

# SNOW SHOE TIMES

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EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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to the approval of the editor.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1910.

Snow Shoe and vicinity is to have a newspaper. The Snow Shoe Times comes to its readers, with this issue, for the first time. We hope, by the support of the enterprising citizens of Snow Shoe and Snow Shoe Township, to become a weekly visitor to every home in this vicinity and many homes elsewhere. Our aim will be to produce a neat, clean and interesting newspaper devoted to the interests of Snow Shoe and Snow Shoe Township. It will be our constant endeavor to be fair and reasonable in all matters pertaining to the publication of The Times, and trust that our patrons will be equally fair with us. Any assistance that can be cheerfully given us, by any of our friends, will be thankfully received and greatly appreciated. On the other hand, if we know of any who make it their business to be continually putting "stumbling blocks" in the way of any new enterprise, we will surely remember them. In politics, we shall try to remain neutral; but, let it be understood, that in case we see fit to enter that field, we will, in all cases endeavor to take the side of the masses and not the classes; and if we should especially favor any one, it will be the producer and consumer, or in other words, the one who most needs our support; but in this, as in other affairs, we shall try to be fair and reasonable. In religion, we hope to have the same spirit of fairness, and that no narrow-mindedness or prejudice will at any time prompt us to utter anything not in accord with the principles of Christianity; and with the words of Lincoln, "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, we hope to push forward. Any aid we can reasonably give to the cause of Christianity, as we understand it, will be happily given.

We want to make The Times a success and can only do so by the co-operation and support of every citizen. We earnestly solicit the patronage of all business houses and professional men—it is only from such sources that we can exist—and we will make every effort in our power to work mutually together.

Our job office is equipped to do almost all kinds of commercial printing and do it right. Give us a trial order and be convinced. Do not be afraid, because we are small, that our work will not come up to the standard. We will guarantee our work to meet all the requirements for which the job is intended, or ask nothing for our time and trouble. Let us know your wants and if it is a job we are not prepared to do, will promptly let you know and, perhaps, could suggest a place to have it done. We cannot see why a weekly paper for Snow Shoe and vicinity would not be a boon to the town and township. Therefore, we make the effort to establish it and then it is up to you.

THE EDITOR.

Today is the anniversary of the great naval battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac. Forty-eight years have gone by since that memorable affair. All students of history, as well as those who lived during those troublesome times, will remember what a great sensation was caused by that engagement—the whole world was shocked. The Snow Shoe Times comes before the public on the anniversary of that stunning affair, and might be compared with the little Monitor in many ways. It was once thought that the name Monitor might be given to this paper, but other things considered, it received the name Snow Shoe Times, under which it will appear until changed.

The Times, like the Monitor, is small, is well protected with armor plate, can hit hard if cornered, may be called something even worse than

a "Yankee Cheese Box" and comes about as unexpectedly. We are also capable of becoming a "doughty little antagonist" when the occasion requires. In fact, we want to be a "man-of-war," but avoid all scraps as far as lieth in us.

The weather is apparently making a change towards spring. This winter has truly been a remarkable one. The writer cannot remember when we had such fine winter weather and even the older inhabitants have no recollection of such a record of ice and snow. For eleven weeks we have had sledding, and at no time did the thermometer register more than eight degrees below zero, in this locality, and yet has kept below the freezing point almost all the time. We take this as a sign that we will have a good summer and that 1910 will be a prosperous year throughout.

## Recent Deaths

Thomas Gleason, Sr.

Thomas Gleason, a long time resident of this community, died at his home here on February 24. He was born in Ireland and came to this country when a young man. He settled in Moshannon about 35 years ago and has resided here ever since. He leaves to mourn his death, his wife, six sons—Patrick, of Chicago; Mike, Thomas, Jr., James and Edward, of Moshannon, and Morris of Karthaus; and four daughters—Kathryn, and Hannah, of Philadelphia; Julia, residing near Gillintown and Margaret, of Peale.

John Redding.

John Redding of Reynoldsville, and son of Henry Redding, a coal operator of that place, once a resident of Snow Shoe, was operated on for appendicitis on February 22, and died in the operation. The funeral was attended by many friends among them were Lawrence Redding of Munson, Annie Curry of Bellefonte, Mrs. Jos. Losh of Altoona and James Redding and wife of Clearfield. Interment was made in the cemetery at Reynoldsville. The services were conducted by Father Lynch of that place.

Mrs. W. T. Leathers.

Death brought to a close the suffering of Mrs. W. T. Leathers of Howard, on Thursday last. She had been ill for some time and the end was expected as recovery seemed impossible. Mrs. Leathers was a member of the Methodist church and was known and admired by a large number of friends. Her husband preceded her to the grave seven or eight years ago. She is survived by the following children: James, Fred, George, Cookman, Jesse and Lucy, of Howard; Mrs. Howard Neff, of Curtin and Mrs. Charles Yearick, of Jacksonsville.

