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H. E. HELMER,

Real Estate and Loans,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

The Observer.

In Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" there is a charming account of a Christmas-tide spent by the author at Bracebridge Hall, one of the few places in England where even so late as the early part of the last century the traditions and customs of the Cavaliers of the seventeenth century still obtained. The sermon in the parish church on Christmas-day was an echo of the controversies which raged about Christmas during the troubled times of the Puritan revolt and ascendancy.

"The parson gave us a most erudite sermon on the rites and ceremonies of Christmas, and propriety of observing it not merely as a day of thanksgiving but of rejoicing, supporting the correctness of his opinions by the earliest usages of the Church and enforcing them by the authorities of Theophilus of Caesarea, St. Cyprian, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, and a cloud more of saints and fathers, from whom he made copious quotations. I was a little at a loss to perceive the necessity of such a mighty array of forces to maintain a point which no one present seemed inclined to dispute; but I soon found that the good man had a legion of ideal adversaries to contend with, having in the course of his researches on the subject of Christmas got completely embroiled in the sectarian controversies of the Revolution, when the Puritans made such a fierce assault upon the ceremonies of the Church, and poor old Christmas was driven out of the land by Proclamation of Parliament. The worthy parson lived but with times past, and knew but little of the present.

"Shut up among worm-eaten tomes in the retirement of his antiquated little study, the pages of old times were to him as the gazettes of the day, while the era of the Revolution was mere modern history. He forgot that nearly two centuries had elapsed since the fiery persecution of poor mince-pie throughout the land; when plum porridge was denounced as 'mere popery,' and roast beef as anti-christian, and that Christmas had been brought in again triumphantly with the merry court of King Charles at the Restoration. He kindled into warmth with the ardor of his contest and the host of imaginary foes with whom he had to combat; he had a stubborn conflict with old Pryne and two or three other forgotten champions of the Roundheads on the subject of Christmas festivity, and concluded by urging his hearers, in the most solemn and affecting manner, to stand to the traditional customs of their fathers and feast and make merry on this joyful anniversary of the Church."

An amusing instance of the Puritan dislike for Christmas is naively related by Governor Bradford in his "History of the Plymouth Plantation." Nearly a year after the landing of the Pilgrims, a shipload of young fellows came out from England to join the little colony. "On ye day called Christmas day," says Bradford, "ye Govr called them out to worke, (as was used,) but ye most part of this new company excused themselves and said it went against their conscience to work on that day. So ye Govr told them that if they made it mater of conscience, he would spare them till they were better informed. So he led away ye rest and left them; but when they came home at noone from their worke, he found them in the streets at play, openly; some pitching ye bar & some at stoole-ball, and such like sports. So he went to them, and tooke away their implements, and told them that was against his conscience, that they should play & others worke. If they made ye keeping of it matter of devotion, let them keep their houses, but there should be no gameing or revelling in ye streets. Since which time nothing hath been attempted that way, at least openly."

**Christmas at Presbyterian Church.**  
Special music on Sabbath morning and evening, and preaching appropriate.

On Christmas night (Monday) "Sleepy Santa," a Christmas Cantata will be rendered.

### Harry Lloyd's Store Ransacked.

His automobile filled chock full, With presents large and small, Old Santa Claus departed from his home, For on Christmas Eve upon his children dear, He had to call, And patiently looked for him to come.

At Buffalo, Rochester, Hornellsville and Troy, And all the little towns that are between, He had some pretty presents for every girl and boy, To hang upon the Christmas tree so green.

At Olean he stopped again, And filled the stockings all, The presents they were very fine to see, He put them in the dining room, the kitchen and the hall, To be ready to hang upon the tree.

The next place was Emporium, At which he had to stop, For many little friends were waiting there, To get their dollies, books and drums, And nice red spinning tops, And animals with long white silky hair.

But then a great misfortune befell the dear old man, He pulled his whiskers and was very sad, For looking in his auto, As up the streets he ran, He found his presents missing that he had.

What shall I do? Poor Santa cried, My heart is troubled sore, The children here I cannot disappoint, When suddenly across the street he saw a pretty store, Where lights shone brightly in the winter's night.

He stepped across and read the sign, That hung above the door, His feelings changed and he was overjoyed, For the letters there that pleased him so, And filled him with delight, Spelled the name of our good townsman HARRY LLOYD.

The store was filled from floor to roof, With every kind of toy, Books and pictures there were there galore, And everything that's wanted for little girls and boys,

Old Santa said "I cannot wish for more," So in he went and filled his bags, And went his journey on, And said if ever trouble me betides, To Emporium at once I'll go, As happy as can be, And get my Christmas goods at HARRY LLOYD'S, J. F. SULLIVAN.

