

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

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EMPORIUM - PENNSYLVANIA

MAN THAT THE CROOKS SEEK

The Unscrupulous One Who Wants
Something for Nothing is Their
Legitimate Prey.

One is forced into a sort of sneaking respect for a crook like "Big Jack" Strosneider, who got the iron jacket the other day for alleged complicity in the swindle of Coleman, the thieving bank clerk, by "Big Bill" Kollier. Strosneider is on the level in his crookedness. He makes swindling a profession. "Sure," he said, not long before his arrest, "I am on the cross. But if there were ever a legitimate crook, I'm the boy. I give to my profession the same study that an up-to-date physician does to his. I have correspondents in at least four European capitals, and they keep me posted on new and ingenious devices to separate the sucker from his quilt. "And the European swindler is a past master where we are babes. Most of our schemes are cooked-over variations of methods of the down-trodden tin horn of an effete monarchy has cast aside. You see, the cops over there are fast workers, and a man has to get it in a hurry if he wants to enjoy life. And over there the governments toss a gentleman of my profession in a cell and forget him for eight years before he gets to trial—and if he proves he's innocent the best he gets is a chance to beat it over the boundaries. I keep a card index of suckers, for a man who has fallen once will fall harder the second time, if he has any kale left. And I rather pride myself on my ingenuity. If I find a crook, I'll land him, four times out of five."

"If you find a crook?" asked the other party, wondering.

"Sure," said Strosneider. "You don't think a crook can rob an honest man, do you—unless he swings a mace? It's the guy who wants something for nothing that is fish in the pan."

Raising Culture Pearls.

In Japan, about a dozen miles south of the famous shrine of Ise in the sheltered bay of Ago, long noted for producing the finest of oriental pearls, these wonderful "solidified drops of dew" are being produced and marketed with the calm and business-like methods that characterize a successful egg farm.

The process of raising culture pearls is simple, and enormously successful. With great care pearl oysters are developed until they are about three years old, when small pearls or round pieces of naure, which are to serve as the nuclei of large pearls, are introduced into the shells.

The oysters are then put back into the sea and left undisturbed for at least four years, at the end of which time they are gathered and opened, when it is found that the animal has invested the inserted nucleus with many layers of naure, producing a large and perfect pearl. All that is required is care and patience, qualities which the Japanese possess to the utmost degree.

The Utility of Airships.

Only a short time ago the skeptics said man could never navigate the air. Now they are saying that airships will be useful only in war.

The wise man will refrain from making pessimistic predictions. The progress in aerial navigation has been so rapid that we need not be astonished to hear any day of the incorporation of a real air line of transportation.

Hamilton's achievement recently, that of Curtiss a few days ago, the transatlantic exploits of Frenchmen and Englishmen, as well as the successes of other sailors of the atmospheric sea, are assurances that aerial navigation will one day be as safe a mode of travel and transportation as transit by land or sea.

Matches by the Million.

There are many methods of manufacturing matches; there are many different machines employed in such manufacture. Nearly every company has machinery specially adapted to its own peculiar use, and employs processes discovered or devised by its own chemists and mechanics, which are kept trade secrets. One of these machines has been known to turn out 17,924,400 matches in one day, boxed and labeled ready for shipment.

Remarkable Maine Veteran.

One of the smartest old men in Maine at the present time is Simon Smith of East Dixfield. Mr. Smith was born October 1, 1817, and is therefore ninety-three years of age. He never used liquor or tobacco, tea or coffee, and never required the services of a physician. He is proud of the fact that he never received a dunning letter or sent one. His health is still excellent and he often calls on friends.—Kennebec Journal.

"A Mad World, My Masters."

"George, dear, I see in this paper that some doctor says everybody will be crazy by the year 2175. What do you think of it?"

"I think the doctor himself is crazy—for notoriety."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Domestic Sarcasm.

Husband (savagely)—I wonder why they call them intelligence offices?
Wife—Why not?
Husband—You never find any in them.

ARE QUEENS OF HOMES
AS WELL AS EMPIRES

EVER since Queen Victoria, some fifty or sixty years ago, roundly spanked a small son who was cutting up didoes—and that right in public in the midst of some big procession or other—the English throne has set about the most forceful example of strict attention on the part of its queens to the principal business of womanhood that the modern world has seen.