D. M. Wolf.

The news of the death of Professor D. M. Wolf was a shock to this community as well as other parts of the county. Mr. Wolf's kind and gentle disposition had won the hearts of many friends and his death will be mourned by many. During his term as County Superintendent, he endeared himself to the people of this region and later on, to the students that attended his school at Spring Mills. Pneumonia was the disease that caused his death. He was ill only about one week. He died shortly after 4 o'clock on the morning of February 28 at the residence of J. Wells Evans, where he had made his home for almost 50 years.

According to F. Edward Hulme in "The Flags of the World, Their History, Blazonry and Associations," the crescent moon and star were adopted by the Turks as their national emblem on the capture of Constantinople by Mahomet II. in 1453. The star and crescent, however, contends the New York Times, antedate that period, going back into the ancient time of Diana. They were originally the symbol of Diana the Patroness of Byzantium, and were adopted by the Ottomans as a badge of triumph over their foes. The star within the moon crescent appears again as the badge of Richard I. John and Henry III. of England. In this period of English history the ancient emblem is supposed to have signified the ascendancy of Christianity over Mahomedanism, and so emblematic of the Crusades.

## Your Better Self

By Elbert Hubbard



HERE is not so very much difference in the intelligence of people after all.

The great man is not so great as folks think, and the dull man is not quite so stupid as he seems.

The difference in our estimates of men lies in the fact that one man is able to get his goods into the show window for goods.

"The soul knows all things, and knowledge is only a remembering," says Emerson. This seems a very broad statement, yet the fact remains that the vast majority of men know a thousand

times as much as they are aware of.

In the silent depths of sub-consciousness lie myriads of truths, each awaiting the time when its owner shall call it forth.

And to utilize these stored-up thoughts you must express them to others; and to express them well your soul has to soar into this sub-conscious realm where you have cached these net results of experience.

The great painter forgets all in the presence of his canvas; the writer is oblivious to his surroundings; the singer floats away on the wings of melody, and carries the audience with her; the orator pours out his soul for an hour, and it seems to him as if barely five minutes had passed, so wrapped and lost is he in his exalted theme.

When you reach the heights of sublimity, and are expressing your highest and best, you are in a partial trance condition. And all men who enter this condition surprise themselves by the quantity of knowledge and the extent of the insight they possess. And some, going a little deeper into this trance condition than others, knowing nothing of the miraculous storing up of truth in cells of sub-consciousness, jump to the conclusion that their intelligence is being guided by a spirit not their own. When an individual reaches this conclusion he begins to wither at the top, for he relies on the dead, and ceases to feed the well-springs of his sub-conscious self.

The mind is a dual affair—objective and subjective. The objective mind sees all, hears all, reasons things out. The subjective mind stores up and only gives out when the objective mind sleeps. And as few men ever cultivate the absorbed, reflective or semi-trance state, where the objective mind rests, they never really call on their sub-conscious treasury for its stores. They are always self-conscious.

But what think you is necessary before a person comes into possession of his sub-conscious treasures? Well, I'll tell you: It is not ease, nor prosperity, nor requited love, nor worldly security.

"You sing well," said the master, impatiently, to his best pupil, "but you will never sing divinely until you have given your all for love, and then been neglected and rejected, and scorned and beaten, and left for dead. Then, if you do not exactly die, you will come back, and when the world hears your voice it will mistake you for an angel and fall at your feet."

And the moral is, that as long as you are satisfied and comfortable, you use only the objective mind and live in the world of sense. But let love be torn from your grasp and flee as a shadow—living only as a memory in a haunting sense of loss; let death come and the sky shut down over less worth in the world; or stupid misunderstanding, and crushing defeat grind you into the dust—then you may arise, forgetting time and space and self, and take refuge in mansions not made with hands, and find a certain sad, sweet comfort in the contemplation of treasures stored up where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.

And thus looking out into the Eternal, you forget the present and enter into the Land of Sub-Consciousness, where yet dwell the gods of ancient and innocent days.—New York American.

## Being a Good Neighbor

By Giselle D'Unger



THE spirit of neighborliness is being manifested even by corporations. The International Harvester Company is one of the large corporations whose endeavor to put that spirit into action is particularly worthy of notice. It is by no means the only organization of the kind that is carrying on what is commonly called "welfare" work, but it has its efforts in this direction well systematized and is constantly seeking to embody in its own operation practical and helpful ideas gathered from other sources. The International Harvester

Company, representing, as it does, \$120,000,000 of capital, which dispensed, in one year, \$21,763,307.95 in pay-roll wages alone, and \$16,783,000 in sales commissions, has a large field in which to exercise the virtue of "being a good neighbor" to its twenty-eight thousand employees. Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick has stated that "the employer who wants the people employed in his business to work under the very best possible conditions as to hours, wages and surroundings, and who feels happier when he knows this state of things is attained; the employee who takes satisfaction in his work, because of the improved environment and because he knows that, in providing it, the employer has no ax to grind—these two men can not, in the nature of things, remain at loggerheads, and, in their co-operation there can be no question but that the utmost advantage comes to both."—The World To-Day.

