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HENRY H. MULLIN,
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OSWALD PROUDFOOT, Assistant and Manager
RAYMOND KLEBS, Assistant Foreman.
W. SCOTT STRANER, Assistant Local Editor.

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Washington Notes.

Washington, D. C., January 20, 1911.
There are indications that the most promising Congress for a score of years has lost its dynamic force six weeks before its end; but little of the legislation begun in December is likely to be enacted. Some are predicting that the appropriation bills will not be passed by March the 4th. It is almost impossible for a heterogeneous team of over three hundred patriots, statesmen, demagogues and cranks to pull together as a harmonious whole. A majority of Congress knows that the country is demanding a lowering of certain tariff schedules. It knows that the country wants a parcels post and many other important measures, but with half a dozen political factions and ten times as many individuals pulling in sixty-six different directions, there is but little probability of urgently needed legislation.

Secretary Wilson and Assistant Secretary Hays of the Agricultural Department were evidently not in harmonious consultation before they went into print. Mr. Hays says the drift of population to the cities makes it impossible for low prices ever to return, while Secretary Wilson, reports an increased production per acre, outstripping the increase in population, and predicts a decrease in the cost of food stuffs. It is difficult to see how prices can come down when farm lands and farm hands are going up. There is however, ground for expectation that the denizens of American cities may, like the inhabitants of the villages of Europe, turn farmer. It is not unusual for Swiss and Russian farm peasantry to live considerable distances from the land which they till. However, they walk to their places of work. Possibly the time is not far distant when many thousands of American farmers will live in towns and cities and be conveyed cheaply to and from their fields by electric cars.

There is just now much agitation of the question of fortifying the Panama Canal. Philanthropists, peace-makers or perhaps sentimentalists are opposed to any step looking toward military protection. Statesmen and militarists, on the other hand, are unable to see safety except in fortresses and big guns. Congress has been memorialized by distinguished men and women who made much of the argument that the Suez Canal was without fortification and that inasmuch as England had left this Canal open and undefended, there was no reason why the Panama Canal should be fortified. This statement, however, appears to have been presented without complete geographical or political knowledge. A sum equal to the cost of the Panama Canal would not be sufficient to fortify as the Suez Canal is fortified. The fortification of this Canal begins on the west at Gibraltar, it is continued Malta, at Cario and Alexandria and on the east at Aden. In other words, England has full and tight control of the Mediterranean at Gibraltar and of the Red Sea at Aden. No enemy can approach within hundreds of miles of Suez without accounting to Great Britain. It is true that there are French and Spanish and Turkish and Austrian ports on the Mediterranean or connecting waters, but their naval forces are insignificant as compared to the fleet that England constantly maintains in what is substantially a British lake.

That is Why I Love You.

Composed by Raymond A. Browne.

The most beautiful love song and chorus published in years, with a sweet story and a charming melody. Now being sung by the leading vaudeville artists all over this country. Bids fair to become one of the most popular songs of the day, very easy to play or sing. Can be used for any occasion and will suit any voice.

CHORUS

Your eyes are eyes of innocence,
Your voice is soft and sweet,
You always seem so happy dear,
Each time we chance to meet,
You're just the dearest girl I know
So sweet, so kind, so true;
And that is why I love you,
Why I love you.

All players of the piano or organ should send for a copy at once. The regular retail price of this song is 50 cents per copy. OUR READERS will receive a copy post-paid by sending 15 cents in postage stamps to

THE GLOBE MUSIC CO.,
160 West 17th St.,
New York City.

Caution Notice

All persons are hereby forbidden from trespassing upon the property of this Company—Sinnamahoning Works, Emporium Works and Keystone Works, without a permit from this office, or the Manager at the works. KEYSTONE NATIONAL POWDER CO. Emporium, Pa., Jan. 1st 1911

CURIOUS PERUVIAN TREE.

It Produces a Copious and Continuous Supply of Rain.

The rain tree of Peru grows very large, is rich in leaves and is called by the Indians tamaricaspí. It has the power of collecting the dampness of the atmosphere and condensing it into a continuous and copious supply of rain.