### Holiday Goods.

In view of the fact that there is more holiday goods in town than can be sold in the next three years, I have concluded to offer my extensive line at such a reduction in price, as will make it an object for everybody to come to my store to purchase the balance of their holiday goods. This is not mere talk but business and you can easily be convinced of this fact by calling.

Respectfully, L. TAGGART.

### Interesting Letters.

Mr. Alfred Truman, of Brookville, (formerly a resident of this county, when engaged in lumbering at Truman) has become one of the most popular and entertaining writers in the country. Devoting most of his time to travel, he takes delight in describing to his friends his impressions and discoveries. We are pleased to announce that the PRESS has arranged with Mr. Truman for the publication of his letters. The first of the series appears in this issue and we assure our readers they will always find Mr. Truman's letters interesting and instructive.

### DEATH'S DOINGS.

SAGE.

Just as we go to press we learn of the death of C. H. Sage of Johnsonburg, which occurred at that place this morning.

GILMARTIN.

Thos. Gilmartin of Sterling Run, notice of whose accident appeared in this paper at the time, died from the effects of the fall this morning at three o'clock, at his home. We are unable to get the particulars as to the arrangements at this writing.

FOUNTAIN.

Joseph, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ruben Fountain, of West Allegany Avenue, aged about 19 years, died at the family residence last Monday morning. The young man had been at Sharon, Pa., for some time and came home about two weeks ago and after a day or two was taken sick with typhoid fever. His parents did all that could be done for the young man, hiring a trained nurse to care for him, but he gradually grew worse and died on the above date.

The funeral was held yesterday afternoon from the Baptist church, Rev. T. W. Twichell, officiating, assisted by Rev. Robt. McCaslin, interment was made in Newton Cemetery.

### Snyder-Verbeck.

Mr. Ernest E. Snyder and Miss Effie Verbeck, of Reynoldsville, Pa., were united in marriage on Wednesday afternoon, December 20th, at rectory of Emmanuel Church, the Rev. J. M. Robertson, officiating.

## The Gift I Didn't Get

A Christmas Poem by Peter McArthur

Copyright, 1904, by Peter McArthur



A Girl Who Calls Me Friend

**I** HAVE presents by the dozen, Meant to make my Christmas glad, From each uncle, aunt and cousin— Best a fellow ever had, There's a keepsake from my mother, Father sent a check—and yet I am thinking of another— Of the one I didn't get.

**T**HERE are gifts from all the fellows, Pipes and things a chum will send; There's a tie, all reds and yellows, From a girl who calls me friend, You would think me far from slighted If you saw them all—and yet, I confess, I'm most delighted With the one I didn't get.

**S**HE told me it was ready, She'd prepared it long before; I'd been calling on her steady For at least a year or more, She told me all about it, And her eyes with tears were wet, And I'm happy, never doubt it, For that gift I didn't get.

**H**ER attitude was altered When I called on her last night, But my tale of love I faltered, And I guess I did it right, And this little rhyme is written 'Cause I'm full of joy—you bet! For a frosty little mitten Was the gift I didn't get.

### Interesting Letter.

Editor Press:—

At the beginning of the present autumn I had occasion to visit North Eastern New York, in that particular region along the Black river made famous in the eighteenth century by the settlement of many French Huguenot families, of noble birth, of whom I wish to write at another time. On this occasion I will bring to the reader's notice the manner in which I was impressed with the town of Deferiet and its industry. The name Deferiet was given the town in honor of the memory of Madame Deferiet, an influential member of one of the principal Huguenot families that found exile in the state of New York after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The town of Deferiet is prettily located in the valley of the Black river. Its population numbers about one thousand souls, and the sole industry which gives these people employment is the great paper works of the place.

The Black river is a stream of some magnitude, its dark waters flowing from the Adirondack mountains. At Deferiet the river makes a great bend, and the paper company, to utilize the water's enormous power, have cut a canal at an immense cost, from the two points of the river where its serpentine like form are brought closest together. Over one million of dollars were spent in this one feature of the plant alone. In addition to all the vast power exerted by water, the steam engine in use represents some thousands of horse power also, meaning the consumption of a great quantity of coal for fuel. The institution all throughout, is one of the most modern known. Its capacity, whilst not the greatest, represents a daily output of one hundred and forty tons of finished paper. Its consumption of wood means the destruction of three thousand, five hundred acres of spruce forest yearly.

And having seen the working of the great plant, I asked the gentleman who had so kindly shown and explained it all to me, as to where a market was found for their enormous product, and was told that a certain New York journal consumed sixty-four tons of this paper every day of the year, and that the same concern published two other papers which I know to be of the same lamentable order, in two other cities of the state, all three consuming an amount of paper equal to the plants entire production.

