Sons of Pilgrims At Festive Board

Eighth Annual Dinner of the New England Society of Lackawanna County Is an Enjoyable Affair.

WIT, WISDOM, AND ELOQUENCE HOLD HEARERS SPELL-BOUND

One of the Most Successful Meetings in the Annals of This Enterprising Organization Is Held at the Terrace Hotel-Eminent Speakers and What They Said-Rev. Joseph H. Twitchell on "New England Pluck "- Rev. Dr. Warfield on "The Old Red Schoolhouse and What Came of It; T. V. Powderly on "The Heroism of 'American Labor"; and Rev. Dr. W. H. Pearce's Tribute to "New England Mothers."

F. Whittemore, J. W. Aitken, Carbondale

George Sanderson, Colonel F. M. Hitch-cock, Dr. L. M. Gates, Homer Greene, Honesdale; W. W. Watson, Dr. Capwell,

President Pond's Remarks.

Owing to a severe throat affection, C.

H. Pond, the society's president, could

only make a brief address; in fact he

had to desist in the midst of lt. In in-

troducing his remarks he referred to

the death of two members, Dr. George

Throop and D. W. Connolly, whereupon

the members drank while standing to

the memory of the departed. Presi-

I am more than gratified to witness

so large a gathering of Yankees, which eclipses any of our preceding meetings,

and is a grand token of the future. You

will pardon me if I say nothing about our past presidents or fail to brag a

bit about Connecticut; I had hoped to do so, but my throat is incapable of

While looking over such an audience

of well known men, and men of ability, I cannot help recalling the most domi-

nant characteristic of the New Eng-land people-force; whether it comes

from blood or association there is a force, a vital force, in New England

blood which is seen and felt in every progressive locality in our country.

of the society, and Senator J. R. Haw-

ferring to the couplet beneath his name

I rise-I said with undisguised dismay-

Such are my feelings as I rise I say.

Like the Irishman who was assesse

The Irishman went for legal advice

\$8 for owning a goat, I place myself.

only find bearing upon the case a pass-age which read of property aboundin

pardonably as "Joe," the appelation

still given him by Yale graduates of

thirty-five years ago, Mr. Twichell

away, dragging the farmer after them. Finally the rope parted and the neigh-bors gathered the farmer together and

of them asked what he meant by fool-

ishly tying the rope to his leg. "I hadn't gone fur," said the farmer, "be-

fore I realized my mistake."
I must put levity aside; the minute

ne begins on a subject like mine "New

England Pluck," he stops foolishly and takes off his hat. The pluck of the

Puritan was endless, intellectually and physically; in his day opinions were al-

most a man's only property, and it was his purpose to stand by them to the

speech they were straightforward and honest, a characteristic their sons have,

in a measure, lost, and an example of which was shown thirty-one years ago,

when a terrible voice, indeed, spoke against their weakness—and spoke the

While our forefathers were not liter-

ary, they made themselves understood;

they generally spared people the pains of guessing what they were driving at.

ant, and assimilated in their domestic affections, and yet were not wont to

turn their sunny side outward; these Puritans were not of the effusive and

osculatory type. They were true even to hardness whenever the stern faculty would do a good turn.

People pooh at the stern face of the Puritan; do they think of the stern situation of those days—days that nur-tured the visage of a soldier? Like

armies in battle they faced situations which made men a very sombre com-

munity, I can tell you; there was no

time for fiddling and other fine arts unnecessary to speak of. And yet people

poke fun at them. It was a struggle for existence with arms on the body

Perhaps they were unamiable, unple

sat him up against a stump,

on the menu card:

dent Pond said:



HE descendants of Henry Belin, jr., W. H. Jessup, R. S. Hull, the Pilgrim fathers Walter H. Buell, F. B. Foote, F. G. Foote, F. W. Shear, W. F. Surdam, W. celebrated Forefather's Day in an appropriate manner at the Hotel Terrace last night. At7.40 o'clock nearly one hundred and twenty-five members and guests of the New England society of Lacka-

wanna county sat down to banquet in the hotel. Gathered around the banquet board were young and old and comparatively sturdy sons of the sturdiest people this country, and possibly any other country, has ever known. The later-day revellers were a fair representation of the qualities which

have made possible the Scranton of today. The wealthy man elbowed along with his more worldly unfortunate man, but during the early formal reception and the sitting about the board the material condition was absorbed by the common boast of heritage from New England stock.