In the dry season, when the rivers are low and the heat great, the tree's power of condensing seems at its highest, and water falls in abundance from the leaves and oozes from the trunk. The water spreads around in veritable rivers, part of which filters into the soil and fertilizes it. These rivers are canalized so as to regulate the course of the water.

It is estimated that one of the Peruvian rain trees will on the average yield nine gallons of water per diem in a field of an area of one kilometer square—that is, 3,250 feet each way—can be grown 10,000 trees separated from each other by twenty-five meters. This plantation produces daily 385,000 liters of water. If we allow for evaporation and infiltration we have 135,000 liters or 29,531 gallons of rain for distribution daily. The rain tree can be cultivated with very little trouble for it seems indifferent as to the soil in which it grows. The tree increases rapidly and resists both extremes of climate.—España Moderna.

A BRAVE TOREADOR.

One of the Most Thrilling Incidents of the Bull Ring.

The famous Spanish toreador Reverte figured in one of the most thrilling incidents ever witnessed in the arena. It was at Bayonne. After disposing of two bulls Reverte had twice plunged his sword into a third of great strength and ferocity, and as the beast continued careering wildly the spectators began to hiss Reverte for bungling. Wounded to the very quick of his pride, the Spaniard shouted, "The bull is slain!" and, throwing aside his sword, sank on one knee with folded arms in the middle of the ring. He was right, but he had not allowed for the margin of accident. The wounded beast charged full upon him, but the matador, splendid to the last, knelt motionless as a statue, while the spectators held their breath in horrified suspense. Reaching his victim, the bull literally bounded at him, and as he sprang he sank in death, with his last effort giving one fearful lunge of the head that drove a horn into the thigh of the kneeling man and laid bare the bone from the knee to the joint. Still Reverte never flinched, but remained kneeling, exultant in victory, but calmly contemptuous of applause, till he was carried away to heal him of his grievous wound.

Killing the Bad Taste.

"Maybe I won't have to take medicine again, and even if I do have to take it maybe the doctor will prescribe an ambrosial mixture, but if I should be condemned for my sins to swallow vile doses I know how I'll take them," a city salesman volunteered. "A man who was doctoring himself in the drug store showed me the way."

"The druggist had mixed a particularly obnoxious dose. The man before taking it asked for cracked ice. The errand boy brought it, several spoonfuls nearly pulverized. The sick man held that in his mouth until it melted, after which the medicine seemed as mild as tea."

"I always prepare my mouth that way for a disagreeable medicine," the man said. "The ice numbs the nerves and the medicine slips down without leaving any taste, good or bad."—Exchange.

Origin of a Song.

The grumbling of a negro groom led to the composition of the immortal "Old Folks at Home." While waiting for a change of horses at a Kentucky hostelry the composer, Stephen Foster, author of so many beloved darky melodies, heard a melancholy negro murmur as he threw a set of harness to the ground: "I's sick an' tired o' dis life. I wisht I was back wif de ole folks at home."

"Where may that be, Sam?" asked Foster.

"Oh," answered the darky, "way down on de Suwannee river."

The result was the song as we have it today.

Counter Diplomacy.

"I think you will like this goods, madam," urged a salesman in a Enoch avenue shop. "It is just the thing for a stout, middle aged lady."

"Sir!" squealed the customer in a rage. The clerk saw his faux pas and recovered himself quickly.

"Pardon me," he smiled. "I mistook you for the young lady who was in here yesterday looking for something for her grandmother. Now that I look at you again, I see that this was an older person. Now, if you are buying for yourself, we have something over here that"—

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Literary Note.

The teacher had been talking to her pupils on Ouida's story, "The Dog o' Flanders," and she followed her talk by an oral test.

"Now, what is the name of the author?" she queried.
Small and Slender Boy—Oh, You Ida—Boston Record.

The Joke on Her.

"I suppose being the wife of a humorist is a continuous joke," said her former schoolmate.
"Yes," she sadly sighed, looking at her faded and old-fashioned gown "and it's on me."—Exchange.

HE FINALLY GOT WARM.

A Writer's Indoor Experience on a Cold Night in Bordeaux.

What beautiful sunshine we had at Bordeaux, and how nice and warm it was in the daytime! As long as the sun kept out it was lovely; but, oh, when the sun went down!

