

SNOW SHOE TIMES

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to the approval of the editor.

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An ill wind, declares the New York
Telegram, often takes our breath
away.

The rainy-day skirt, announces the
Chicago News, was never intended for
the tall woman with a stately stride.

Perhaps Pittsburg named its base-
ball team "The Pirates" in honor of
the City Council, suggests the Kansas
City Star.

The stomach of a Seattle man who
fasted thirty-nine days to cure stom-
ach trouble isn't troubling him any
more, asserts the New York World.
He died.

Amundsen's determination to lock
himself in the ice for seven years, to
await scientific Arctic developments,
observes the Boston Advertiser, calls
for admiration and suggestion as to
his comrades.

Says the Atlanta Constitution: It
is proposed to change the inaugural
date from March 4 until the last
Thursday in April—a date eminently
more satisfactory, though it might be
still better carried a little further
along into the spring. An early May
inaugural would, we believe, prove
ideal.

The newest thing in picture post-
cards is the photographic fake. It
flourishes at Washington, affirms the
New York Mail. For a quarter you
can get three pictures of yourself ap-
parently shaking hands with "Bill"
or in friendly confab with him. Is
not this lese majeste? Is this not
worse than the Pittsburg posters,
"Go to the ball game and see the
President?"

Asks the New York Tribune: Will
meat strikes be succeeded by efforts
to establish co-operative markets con-
trolled by the consumers themselves,
and by permanent organizations
pledged not to buy above certain
prices, as the early pools bound them-
selves not to sell below certain rates?
If combination is the order of the day,
as we have been taught to believe,
why shall the consumers not combi-
ne?

The New York hotels, admits the
Boston Globe, are actually beginning
to serve their enchanted customers
with the old-fashioned New England
strawberry shortcake, instead of the
French disappointment of sweet cake
and whipped cream to which alone
they have been addicted in the past.
One of the hotels calls it on the menu
"hot strawberry crusts," and another
calls it "grilled strawberries," but
those who have tried it say that it is
almost as good as the real Boston
luxury. New York is gradually be-
coming civilized.

Discussing the cost of living over
the lunch table the other day, the
traffic manager of one of the trunk
lines made this statement: "I am sure
that the producer does not get a big
profit from a sale of his goods, and I
am equally certain that railroad rates
are not responsible for the high cost
of living. Our line the other day
a shipment of potatoes was made
from an interior point to New York
City. The producer received thirty
cents a bushel at the station for his
goods. The rate charged for trans-
portation was ten cents a bushel. The
consumer paid an average of \$1.20 a
bushel for these same potatoes when
he bought them in four-quart meas-
ures."

Good intentions, observes the com-
moner, don't count for much unless
backed up by great effort.

THE SEEKER.

A prominent novelist, recently divorced,
explained some of his wife's allegations by
saying that he had to descend to the depths
of society to get material.—News Item.

When Ritter came home at a quarter to
four

In a state of extreme inebriety,
He said to his wife, who was there at the
door:

"I've been out in the dep'ch of society.
I wanted to get 'local color,' m' dear,
Some lively shore story material."
"I see," she replied, "and it's patently clear
That you've gathered enough for a serial."

When Ritter decided to publish a book
With a hero of nature burglarious,
He got him a mask and jimmy and took
To nightly excursions nefarious.

The officers nabbed him and put him in
jail,
He laughed with a cheerful vivacity,
"For truly," he said, "this will give to the
tale
An impress of perfect veracity!"

To write his great novel of "passion and
pain,"
And get the right atmosphere in it, he
Deserted his wife who was faithful—but
plain—
And eloped with a perfect "affinity."

Then he took to the absinthe and then to
the dope
And forged a few checks on the quiet; he
Maintained he was forced by his talent to
grope
In the dark and the "depths of society."

He plunged into vice with particular vim,
He sought for it where it was seekable;
He robbed and he swindled, and folks said
Of him:

"His morals are simply unspeakable."
But still he asserted, before he could write
Of vice or of crime, he must try it; he
Must judge of a dog by the depth of its
bite,
Of the world—by the "depths of so-
ciety."

At last this poor author—(he seems to me
still
A poor and much-to-be-pitied-one)—
In order to write of a murder with skill,
Went out in the night and committed
one.

