

The Columbian.

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NO. 34.

WHEN YOU WANT TO

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DANVILLE DEFEATED.

One of the noisiest, most crowded, well-played, and altogether satisfactory games that has been played in Bloomsburg for years was that of yesterday, when the Recreation team met Danville in the much discussed replayed game of July fifth, which ended in a Bloomsburg victory with a score of 5-1.

The voluminous amount of superheated atmosphere which has been cast about over this contest served to draw a record-breaking crowd to Recreation Field from all parts of this county and from Montour. The stand and bleachers were full, and the field was well-nigh surrounded with enthusiasts. Many automobiles were on the ground.

The first and eighth innings were the lucky ones for Bloomsburg, in which two and three runs, respectively, were made. Danville scored its single tally in the ninth, with the assistance of carelessness on the part of the locals.

Hine, the local pitcher, covered himself with glory, striking out thirteen men, and allowing only four hits.

The locals banged out eleven hits, one of the most spectacular of which was that of Brogan in the eighth, when the bases were full, bringing in three runs. Bloomsburg fielded well, there being but one error. Danville had two.

In view of past difficulties, the game was a good one to win, and the fans were jubilant. It is to be hoped that the contest has put an end to jingoism.

CANDIDATES NOTIFIED.

The Democratic candidates for State offices were officially notified of their nominations at Williamsport yesterday.

Bruce F. Sterling made the notification address, and was followed by the candidates, C. LaRue Munson, nominee for the Supreme Court; J. Wood Clark, for Auditor General, and George W. Kipp, for State Treasurer.

Many prominent Democrats from all over the State were present. John G. Harman and C. A. Small, of town were members of the notification committee.

STATE TROOPER KILLED.

John C. Smith, of Centralia, a member of troop C of the State Constabulary, was shot while on duty at the scene of the strike riots at the Pressed Steel Car Works at McKee's Rocks, and died on Monday. Four bullets had entered his body and his skull was fractured. The body was shipped to Centralia. Mr. Smith was well known in the lower end of the county, and has occasionally visited this town. He is survived by his parents and four brothers and sisters.

OFFICERS RE-ELECTED.

At a meeting of the directors of Harman and Hassert Tuesday the annual election of officers was held and resulted in all of the old officers being re-elected as follows: J. Lee Harman, president and treasurer; John G. Harman, secretary; and George Hassert, vice president. The meeting was held in the office of the company with practically all of the directors present.

Don't fail to see that your own son, or your neighbor's son, who voted on age last fall, is Registered. He cannot vote if he is not. And Wednesday, September 1st, is the last day that this important matter can be attended to.

FOR CREAMY'S JOB.

Several Possible Columbia County Aspirants

Democratic politicians and Republicans as well are casting covetous eyes at the possible opening for a legislator new at the game to represent Columbia county at Harrisburg. It seems to be fairly established, although he has declined to commit himself, that "Farmer" Creamy, who has held down the job of Representative from this county for many years, will shy his castor at the Senatorial nomination.

There will be no dearth of timber in the Democratic party should a successor to Creamy in the Assembly be wanted. Already the names of various possibilities are being brought forward, prominent among whom are W. C. Johnston and William Chrisman, Bloomsburg attorneys; Charles Shaffer, of Berwick, a candidate for Associate Judge two years ago, and Alexander C. Jackson, a Berwick attorney.

HOME FROM PHILIPPINES.

E. Joe Albertson, son of Mrs. Ella Albertson of Light Street road, arrived in Bloomsburg last Tuesday from the Philippines where for the past eight years he has been engaged in teaching, and in government administrative work.

He has been granted a ten months' leave of absence. When he returns to the East he will have made his second trip around the earth.

CARLISLE'S CELEBRATION.

Carlisle is now celebrating Old Home Week. Elaborate preparations were made for it, and the town is crowded with old residents. The initial services were held last Sunday in all the churches and on Dickinson College campus.

This is the first Home Week Carlisle has had in one hundred and fifty eight years.

SILK MILL PICNIC LARGE.

Ten coaches filled to overflowing carried the crowd which attended the Silk Mill Picnic to Indian Park, near Williamsport, last Saturday.

Not only was the Silk Mill closed for the day, but a number of the other manufactures were shut down in order to allow the employes to attend the picnic.

BAND CONCERT NEXT SUNDAY.

The Citizens' Band, under the direction of Chas. P. Elwell, will give a concert in front of the Town Hall on Sunday afternoon. It will be given under the auspices of the Friendship Fire Company. A program of eight numbers has been arranged.

Contract Let for Conduit Towers.

The contract has been let by the Harwood Electric Company and the Columbia Power, Light and Railways Company for the construction of two sixty-five foot steel towers to be placed on either side of the Susquehanna river above Berwick and Nescopeck, Archibald and Company being the successful bidders. To these spans there will be stretched six steel cables, each 2,200 feet long, which will carry the current from one side of the river to the other. The contract was let at a meeting between general manager Ellis of the Columbia Power, Light and Railways Company, general manager John Wise of the Harwood Company and Mr. Archibald, representing the construction company.



THE BLOOMSBURG NATIONAL BANK
BLOOMSBURG PENN'A

THE STROLLER.