They gave me a beautiful, large, lofty room at the hotel with doors and windows all over it. After dinner I went up to try to write, and then I found that Siberia had come again. I put great logs of wood upon the fire and blew them with the bellows till the flames roared up the chimney, but still I shivered in the icy blasts that blew through every crevice. I put on my ulster, I dragged the blankets from the bed, I ran races around the room and practiced the Indian clubs with a heavy portmanteau in each hand, but still I felt my blood congealing, and the horrors of the early morning came back again.

In this dilemma my companion's Sudan experiences stood us in good stead. He was with Gordon in the expedition of 1874-7. He took our walking sticks and umbrellas, and with these and the blankets and the rugs he rigged up a nice, comfortable tent in front of the fire.

Sitting in this tent in our big room we at last got warm, and my fingers were able to hold a pen.—George R. Sims in "Daquet Abroad."

AN ARCTIC DELICACY.

Eskimo Soup Would Hardly Tickle Refined Palates.

Kane and Dr. Hayes, the first white men—apart from an occasional whaler—to visit the Eskimos, found some difficulty in accommodating themselves to local customs. In "The Toll of the Arctic Seas" D. M. Edwards quotes Hayes' account of his first visit to a native hut. After a cordial welcome he was pressed to eat.

"This," says Hayes, "was an invitation which I feared, but now that it had come I knew that it would be unwise to decline it. The expression of thanks was one of the few in their language that I knew, and I made the most of this. They laughed heartily when I said koyenak in reply to their invitation, and immediately a not very beautiful young dame poured some of the contents of the pots into a skin dish, and, after sipping it to make sure, as I supposed, that it was not too hot, passed it to me over a group of heads. At first my courage forsook me, but all eyes were fixed upon me, and it would have been highly impolite to shrink. I therefore shut my eyes, held my nose, swallowed the dose and retired. I was told afterward that it was their greatest delicacy—a soup made by boiling together blood, oil and seal intestines."

"Three Sheets in the Wind."

"What was the origin of the phrase for drunkenness, 'three sheets in the wind'?" a landsman asked a sailor the other day. "Well," said the sailor. "I'll explain that matter to you. The two lower corners of a ship's sail are held taut by two ropes, one called a tack and another called a sheet. The tack is always kept very tight, but the sheet is loosened according to the wind, and the looser the sheet is the more freely the sail swings. If the sail is quite free its sheet is said to be 'in the wind.' Now, suppose that all three of a ship's sails were quite free, they would then fly about very crazily, and the ship would wobble. The course of the ship would be a zig-zag one, and the reason for this would be that she had 'three sheets in the wind.' That, I guess, is why a man when he zigzags in his course is said to be 'three sheets in the wind' also."

He Was Not Laconic.

John Morley in his life of Gladstone tells the story of the statesman's examination for admission to Oxford university when he was a youth. The examiner, having utterly failed to floor the candidate on some point of theology, said, "We will now leave that part of the subject." "No, sir," replied the candidate; "if you please, we will not leave it yet," and proceeded to pour forth a fresh stream. The dean in Mr. Gladstone's day was Galsford, famous among other things for his trenchant brevity. "This laconic gift," observes Mr. Morley slyly, "the dean evidently had not time to transmit to all of his flock."

Genius and Goodness.

I have had sometimes in mine the gloved and white palm of the upper class and the heavy black hand of the lower class and have recognized that both are but of men. After all these have passed before me I say that humanity has a synonym equality and that under heaven there is but one thing we ought to bow to, genius, and the only thing before which we ought to kneel, goodness.—Victor Hugo.

Saving.

Saving produces a peace of mind unknown to him who in time of misfortune must depend on the bounty of his friends. Determine to save, for will power is the prime essential. Deposit regularly. Lay aside some portion of each week's or month's income. Deposit extra and unexpected receipts.

Worse Than Hard Words.

"Why did you kill your parrot?"
The poor bird meant nothing by its profanity.
"I could stand its profanity, but it learned to imitate the lawn mower last summer."—Washington Herald.

