

For the Children

Young New Yorker Taking a Drink at the Fountain.



Photo by American Press Association.

July 1 the children of New York city were afforded great joy by the opening of vacation playgrounds in various parks.

Another game which is very popular is basketball. Rope quots and handball are also liked, and some of the playgrounds are arranged for girls exclusively.

How the Catcher Was Caught.

How can you catch two fish on one single hook at the same time? A man down in Texas did it the other day, though he had not had any expectation or intention of doing it.

The Game of Letters.

Empty the contents of a box of "anagram letters" on a table so all the letters are in a pile, face downward. The players sit around the table.

The leader begins by turning up one of the letters and saying "Bird." The letter is laid where all can see it, and the first one who responds by giving the name of a bird beginning with that letter is given the letter, and it is then his place to turn up another card and call out "Bird," "Animal," "Fish" or "Famous man," or any other class of objects he wishes.

Suppose the first letter turned was "E," and a player answered it with "Engle," the next might be "G," and "Famous man" called. Some one would be sure to say "Grant."

The one who answers the most and has acquired the greatest number of letters is the winner and should receive a prize if it has been decided to give prizes.

The Months—A Game.

The leader need be the only one who understands this game. He asks, "What month are you going away in?" One player might answer, "September." The leader then asks, "What will you wear?" "What will you take with you?" and "What will you do?"

All the answers must be given with the initial letter of the month chosen. For instance, the answers to the above questions may be, first, "Silk stockings;" second, "Sardine sandwiches;" third, "See the sights."

The answers will probably be mixed, as the players do not know the trick. Each one who misses pays a forfeit, and the leader questions the next player. When one or two do "catch on," the more ridiculous they make their answers, the funnier the game.

A Riddle.

A blind beggar had a brother; the brother died; deceased had no brother. What relation was the blind beggar to the one that died?

Answer—A sister.

The Soldier Laddie.

He was a soldier laddie, And he stood erect and grand, With toes turned out and cap a-tit And musket in his hand.

Oh, the way he held his musket Was indeed beyond compare, Such firmness, such precision, Such a military air!

Was his musket a real Mauser? Was his coat of khaki made? Was the crown upon his forehead One to make a foe afraid?

No. His jacket and his musket And the cap upon his head— In fact, this soldier laddie Was all made of gingerbread.

—Youth's Companion.

LIVE WITH A PURPOSE.

Seize then the minutes as they pass. The woof of life is thought. Warm up the colors; let them glow by fire or fancy fraught. Live to some purpose; make thy life a gift of use to thee—a joy, a good, a hope, a heavenly argosy.

MEREDITH'S QUICK RISE TO FAME

Winner of 800 Meter Olympic Event Is Only Nineteen.

WAS TRAINED LIKE HORSE.

His Father States He Prepared Boy For Athletic Career Just in the Same Manner as He Did His Prize Winning Steeds.

James Edward Meredith, who won the 800 meter run at the Olympic games in world's record time, is only nineteen years of age, and his home is in Media, Pa., where his father is a contractor.

It would be impossible to describe the joy in the home of Meredith when the news of his great victory was related to his family.

His five sisters were the first to hear the news, his father being busy on the farm, which is near Elwyn.

"Isn't that just grand!" cried one sister, while the others echoed her sentiments. "I had no idea Ed would win the race, but we were all hoping for the best. Somebody run and tell father."

"Ed won his race, father!" cried out one of the Miss Merediths, and immediately the father quickened his pace. "Tell me all about it," said he. He smiled as he heard that his son had



Photo by American Press Association. TED MEREDITH, WINNER OF 800 METER OLYMPIC EVENT.

not only won the race, but also had broken the world's record for the distance.

"I had Ed picked as a sure thing for one of the first three places," said Mr. Meredith. "The men I was afraid possibly would beat him out were Davenport of Chicago university and Caldwell of the Massachusetts Agricultural college, both men to expect big things of, but neither of these men was even placed in the event."