Not that publicly chastising a naughty child is of itself an index of the right sort of motherhood, by any means. But in these particular circumstances it certainly was. For it served to show the entire world that the queen of Great Britain and empress of all India put nothing, not even royal decorum, above the business of motherhood.

She did not, as many mothers might have done, allow the offender to keep on in his evil course until the royal parade was at an end, and then get down to maternal first principles.

Nor did she loftily wave him out of sight, as we fondly imagine all kings and queens may, when brought face to face with an unpleasantness of whatsoever sort.

Instead, she spanked sonny with her own right royal hand.

The act was simple, human and illuminating, even if a jar to that English hallmark of good-breeding, deadly composure under all circumstances.

Queen Victoria set the example of supreme maternalness at a time when to be motherly and domestically inclined was not considered in the best of social form. Queen Alexandra after her, and now Queen Mary, continue to make a fashion of it, as much as anything can be made a fashion of, that requires all that is best in one to perform.

Makers of Homes.

In trying to get hold of the salient characteristics of Alexandra, now called the Queen Mother by her own wish, and Queen Mary, upon whose shoulders the royal mantle worn by Alexandra for nine years now falls, the curious fact presents itself that they have almost no existence outside the role of mother and housewife.

That is, whatever distinction they have attained has been through being devoted mothers, splendid home-makers, companions to their husbands when companionship was desired of them, and conservers always of the name they took in marriage.

While the English people have loved her, their feeling is nearer reverence than fellowship. She has stood alone in a little world of her own, aureoled by pure goodness.

Perhaps the fact that she is more than slightly deaf has caused this separateness from human foibles. Perhaps it has saved her pain, too, for people may whisper, but they will not shout about scandal.

Alexandra is a lover of horses and dogs, particularly dogs. At one time she was the champion woman tandem driver of England. She adores music and flowers. In Edward's dead hands she folded one white rose before he was shut forever from the world.

The queen who succeeds Alexandra on the throne, Mary, is the first British consort that has sat on the throne of England for hundreds of years. While resembling Alexandra in the most womanly of her traits—love of home and children—she gives every promise of being a more aggressive factor in the final summing up of the reign in which she figures.

Personality of New Queen.

She and her husband have led so secluded a life that very little has been heard of their private affairs—but it appears that she is renowned as a determined patronizer of English textile manufactures, refusing to wear anything not woven in British realms. She is no sportswoman. She likes to skate, but will skate on nothing but natural ice. She is a gentlewoman, and will have none but gentlewomen about her, so "freak dinners" and cotillions presents running into four or five figures are about as likely to win her suffrance as murder or arson.

Queen Mary is very good to the poor, liberally aiding bazaars, etc. She has guarded her privacy jealously, has reared five splendid children, one of whom is a girl, and has allowed herself to be photographed in an en-

gaging picture with the young prince of Wales riding pickaback on her shoulders.

Queen Mary was brought up in a straight-laced, rigid fashion by her mother, who sent her to bed instead of to parties. Mary is a cousin, twice removed, of King George. She was engaged to the duke of Clarence, the heir apparent, who died in 1892.

Against Alexandra's will, but greatly to the joy of Queen Victoria and the English people, who longed to see an England princess on the throne, being against any more German alliances for the reigning house, she was won over to an engagement with her former betrothed's younger brother, George. They were married on July 6, 1893, when Mary was about twenty-six years old.

Their Realm the Home.

It is a curious fact from this point of view that there is no part of such a role not open for emulation to the poorest wife and mother among all the subjects of these queens.

Both Queen Alexandra and Queen Mary are famous throughout Great Britain as splendid housekeepers, exquisite needlewomen, practical mothers, with thorough understanding of the care of nurseries, and educators of their young children. As housewives and mothers they have lived with a single-minded devotion, not surpassed by the most rigid of British matrons.

To be sure, no evidence appears that either of these women is highly endowed intellectually, or could by force of her brilliancy and wit reign over salons. But they might have tried. That their natural promptings have been to devote themselves to home and children indicates much, however, and the force of example has been something tremendous.

Helen Vacaresco, the Roumanian writer, tells of seeing Alexandra in her youth. She pictures her as of fairy-like beauty, with the loveliest of blue eyes, the sunniest of golden hair, and the walk of a goddess.