They caught him and hanged him—as just-
ly they ought—
For a deed of such fearful impiety,
And his spirit is getting the "color" he
sought

In the "nethermost depths of society."
—Berton Braley, in Puck.

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## THE LEADING OF FATE

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By LILLIAN G. COPP.

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It was Jean's first visit among the  
people of the poorer tenement dis-  
trict. Into the congenial surround-  
ings of her own sheltered life never  
had crept the faintest intimation that  
such sordid poverty existed. Jean  
slowly followed her aunt up the stairs  
of the huge hive-like structure they  
entered, shrinking alike from the  
half-starved children, who swarmed  
about them, and from the consump-  
tive girl wrapped in a ragged quilt  
and propped up in a chair with lumpy,  
excelsior-filled pillows. Suddenly her  
heart gave a great throb as she  
paused before an open door. There  
stood an antidote for the wretched  
poverty and suffering already wit-  
nessed.

Jean's face lost its white, drawn  
look, as she reached for the dimpled,  
blue-eyed boy, who, patting the soft  
fur clasped around Jean's white  
throat, cuddled serenely in her arms.

"Oh, auntie, isn't he a darling?"  
she exclaimed fervently.

Mrs. Moreland acquiesced as she  
ascended the flight of stairs opposite.  
Oblivious of everything but her new-  
found treasure, Jean made no effort  
to follow.

"See," the boy called to someone  
within, and Jean encountered the  
glance of a pair of magnetic dark  
eyes.

"I beg your pardon," she stam-  
mered to the short, compactly-built  
man who was closely regarding her.

One of Lauriston's rare smiles  
lighted his face as he answered Jean's  
apology. "It was I who left the door  
unclosed, so I felt responsible if the  
child were stolen."

"Mamma sick," Reginald tried in  
his baby way to make Jean under-  
stand; "man come; make mamma  
well."

"Oh, he is the doctor," thought  
Jean, interpreting the prattlings of  
the three-year-old boy. But when he  
attempted to close the door, she in-  
terposed:

"Please leave the door opened un-  
til my aunt comes down. I don't  
know where to find her, and I doubt  
if she remembers me until she re-  
turns home." At the probability of  
missing her aunt, Jean's voice fal-  
tered.

"You are not used to this," said  
Lauriston kindly, as he placed a chair  
for her.

"No," Jean answered quietly,  
though she shuddered at the muffled  
groans that came from the inner  
room.

"Don't be afraid, Reginald's moth-  
er has no contagious disease," Lau-  
riston assured Jean in a low tone. "It  
is a breakdown from overwork and  
insufficient nourishment."

Jean breathed freer at the infor-  
mation. Lauriston looked at her  
quizzically while he unconsciously  
pushed back from his forehead clus-  
ters of thick, brown hair.

"Boy's face dirty. Boy wants face  
washed," asserted Reginald, peremp-  
torily pulling at Jean's gloved hand.

"Come here, my little man; I will

wash it for you," broke in Lauriston,  
seeing that Reginald's persistence  
added to the embarrassment of the  
girl's position.

"No; want lady to," stoutly pro-  
tested Reginald.

"Lucky boy; always to get what  
he wants," remarked Lauriston, as  
Jean removed her gloves and took  
the dampened towel from his hand.

"Jean in a new role," softly ex-  
claimed Mrs. Moreland from the door,  
exchanging an amused glance with  
Lauriston. "I shall never again  
doubt your ability to manage raw re-  
cruits. But do tell me, Dr. Lauriston,  
how you managed Jean?"

As her aunt pronounced Lauris-  
ton's name, Reginald was hastily  
stood on the floor, while, unmindful  
of her own falling articles, Jean  
turned and stared at her aunt. Was  
this the Dr. Lauriston of whom Jean  
had heard so much since she came to  
share Aunt Kate's home? Could this  
be the man she had longed to meet  
—the man who searched out needy  
cases among the destitute poor, and  
gave not only his own time, skill and  
money, but induced a large class of  
wealthy women to take a course in  
nursing, that they might aid in mak-  
ing successful the unique charity with  
which he was experimenting?

Jean's wandering thoughts were  
recalled by a young girl about her  
own age coming from the inner room.  
She bowed to Mrs. Moreland, while  
she answered Lauriston's inquiring  
look with: "I am ready now. I shall  
be able to get along to-morrow with-  
out your waiting."