Prayer carries us halfway to God, fasting brings us to the door of his palace, and almsgiving procures us admission.—Koran.

ALL OF ONE NAME.

So They Had to Tag Each of the Many Tom Hazards.

Perhaps no community more carefully and frequently set forth its erratic fancy than did the early settlers of Narragansett, R. I., of whom W. B. Weeden tells in "Early Rhode Island." There were so many of one name that the bearer must have a descriptive prefix lest he be lost in a concordant multitude. Mr. Updike cites thirty-two Tom Hazards living at one time and thus illustrates a few:

College Tom, because he had been at college. Bedford Tom was his son and lived at New Bedford. Barley Tom, because he boasted how much barley he raised from an acre; Virginia Tom, because he married a wife there; Little Neck Tom, from the farm of that name; Nailer Tom, the blacksmith; Fiddle Head Tom, an obvious resemblance; Pistol Tom, wounded by an explosion of that arm; Young Pistol Tom, his son; Short Stephen's Tom, the father low, against Long Stephen's Tom, the father tall; Tailor Tom needs no explanation.

The Georges were not so numerous, but they were distinguished as Beach Bird George, of little legs; Shoestring George, an opponent of buckles; Wig George, Dr. George and Governor George.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

Cheerful New Guinea Custom Which Causes Frequent Murders.

Everywhere in New Guinea the traveler is continually brought face to face with death, and the natives are devoid of the slightest pity or respect for the dead or dying, although after a death they will often wail and mourn for a considerable time.

Murder is an everyday occurrence, and nothing could be worse than the morals of the natives. In fact, they have none. They thieve and lie with a persistence and cunning which are surprising.

The Papuans have a cheerful custom which demands a life for a life. Should any one die at the first opportunity they kill some one—they are not very particular whom—to make up for it. "While we were at Humboldt bay," says Professor Pratt in the Wide World Magazine, "a Malay died of dropsy. He was the first Malay who had ever come to that part, and the Papuans greatly respected him. 'Very well,' they said, 'we must shoot a Malay with our bows and arrows to pay for his death.' And sooner or later some innocent person would be killed to square the account, when everybody—except, presumably, the victim's friends—would be satisfied."

A Disguised Toast.

At one time the officers under Lord Howe refused to drink his health at their mess, for, though a splendid admiral, he was not popular in the navy on account of a certain shyness and want of tact with those about him. The chaplain, who was a protegee of his lower ship, was mortified at this and determined that the officers should drink to Lord Howe. When called upon for a toast one day he said, "Well, gentlemen, I can think of nothing better at this moment than to ask you to drink the first two words of the Third Psalm, for a Scriptural toast for once may be taken from one of my cloth." The toast was drunk. Not one of the officers indicated by word or look that he was ignorant of the words alluded to. On referring to the Bible it was found that the Third Psalm begins, "Lord, how are they increased?"

Worth Her Weight in Butter.

Curious customs still prevail with regard to marriage. In some parts of Uganda the custom is to offer six needles and a pack of India rubber for a wife. Some of the Kafirs sacrifice oxen. The Tartars of Turkestan give the weight of the prospective wife in butter. In Kamchatka the price varies from one to ten reindeer. Some savages require a certain amount of labor. Among the aborigines it is said the current rate for a wife is a box of matches, which prompted a Paris contemporary to speculate whether one of the French government boxes would be accepted.

Light on a Dark Subject.

Caller—There's one question I should like to have answered. When a thought flashes across the intellect does it effect any molecular changes in the cellular or muscular tissues composing the material substance of the cerebral mass, or does it operate merely in the realm of the spiritual ego, thereby leaving no trace subject to detection or classification in the domain of substantiality? Information Editor (turning again to his desk)—There is no premium on the coin.—Chicago Tribune.

Swell Set Credentials.

Mrs. De Butt (making out a list of invited guests for dinner)—Can you think of any others?
Mrs. Von Setter—There is Mrs. Kumbac.

"I had thought of her, but she did not try to smuggle."—Philadelphia Ledger.

One Exception.

Nearsighted Old Man—I say, did you break the record?
Aeronaut—No, but I broke everything else.—Judge.

Placed.