The Stroller was placidly puffing his pipe at his desk, longing for something to happen that would furnish newspaper copy—either that gold had been discovered on the River Hill, or that somebody had been arrested for selling cigarettes to minors, or that Bloomsburg had moved to first place in the Susquehanna League, or something of this unusual character with which a few columns of reading matter might be filled.

News was scarce. The genial philosopher wrinkled his forehead, tucked his feet in the waste basket, and refilled his pipe. The office was warm and sultry. Slowly his head drooped and his cares were forgotten. He was dreaming of pleasant fields and hills and waterfalls, when his pipe fell to the floor and he awoke with a start.

The visions had proved to be his salvation; he would go to the places of which he had dreamed, and spend a day or so in close proximity to nature. He remembered that Billy Lansdowne had often asked him to take a hike to Kitchen Creek. He lost no time in phoning to that worthy.

One hour later found the two on a northbound B. & S. train en route for Central, togged in khaki and leggings.

"Howdy, gents," quoth Mine Host of the Central Park Hotel as the Stroller and his friend entered the office of that establishment. "Rooms for the night? Yes, sir. Breakfast? Oh, we have it at half past five, but you can get it earlier if you want to."

While waiting for supper the Stroller strolled out to look at the village and the country. He sauntered along the parched and dusty road, and then wandered through fields and among the rocks.

"Hey sonny," he shouted to a rustic urchin, "which way is Fishing Creek?"

"Ver standin' in the middle of it, yuh blame fool," returned the boy.

Sure enough he was. A lot of dry stones piled helter-skelter showed where there was once a rippling stream. The Stroller muttered something about Jupiter Pluvius not having been on the job lately, and rambled back to supper.

After the evening meal, the villagers assembled along the road opposite the tavern and waxed excited over a game of quoits. Mine Host sat on the porch and discoursed to his two guests on the respective merits of the contestants.

Darkness and the cool night air brought a dozen or so into the hotel office, and our two friends found themselves part of a little group, seated in wooden chairs tilted back against the wall, all silently puffing their pipes, the smoke from which floated lazily around the single coal oil lamp.

Mine Host monopolized the conversation and entertained the assemblage with interesting yarns. When, after an hour, he lapsed into silence, the Stroller, anxious that the meeting should not pall, cast about for a subject of conversation, and, seeing a "Moxie" sign on the wall, innocently inquired whether it was a kind of whiskey, which show of ignorance so disgusted the other listeners that he discreetly withdrew and went to bed.

The next morning Mine Host set forth a good breakfast for the hikers at five thirty, after which they bade the genial landlord farewell,

and sauntered away toward Red Rock, five miles distant.

Following a lonely road which skirts the highlands, they reached that little settlement, and turning northward into the hills, wandered two miles further to the foot of Kitchen Creek.

Now the Stroller had often been told of this stream. Moreover, he once knew a man who had taken pictures of it, so, with joy and expectation in his heart, and a kodak in his hand, he approached its lower reaches.

The ears of the wanderers were greeted with a rushing of water as they neared the bridge under which the torrent makes its final leap. A few steps below the road brought them to the lower falls. Through a gorge, hollowed out through centuries, the flood leaped into a foam surrounded by perpendicular mossy walls and fern bedecked banks. This first glimpse of the stream was alone worth the journey.

But more natural beauties and wild grandeur yet awaited the rambles. They began the ascent through the glen by the mountain path which follows the stream to its source. Through shadowy woods, penetrated in little spots by the sunlight, over log bridges which cross and recross the frolicking water as it hurries over its rocky bed, they climbed upward. A distant commotion of the water was gradually intensified until it overcame the low murmur of the quieter stretches as they neared the first of the series of cascades which extend to the summit of North Mountain. They gazed at it in silence. Even the loquacious Billy was casting around for words to express his appreciation.

"Pretty nice, eh?" came the query from behind them. Startled by a voice in this solitude, they turned and saw the warden of the glen; a pleasant fellow, with a sombrero, and a formidable looking gun on his hip.

The trio then continued the ascent, the warden giving interesting information, and proving to be a very entertaining companion. "Have a cigar," asked the Stroller.

"Thanks," said the warden, as he pocketed the cigar and lighted up his pipe.

Up the winding three miles of magnificent wilderness they climbed; now along a murmuring pool or a gently running reach of ripples; now past a ninety foot cliff where the water dashes in many a stream over the jagged rocks upon the face of the precipice into the pools below; now by a series of rocky steps over which the stream tumbles in picturesque beauty; and at another place past a lofty shelf over which the creek plunges in a solid sheet, pounding and swirling in the rocks thirty feet below the brink.

The Stroller felt that, though much of praise had been bestowed upon this scenic stream, much had been left unsaid; the general public knew too little about it, save for an occasional picture postal card.

As all good things must come to an end, so, at last, did the falls. The party reached the top of the mountain, where the warden bade adieu to the other two, who continued their way around Lake Dodson. They were thirsty, for Mine Host had served them with very salty fried ham for breakfast. The creek water was colored by the bark of the woods, and was undrinkable.

[Continued on page 5]

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of Your Shadow When
You Wear

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