

THE FOREST REPUBLICAN.

J. E. WENK, - Editor & Proprietor.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1912

Announcements.

TERMS.—Congress, \$25; Assembly, \$12; National Delegate, \$10; State Delegate, \$5. In all cases the fee must accompany the order for announcement.

Primaries, Saturday, April 13, 1912.

Congress.

The FOREST REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce that Peter M. Speer, of Oil City, Pennsylvania, will be a candidate for election to Congress from the Twenty-eighth Congressional District, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the coming primary election.

National Delegate.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN: Please announce my name as a candidate for delegate to the National Republican Convention at Chicago next June, from this congressional district. Subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held in April next.

J. J. DEXMOND, Columbus Twp., Warren Co., Pa. For National Delegate (Republican)

JOHN L. MORRISON, (Greenville, Mercer County,) if elected at the congressional district primaries, will support

THEODORE ROOSEVELT for President in the National convention.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Please announce that I will be a candidate for Delegate to the Republican National Convention, subject to party usages, at the primaries, April 13, 1912.

W. S. PALMER, Sharon, Mercer Co., Pa.

Assembly.

We are authorized to announce A. R. McNeill, of Barnett township, as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 13th.

We are authorized to announce W. J. Campbell, of Tionesta borough, as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 13th.

State Delegate.

We are authorized to announce M. A. Carringer, of Tionesta borough, as a candidate for Delegate to the Republican State convention, at the coming primary election, April 13th.

We are authorized to announce Amos F. Ledebeur of Tionesta borough as a candidate for Delegate to the Republican State convention, at the coming primary election, April 13th.

If it is true that Amundsen has reached the South Pole then he should be sent posthaste to feed the northern stick, thus putting Cook and Peary in the clear.

We note that M. L. McCright, of DuBois, an excellent man in all respects by the way, is being lavishly hooded for nomination for Congress-at-large at the Republican State convention. But what has that to do with our early suggestion that Hon. W. O. Smith of Punxsutawney be made one of the nominees? Living within a stone's throw of one another both could not reasonably be nominated, and we insist that, on the score of all-around fitness for the place, this big Commonweal holds no better material than Mr. Smith, and as we view it the good material is what the people want.

Did you ever ask yourself why you shake hands with a person whom you know? Here is a reason given by the New York Sun. In the old days, when every man who made any pretensions to being a gentleman carried a sword, it was a custom for men when they met, to show that they had no intentions of treachery, to offer each other their weapon hands—that is, the hand that would be used to draw the sword, and to withhold the hand was usually the signal for a fight. So fixed did this habit become that long after men ceased to wear swords they still offered the weapon hand to a friend and declined to offer it to an enemy. To this day when you refuse to shake hands with a person it signifies that you are at war. Among savages, who never carry swords, the practice of shaking hands is unknown and it affords amusement to see the white men do it.

Basket Ball at Clarington.

One of the best games of the season was played on Saturday evening, March 9th, between the strong Fisher team and the C. H. S. team at Clarington, in which the locals won by a score of 20 to 15. The locals did fine passing work but could not locate the basket. The Fisher guards were there to hold them down on the goal pitching. They were perfect gentlemen both on and off the floor, not a word being passed between any of the players. After the game was over they enjoyed themselves with our pretty girls and then returned home feeling much better than when they came, by making friends with our young folks. Any crowd like this were is an honor to any town. The only mishap was Braden being unable to play the second half. Following is the line-up:

Clarington—29 Fisher—15

Braden F Summerville

L. Walter F Cookson

Henderson G J. Daugherty

D. Hensley G Grayhill

Hotel G D. Daugherty

Sub.—Williams for Braden. Goals—Braden 2, Walter 5, Henderson 1, Summerville 3, Cookson 3, J. Daugherty 1, Fools—Walter 1, Henderson 1, Cookson 1. Referee, Cassatt. Umpire, Stroup. Timekeeper, Updegraff. Scorer, Marie Engdahl. Time, 29 minutes halts, etc.

The strong independent team of Franklin will play at Clarington on Friday, March 15th. They have a very fine record and will make the locals play to win. This will be the best game of the season. It will be exciting and interesting for all. Come and see the game and after it is over you will be glad you came out, for the locals will play a fine game.

On Saturday evening, March 16th, the C. H. S. team will meet the Fisher team on the Fisher floor, and expect to be shown a good time.

Lynch.

Mr. and Mrs. Art McDonald came for a few days.

Mr. O. K. Metz made a short call in Sheffield Saturday.

A party was given by the young folks for Miss Florence English, who was seventeen.