That the society does not move and have its being in name only was attested by the brotherly feeling, something deeper than platenic friendship, which seemed to link the evening's gathering into a unit. The assemblage individually did not, in casual conversation, boast of being able to trace its ancestry; but there was no mistaking the pride with which many spoke of having staunch, stern and true New England forefathers.

It was the eighth annual banquet of the work of the pride with which many spoke of perpetuate the memory of New England in a broader field. I hope the society will be so permanent numerically and financially that it will be the pride with which many spoke of having staunch, stern and true New England forefathers.

the society and in point of numbers alive all the year. Already a commitand otherwise was said to have been th most successful ever held. Certainly small amount of credif is due the speakers, local and from abroad, who added brilliancy, lustre and learning to the

Speakers of the Evening.

Among the tonst responsers was Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, of Hartford, a Yale man of thirty-five years ago, whom the New York alumni is allowed to yet call Twichell, and whose name is linked by the alumni with "Our Chauncey" and "Ike" Bromley; such was the manner in which he was introduced by City Solicitor James H. Torrey, the

E. D. Warfield, L. L. D., born in Kentucky, educated in England, and who enjoys the distinction of being youngest college president in the United States, was another of the speakers. He is at the head of Lafayette's faculty, but from his own remarks and in the estimation of his auditory, he enjoys as great an honor in being the husband of a daughter of Massachusetts.

Hon S A Northway, present member of congress from Ohio's old Garfield district, contributed largely to the enjoyment of the occasion. His humor. masterly style and familiarity with the part played by Puritan pluck in the last rebellion made his effort one of intense

Hon. T. V. Powderly, ex-general master workman of the greatest labor organtzation the world has ever known and Rev. Dr. W. H. Pearce, pastor of one of the largest Methodist congregations in the country, represented Scranton in the list of speakers.

It was 10.15 o'clock, after about two and one-half hours of gastronomical discussion, before the feast was ended: and in their gastronomical power of sticking to a thing and treating it properly in act and in spirit, the gathering showed their hereditary traits and payed a collective compliment to the Three lines of tables along three aisles of the dining room and forming a hollow square and a smaller table in the center contained the banquetters. In addition to an elaborate array of limitless good and rare things selected from the season's delicacies the menu contained such reminders of New England as pork and beans, cider

and mince and pumpkin pie. Those Who Attended.

The guests from abroad with the officers of the society occupied the front side, of the table facing the square. During the progress of the feast orchestral music was furnished by a party of Bauer's musicians situated in hotel lobby, and the intermissions of the speech-making were filled by the admirable vocal music of a quartette. Those present were:

Theodore Strong, Pittaton; Rev. N. F. Stahl, J. E. Burr, Carbondale, J. A Lansing, J. H. Fisher, Arthur Frothingham, S. B. Mott, B. E. Watson, H. A. Fulles, O. B. Wright, Colonel H. M. Boies, L. G. Northrup, W. J. Lewis, L. C. Kennedy Rev. George E. Guild, L. M. Smith, R. M. Stocker, Honesdale; Rev. Charles Lee, Carboniale; R. W. Luce, J. D. Stocker, Jermyn, F. C. Whitmore, J. D. Stocker, Jermyn: F. C. Whitmore, J. D. Stocker, E. S. Sanderson, John H. Law, Throop; Alfred Hand, S. P. Hull, R. A. Jadwin, Carbondale; W. T. Smith, J. W. Peck, L. M. Bunnell, T.-C. Von Storch, P. S. Page, Albert S. Baker, W. J. Hamilton, Carbondale; H. J. Anderson, A. F. Law, L. R. Potter, George R. Moir, John F. Roe, E. F. Marsh, W. P. Kennedy, A. D. Blackington, John H. Pheior, A. B. Williams, F. L. Phillips, W. G. Robertson, C. R. Kinsley, Blakely; Charles C. Rose, E. F. Naragansetts and Pequots round about them daring to defy the power of the British government?. They had less than 5,000 in total population and less than 1,000 souls, including boys over 17 years of age, capable of bearing arms, yet when asked to return their charter their answer was the hasty bringing up a few old pieces of cannon and the melting of lead. The demand was renewed, but the little band was never frightened. It was an everlasting example of the stuff of manhood unsurpassed in the records of humantly, not excepting David's slungshot tiy, not excepting David's slungshot battle with the armored Saul; it was in the spirit of the German officer who shouted to his cowered men, "Forward! Charge! Do you want to live forever!" Their only ally was distance, but they held their charter and furnished a manhood which history does not par-