## Marriage and the Birth Rate

By Lurana W. Sheldon



MRS. Margaret Deland is quoted as saying that "the college girl of the present talks about marriage and the birth rate in a way to make her mother blush," and you say editorially that the fact that she does so talk makes of her a "troublesome problem."

May I ask if, because her mother could not possibly appreciate her intelligent understanding of both matters named, the college girl must forever remain silent? Is she to be so considerate of her mother's and grandmother's opinions that she must cease to hold opinions of her own and so walk out of step in the "line of progress" in which you frankly admit she is? Furthermore, would it not have been to the credit of some of these mothers if they had blushed ore and been a little less ignorant—or possibly had a few less children? And why should the college girl of the present be found a "troublesome problem?" Is she not demonstrating her entire fitness to take care of herself and so ridding men—or some man—of this especial burden?

Certainly "marriage and the birth rate" are important matters for the college girl or any other girl to consider, and the fact that she calls a spade a spade only proves her earnestness and sincerity. Fortunately the habit of blushing over important topics of conversation is dying out among women, but the least advanced college girls of today would turn as red as roses if asked to marry and bear children as thoughtlessly as did their mothers.

Saved a Nickel.

"Have a drink?"

"Thanks, but I belong to an anti-treat club."

"I'm going to have one."

"Then take this ten cents and I'll join you. You can get two drinks for a quarter."—Louisville, Courier-Journal.

No Woman In This Case.

She (protestingly), "That's just like you men. A man never gets into trouble without dragging some woman into trouble without dragging some woman in with him."

He. "Oh, I don't know! How about Jonah in the whale."—Boston Transcript.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Dr. Carl Dinger

Dentist

Philipsburg, Pa.

Painless Extraction of  
Teeth a Specialty

Dr. F. K. White

Dentist

SECOND FLOOR

GRANT BLOCK

PHILIPSBURG, PA.

TRAINS BURIED BY  
GREAT SNOW SLIDE

Number of Victims Not Easily Ascer-  
tained, but May Reach Fifty.

RESCUE WORK VERY DIFFICULT

Engines and Cars Buried Deep—Res-  
cuers Worked Many Hours Be-  
fore Reaching Them.

Everett, Wash.—Sweeping down the steep mountain side on the west slope of the Cascades, an avalanche of snow overwhelmed two Great Northern trains, three locomotives, four huge electric motor engines and brought death to more than a score of persons, according to meager reports that have drifted in from Wellington, a station near the disaster.

Most of the dead are believed to have been passengers on an express train bound from Spokane to Seattle and which had been stalled in the mountains several days.

The passengers were asleep when the slide came. The other train was a transcontinental fast mail, which carried no passengers.

Twenty bodies were recovered and 20 injured were rescued. Some 25 are missing.

The avalanche swept down the mountain side just before sunrise. It was half a mile long. The cars and locomotives were buried deep and it was six hours before rescuers could reach them.

Reports say the Great Northern powerhouse, which furnishes electric power to operate trains through the Cascade tunnel and the station and water tank were swept away by the avalanche. The railroad boarding house was wrecked. A number of the dead and injured are railroad men and residents of Wellington.

Everett, Wash.—Latest estimates place the number of persons killed by the avalanche that crushed two Great Northern passenger trains at Wellington at 40. While only 23 persons are known to be dead nearly a score are thought to be buried in the wreckage.

Communication with Wellington is maintained only by men on snowshoes. Twelve bodies had been removed from the 150-foot gorge into which the snowslide swept the train.

Bunkhouse Is Hospital.

The railroad bunkhouse at Wellington has been transformed into a hospital and 10 injured are being cared for there. Superintendent O'Neill of the Great Northern made his way to the wreck at the head of a party of doctors and nurses. The treacherous trip down the precipice was made on snowshoes.

The nearest telegraph station, Scenic Hot Springs, is three miles below Wellington, down a precipitous grade that is covered with a deep blanket of snow that may slide down the mountain at any moment.

The Wellington telegraph operator arrived at Scenic Hot Springs today, almost insane from the scenes he had witnessed.

The railroad company is making strenuous efforts to reach Wellington from both sides of the mountain range. Relief trains have been dispatched from Everett with supplies and a wrecking crew. The road is blocked in several places by smaller slides and the high temperature leads to the fear that more may occur to impede the relief work.

WHEN BUYING NEW BLINDS.

When buying window blinds it is a good plan to allow sufficient material for a deep hem both top and bottom wide enough to take the lath. On the top hem sew a strip of tape through which to put the nails or clips which fasten the blind to the roller.

When soiled at the bottom, blinds made in this fashion can quite easily be turned upside down, and so do not require to be cleaned as often as if made in the ordinary way.—Home Chat.