Miss Mae Eshelman spent a few days at the home of O. E. Kueper, and the report was that she had a fine time and that it was a fine place to spend.

Ralph McCool is spending a few days with his brother at this place.

Saturday was school-meeting day and all the directors were here and all seemed to enjoy themselves.

Mrs. S. S. Eshelman, who has been on the sick list for a few days is no better.

Chadman's Florida Letter.

I remember a few years ago when the budding rustic prima donnas and the agrarian maidens, after hanging out the week's clothes and white-washing the front fence and chasing the Chester white pigs out of the front yard flower beds, would roll down their skirts, brush their own hair back from their gentle foreheads, and then gallop into the parlor and warble "Come where the lilies bloom so fair."

And if the light-hearted maid had attained sufficient skill in the technic of instrumental music she would press the keys of the baby grand melodeon with a firm and persuasive touch, and work the tread-mill attachment with her feet after the manner, measure and time of a one-man grindstone; and the commingled melody of voice and instrument would percolate through the flyscreens of the windows and float out upon and over and through the whitered branches of the ox-heart cherry trees and south the ear of the blasphemous hired man as he backed up his plow, the share of which had spitefully run in under a submerged rock.

And this morning as I sit here without a care or a thought—as the first paragraph of this improvised rhapsody will compel any intelligent individual to note—I feel like calling out to everybody everywhere to come, come somewhere; come to Southern Florida if they like, where the lilies bloom all right; where much more than lilies bloom; where the air is "just natchly" polluted with perfume, and where the graceful palms and bam-bamboos and bays and magnolias and palmetto twine and intertwine their tops and away to and from, al-a-man left and ladies chain, to the measured—forty miles an hour—swell of the soft south wind and the wing-fan of the joyous song bird and the hovering bizzard!

Now, I am no plagiarist and I did not take the above partly mellifluous language from the ubiquitous Florida real estate ad. The allusion to the bizzard should dispel any such thought, but I think that that scavenger bird has as much right to have his name in the public prints as other winged creatures, or the "Ozark haun" dwag, "don't you?"

Why, if it were not for the bizzard in these latitudes the poetsierians would stumble over nine dead cats and twelve ordinary carions on his way to the post-office. It seems that work down here requires more exercise than it does up North, and nobody ever did such a menial thing as to bury a dead cat. It is all right to talk and talk about the residence in the air, the wash of the placid sea, the silvery moon and the opalescent doudinated sky, but one glance at 63 ravenous bizzards gleefully doing the work of the sanitary board by gulping down mouthfuls of decomposed cat and larvae filled fish-head, gives it all a sudden and severe set back.

But this is neither cheerful nor appetizing. Quite no. I only wish I could change conditions here in that respect as easily as I can change the subject. I like this climate, I like the flowers, the zephyrs, the sky, the moon, the salt sea breeze and the January hammock scenes, but it would not appeal to me on a menu card. Not to any great extent. I do not envy anybody his particular climate, and climate is the chief asset in some localities. I have heard of sales of the clear blue sky up North, and here we dispose of climate at so much a foot front. I do not covet the man who has climate for sale; if it is all he has in stock it is only natural he should devote all his time in advertising it, no? As for me I think I still prefer that climate where the poor down-trodden boy had to be compelled to stay awake all the year and search for food. I believe the local here should have the same privilege of sleeping away a few months as the local up North has. I do not believe in discrimination along those lines, and I flatter myself you will join me in that when you come to think about it.

I might go on and tell you of the big fish I caught but nobody would believe it. A story in which a 300 pound fish figured prominently would be branded as a myth and the teller thereof placed in the Annals class. But this is the age of skeptics, and I am getting tired paying for photos to send along to corroborate my texts. Even the big city papers compelled me to do that, but they figure the photos in.

It doesn't matter much whether we are in the North or the South, or in between, life is not vastly different. If one rides on the cars three days and three nights and lands in a country where sunstroke is the only disease and he is wearing under garments of the wool wolen, he will inaugurate a change with some haste, and that is all there is to it. Of course it may require more time to acquaint the inner man with the difference in grub, but before long you will come to your grins and biscuit.

WALLACE CHADMAN.

Punta Gorda, Fla., March 9th.

Mayburg.

The weather seems to continue colder, as the people are burning wood, judging by the smoke we see coming out of the chimneys.

Mrs. Chas. Deshner, while going to empty her wash boiler, spilled some of the hot water on her foot scalding it severely. She was laid up for a few days, but is able to be around again.

John Paul of Mayburg visited friends at Cherry Grove.

