Blank. Oh, how do you do, Mr. Soper? Yes, well, I'm afraid I couldn't this evening. I have made other plans. Why, yes, we are dining at home, but we had other guests already invited, and—well, you are very kind to suggest coming, but I am really afraid at this late hour that I could scarcely make ready for another. I—yes, it is very good of you, of course, but really I am afraid—Why, yes, there is tea in the house. Yes, even bread? Well, of course, if you put it that way, we shall be most happy to have you. We dine in ten minutes. Yes, I could wait twenty. Yes, do try. Good-by."

"The two men said something which began with 'Well, I'll be something or other.' In half an hour Mr. Soper arrived. The first thing he said was:

"I do believe that you Blanks are the only people dining at home tonight in this whole blooming town!"

"Is that so?" said Mr. Blank. "How do you make that out?"

"Why, I just stepped into Mrs. Hyphen's apartment—they are always away for the week-end, so I use their telephone—they never have told me not to—and I called up nearly everybody I know to ask them if they didn't want good company for dinner, and until I struck your wife they were all either out or engaged."

We dined, and after several cigars Mr. Soper said:

"I say, Blank, old boy, just go to the telephone and call me East Carlinville 38, will you?"

When East Carlinville answered, Mr. Soper went to the telephone and said:

"That you, dear? Well, I won't be home tonight. I am dining with the Blanks in their jolly little apartment, and we are having such a good time that I won't try to come out tonight. I may stay here if they ask me—here a jovial wink came from Mr. Soper to the somewhat unresponsive Mr. Blank—"If not I'll get a bunk somewhere. Don't worry about me. I'm always all right. Good-by!"

Now, the tariff to East Carlinville was eight cents, but Mr. Soper airily avoided mentioning the matter of settling, and when we left, Soper was explaining that he would find himself perfectly comfortable on the library sofa and urging Mrs. Blank not to go to a bit of extra trouble for him for breakfast.

Making Candle Shades.
The demand for candle shades has increased until their home manufacture has become a most fascinating occupation. For those who do not care to go on to the trouble of hammering brass or German silver shades, and who have not the talent to paint them with water colors, says the Boston Herald, this design for a "rice paper shade mounted on cardboard" will prove welcome. The design is first stamped with carbon paper on a sheet of gray or black cardboard, the inked set portions are then cut out with a sloyd knife or a sharp penknife held as nearly vertically as possible, and the border and rings silvered over, if in gray cardboard, and gilded if in black.



A lining of rice paper is now fitted to the shades, after having first been tinted a deep rose or red with your water colors. The effect is most pleasing.

In stamping the design it would be well first to trace off two copies of the newspaper design, then lay the three-thirds together so as to make a semi-circle before tracing them off on the cardboard. Trace on the wrong side of the cardboard if you use the back.

There is yet another way of using the design. That is, to transfer it to directed to white water-color paper of the heaviest weight and then line it in and fill the dark parts with flat washes of color. The lines, if made a black India ink and rather heavy, will form an interesting border round the color which fills in the different figures forming the pattern.

The exact measurement of the shade you will want has some bearing upon the height of your candlestick, but it hangs definitely upon the size of the mica protectors, a regulation size is 3-4 inches in depth. The material may be a water color paper or a tough parchment, either one bought with a view to its taking the paint. The shade is, in shape, a segment of a circle, and after the paint is dry the two ends of the circular paper are joined with three or four dry brass rivets bought for the purpose.

Of Interest to Women

Remarkable Change of Infant of Today—New Babyless Language May Be Responsible—Grandmother's Tale of Daily Care Administered to the "Slightly" Imp of 50 Years Ago.

It may be owing to natural progression or to mothers' meetings, or even to the new babyless language that the modern mother has introduced into the nursery, but for some reason or another infants have changed most remarkably.

Fifty years ago a baby in the house made a great deal more fuss and trouble than it does at the present day. Judging from an unprejudiced grandmother's description of her progeny of long ago, one is forced to the conclusion that they must have been squalling, red-faced little creatures, whose department was most ungraceful and undignified. Evidently they were not possessed with an atom of self-respect and usually succeeded in upsetting the whole household.

Just ask grandma how her babies used to act. You will be a pessimist before she has finished her story. She will relate tales that will harrow your soul. Your exhausted ear will hear all about the long nights of croup, when the youngster had to be shaken by the heels, stood on its head, hung out of the window, slapped on the back, greased about the nose, poulticed all over and compelled to swallow spoonfuls of suet melted over a smoky lamp.

If they didn't have croup they had colic, which required trotting and bouncing and floor walking, rocking the cradle, not to mention pinching of the arms. In those days catnip tea was omnipresent. There was always a cup of it brewing on the back of the stove in every properly conducted household. When a dose was administered the attendance of the entire family was required. In many cases the farmhands had to be called in to assist.

It took one person to hold the squirming infant, another to grasp its feet and still another to keep its chubby fists from doing damage to the many faces bending solicitously about it. Somebody held the spoon, while mother adjusted one or more extra bibs. When all was ready a cold-blooded relative grasped the slippery little nose and in a twinkling the spoon and its contents were spilled over the bibs and trickling down baby's neck.

If nothing else was the matter, then its food didn't agree with it, or it was cutting teeth or had broken out in a rash. It was in a chronic state of yawning, tucks and pennies. It was always hungry and never sleepy, except in the daytime when there was company that particularly wanted to see its eyes. All that day it would lumber so wearily and afterward make the night hideous with its screams for light or somebody to soothe it.

All the jokes about walking the door were not jokes at all. Newspaper pictures were not caricatures; they were drawn from history and are all that is left to remind us of the old-fashioned baby.

