

**SOMERSET COUNTY LUTHERAN CONFERENCE**

The Somerset county conference of the Allegheny synod of the Lutheran church held its sessions at Grantsville, Md., last week, the majority of the delegates returning to their homes on Thursday. The opening sermon to the conference was preached by the Rev. Simon Snyder of Scalp Level, while other numbers on the program of interest to members of this faith in this section of the state are as follows:

"The Millennium," Rev. D. W. Michael, Meyersdale; "The Resurrection," Rev. E. F. Rice, Jennerstown; "The Judgment," Rev. F. S. Shultz, Summerhill; "The Future Eternal State of the Righteous and the Wicked," Rev. S. N. Carpenter, of Trinity church, Johnstown; "The Church in the Sunday School," Rev. W. I. Good, Grace Church of Johnstown; "The Organized Adult Bible Class," Rev. I. Hess Wagner, Somerset; "The Ideal Sunday School Teacher," Rev. H. W. Bender, Lilly; "The Boy Problem," Rev. Robt. D. Clare, First church of Johnstown; sermon, Rev. J. S. English, Stoyestown; devotional services, Rev. P. B. Pasold, Glade; "Methods of Promoting Religion," Rev. H. S. Rhoads, Moxham church, Johnstown; vesper services, Rev. J. C. McCroney of Friedens; "The Church and the Home," Rev. D. W. Lecrone, Davidsville; Our Synodical Home Mission work," Rev. Carney, Garrett; Vesper services, Rev. Oney; Elklick; devotional services, Rev. Petrea, Somerset R. D. "The Sunday School in the Church," Rev. Burkholder, Berlin; "The Problems of the Rural Church," Rev. Schmucker, Shanksville.

Other members of the conference roll are as follows:  
The Rev. E. S. Johnston, D. D., Elklick; Rev. L. P. Young, Elklick; Rev. W. A. Shipman, D. D., Johnstown; Rev. E. F. Ott, Portage; Rev. John Ergler, Ph. D., Rockwood and Rev. W. E. Sunday, Hooversville.

**COAL INTERESTS CONSOLIDATED.**

The recent consolidation of the interests of the Victor Coal Mining Company, whose operations are at Holsopple, and general offices at Somerset, with those of W. H. Bradford & Company, an old coal sales agency, will result in better business conditions at Holsopple.

The announcement of the consolidation of several concerns was made last week through the following notice sent out to the trade: We beg to announce the consolidation of the selling and mining departments of our business to be known as W. H. Bradford & Co., Inc., miners and shippers, Victoria and Scalp Level Smokeless Coals, with offices at Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia; No. 42 Broadway, New York City; and Snyder Building, Somerset. The officers are: W. H. Bradford, President; R. R. Reinger, Treasurer; W. F. Englis, Secretary; and Lloyd G. McCrum General Manager of Mines."

The interests merged in this deal are those of W. H. Bradford, whose business in the world-wide coal market has long since been established, the Phoenix Fuel Company and the Victor Coal Mining Company.

The Victor Coal Mining Company has three mines at Holsopple, and has been employing more than two hundred men. Under the consolidation, this plant will be improved and the number of men to be employed will be increased because there will be a regular market for the entire output of the plant.

Mr. McCrum, who will be the general manager of the mines, took charge of the plant at Holsopple about two years ago and made it a paying proposition. He will continue to reside at Somerset, but necessarily will be required to spend a great deal of his time in the East.

**McCLARY DRESSED UP LOOKED LIKE SKELETON.**

The following amusing story has been told of Dr. Thomas McClary, and, while it reflects upon his physique, we hope the doctor will not take exception if we tell it to our readers incidental to his approaching visit to our town.

One day while visiting a friend, a physician and surgeon, he called at the office. He found the physician very much tickled over a joke to be penetrated on a newsboy. The physician had taken the skeleton from its place in the wall case and placed it upon a chair facing the door and was waiting the coming of the newsboy with the evening paper. Dr. McClary was invited to stay and enjoy the joke which he did. Footsteps were soon heard in the hall and the two men scampered to cover. The boy opened the door and stepped in; then, spying the skeleton, dropped his papers and fled. Dr. McClary, pitying the poor little fellow, gathered up the papers, and stepping to the door, called to him to come back. The boy's flight was arrested for a moment but, looking back over his shoulder, he shouted: "Nix! I don't come back. You don't look any better with your

**Song and Story .....**

**The Way of Life.**

**I Must Have My Fling.**

I said I would have my fling  
And do what a young man may;  
And I didn't believe a thing  
That the parsons have to say.  
I didn't believe in a God  
That gives us blood like fire,  
Then flings us into hell because  
We answer the calls of desire.