Some people were alarmed when hearing the whistle blow for fire. When the stove pipe of George Shepard's house came apart and caused letting the smoke out, but it happened no danger was done. Leila Campbell was home from Warren during the latter part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and daughter Adeline are visiting at Grand Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Hendrickson left for Youngville, where he will be employed in the factory there.

The mill shut down here Friday last until 9 a. m., on account of the death of Grandpa Donley.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Steele attended the funeral of George Copeland, which took place at the Zuedel church Saturday.

Frank, the 14-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Hendrickson, has a very bad cold.

Some of the men of this place walked to Kelletville to preaching Sunday, which was held in the F. M. church, F. N. Fox, pastor of the Mayburg church, officiating.

You can say goodbye to constipation with a clear conscience if you use Chamberlain's Tablets. Many have been permanently cured by their use. For sale by all dealers.

Porkey.

Mrs. Geo. H. Blum was a Hastings visitor on Thursday last, and Miss Twila Highgate returned with her to make her little friends here a visit of a few days, going home Saturday.

Mrs. R. W. Burdick, Jr., went to Henry's Mills Monday to teach school for Miss Maude Marley for a day or two, while that young lady changes her name to Mrs. J. D. Hadden. John is a lucky boy to get the prize he has secured, and we wish the couple a long life of prosperity and smooth sailing on the matrimonial sea.

Geo. H. Blum was a Sheffield visitor Saturday and stopped off on his return to make his family a visit over Sunday before going to his work at Kingsley.

O. E. Rupert was at a school-meeting at Blue Jay Saturday and reports the resignation of Miss Ethel Carlson, who was teaching at that place. This young lady has had a bad location, being away from civilization and part of the time fuel was scarce through some misunderstanding. The management will hire and place a teacher there at their earliest convenience.

Wm. Wheeler of Kingsley gave an interesting discourse at the Minister church Saturday evening, and will be with us again two weeks from Saturday night, if nothing to prevent.

The Sabbath-school was very small on Sunday, but we are glad to see even a few attend when it was so cold and the church is not a very warm place for those who attend. The Sunday school service was conducted around the stove, and we must add that the singing was above the average for the number present.

Earl Downey is preparing to erect a new residence this summer on the same lot where he now lives, but the new structure will be two stories instead of one as it now is. According to the plans it will be a very convenient house.

E. L. Littlefield is building a new part on to his residence at the head of Pious Avenue, and is assisted by his brother Claude in the carpenter work.

S. T. Downey of this place, and F. F. Spencer of Truanna, were at Marienville Wednesday evening to a lodge meeting and spent a very agreeable evening there.

F. A. Littlefield expects to accept a position at Watson Farm on April 1st on the Booth lease, and if satisfactory will make that his future home.

Norris Brennan, who has been confined to the house for the past two weeks at his home at Minister, is somewhat better and improving slowly. He will soon be able to enjoy the sunshine again.

John Dodge has been sick for a couple of days and unable to work but we hear that he is getting better.

The State surveyors were in the village one day last week making measures of the public roads, and we are led to believe that they are making a very good map with all the grades. This map would be a great thing for the motorists that use the roads if they can be procured when made.

Our foot bridge company have tightened the cables on the bridge, raising it about two feet in the center, making it safer should there be danger to the pierce, in the flood. This bridge is very high and there will be no danger of its being damaged unless an oil derrick should come under it.

Wm. Wheeler of Kingsley spent Sunday with the Brennan family at Minister, and returned to Kingsley with Mr. Brennan on Sunday evening.

Warren M. Cook spent Saturday and Sunday with friends at Tionesta and returned on Monday in time for his school here.

Nebraska.

I. H. Allison visited relatives in Oil City last week.

Ralph Cook was a business caller at Kelletville Friday.

Mrs. J. K. Reedy and sister, Miss Maud McMichael, were Warren visitors one day last week.

T. D. Collins spent a part of the past week at Harrisburg.

Fred. Rathfon of Lickingville called on friends here last Friday.

James Kerr came home from Clarion last week and is confined to the house with the mumps.

John Michelen is erecting a dwelling house on his property at Skilletville.

Charles Reed, Wm. and Albert Delo were callers in Tionesta Thursday.

Peter Brothers has the contract of building the new Collins house.

Mrs. Geo. McKawa and daughter went to Irvineton Thursday and remained over Sunday to attend the funeral of her niece, Miss Ruby Walters.

S. S. Nellis is home from West Virginia where he has been employed for the past two months.

TATTERED BATTLE FLAGS GREETED BY HOUSE

Members Cheer as They Vote to Preserve Trophies—Perry's Naval Flag Shown.

Washington.—Not in a long time has such genuine patriotic enthusiasm been seen in the House of Representatives as when the bill appropriating \$30,000 for the repair, preservation and exhibition of the 139 lovely flags which record the history of the American navy from 1812 to the present time was under discussion.