They were not hotheads; their's was inspiration and sentiment that was an inspiration and sentiment that was an inexhorable determination to hold a point wrung in their faces—stern faces,—that we might have a cheerful countenance. If, in tracing back the noblest of heritages we leave out the hard features of our ancestors, we miss a chief explanation of the fortune to which we and our children are heirs.

"The Old Red School House and What Came of It," was responded to by Dr. Warfield, of Lafayette college. He

Old Red School House.

Like Ruth, I cannot help thinking that my effort will be fraught with "gleaning among the allen corn." I do not wish to convey the meaning, but I am forced to be reminded of the Scotch laymen addressing some of the kirk. He was ill at ease and spoke of casting pearls before swine.

Of New England blood I can only say

my children have that of Massachusetts which I cannot claim for myself. I was raised on the Kentucky bottle as of "The Old Red School House," I

believe that in its memory we have our birthright and heritage. Washington, Lincoln, Clay—where should I stop in the list of men who educated themselves for us. If my country could have had that school house we could have long ago clasped hands over the Mason and Dixon line; we could always have been one country, all free and going on to a unity. For myself, I thank God that my ancestors clung to the old flag of New England. One of my fondest and most sacred memories is that of Linpresentation to my father, a Kentuckian, a commission in the

United States army The greatest and best school idea is founded on the idea of Puritanism, on its hard necessities, on its practical teachings. Not all the seers and poets and orators were trained in colleges. Much of their greatness came from the schooling of the schools. I am reminded of Webster, who, arguing in the su-preme court that Dartmouth be sustained, said with tears in his eyes, "She is in her dotage-but we love her very Such men and such institutions are the necessaries which are fertile provinces of God in which our grand country was nurtured and made what she is

Men trained in these simple schools are not unlearned; from the schools are bred the very essence and juice of learning. It is a mother influence over which we should all rejoice and the memory of which should be perpet-

Rather than let my inspiration make me chew my subject too fine, I shall cease, although it is a subject dear to the heart of one who loves his nation's welfare.

We all have a fond hope of a more extended development of our society, whose aim should from now on be to T. V. Powderly was introduced to speak on the subject, "The Barefoot Boy, the Heroism of American Labor. His response was as follows:

Mr. Powderly's Address. In the dead of winter, with the reguthroughout northeastern Pennsylvania, plans and specifications for the coming and we frust soon to have a charter for more comfortable place to introduce a bare-foot boy than to this gathering of Mr. Torrey prefaced his remarks as the sons and lineage of progressive, they are specimens of as sterling man-hospitable New England. What would hood as ever evolved from bare feet toastmaster by reading letters of regret from W. R. Storrs, first president the boy say were he to stand here, bare-foot and in rags, before this table? He ley, of Connecticut, now in Washingwould feel awkward and abashed, but I doubt if he would be more surprised at the novelty of the situation than ton, whose public duties prevented his presence in the capacity of a speaker and guest. Mr. Torrey said, after rethose who sit here would be. The bare-foot boy, the ideal bare-foot boy of Whittier is but a memory, a dream of the past, and in repeating the beautiful lines we lose sight of the reality, the hard, cold, stern reality, and give thought to the sentiment alone. In no I am "dismayed" from the fact that country on the globe has the barefoo the toastmaster is expected to be the boy stood forth so prominently as in ours. In no land did he find so many butt of his hearers, but you no doubt will not experience that feeling from opportunities, golden opportunities, too, stretched out before him, and in no the fact that you will be the butters. place on earth has he reached the heights to which the barefoot boy of America has climbed. America is pe-culiarly the land of the barefoot boy. a brother Celt who in a law book could In it he has reached a prosperous, suc-cessful manhood such as the boy of no an' abuttin' on the public highway as-sessable in the sum of \$4 for each front other nation has been fortunate enough to call his own. It is but just and foot. However, I'm here to be butted and shall receive the shafts on a lawright that we should crown him in wreaths of song and story and hold him up to the light that future generations Mr. Twichell was happily introduced may see him as he was, as he is, and by Mr. Torrey, who referred to him,