And I said: "Religion is rot,  
And the laws of the world are nil;  
For the bad man is he who is caught  
And cannot foot his bill.  
And there is no place called hell;  
And heaven is only a truth,  
When a man can sow his wild oats  
In the fresh keen hour of youth.

And money can buy us grace  
If it rings on the plate of the church  
And money can neatly erase  
Each sign of a sinful smirch."  
For I saw men everywhere  
Hotfooting the road of vice;  
And women and preachers smiled on  
Them

As long as they paid the price.  
So I had my joy of life;  
I went the way of the town;  
And then I took me a wife,  
And started to settle down.  
I had gold and enough and to spare  
For all of the simple joys  
That belong with a house and a home  
And a brood of girls and boys.

She was going to bring me a child,  
And when in trouble she cried,  
With love and fear, I was wild;  
But now I wish she had died,  
For the son she bore me was blind  
And crippled and weak and sore;  
And his mother was left a wreck;  
It was so she settled my score.

I said I must have my fling,  
And they knew the path I would go;  
Yet no one told me a thing  
Of what I needed to know.  
Folks talk too much of a soul  
From heavenly joys debarred—  
And not of the babes unborn,  
By the sins of their fathers scarred.

—Unidentified.

**Interloper.**

"You told me you hadn't mosquitoes," said the summer boarder reproachfully.  
"I hadn't," replied Farmer Corntosel. "Them you see floatin' around come from Si Perkins' place. They ain't mine."

Wouldst thou fashion for thyself a seemly life?  
Then, do not fret over what is past and gone;  
And spite of all thou mayst have left behind  
Live each day as if thy life were just begun.

—Goethe.

**Who Wanted Him.**

Senator Tillman sees more with his one eye than many do with two; nevertheless those who see him cannot time ago he clapped his hands for a page from the cloakroom and a new one responded.

"Tell, Senator Clay," he said, "that I want to see him in the cloakroom." The page ran on the errand, stopping to ask the head usher where Senator Clay sat. Then he asked: "Who is it that has only one eye?" The usher thinking it a question of mythology, replied: "Why, Cyclops, of course."

The page delivered his message in this astounding way: "Senator Cyclops wants to see you in the cloakroom."

**My Auto, 'Tis of Thee.**

My auto 'tis of thee, short cut to poverty—of thee I chant. I blew a pile of dough on you two years ago, and now you refuse to go, or won't or can't. Through town and countryside, you were my joy and pride; a happy day. I loved thy gaudy hue, thy nice white tires so new, but now you're down and out for true in every way. To thee, old rattlebox came many bumps and knocks; for thee I grieve. Badly thy top is torn, frayed are thy seats and worn; the whooping cough affects thy horn. I do believe thy perfume swells the breeze, while good folks choke and weeze while we pass by. I paid for thee a price 'twould buy a mansion twice; now everybody's yelling "ice." I wonder why. Thy motor has the grip, thy spark plug has now the pip, and woe is thine. I, too, have suffered chills, ague and kindred ills, endeavoring to pay my bills since thou wert mine. Gone is my bank roll now, no more 'twould choke a crow, as once before. Yet if I had the mon, so help me, honest John—I'd buy a car again and speed some more.

clothes on!"

Dr. McClary appears at the Chattanooga here, June 25-30. He ought to be worth seeing, judging from this story.

**THE FANTASY.**

Without the night was cold and damp  
And steadily the rain was beating down;  
I sat alone within a lighted room  
And listened to the patter on the sill  
A rodent gnawed somewhere within the house

And in another room the floor creaked loud.  
Then suddenly I seemed to hear a step  
Upon the porch, a trembling at the door,  
As if some feeble visitor had come.