Mrs. B.—Is she a Mary of the vine clad cottage?
Mrs. M.—No, a Martha of the rubber plant flat.—Harper's Bazar.

Thoughts never lack words. It is words that lack thoughts.—Joubert.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

Their Effect in the First Theaters in Which They Were Used.

The first theater in the world to use incandescent lamps was the Academy of Music, on Halstead street, Chicago, the plant being installed by the West-ern Edison Light company. The theater was wired for 150 sixteen candle power lamps. The lighting was confined to the auditorium. No electric lights were used on the stage, as dimmers had not been thought of at that time. On the opening night, after the new lights were installed, the actors struck, claiming that it was impossible to make up by gaslight and play their parts under the glare of the electric lights. It was with difficulty that they were persuaded to proceed with the second act.

The first theater to be completely lighted with incandescent lamps was the old Haverly theater, then located on Monroe street, where the Inter Ocean building now stands. This plant consisted of two dynamos with a capacity of 637 lamps. On the opening night only sufficient lights were started at first to enable the ushers to seat the audience. When the curtain rose every light was turned on, causing a tremendous sensation among the audience and eliciting applause that continued for fifteen minutes. The innovation was so successful that McVicker's theater and the Chicago Opera House immediately installed similar plants.—W. C. Jenkins in National Magazine.

A DENTAL CURIOSITY.

The Set of Artificial Teeth That Washington Endured.

It may not be generally known that the Father of His Country was one of the first Americans to wear artificial teeth. By the time the war of the Revolution had ended he had parted company with most of the outfit which nature had given him. An ingenious physician and dentist of New York city undertook the then unusual task of re-equipment and produced at length a full set of artificial teeth. These are now, of course, a dental curiosity and offer an additional proof of the heroism of our first president, for it is a matter of fact that General Washington wore those teeth for many years and, so far as we know, never complained of them.

The teeth were carved from ivory and riveted, wired and clamped to a somewhat ponderous gold plate. Three large clamps in particular figure conspicuously in the roof of the mouth and must have caused difficulty, if not anguish. There were an upper and an under set, and the two were connected and held in position relatively by a long spiral spring on each side, says Harper's Weekly.

Nevertheless Washington wore them long and well, a fact sufficiently attested by the worn and dented condition of both teeth and plate.

At the last account these teeth were the property of a dental institution in Baltimore.

A Useful Coffin.

A writer in an English church magazine once found in a collier's cottage in Staffordshire a coffin used as a bread and cheese cupboard. Notwithstanding his wife's remonstrance, he told the story of the coffin as follows: "Eighteen years ago I ordered that coffin. The wife and me used to have a good many words. One day she said, 'I'll never be content till I see thee in thy coffin.' 'Well, lass, I said, 'if that'll content thee it'll soon be done.'"

"Next day I gave directions to have the thing made. In a few days it came home, to the wife's horror. I got into it and said, 'Now, lass, are thee content?' She began to cry and wanted the 'horrid thing' taken away. But that I wouldn't allow. In the end she got accustomed to seeing it, and as we wanted to turn it to some use we had some shelves put in and made it into a bread and cheese cupboard. We have never quarreled since it came."

Circulating Libraries.

Long before the Revolution a young printer in Philadelphia when he had taken off his working apron at night used to sit poring over his dozen of old volumes by firelight. He soon knew them by heart and hungered for more. But books were costly, and he had but little money. He had eight or ten cronies, young men who, like himself, were eager for knowledge. Raising his books on a shelf, he invited his friends to do the same, that each of them might have the benefit of them all. Ben Franklin thus laid the foundation of the first circulating library in this country.

On Pa.

"My son," said Harker as he pointed to the ivy in front of the cottage, "always be like the vine—climb."

The little boy was thoughtful.

"I don't think I'd want to be like that vine," he responded seriously.

"And why not, Tommy?"

"'Cause if I was I'd be a porch climber."—Chicago News.

He Got the Raise.

"You want more money? Why, my boy, I worked three years for \$11 a month right in this establishment and now I'm owner of it."

"Well, you see what happened to your boss. No man who treats his help that way can hang on to his business."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Nice Selection.