as he ought to be. Whittier, he whose lines we repeat when we sing of the barefoot boy, was once a shoeless lad, and in his youth he was taught in his New England home that it was wrong for man to own his Rev. Mr. Twichell's Address.

Your president partially based his claims upon my attendance here upon the fact that we were born in the same town. While I feel that it is too late to alter that circumstances I feel that to alter that circumstances I feel that I men are stand for courment in the many brave, true men, whose names stand for courment in the men whose names are created and braces fit into each other day and our admiration is challenged as the best below the men whose names are created equal." New England, America, has been below the men whose names are created equal." New England and our admiration is challenged as the building climbs heavenward. I am paid too high a compliment in being asked to export myself 200 miles for the use specified. I find myself like a farmer who fastened to his leg a like a farmer who fastened to his leg a like a farmer who fastened to his leg a links which made up the shackles of slavery with a better blade, a keener or with more strength of will weapon or with more strength of will or undaunted courage than the black men's poet friend whose words and songs cheered and encouraged a nation to do its duty by its God, in the liberation of man from chattel bondage. Had Whittier been born in affluence it is a question whether he would have realized the necessity for the telling of such truths as his songs carried to the southland, where they lifted the gloom from the home of the poor black He knew what it was to toil. what it was to endure privation, and he could feel for the sufferings of others. The recollection of his barefoot made him strong of heart when he death. They were tolerent, but they were fell debaters; they split hairs, but they never split differences. In

For to my ear methought the breeze, Bore Freedom's blessed word on; Thus saith the Lord: Break every yoke, Undo the heavy burden.

His Career of Progression. Somehow or other we find ourselves looking toward New England when we speak of the barefoot boy. It was there that he began his career of progression; from there he started westward to carry the spirit of freedom beyond the hills, slopes and mountains, to where the Missouri rolls down to the sea and beyond. No wonder, then, that Boyle O'Reilly, another barefoot boy, sang of the staunch old ship that bore your sires to the landing place at Plymouth: Thunder our thanks to her-guns, hearts

and lips,
Cheer from the ranks to her,
Shout from the banks to her—
Mayflower, foremost and best of our

On a Sunday morning, four weeks ago, I sat in Jackson park, New Or-leans, and studied the equestrian statue of General Jackson which stands in the center of the square. On the base of the statue these words are cut into the granite block: "The union must and

our old enemy and prevent them from undoing the work of '76. I dearned the story of that inscription. The people of New Orleans, grateful to General Jackson for his defence of the city in 1815, erected that monument but in-scribed nothing on the base. When the war for the Union was in progress a New England general, who was a barefoot boy when Jackson was a candi-date for the presidency, went to New Orleans to drive disunion into the gulf. Riding past the Jackson statue one day it struck him that the people should be given an object lesson in loyalty and he engaged the services of a stone cutter to cut the inscription I have quoted into the stone. Whoever looks upon the monument to Jackson will not forget that General

Butler, than whom no better, truer sol-dier drew sword for liberty, emphasized the sentiment of fidelity to the union and the constitution in letters of granite where its lesson was most required.