Lady Randolph Churchill's "Reminiscences" bring her nearer, for Lady Churchill is too brilliant a woman to be satisfied with drawing merely a lay figure of royalty. She spent some time at Sandringham with the prince and princess of Wales, and her delineation of the woman whose dressing table was so crowded with pictures of her children and bibelots that she had no place for comb or toilet articles, has the human touch. An aged white parrot occupied the stand of honor in the middle of Alexandra's dressing-room, where he was as cross as only an old parrot can be.

Lady Churchill tells how the princess used to rap unexpectedly on the door of a guest's room at night, ostensibly to ask if the guest was comfortable, but really to speak a little word of sympathy, advice or encouragement, according to what had occurred during the day to necessitate it. The princess had abnormally keen eyes for sorrow and trouble, she says, and won all hearts by her unfeeling sympathy.

Has Known Sorrow.

In 1871 Princess Alexandra lost a child. Later in the year Edward lay almost at the point of death with typhoid. During his sickness a stable boy was stricken with the same disease and died. Alexandra visited his mother, attended the funeral, and gave the stone erected over his grave. It bears this legend, which shows how gracious her tact was: "One was taken, and the other was left."

There are numberless stories of her simple goodness of heart and lavish generosity.

When she came to England her bountifulness of spirit made difficulties for her. She gave to all who sought a home, could not believe, until time demonstrated, that people were preying on her well-known kindness.

The story of her betrothal to Edward, debonair prince of Wales, has a tender touch of romance, for he fell in love with her picture. She was the daughter of a Danish prince, whose house gave an empress to Russia and a king to Greece, but her youth was spent quietly in domestic pursuits. Her father was not then king of Denmark. The home was a simple one, in which frugality and simple living prevailed. There was a remarkable bond of love between parents and children, however, that sweetened all

the short shrifts necessary, and lasted through all the after years unbroken, save where death intervened. This is in part demonstrated by Alexandra's recently establishing her summer home near Copenhagen with her sister, the dowager empress of Russia. Here, it is said, she will retire, in companionship with her sister.

Edward and Alexandra were married in 1863, when she was but nineteen. In all the years since then, during which she has had to pass through the ordeal of getting acquainted with the English people, and has had to maintain a tremendously difficult social role as princess and queen, not one single social blunder has been charged against her.

She has shown herself to be "a woman of singularly blameless life, loving and lovable," as one chronicler puts it. You cannot review her life without getting the impression that generally prevails about her in England, that she is a woman of superlative goodness of character. And not without keen intelligence, or she could never have picked her steps so carefully as neither to give offense nor seem to be offended.

For 37 years the wife of a prince whose scope, both by inclination and circumstance, was entirely social, a "good fellow" in the widest sense of the word, a man of boundless energy, superlative good nature and eager admiration for brilliancy and wit in either man or woman, Alexandra maintained a character so self-contained, so truly pure and good, that, as one writer says, a veil seems to have fallen between herself and the rest of the world, so that not even her most spontaneous acts brings her near to common human nature.

Tasks Ahead of King George.

About King George's past there hangs a romantic rumor of a morganatic marriage with the daughter of Admiral Seymour. He has made a good husband, however, being without any good fellowship or club notions whatever. He is no "mixer" in the sense that King Edward was.

They say that while many members of his father's court did not know him by sight when he succeeded King Edward, his was a familiar figure in the councils of the workmen of the East End. However that may be, it certainly "listens good" in the past in which King George finds himself today, called upon to stem the tide of one of the greatest political revolts that Great Britain has ever known.

In her pictures Queen Mary has the face of a little puritan, which she is said to be. Her training has not been such as to liberalize her views socially, at any rate in the way that Queen Alexandra's have been—or shall we say that Queen Alexandra has allowed it to appear? Queen Mary was born to a great position. Her mother was a favorite English princess and the English people have never concealed that of all women she would be the choice for England's queen.

Married to a man sharing her quiet tastes, her lack of particular care for fashion and the ostentation of wealth—in fact, of everything that King Edward stood for, including unparalleled popularity—it is but natural to believe those who predict a startling reversal to the manners of Queen Victoria's court in England; chiefly in the rigid exclusion from royal circles of all persons who cannot back up brilliancy, beauty or richness with blue blood and unspotted escutcheons.