The bill was passed unanimously, while members, both Democratic and Republican, cheered and banged their desks and openly wiped the tears from their cheeks.

The first demonstration occurred when a great square ensign of navy blue with yellowed white letters straggling across it was thrown over a big easel placed in the well in front of the Speaker's desk.

"This tattered ensign," said Representative Bates of Pennsylvania in ringing tones, "is Commodore Perry's battle flag, inscribed with the words 'Don't give up the ship,' the last utterance of Capt. Lawrence of the ill-starred frigate Chesapeake. It was hoisted to the masthead of Perry's flagship at the battle of Lake Erie as the signal for action. Don't you want it preserved?"

There was silence for a moment and then every member of the House, young and old, Republican and Democrat, jumped to his feet, making all the noise possible. It wasn't the sort of a demonstration, either, that is accorded to a Representative who offers a trick of oratory or a turn of speech.

Then while Mr. Bates, who is a member of the Naval Committee, referred briefly to historic naval battles in which the United States was victorious pages draped other historic flags across an easel for the House to see. Some of them were mere rags, tattered, torn, moth eaten and discolored. Others, some not the oldest among them, were faded, but almost whole. A cheer from the House greeted the production of each trophy.

The real feature was a speech by Representative Witherspoon of Mississippi, called "Uncle Sam" because of his resemblance to the popular conception of that national figure. Mr. Witherspoon, who is a member of the Naval Committee, said that originally he had been opposed to the bill, thinking the appropriation proposed was extravagant.

Uncle Sam Witherspoon isn't a flamboyant orator. He does not yell and he never gesticulates. He just stood with his hands in his pockets and talked, his chin whisker wagging, but the House was hushed and silent and his drawing voice could be heard in every corner of the chamber. When he closed there was a crash of applause that shook the skylights, while the members in the gallery used their handkerchiefs openly and many a man on the floor found occasion to cough or look for something way inside his desk.

WOMAN KILLS FORMER FRIEND.

Fires Six Shots into Her Body in Street—Thought to Be Insane.

Lynn, Mass.—Mrs. Jessie Chapman, aged 48, shot and instantly killed Mrs. Flora Ingalls, aged 35, in Lynnfield street here.

Mrs. Ingalls was walking toward her home when Mrs. Chapman approached her and inquired: "Are you Mrs. Ingalls?" Without waiting for a reply she took a pistol from her handbag and fired six shots, all of which took effect, causing death in a few seconds.

Inspectors were put at work on the case and learned that the women had quarrelled over a trifling matter several weeks ago and had not been friends since.

SOLDIERS MURDER ANDRADE.

General Who Put Down Revolution in Ecuador Victim of Mutiny.

Guayaquil, Ecuador.—Gen. Julio Andrade was assassinated at Quito by his own troops. He was the military commander at Guayaquil and was the chief figure in the suppression of the revolution which took place after the death of President Estrada.

He finally suppressed the revolution, after several victories, by taking Guayaquil.

DEAD IN CHEAP HOTEL.

Millionaire Coleman Had Worried Over Breach of Promise Suit.

Pittsburgh.—Thomas A. Coleman, 60 years old, a wealthy real estate and oil operator of Wilkinsburg, was found dead in the Kleman Hotel, an obscure hostelry.

Coleman has worried a great deal over a \$50,000 breach of promise suit brought against him by Miss Heleer Rees. Coleman had \$1,100 on his person.

LEASES HUSBAND FOR \$500.

Mrs. Thrash Was Highest Bidder for Mr. Thrash, 30-Day Prisoner.

Asheville, N. C.—The County Commissioners have leased P. S. Thrash to Mrs. Thrash for thirty days for \$500 cash, she being the highest bidder.

Thrash, who is worth \$50,000, had been found guilty in the Superior Court of keeping liquor to sell to retailers. Judge Long sentenced him to pay a fine of \$2,000 and costs and to serve 30 days in jail.

Slipped Up on the Sleuth.

A Cincinnati reporter, acting independently of the men working for other papers, resolved to have an account of the proceedings of a council meeting to which no outsiders were to be admitted. By collusion with the janitor he climbed to a spot that was not without its dangers and was dusty beyond description. There he took out a notebook for a shorthand report.

The meeting came to order and the first thing the chairman did was to move a reconsideration and admit the reporters. This was carried and they all (minus one) fled in to take their places in comfortable positions.

Spring 1912

Laces.

Allover laces, beautiful designs, in white, black and cream.

Matched edges and insertions in Vals and Lions.

Embroideries.