I sat all still and listened, more intent  
And seemed to feel my solitude depart.  
The spirit fantasy came in and moved  
About the house with quick but cautious tread  
While other phantom forms, invisible  
Came forth and mingled 'till the house was full

Of many strange uncanny visitors.  
The doors swung slowly and without the wind  
Blew softly on the window panes while low  
But certain sounds came from each window and  
The spirits seemed to hold their revelry.

I felt a shudder and was not alone  
For there within my room the fantasy  
Approached and stood before with silent gaze.  
Its form was beautiful and from a face,  
So pure and peaceful yet with anxious look

It gazed upon me till I felt so bold  
To thus inquire of my fair guest—  
Fair visitor! from whence are thou and why  
Thy quest this night within my presence here?  
So long it gazed in silence then its lips

Moved slowly and it spoke or seemed to speak.  
Frail creature, so beloved of God and I,  
Whose life is small within the course of time,  
For thee I crossed a great mysterious gulf  
To gaze upon thee thus alone and mark

Their simple course upon the span of life.  
For years my secret vigils I have kept,  
And often strove to guide thy steps from ill,  
For often devious paths led out before,  
And often grave misfortune waited thee.

Thy wayward steps have sometimes gone their way  
But love hath brought me and I minister,  
To shield and keep thee 'till the end of life  
And then to help thee o'er the mighty gulf  
Into the beautiful and spirit world.

Of this my spirit world I cannot tell  
Nor mortal man, though he desire, behold  
The splendors of its bright enchanting scenes.  
The vision passed and then I woke or seemed  
To waken and my visitor had gone.  
The room was still and I was all alone.

The light burned lower while I sat and mused  
And deeper grew the spell of mystery  
Until I saw beyond my vanished guest  
An ever kind, and ruling Providence,  
In which the angels minister for man  
Or perchance in the silence of the night

The loved ones, long departed, may return  
To watch beside the couch and minister  
With such devoted care and endless love.  
Howard Phillips, Meyersdale, Pa.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE**

Estate of Charles M. Secret, late of Larimer Township, Somerset County, Pennsylvania, Deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed administrator in the Estate of the above named decedent, hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate, to make prompt payment and those having valid claims against the same to present them duly authenticated to the undersigned administrator at his home in Sand Patch, Somerset Co., Pa., Saturday, May 29th, 1915, or to his attorney, Jas. B. Landis, Atty. W. H. Cannon, Somerset, Pa. Administrator.

**TITLED FOR THE DAY ONLY**

During the past week the Rev. Saint Peter, an efficient prelate of the M. E. C. and Father Mulligan of the Casualty Insurance Diocese, accompanied by their better halves and daughters went fishing on Willis Creek. While engaging in this sport they were accompanied by a special fish warden, who carefully protected them from violations of the law and directed them along the intricacies of Willis Creek.

**MEMORIAL DAY**



**REMEMBERED IN SCOTLAND**

Soldiers of Our Civil War Have Memorial in Edinburgh Cemetery.

One of the oldest burying grounds of Edinburgh, the Old Calton, which lies on a spur of the Calton crags, there stands close to the mausoleum that marks the grave of David Hume, philosopher and historian, a striking memorial, which, through the exertions of Wallace Bruce, formerly American consul in Edinburgh, was erected in 1833 to the memory of Scotsmen who fell in the American civil war. The memorial is visited by most of the American tourists who go to Edinburgh. It consists of a statue of Abraham Lincoln and, below it, kneeling with uplifted hands, a life size figure of one of the negro race whose freedom from slavery Lincoln secured.

The memorial on a recent Memorial day was draped with the flags of the United States and Scotland, and over the folds of the stars and stripes and St. Andrew's cross were laid a number of beautiful wreaths, while loose flowers were strewn around the granite base upon which the figures rest. A magnificent wreath of arum lilies, lilies of the valley and evergreens was placed on the monument by the United States consul at Edinburgh, and another tribute was sent by the United States consul at Dunfermline.

Miss Margaret Taylor, a woman over eighty years of age, visited the ground and placed on the memorial a small sheaf of flowers in memory of her brother, John Taylor, who, on March 7, 1863, fell in a skirmish at Rappahannock. When he left Scotland Taylor received a presentation watch from his employer. The watch was found on him after his death and was sent home to his people in Scotland, with a letter which he had written to his sister the day before he fell.