After learning this information I passed into a deep reverie, and my thoughts ran something like this: "What crime, what infamy, all this colossal and stupendous waste of nature's resources. The loss to the world of thousands of acres of magnificent young forests every year, the investment of millions of capital, and the employment of hundreds of hands, all to create a species of publications which are evil, tending only to degrade the mind and the morals of those who read them, a class of literature so baneful as to make the acquisition of knowledge and intelligence impossible wherever its influence comes, a blight upon the human mind." Coming out of this reverie I am still wondering whether, from the beginning of time, there has been any form of criminal, or other waste, that has in any degree been comparable with our destruction of the country's rapidly waning forests for no better purpose than to deluge millions of people daily and hourly with printed matter of the shocking and deplorable character of what the daily press is so largely constituted.

People boast of their love of country and their patriotism, and yet subscribe to a thing that destroys the objects of education and all desire for intellectual advancement; a thing that saps the brain just as certain species of insects dwarf the growth and sometimes saps the life of the living plant, or creature, upon which they exist.

Philanthropists have constituted millions upon millions of money for the purpose of creating libraries, hoping to disseminate knowledge and to make their fellow men better and wiser, but in the path of their good intentions comes the cyclone of journalistic crazy madness feeding the poor brain with a class of garbage that renders both brain and good intentions nugatory.

ALFRED TRUMAN, Hollins, Ala., Dec. 1, 1905.

**Christmas Service.**  
A Christmas service by M. E. Sunday school, will be given next Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, which will be in charge of Miss Lillian Heilman and Mrs. Geo. Metzger, Jr.

**Fire at Huntley.**  
The tenement house owned by Levi Smith, which was formerly occupied by Mrs. John Campbell was burned to the ground Wednesday morning. It is not known how the fire originated. Estimated loss was about \$200. The building was not insured.

**Dagget's Worcester Brand box candy** for sale by M. L. Cummings. A nice Christmas present.

**Kiener-Barton.**  
At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Diehl, North Poplar street, Wednesday evening, at 9 o'clock, Mr. John H. Kiener, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Miss Gertrude L. Barton, of Emporium, Pa. were married by the Rev. O. S. Metzger pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church. Preceded by little Miss Florence Diehl, flower girl, and Mr. Floyd Barton, brother of the bride and Miss May Moon, as best man and bride's maid, respectively, and to the strains of Lohengrin wedding march, played by Miss Myrtle Olmsted, the party entered the parlor and were made man and wife, the ring ceremony being used. Mr. Kiener is a young man of many fine qualities and is in the employ of Emporium Lumber Co., while Miss Barton the daughter of Mr. Charles Barton, is held in high regard by a large circle of intimates.

The decorations of carnations and roses were very beautiful. Following the ceremony a bountiful luncheon was served, covers being laid for sixteen.

Mr. and Mrs. Kiener will enjoy a wedding tour to Buffalo and Niagara Falls and will, upon their return, reside at Keating Summit.

**"Grimes' Cellar Door."**  
Don't fail to see "Grimes' Cellar Door," at the Emporium Opera House, Saturday Dec. 23. The company is headed by that inimitable comedian, Mr. James B. Mackie, the man that has made millions laugh and who plays the part of "Grimesey Me Boy." Mr. Mackie has a reputation well known from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast as an entertainer. His manager has surrounded him with a merry collection of players, and a lively presentation of one of the liveliest entertainments is assured. There is not a dull moment during the whole performance as there are plenty of catchy music, pretty girls, pretty dances, comical comedians, etc., and the engagement of this clever comedian and company at Opera House, Dec. 23, should prove an enjoyable entertainment.

**Christmas Services at Emmanuel Church.**  
Christmas Day, Monday, Dec. 25th, 10 a.m., Morning Prayer, Holy Communion and Sermon. The offerings at this service, as well as at the services next Sunday morning will be for General Fund for Clergy Relief.

The Sunday school Christmas festival will be held Holy Innocents' Day, Thursday, December 28th, at 7 p. m. The envelopes for the Christmas Tree Fund will be received at that time, or they may be placed in the plate on Sunday or Christmas day.

**Farm for Sale.**  
A good farm for sale or rent; address, WM. HACKENBERG, Emporium, Pa.

**Lulu Tyler Gates and Her Company, December 28.**  
The third number of the Peoples Star Entertainment Course will be, Lulu Tyler Gates and her company of artists, Thursday evening, December 28. Mrs. Gates' success as a public reader, has been unbounded, her Chattanooga appearances the past season, being features of almost phenomenal interest and attractiveness. Two years ago she won the plaudits of our people, by the rare excellence of her work, but her development since then gives her a rank second to none as an interpreter of the best things in literature and an entertainer of the pleasing and popular sort. The assisting artists will be Walter Bently Ball, Baritone, Ebba Hjertstedt the Swedish Violinist, and Grace Gilmore, Pianist, forming a combination of such strength as to place them in advance of any popular concert company before the public. Mr. Ball starred at the head of a company of his own for several seasons. He is possessed of a robust and delightfully smooth voice and in ballad work is especially effective. Miss Hjertstedt has studied at home and abroad under the best teachers of the violin and this, her first American tour, will prove the superiority of the grade of her work. She is worthy to be at the head of a company of her own. Miss Gilmore is brilliant both as a soloist and accompanist. Tickets at Lloyd's.