"Ed has been trained just as I trained my horses. I made no distinction at all. This method of my own in training, which has made prize winners of dozens of my horse breeds, I decided to try on my boy, and my method has been successful. I started to train Ed when he was fifteen years old, nothing very much, of course, because he was too young then, but just to keep a watchful eye on him to see that he should get the proper idea as to how to run. He had a natural inclination to this form of athletics, and I merely encouraged him to continue. I saw no reason why Ed, with my previous experience to guide him, should not become a star as a runner. He is temperate in all his habits, but one thing which is generally emphasized in the training of a runner which I didn't put much stock in was the eating. I always gave him all he could eat—pie, ice cream, almost anything. There has been a story circulated that I was in the habit of fastening my to the back of my dogcart whenever I went for a jog about the country, but this is not so. Of course, being in close touch with Ed and being his real trainer ever since he was a boy, I was well aware of his ability as a runner and knew just what he was able to do. Consequently the news of his victory does not come as a surprise."

How Paul Jones Countered.

When the English government denounced John Paul Jones as a pirate the American naval hero neatly countered. He replied that he had looked in the dictionary and found a pirate defined as "an enemy of mankind," and "as England was then at war with the whole of America, the greater part of Europe and much of Asia, not to speak of a bit of Africa, she in point of fact came as near being the enemy of mankind as could well be conceived and that England was therefore the pirate and not Paul Jones."

She Appeared Only to a Child

By F. A. MITCHEL

We in America who have outgrown a belief in the supernatural are not impressed by those legends that are still in vogue among peoples nearer to nature. Science, while it has advanced us, has taken much of the imagination out of us, leaving us like the stalks from which flowers have been stripped. I have envied those untutored persons who still believe the dead may at times mingle with the living.

While traveling in Spain I stopped for a few days in the province of La Mancha. The peasants of the region are much given to legends and believe in ghosts. I was walking through a valley one day when I came to a little church surrounded by the typical yard studded with tombstones. I went through the gate and came upon the sexton, who was digging a grave. It was a peaceful place, a hamlet of the dead, "each in his narrow cell," and I found myself regarding it as such rather than that the heaped mounds should cover only earth. I spoke to the sexton, who got out of the grave to answer certain questions I asked him. "Do you believe the dead ever come out of their graves and walk about here?"

"I have seen them myself, senior," he replied. "In what form?" "Of a moonlight night I have seen airy figures moving about among the tombs."

"Near by or from a distance?" "From a distance. They are shy of us mortals."

"Don't you think what you say you have seen were rays of moonlight coming through the branches of the trees?" "Oh, no, senior," he replied. "They are really the dead. But it is of no use to try to get near them, for as soon as mortals approach they become invisible."

"Are there no persons they will permit to approach them?"

Now, I asked the question with a purpose. For I confess I am not a disbeliever in communications between the living and the dead and have a belief in the theory that some persons are susceptible of being impressed by spirits—in other words, are mediums.

The man leaned on his spade and appeared to be thinking. The southern sun glinted his wrinkled brow as he framed his reply, and it occurred to me that he would make a fine model for an artist.

"The only persons I have ever known them to appear to in their human shapes are children. There is one person buried here—a woman—who will always manifest herself to a child. They say, senior, that she lost all of her children before they reached the age of twelve. If a child comes here she will arise from her grave and sit upon the tomb built over it and look at the little one wistfully."

This was something definite, and I became interested. "Will she permit a child to approach her?" I asked.

"The children who have seen her say that as they approach she fades away and when they get to the tomb there is no one there."

"Do the children only see her when they are here alone?"

"Children are never here alone. They are not admitted when alone. If they come it is under the care of older persons."

"And do the older persons see this spirit?"

"No, senior; they do not."

"I cannot believe your story, but I admit there is something about it that appeals to me."

"If senior will bring a child he will be convinced."

That would be easy. I was traveling with a party of Americans, among whom were several children. I could easily bring one of them to the churchyard. I chatted for some time longer with the sexton; then, putting a piece of money in his hand and telling him I would be with him the next afternoon, I left him.

There was a boy of seven in our party, a delicately organized little fellow, and I asked him the next day to go to walk with me. He gladly assented, and I took him to the churchyard. The sexton was there putting supports under some of the tottering stones, and I chatted with him while the boy played among the tombs. I kept my eye on the child and presently saw him looking in the direction of the tomb of the lady who appeared to children. Then he began to move slowly toward it. The sexton noticed him and gave me a knowing look. The boy kept his eye fixed on the tomb and approached it with timid steps. When he came near it he paused. Then presently he turned and retraced his steps.