**"THE FIGHTING M'COOKS."**

No Other Family Has a Civil War Record Like Theirs. I was halted the other day before a remarkable painting that hung in the

splendid rotunda of the old capitol building, called the statehouse, in Columbus, O., says Deshier Walsh in the National Monthly.

It represented a group of ten men, every one of them strong in feature. The central figure was that of a man of commanding presence, past middle life, clothed in the old fashioned uniform of a United States army officer, seated on a camp chair, backed by a tented canopy. Around him in graceful positions, apparently considering certain plans of battle, were the other nine. The scene itself was a shady nook amid rolling ground, and the distance were a farmhouse and evidence of pastoral life such as early confronted the soldier who participated in the American civil war.

This picture was labeled "The Fighting M'COOKS." The leader was Maj. Daniel McCook, and the others were his nine sons, every one of whom served in the army or navy of the United States. The father and three sons were killed in the struggle, four sons subsequently died in service, and another survived to become a well known lawyer of New York.

These were of "the tribe of Dan." Another branch was called "the tribe of John," in which there were five members, making a total of fifteen, every one of whom was a commissioned officer, excepting Charles, of the first tribe, a volunteer private, who declined a commission in the regular army and was killed in the first battle of Bull Run.

In all the annals of the war there is none more amazing, none more pulsating with heroism than this record of one family.

**To the Unknown Dead.**

One of the most touching ceremonies of Memorial day, perhaps the one which is felt most keenly by the surviving veterans, is the tributes collected in memory of the unknown dead. There were men who went into battle with their comrades, who fought the good fight and in the thick of the conflict disappeared forever. Some who were captured worked their way back to liberty. Others are lying in unmarked graves. And in burying his head to the unknown dead scarcely a soldier is forgetful of some such incident.

Men who have tasted battle, who have offered their lives to their country, are better able to reckon the worth of patriotism than those who have endured no greater sacrifice than paying taxes. It is these men who feel most pain when they scent a growing spirit of indifference in the traditions of the nation. Such an occasion as Memorial day deserves reverential attention, and by their examples they try to instill reverence and patriotic principles in their children.

Try our fine job work.

**SPECIALS**

\$1.25 and \$1.50 Wash Skirts . . . . . 98c		
25c Hose . . . . . 10c	Silk Ladies' 25-cent Hose . . . . . 19c	
For Ladies. Black, White and Tan, Black Shades.		
<b>MILLINERY SPECIALS</b>	Choice 200 Women's Untrimmed Hats that sold for \$1.98 to \$7.98, your choice for . . . . . 19c	
150 Women's UNTRIMMED HATS that sold for \$3.98 to \$7.98	Choice Another lot of Women's Untrimmed Hats 100 in number, that sold for \$2.98 to \$10 . . . . . 50c	
NOW \$1.50, \$1.98 & \$2.98		
\$2.98 Values in OSTRICH PLUMES black, white and colors, 100 at \$1.50		
Summer Waists	50 Linen Skirts	Voile Skirts
Regular \$14.98 values slightly soiled, white and colors . . . . . \$1.39	Regular \$7.98 values. Last season's styles, your choice . . . . . 79c	Regular \$14.98 values in lot, closing out price . . . . . \$1.39
<b>300 New Spring House Dresses</b>		
Lot No. 1 now 98c   Lot No. 2 now \$1.50   Lot No. 3 \$1.98		
Light or dark colors, specially attractive prices for this week.		
Lawn Waists	Silk Waists	Corsets
Odds and ends in \$1.50 \$1.98 and \$2.98 values . . . . . 37c	100 Silk Waists that sold for \$3.98 to \$9.98 all colors & sizes \$1.39	Discontinued numbers in B. & G. and Royal Worcester. Choice of 50 that sold as high as \$5.00 . . . . . 79c
CHILDREN'S DRESSES	<b>IMPERIAL</b>	CHILDREN'S DRESSES
75c Dresses		\$1.75 Dresses
44c		\$1.19
\$1.00 Dresses		\$2.00 Dresses
79c	ARTHUR STEINWEG, Pres. We Give "S. & H." Stamps Cumberland, Md	\$1.27