**The Brockway Jubilee Singers.**  
The justly celebrated Brockway Jubilee Singers will be with us Wednesday evening, Jan. 3rd in a program of new songs and new specialties, with some of the best of the old features, of which the public never tires, retained and brought freshly up-to-date. Always at the top, they are said now to be better than ever. Their itinerary extends from ocean to ocean while they have a record of over four thousand concerts, having appeared in the best courses in the largest cities of the continent. The demand for this class of entertainment knows no diminution and the management believes an audience of generous size will greet them on the occasion of their appearance at the opera house, Wednesday evening, January 3. The reserved seat chart will open at Lloyd's book store, Tuesday, January 2nd, eight a. m. First five rows 50 cts; balance of the house 35 cts; gallery 25 cts.

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THE WEATHER, FRIDAY, Fair, SATURDAY, Rain or Snow, SUNDAY, Fair

ASSETS

**First National Bank,** EMPORIUM, PA.  
At the close of business December 20th, 1905, \$792,781.72.

Now that I have money on deposit in this Bank everybody wishes me a prosperous and Happy New Year.

**Opera House,** EMPORIUM, PA., ONE NIGHT ONLY Saturday, December 23rd, Hoy's Famous Comedian **JAMES B. MACKIE** In the Great Comedy Success

**Grimes Cellar Door** Supported by a Clever Company Catchy Music, Pretty Girls, Marches, Dances and Choruses Galore Original Special Trick Equipment. Prices—25, 35, 50 and 75c.

**Man About Town.**  
Hang up a clean, new stocking, With no holes in the heel; For Santa'll do some knocking If an outlet he should feel.

There is a smile on the face of the kids these days that you could not wipe off with a crash towel. Christmas shoppers should look sharp at their change. \$500 counterfeit bills are in circulation. It is better to give than receive. Don't forget the unconverted; they are perfectly willing to receive. The Laundry Trust raises prices again the first of the year. People will have to turn their collars and shirts, and Brother Hilliker is now using glucose instead of starch.

Pedestrians along the Rialto Sunday evening had the assurance of the visit to some neighboring hen roost of one of those ill scented animals—the smell was rank. Postmaster Seger is contemplating holding a fair in the basement of the postoffice after the Holidays to raise currency to pay the twelve million postal deficit.

A person in town known for his love for the filthy lucre and his hatred for women. A lady remarked the only woman he ever loved was the one on the silver dollar.

Brother Pyle of the Sun Life Insurance Co., is not in any way alarmed about the investigations. Says the Sun's surplus is what keeps the Bank of England running. Says where the English language is spoken the Sun is a household word and its methods of doing business favors the under dog.

Prof. Ericsson is scheduled some time in the near future to read a paper before the Sinnamahoning Liars' Club. Subject, "Dynamite, its utility in progressing people towards the Sweet Bye-and-Bye." The Prof. told a bright little girl, the other day, if she would come to church she would see him play the organ. Innocently the little one asked: "Will you have a monkey?"

We have a claw hammer coat, celluloid shirt bosom and white neck-tie to rent New Year's day. Callers can govern themselves accordingly.

The towel used in our press room fell from its roller, a few days ago, and striking the floor, broke in two.

A man went into Uncle Peter Beattie's Tobacco Exchange, the other day, and says: "Peter, can you change a five?" "No," says Peter, "I wish I had a five for a change." A suburbanite was telling him how a man in one of the lumber camps made a perfect fitting shirt out of hemlock bark and wore it two weeks without suffering any inconvenience. "Well," said Peter, "that's the worst 'shirt tail' I ever heard." Says when he was a boy in the Province of New Brunswick he saw the wind blow so hard he flew a kite made from an iron window shutter and used a log chain for a tail; a man standing by watching him was caught in the mouth by a gust of wind and was turned completely wrong side out. He tells this story: "A girl living up on Hick's run, one day when her housework was done, said, I do declare, I will kill a bear. And loaded her old father's gun, she walked up the creek quite a way, where she thought the bears ought to stay she stepped on a skunk. And came down kerbang. That ended the hunt for that day. When she came back to the house, she came in as still as a mouse, but she had the smell. And the people did yell. Mine foot felt just like roses." GARBANWAY.