Jean waited to hear no more, but  
with a hasty kiss to Reginald she hur-  
ried her aunt down the stairs. Her  
cheeks burned hotly as she remem-  
bered her own reluctance to assist.

"If your Dr. Lauriston is so won-  
derful, why wasn't he in there help-  
ing that poor girl," Jean blazed forth  
to her astonished aunt, pointing frag-  
gically toward the door they were just  
passing, "instead of waiting to es-  
cort home that pretty girl upstairs?"

"Why, my dear, this was Miss  
Nevins' first visit. No danger of the  
doctor waiting for her to-morrow."

That afternoon when Jean poured  
tea for Mrs. Moreland's callers, she  
evinced not the slightest interest in  
the wonderful successes of Dr. Lauris-  
ton which they were discussing.

"What makes you so unreasonable,  
Jean?" her aunt said to her one day,  
annoyed by the girl's unusual perva-  
sity whenever Lauriston's name  
was mentioned. "He couldn't tell  
you that he was the man of whom  
everyone was talking." But Jean  
with a contemptuous toss of her head  
made no answer.

The next night she hurried down  
in answer to her aunt's summons.  
"Where is Aunt Kate?" she asked  
the maid, who was crossing the hall.  
"She has just gone out. There is a  
gentleman waiting in the library,"  
the girl added.

Jean went in. "I'm sorry that  
Mrs. Moreland isn't at home—" she  
began.

"But it wasn't Mrs. Moreland I  
wanted to see," interrupted Lauris-  
ton.

"Oh," said Jean vaguely, now rec-  
ognizing her visitor.

"Reginald is ill, and is begging pit-  
eously that the 'pretty lady'—"

The emphasis on the two words  
caused Jean to interpose curtly:  
"It will be impossible for me to  
go."

"There are times, Miss Alton, when  
a person should forget self. This is  
one," gravely insinuated Lauriston.

Jean's eyelids drooped under his  
unflinching gaze. "I shall be ready  
in five minutes," she responded meek-  
ly.

It was two months later that Jean,  
discussing charity work, of which she  
was then a devoted enthusiast,  
adroitly brought the conversation  
around to Dr. Lauriston, remarking  
with assumed carelessness:

"You have so high an opinion of  
him, Aunt Kate, that you will be glad  
to know we are to form a life part-  
nership in May."

Before Mrs. Moreland had recov-  
ered sufficiently to answer, Jean had  
left the room.—Boston Post.

### Cameos and Seed Pearls.

Cameos are coming in again, like so  
many old things that have of late be-  
come new. Coral and seed pearls are  
other revivals. Cameos figure on  
evening gowns, and form clasps to  
cloaks for evening wear; they look  
well on the shoulders or on the front  
of the bodice, and sometimes at the  
waist of dresses.

Gold and brown are a favorite mix-  
ture, and several tones of one shade.  
Even for evening gowns brown se-  
quins blend well with gold thread,  
and gold fillets are worn in the hair  
for evening. The metal is very thin  
and flexible. It goes on the brow and  
nape of the neck, is arched over the  
head, another bandeau appearing  
above the Psyche knot at the back.

Sometimes topaz or other jewels  
clasp these head adornments. Jew-  
eled girdles under the bust, with a  
clasp in the centre of the front, are  
very much "en evidence" in some of  
our evening gowns distinguished for  
most barbaric splendor.—The Queen.



IN 1911.  
The Greens are aviating far beyond the  
polar sea,  
The Browns are bungalowing in the empty  
ninth degree,  
The Grays are blithely camping in the  
North Pole's cooling calm,  
While the Whites are rustiating on their  
brand new Walrus Farm.  
—Brooklyn Life.

### A PERSISTENT FAD.

"I see that our neighbors wear  
clothes," remarked Eve after coming  
out of the garden.

"So I notice," responded Adam.  
"It's just a fad. It can't last."—  
Washington Herald.

### HAD A PROXY.

"Have a drink, old man?"  
"No; I've cut it out."

"Aw, be sociable."  
"Well, my companion here will  
take a drink with you. He's my so-  
cial secretary."—Kansas City Jour-  
nal.

### A CASE IN POINT.

Cynicus—"It is impossible for a  
woman to keep a secret."  
Henpeckke—"I don't know about  
that; my wife and I were engaged for  
several weeks before she said any-  
thing to me about it."—Philadelphia  
Record.