The twentieth century infant would not deign to imitate the conduct of its ancestral juvenile. In the first place, more than half the time that a baby was held to in the long ago have been forgotten or have been eliminated; consequently there is less crying and not nearly so much attention demanded.

In the modern baby the limp of the jervaise has been to a great extent conquered. If it lies awake at night it is really in pain and not campaigning because its mother is worn out or the poor father unusually sleepy.

An investigation of the subject reveals that in these times babies generally sleep soundly at night, eat regularly, take one or more naps during the day and are usually well-behaved, normal children.

They do not insist upon being rocked to sleep, nor annoy those within hearing distance by howling hour after hour just because they cannot have the electric fan for a toy or the auto horn to cut their teeth upon.

The transformation does not seem so remarkable when one gets down to the philosophy of the matter. How can two human beings act alike, when one is talked to like this, "Mover's little lam, tut det oo miki, and the other is addressed, "Dorothy, come set your milk."

Little Lead Lifters.
When the rubber water bottle leaks, fill it with hot water ready for use and place a patch of surgeon's plaster over the hole and hold it in place until the heat causes adhesion. If kept in a cup and covered with cold water, yolks of eggs will keep fresh several days.

When spongy sopped nuts are needed for cake, salads or sandwiches, run the nuts through the mangle machine. Wring chamois out of the soapy water without rinsing; when it dries it is soft and serviceable, instead of stiff.

Simple Method That May Be of Use to Campers.

Perhaps some of our readers would be interested to know that I have found a simple, inexpensive way to waterproof matches.

Into some melted paraffin (care being taken that it was as cool as possible) I dipped a few ordinary matches. After withdrawing them and allowing them to cool it was found that they scratched almost as easily as before being coated with the wax. Several were held under water for six or seven hours and all of them lighted as easily as before immersion. When the match is scratched the paraffin is first rubbed off and the match lights in the usual way.

Matches treated as above would be very useful on camping or canoeing trips, as they do not absorb moisture. Since more rubbing is required to light them than the ordinary match, it would be practically impossible to get them on fire by accidental dropping.—Scientific American.

World's Sugar Production.
It is estimated that the total production of sugar throughout the world is about 2,000,000 tons per annum. Of this quantity nine-tenths are afforded by the sugar cane, 25,000,000 tons of which are required to produce the above quantity of cane sugar. The average of saccharine matter in the ripe West Indian sugar cane is from 18 to 21 per cent., of which only 1 per cent. is available to consumer.

The total value of the sugar in the cane, if it could be extracted, would be about \$230,000,000, but one-half is lost in the process of manufacture.

Why She Declined.
"Really," said the stylish lady, enthusiastically, to her friend, "it is worth while to see the wonderful display of rhododendrons." "Is it?" replied her friend, languidly; "I like to look at the great big clumsy beasts too; but it always smells so unpleasantly around the cages."

Southern Critic Much Impressed by Shakespeare's Blackamoor.
One of the most candid tributes that Edwin Booth ever received was rendered to him on his last Southern tour by one who knew neither of his presence nor of his identity in the play. Mr. Booth told the story to his friend Dr. John H. Girdner.

"We opened our engagement in Atlanta Ga. with 'Othello,'" said Mr. Booth, "and I played Othello. After the performance my friend, Mr. Malone, and I went to the Kimball House for some refreshment. The long bar was so crowded that we had to go around the corner of it before we could find a vacant space. While we were waiting to be served we couldn't help hearing the conversation of two men looking old boys, splendid old fellows with tufts, black string ties and all the other paraphernalia, that I didn't see you at the theatre this evening. Cunnel," said one.

"No," replied the other, "I didn't buy seats till this mornin', and the best we could get were six rows back in the balcony. I presume, say, you were in the orchestra."

"Yes, Cunnel, I was in the orchestra," said the first man. "Madame and the girls were with me. We all agreed that we never attended a more thrilling play. The company was good, too, excellent company. How do you know, Cunnel, in my opinion that blamed nigger did about as well as any of 'em!"

Lightning and Petroleum.
At the beginning of September some of the petroleum wells fired by a violent thunder-storm near the end of June at Boryslaw, Galicia, were still burning. Like torch flames 40 or 50 feet in height, it is said that not less than 5 wells are struck by lightning every year at Boryslaw, the cause being ascribed to the obligatory use of sheet-iron coverings for all the installations. The iron surfaces communicate with the system of metallic tubes, thus forming, during a thunder-storm, a sort of Leyden jar, which provokes lightning strokes.

Not What He Wanted.
Brigadier-General E. J. Stuart Wortley, of the King's army, speaking at the mayor's banquet at Folkestone, England, said that many of the unemployed did not desire to be employed. One day, on his estate in Hampshire, a man asked him for work. He said, "Yes; go to my ballif, and he will give you a spade, and I will pay you sixteen shillings a week."

"Thank God!" said the man. "I cannot tell you how much obliged I am." The man then disappeared, and in two weeks time he observed written on his gate the following words: "Do not apply for work here, because you will get it."

A Coarsely Father.
Sulitor—Do you think, Edith, your father will accept me for a son-in-law? She—I wouldn't be at all surprised. Papa always goes contrary to my wishes.

Overcapitalized.
A thousand-dollar boy with a ten-thousand-dollar education is overcapitalized.—George Horace Lorimer.

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"I am not happy with my husband. Can I get a separation?" asked a lady of a lawyer. "His life is insured in your favor, isn't it?" "Yes; I made him do that before we married." "Well, don't separate. He'll live longer away from you!"