"Why did you go to that tomb?" I asked him.

"Because I saw a lady sitting on it who beckoned me to come to her. But when I got to the tomb she wasn't there."

"What became of her?"

"I don't know."

"What did she look like?"

"I thought her a kind looking lady, and it seemed as if she wanted to take me in her arms and pet me."

"Did you ever see her before?"

"No."

"You see," said the sexton, "I did not tell you an untruth."

Nor did he to the best of my knowledge and belief. I do not expect others to believe that the boy saw a spirit, but for myself how can I help it?

CIVIC PRIDE BOAST OF SEATTLE

San Francisco Can Profit by the Achievements of City Which Looks to the Future.

STREETS CONTRASTED

Northern Thoroughfares Clean, Slightly, Made of Material That Lasts for Decades.

BY EDWARD H. HAMILTON.

(Special Dispatch to "The Examiner")

SEATTLE, July 23.—While booster excursions are quite the thing these days, I would suggest that San Francisco get up an excursion to be headed by Mayor Rolph and to include the supervisors, the Board of Works, the City Engineer, the Board of State Harbor Commissioners with their engineer, the Playgrounds Commission and certain assorted citizens from the improvement clubs and associations and such civic societies as the specially interested in putting San Francisco a little ahead of her times in the way of material improvements.

Such an excursion would not have to travel far afield to get some eye openers that would shake the members out of any conceited self-complacency with which they may have started the trip. They needn't go to New York or Chicago or any of the great population centers of the land, but just to some of the cities of our own coast.

For instance, I'd like to note the expressions on the faces of the party when they came out of the Harriman system depot here in Seattle and saw the pavement spread out before them in contrast to the mixture of dirt and irregularity that greets the visitor who steps out of the Ferry depot and enters upon San Francisco.

Why Not for Us?

Here are wide spaces of brick pavement, clean as a whistle, even, lasting, effective. The natural inquiry would be:

"Why can't we have such pavement at the entrance of San Francisco instead of the rough basalt blocks dumped on sand that make the Embarcadero unsightly and inefficient?"

Perhaps the Harbor Commissioners could answer that question. Perhaps they think the present conditions are good enough. Perhaps they are willing to remain in a backwoods state of development. But if they'd come up here and see, they'd hardly have an excuse for keeping the Embarcadero as it is.

Now Seattle has 165 miles of paved

streets—paved with this smooth brick pavement that seems so desirable for medium traffic conditions; with asphalt, or with cement or stone blocks.

The cement and stone blocks are not rough, irregular shapes, dumped down recklessly on sand to be dusty in summer and muddy in winter, as are our basalt block streets, but these blocks are shaped to a nicety and then laid on a firm footing of concrete or other material, bound and grouted so the surface is almost as smooth as asphalt. When cleaned these streets do not at once spit up more mud or dust to foul themselves again as so many of our streets do.

Note:—Mr. Edward H. Hamilton, the writer of the above article, who is recognized as a keen observer has been sent by his employers, the publishers of the "San Francisco Examiner," to inspect and report on municipal and civic conditions and advance in the cities of the Pacific Coast. This article is taken from his report appearing in "The Examiner" dated July 24, 1912.

PORTLAND, OUTHIT, WINS GAME EASILY

OAKLAND, July 30, (Special).—Although Oakland hit Higginbotham hard, making 11 bingles, Portland won 6 to 2. Pernoll held the visitors to 6 hits. Portland made 5 in the fifth as follows:

Howley fanned, Higginbotham walked, Doane forced Higginbotham. Coffle to Leard. Doane stole. Bancroft singled and stole, and on Rohrer's wild throw to third to get Doane the latter scored and Bancroft took third. Lindsey walked and stole. Krueger hit by pitched ball. Butcher home clearing the bases. Rodgers out, Leard to Tiedeman.

The results Tuesday follow:

At San Francisco—Portland 6, Oakland 2.

At Los Angeles—San Francisco 6, Vernon 2.

At Sacramento—Sacramento 5, Los Angeles 4 (11 innings).