Allovers in attractive designs, edges in Swiss and Cambrie.

Flouncings.

Six patterns 48 inches wide, deep, well finished designs in eyelet and solid embroidery, fine Swiss material, an exceptional value at 58 cents a yard.

G. W. ROBINSON & SON

LETTUCE WHILE YOU WAIT

Dinner Guests May See It Grow on the Table for Their Salad.

When at a dinner in Rome a tourist was served with strawberries, still growing on the parent vine, in a common earthen pot which was concealed by a sash of wide ribbon, the thought was the last word with regard to serving food at the dinner table. It remains, however, for a New York florist to work what seems like a miracle.

He claims to be able to grow lettuce while you wait—crisp lettuce for dinner to eat with your broiled spring chicken.

When asked to reveal his secret he said: "I take a handful of lettuce seeds that have been soaked over a night in alcohol and I plant them in a box containing three inches of loam and quicklime. I water this well, and in ten minutes the seeds burst. In twenty minutes two tiny leaves push through the earth. The leaves grow and multiply. In an hour they are as big as dollars. Then you may pluck and eat them. They are delicious—a fairy salad. Sometimes when I give a dinner party I have one of these little prepared lettuce beds in the center of the table. The guests see the lettuce grow, and when the time comes for the salad course there is their salad blooming before them all ready for them to pluck."

Considering what marvels in the way of cooking are accomplished with the chafing dish and denatured alcohol stoves, and scientific marvels like this, we may reasonably expect to see the lamb driven in alive, slaughtered, and cooked before our very eyes.

STREET CLEANING LONG AGO

Franklin's Autobiography Tells How He Promoted the First Contract Job in Philadelphia.

Recently at one of the luncheons of the City Club of Philadelphia there was read an extract from the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin which was said to describe the first instance of street cleaning by contract in Philadelphia. The incident is interesting also, however, as illustrating citizen co-operation in its original simplicity.

"One day," Franklin wrote, "I found a poor industrious man, who was willing to undertake keeping the pavement clean by sweeping it twice a week, carrying off the dirt from before all the neighbors' doors, for the sum of six-pence per month, to be paid by each house. I then wrote and printed a paper setting forth the advantages to the neighborhood that might be obtained by this small expense. . . . I sent one of these papers to each house, and in a day or two went around to see who would subscribe an agreement to pay these six-pence; it was unanimously signed, and for a time well executed. This raised a general desire to have all the streets paved, and made the people more willing to subscribe to a tax for that purpose."—The Survey.

Those "Iron Dollars."

"I have always felt that we of the middle west have about the best of everything in the United States," a Missouri man who is in New York said. "But I am willing to admit now that we play the part of the 'goat' in the currency deal.

"You will never know the significance of the term 'iron dollars' until you have carried the big wheels around in your pocket," he continued. "And you will doubtless never carry the cumbersome coin as long as the good-natured western brother consents to deal with that part of the currency. In the two months that I have been in the east I haven't had my hands on an 'iron dollar,' and I'm not homesick for the sight of one. When I return I am going to try to carry enough paper to last me until I come back again."

Each season we think we've reached the extreme of possible merit at this popular price.

But we've again surpassed the values of previous seasons, with an offering that will make mothers glad they can get so much satisfaction for so little.

All Wool Fabrics, well cut and tailored, two pairs full cut Knickerbocker pants, Double Breasted or pleated Norfolk Coat.

Sizes 6 to 17—all for Five Dollars.

Other new Wool Suits for Boys, \$3.50 to \$16.50.

Boys' Wash Suits, \$1.00 to \$3.50.

Great collection Boys' Wash Suits, \$1.00.

Galateas, Percales—Sailor or Russian House styles. Sizes 2½ to 10.

Spring catalog will be mailed shortly. Write for a copy.

BOGGS & BUHL, NORTH SIDE, PITTSBURGH, PA.

KEELEY CURE

The cure that has been continuously successful for more than 32 years is worth investigating. For the drug or drink habit. Write for particulars. Keeley Institute, 101 Western Penna. 426 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

You can't afford not to have money in the Bank



Did you ever notice the independence and self-reliance of the man who has money in the bank. Not only his employer, but every "big" man greets him differently to the way he greets those who have not. Quit those petty extravagances that are eating up your money. Put it in the bank every week. In a short time it will have grown, and you, too, will feel that freedom and power you have noticed in others.

CAPITAL STOCK, \$50,000.
SURPLUS, \$100,000.

Forest County National Bank, TIONESTA, PA.

Do YOUR banking with US. We pay liberal interest consistent with safety, 4 per cent.

Do You Want the Best Gas Range or Stove?