Already Queen Mary takes out a piece of needlework or a bit of crocheting for the poor after dinner in the drawing-room and works at it standing up, for she believes that it is good for the health to stand up after dinner.

Of course, the only thing for the ladies of the court to do is to follow suit. So they, many of whom gathered around the pleasant bridge tables or evenings heretofore, stand also and teach their stiff, unaccustomed fingers the gentle art of wielding the ladylike needle again.

It is probably going to be a thoroughly well-bred court at St. James hereafter, with a blue-blooded attendance. There will be no surprises in the way of introductions therein of celebrities in arts not commonly recognized as polite. For which reason by many it is feared that it will be a much duller court, too. Which, of course, remains to be seen.

An Amazing People.

It is extraordinary how few Jews there really are in England, considering their great influence and insistence, says London Opinion. Mr. Herbert Samuel is the one Jewish member of the ministry. There are only four Jewish privy councillors, and only four Jewish peers. Eight Jews sit on the London county council; between twenty and thirty are members of the house of commons. British journalism has many Jews among its members, and American journalism more. The newspapers in Paris are largely influenced by Jews; in Berlin their influence is greater still, and in Vienna it is predominant. Finance is entirely controlled by Jews, and hence it may be said that wars are in their hands, and the fate of nations. Yet there are only 11,000,000 Jews in the whole world, and less than two hundred thousand in London! Truly an amazing people!

Hands Up!

"It's just twelve o'clock," said the timid man, tremblingly, when he had consulted his watch at the request of the polite highwayman.

"Thank you," was the polite highwayman's acknowledgment. "And now, sir," he begged, "will you be so kind as to place your hands in the same position as those on your watch, so that I will be enabled to go through your pockets with as little trouble as possible?"

Double the Wheat Yield
of Your Land

Crop rotation and good tillage will not do it all. You need fertilizer—need Armour's. In order to secure a proper return on the investment in your land you MUST increase the yield per acre.

Armour's Fertilizers

for wheat have a record of always producing the heaviest yield. Use them this Fall—Grow more wheat—Make more money. Ask your dealer.

Armour Fertilizer Works, Chicago

COUNTRY'S WEALTH IN OIL

Industry That Has Grown to Enormous proportions Within a Few Years.

The production of oil in the United States has grown from nothing at the time of its discovery to enormous proportions. Millions of barrels have been taken from the country near the western slope of the Alleghenies in western Pennsylvania, and millions more from the districts in West Virginia and Ohio. Indiana has yielded its share and Illinois has been productive beyond the dreams of avarice.

It remained, however, for Kansas and Oklahoma, together with the Indian Territory, to open the eyes of the modern driller and capitalists. When the soil was first tapped in the wild-cattling operations of that section great gushers rewarded the efforts of the men who had the courage and capital to engage in the enterprise. The usual rush followed, but many thousands of acres had been already taken up and the war for supremacy began.

The Lost Chords.

The village concert was to be a great affair. They had the singers, they had the program sellers, they had the doorkeepers and they would doubtless have the audience. All they needed was the piano, but that they lacked. Nor could they procure one anywhere.

At last the village organist learned that one was possessed by Farmer Hayseed, who lived "at the top o' the hill." Forthwith he set out with two men and a van.

"Take it, an' welcome," said Hayseed cordially. "I've no objections s'long as ye put 'Pyenner by Hayseed' on the program."

"They carted it away.

"An' I wish 'em joy of it," murmured Mrs. Hayseed, as the van disappeared from sight.

"Wish 'em joy of it," repeated Hayseed. "What d'ye mean?"

"Well, I mean I only 'ope they'll find all the notes they want," replied the good woman. "Cos, ye see, when I wanted a bit o' wire I allus went to the old planner for it."

It is a Mistake

Many have the idea that anything will sell if advertised strong enough. This is a great mistake. True, a few sales might be made by advertising an absolutely worthless article but it is only the article that is bought again and again that pays. An example of the big success of a worthy article is the enormous sale that has grown up for Cascarets Candy Cathartic. This wonderful record is the result of great merit successfully made known through persistent advertising and the mouth-to-mouth recommendation given Cascarets by its friends and users.