National League

New York 10, Chicago 4.

Pittsburg 3, Philadelphia 2.

Cincinnati 5, Brooklyn 4.

Boston 7, St. Louis 6.

American League

Chicago 6, Boston 5.

Detroit 7, Philadelphia 6.

St. Louis 5, New York 1.

The Ducking Stool in England.

The latest recorded use of the ducking stool in England (the designations ducking and ducking were, of course, synonymous in the days of Queen Elizabeth) was in 1899. It was at Leominster, when a woman named Jenny Pipes, alias Jane Corran, was paraded through the town on the ducking stool and ducked in the water near Kenwater bridge by order of the magistrates. In 1817 another woman, called Sarah Leake, was wheeled round the place in the same chair, but not ducked, as, fortunately for her, the water was too low. The instrument of punishment in question has not been used since then.—London Notes and Queries.

Alsace-Lorraine.

Alsace-Lorraine has an area of 5,601 square miles and about 2,000,000 inhabitants. Its people are noted for their thrift and industry. It is rich in mineral resources, and its industries are many, varied and progressive.

JUDGE HANFORD PROBE NOT TO BE DROPPED

WASHINGTON, July 30.—President Taft's refusal to accept the resignation of United States Judge C. H. Hanford until he has conferred with the subcommittee of the house judiciary committee which investigated impeachment charges in Seattle against the jurist, has caused the belief here today that the president plans to make Hanford's case an example, illustrating the theory that impeachment proceedings are as expeditious as the recall of judges. The subcommittee is expected to arrive tomorrow.

Several days ago President Taft announced that he would not accept Hanford's resignation if the subcommittee reported that the evidence was sufficient to result in impeachment. In the latter event the Hanford investigation would proceed as originally planned.

Mrs. F. T. Barlow has MAMMOTH DAHLIAS

Mrs. F. T. Barlow, one of the enthusiastic rose culturists of Oregon City, and who has won many prizes at the rose shows given by the Clackamas County Rose Society in this city, has dahlias growing in her garden that are the finest that have been grown in this city.

Some of the Souvenir De Dozen variety have a diameter of 7 1/2 inches, and circumference of 22 1/2 inches. They are of a bright red. Mrs. Barlow says the Gelsings will be blooming in a few days. The bulbs were planted early in the spring and the only fertilizer used was ground bone. The dahlias are growing in sandy soil. In the garden of Mrs. Barlow, as well as of her neighbor, Mrs. R. D. Wilson, are sunflower plants, literally covered with golden colored flowers, the stalks of which are over twelve feet in height.

One View of It.

"What is this here osteopathy?"

"It is the science of manipulating bones."

"Pshaw! Then it's nothing but the end part of the minstrel show."—Baltimore American.

FREE CANAL FIGHT TO BE CONTINUED

WASHINGTON, July 30.—Five members of the house committee on interstate commerce who have led the fight for free passage through the Panama canal for American vessels, announced today that they would "stick out for free tolls even if it takes all summer." Representatives Humphrey of Washington and Knowland of California are two of the free toll champions.

The matter of fortifying the canal occupied part of the afternoon in the senate. Several senators favored heavy fortifications with provisions for free passage of warships in time of war.

MRS. BOYLAN DINNER GUEST OF HONOR

Mrs. George Boylan, a former resident of Oregon City, but now of Seaside, had an enjoyable surprise at her home Monday, when her daughters, Mrs. Frank White, of Portland, Mrs. W. C. Green and Mrs. A. R. Williams of this city, who were her guests at Seaside, gave a dinner in honor of her sixty-third birthday.

Mrs. Boylan was taken by a member of the family to the beach to watch the bathers enjoying the surf, and upon the return to her home found the tables prettily decorated with flowers, and a most delicious dinner waiting. One of the enjoyable occasions of this event was the gathering of four generations of the Boylan family.

Present were Mr. and Mrs. George Boylan, of Seaside; Mrs. W. C. Green and son, Clyde, of Oregon City; Mrs. A. R. Williams and son, Allen of Oregon City; Mr. and Mrs. Frank White of Portland; Robert Green, of Oregon City; Mrs. Laura Guillott and son, Virgil, of Portland; Charles Boylan, of Seaside.

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