### PROMOTION.

Actor (to his manager)—"I've been  
with you now three years, and I think  
I am entitled to a raise."  
Manager—"Certainly. Henceforth  
you shall play all the parts that have  
meals."—Fliegende Blaetter.

### JUST TRUCK.

"Madame, don't think because I'm  
only an eggplant you can sit on me  
—clear out of here!"—New York  
World.

### NIPPED.

"I've got a great chance," began  
Burroughs, "to make big money on a  
certain investment of—"  
"Sorry, old man," interrupted  
Wise, "but I've had to borrow my-  
self this month."—Catholic Stand-  
ard and Times.

### THE NEW WAY.

"Well, it's after midnight. I must  
hustle home."  
"Oh, your wife doesn't wait up for  
you, does she?"  
"No; but she'll be getting in from  
her bridge club pretty soon."—Louis-  
ville Courier-Journal.

### THE MODERN IDEA.

"And you don't love him?"  
"No."  
"Then why marry him?"  
"Oh, I might as well. Every girl  
has to have a foolish marriage or two  
before she really settles down."—  
Louisville Courier-Journal.

### THE SPECIALIST.

Servant—"Come quick, sir. Mad-  
ame is in a fit."  
Husband—"Just like her. She  
knows my specialty is diseases of the  
chest, and she gets an illness for  
which I shall be obliged to call in an-  
other doctor."—Pele Mele.

### MISSED HIS LESSON.

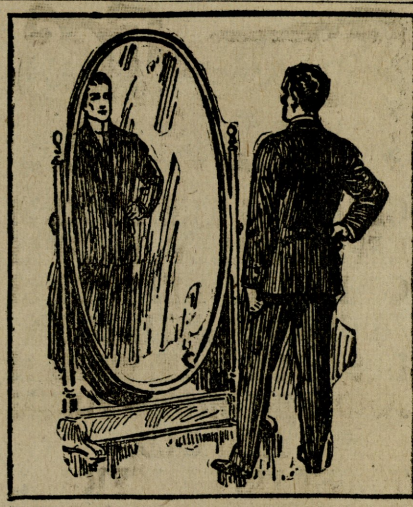
"What State do we live in?" asked  
the teacher in the ordinary geography  
class.  
And little Elmer, thinking of his  
Sunday-school catechism, promptly  
replied: "In a state of sin and mis-  
ery."—Chicago Daily News.

### A THEORY.

"Infant prodigies are hard to un-  
derstand," said the man who is easily  
impressed.  
"I don't think so," replied Miss  
Cayenne. "As a rule they are simply  
young people with highly imaginative  
parents."—Washington Star.

### THE SITUATION.

"I see a New York dame claims  
that a woman needs \$5000 for an  
Easter outfit. I suppose hers is an  
exceptional case."  
"Not at all. Every woman needs  
that much. Only they don't all get  
it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



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answer—Your clothes are  
perfect.

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### NEWSY GLEANINGS.

New York shivered in the coldest  
June day ever known.

More than 200 Jewish families  
were expelled from Kiev, Russia.

Walter A. Fitch shot himself while  
watching a ball game at Greenport,  
L. I.

A report to the Carnegie Founda-  
tion criticised American medical  
schools.

President Taft's visit served to in-  
crease internal Republican strife in  
Michigan.

The American system of five and  
ten cent stores has been extended to  
England.

London's Horse Show opened with  
notable American entries, though  
fewer than last year.

Five aeronauts raced in aeroplanes  
from Angers to Saumur, in France, a  
distance of thirty-one miles.

The Museum of Art, New York  
City, announced the purchase of a  
Whistler canvas, a portrait of Henry  
Irving.

An army airship made a surprise  
reconnaissance over London, circling  
St. Paul's at night, and returning to  
Aldershot.

A twenty-two story hotel, to cost  
\$3,000,000, is to be erected in Broad-  
way, Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth  
streets, New York City.

New York and New Haven com-  
muters discovered that President  
Mellen had increased distances be-  
tween stations two miles and more.

Dr. Madriz has assured the State  
Department that William P. Pittman,  
American, captured while aiding  
Nicaraguan rebels, will come to no  
harm.

The Board of Aldermen, of Ashe-  
ville, N. C., caused a panic among  
storekeepers by raising the license  
fee for "near beer" shops to \$1000  
each.

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