Like all great successes, trade pirates prey on the unsuspecting public, by marketing fake tablets similar in appearance to Cascarets. Care should always be exercised in purchasing well advertised goods, especially an article that has a national sale like Cascarets. Do not allow a substitute to be palmed off on you.

Midas.

Midas had come to that point in his career where everything he touched turned to gold.

"What shall you ever do with the stuff?" asked his entourage in visible alarm.

Midas affected not to be uneasy. "Just wait till the boys begin to touch me!" quoth he, displaying an acquaintance with economic tendencies far in advance of his age.—Puck.

Those Awful Roaches.

They sneak out on the kitchen sink and look at you saucily sometimes. Don't fret your life away dusting powders in the crevices and buying insecticides. Make a hot suds with Easy Task soap and go after that sink. Mr. Roach and his family thrive where things are not clean, and it is hard to clean the cracks and crevices with ordinary yellow soaps—it is impossible! Easy Task soap makes roaches hunt other quarters. It keeps moths out of woolens, too, if you use it in your laundry.

Artistic Temperament.

"Hamlet seemed to speak with authority in his advice to the players."

"Yes," replied Mr. Stormington Barnes, "although he was rather quiet and patient. But in his other scenes he was as nervous and irascible as a regular stage manager."

The Inevitable.

Briggs—I don't think much of Underblossom. He's a scoundrel. He lies in his teeth.

Griggs—Why shouldn't he? His teeth are false.—Life.

It seems to make some folks wonderfully comfortable to tell the Lord just what they think of one another.

THE REASON.



Spick—The doctor has given him up.
What's the matter with him?
Span—Impecuniosity I guess.

A BURNING ERUPTION FROM
HEAD TO FEET

"Four years ago I suffered severely with a terrible eczema, being a mass of sores from head to feet and for six weeks confined to my bed. During that time I suffered continual torture from itching and burning. After being given up by my doctor I was advised to try Cuticura Remedies. After the first bath with Cuticura Soap and application of Cuticura Ointment I enjoyed the first good sleep during my entire illness. I also used Cuticura Resolvent and the treatment was continued for about three weeks. At the end of that time I was able to be about the house, entirely cured, and have felt no ill effects since. I would advise any person suffering from any form of skin trouble to try the Cuticura Remedies, as I know what they did for me. Mrs. Edward Nanning, 1112 Salina St., Watertown, N. Y., Apr. 11, 1909."

Foxy Hiram.

"Well, now, if that ain't surprising!" ejaculated Mrs. Ryeport, as she shaded her eyes with her hand. "There goes old Hiram Skinflint, and rather than step on a poor black ant he picked it up, and I bet he is going to drop it somewhere out of the reach of danger."

Her husband laughed knowingly. "Not Hiram Skinflint, Mandy. He'll get down to Jed Weatherby's general store and order a pound of granulated sugar. Then while Jed is looking another way he'll drop the ant among the grains and tell Jed as long as his sugar has ants in it he ought to sell it at half price. Like as not he'll try to get Jed to throw in two or three raisins and a yeast cake. You don't know Hiram Skinflat."

A Protection Against the Heat.

When you begin to think it's a personal matter between you and the sun to see which is the hotter, buy yourself a glass or a bottle of Coca-Cola. It is cooling—relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. Wholesome as the purest water and lots nicer to drink. At soda fountains and carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere. Send 2c stamp for booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola" and the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910. The latter contains the famous poem "Casey At The Bat," records, schedules for both leagues, and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. Address The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

He Had Been Observing.

"Why don't you call your invention the 'Bachelors' Button'?" I asked my friend, who was about to put on the market a button that a man could catch without needle or thread.

"I fear that the appellation would imply too much restrictiveness," he answered. "You see," he went on, giving me one of his knowing smiles, "I expect to do just as much business with the married men as with the bachelors."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Peck*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Household Consternation.

"Charley, dear!" exclaimed young Mrs. Torkins, "the baby has swallowed a gold dollar!"

"Great heavens! Something must be done. There will be no end to the cost of living if he gets habits like that!"

Hot-Headed If You Mention It.

Scott—Jones is a cool-headed chap.
Mott—Naturally! He's as bald as a door knob.