She—Now that you have looked over my music, what would you like to have me play?
He—What or dominos.—Boston Transcript.

Miss Smutz Entertains.
On Wednesday evening, Miss Helen Smutz entertained the Union Friendly Society at her pleasant home on West Fifth street. About thirty persons were present. The chief amusement was a slang contest in which Mr. Russell M. McQuay was awarded the first prize and Mr. W. S. Sterner received the consolation prize. A short business meeting was held at which time Messrs. W. G. Frome, Eugene Metz, Robert Weiman and V. M. Powell were made full fledged members of the Society. The remainder of the evening was devoted to playing other games and music. Miss Belle Husted favored the party with several piano selections and Mr. R. Howard Edgar sang several times. The party broke up in the small hours of the morning. The next social function will be the annual reception which will be given at the Theatrical hall on Thursday evening, February 16th, Mr. Max F. Balcom will entertain the Society at home on Sixth street.

Attended Play.

The following Emporiumites attended the production of Red Mill at St. Marys on Wednesday evening: Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Erskine, Misses Edna Palmer, Clara Fredette, Rose Smith and Messrs. Joe Jordan, James Murphy, P. J. Morrissey and Dr. W. H. Mitchell.

Holiday To-morrow.

To-morrow the public schools of Emporium will be closed for the purpose of giving the teachers an opportunity to visit other places. It is expected that all the teachers will be out of town on Friday. This is a good idea as it gives the instructors a chance to see how other schools are conducted.

The Sick.

Mr. M. C. Tulis, who is confined to his home with a severe attack of asthma, is somewhat improved at this writing, having passed a more restful night, last night. Dr. W. H. Bush is the attending physician.

Mrs. W. G. Bair, whose condition has been most serious and alarming, is improving slowly and now the family have the best hopes of her recovery. She is under the care of Dr. W. H. Bush.

Mrs. Charles Farley and son are ill at their home at the American Hotel, at East Emporium.

Mr. Daniel Downey is also confined to his home on Vine street, in a very serious condition and his family are greatly concerned.

Basket Ball.

On Friday evening, Jan. 27th, Emporium will play the strong team from Austin. The home team is playing a fast and strong game this season, so a good game is guaranteed.

Hay for Sale.

No. 1, clover hay \$20.00 per ton. No. 1 timothy hay, \$21.00 per ton. Single bales at \$22.00 per ton. No. 1 straw, \$12.00 per ton, single bales \$13 per ton. All goods delivered.

W. S. CLARK,
East Emporium, Pa.

Traveling Library.

The traveling library sent out from Harrisburg is now at Emmanuel Free Library at this place. Fifty choice books to select from. Good books by the est authors.

For Sale.

Pure Bred R. C. Buff Orpington Cockerels, \$2.00 each. Eggs \$1.00 per setting of 13, after March.

C. L. BORTREE,
50-3m, East Emporium, Pa.

A Reliable Cough Medicine.

Is a valuable family friend. Foley's Honey and Tar fulfills this condition exactly. Mrs. Charles Kline, N. 8th St., Easton Pa., states: "Several members of my family have been cured of bad coughs and colds by the use of Foley's Honey and Tar and I am never without a bottle in the house. It soothes and relieves the irritation in the throat and loosens up the cold. I have always found it a reliable cough cure." Sold by Emporium Drug Co.

Look for the Bee Hive.

On the package when you buy Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs and colds. None genuine without the Bee Hive. Remember the name, Foley's Honey and Tar and reject any substitute. Sold by Emporium Drug Co.

Latest Popular Music.

Miss May Gould, teacher of piano fort has received a full line of the latest and most popular sheet music. All the popular airs. Popular and classical music. Prices reasonable. 44-4f.

Critice smoke "Havana Ribbon" 5c cigars. 50-4f.

Tax Appeal Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the annual Tax Appeal meeting will be held at the office of the County Commissioners, Emporium, Pa., on Monday and Tuesday, February, 20th and 21st, 1911, between the hours of nine a. m., and three p. m. to hear appeals from the assessments for 1911.

J. W. LEWIS,
S. P. KREIDER,
GEO. MINARD,
County Commissioners.
W. L. THOMAS, Clerk. 56-4f