A barefoot boy stood on the deck of a ferry boat on the Ohio river and earned his first dollar by carrying two passengers from the Kentucky to the Indiana shore. Speaking of it after-ward he said: "Sometimes it was difficult to propel tha boat up stream, but having no shoes on my feet I could get a better grip on the deck." He fol-lowed the stream later on until it took him to where he saw slaves sold from the block in New Orleans, and as his blood surged fast and hot through his six foot of manhood he said: "I ever I get a chance to hit that institu-

The Opportunity Came. In the Providence of God it was or-dained that the opportunity should be given him, and it came when he signed the proclamation which liberated four millions of black men and women. The name of Lincoln will always shed light on the dark and dreary pathway the boys who struggle through vicissitude and trouble. Our national history is studded from

tion (meaning slavery) I'll hit it hard.

the beginning to the present with the names of those who as barefooted boys strode from youth to manhood, from obscurity to fame, and from unknown depths to the proudest places in the gift of the people. But here were and there are others, just as good, whose names are never told, whose deeds are never inscribed on brass or marble, and of whose praises no poet ever sings. Dur-ing the forest fires of last summer, in Michigan, a relief train was dispatched to the rescue of a number of villagers who were hemmed in by a wall of flame It was necessary for that train to run brough the blazing forests, but before the return could be made the fire had swept across the tracks for miles and escape appeared impossible. The engi-neer closed the windows of his cabin, saturated cotton waste with water, placed it before his face and with his hand on the heated lever he stood at his post. Behind him, in the tank stood the fireman shovelling coal into the furnace and occasionally dashing water over the engineer and himself to quench the flames that had seized upon their clothing. The frightened passengers threw themselves on the bottoms of the cars and during the long minutes, that seemed like ages, they scarcely seemed like ages, they scarcely breathed. Through the long lines of flame, out of the stifling smoke and into the pure air they came, but the engineer fireman were almost wrecks of what they had been. Burned and blinded they guided that freight of human souls to safety regardless of their own. A few days ago we all read of the colliery engineer, who, on learning that the engine house and shaft was on fire, remembered that a number of miners were down in the earth. He sounded the alarm, called the men to the carriage, and with the flames lick-ing up his clothing, burning his hand to a blister, he clung to the heated lever until his fellow-men were safely landed Michigan locomotive; of O'Donnell, his fireman, or of Lloyd, the engineer of the colliery? No monument, no stone, no record even of their heroic bravery—but

to man's proudest estate, We Forget the Soldier.

We remember the general but forget the soldier who made it possible for the general to succeed. We idolize Washington, and well we may, but have given no thought to the barefoot boys whose blood consecrated the soil of Pennsylvania at Valley Forge that we might be rid of the king's evil in this

We shout the praises of the general whose chief claim to recognition lies in the fact that he killed men to save his country and we ride silently over the Brooklyn bridge, or through that which spans the Father of Waters at St. Louis, and are oblivious to the fact that the greatest monuments that can be neath, around and before us. We can tell who designed these wonders, but never question who they were who erected thm. Look around you tomorrow and everything your eye will rest upon will speak to you of the handi-oraft of your fellowman. The raw material placed at our hand by the Al-mighty is made sublime and still more wonderful by the hand of man. We recognize in the Commonwealth build-ing, at the corner of Washington and Spruce, the thought of a Hand, a Hand to whom we all turn with respect and pride, for it is Justice Hand's common-wealth. We are watching the erection Scranton the story of their work among us. Whose tongue will tell the names of those whose labor made it possible for the names of Hand and Jermyn to be remembered as builders among

While dreaming over what the bare-foot boy of the long ago could do we close our eyes to the fact that he is fast vanishing from among us as the little hero of Whittier's poetle fancy. We dream of the barefoot boy of fiction and pass the living, breathing boy in his rags and bare feet every day on the street without giving him a thought. We like to read of what the American youth can do, but do we realize that the achievements of the past are no longer to be reckoned among the possibillities of the future?

Different from Our Fathers. We are not such creatures as our

fathers were, our environments are not the same and our end in life seems to be different. We grasp for riches, for power and position, forgetful of the fact that he who gains power over others loses control of himself, and that once the longed-for position or eminence i gained he becomes a servant for others and must be guided in his acts by what others think and what custom prescribes rather than by the dictates of reason or the better impulses of his

We struggle for wealth and trample barefooted boys and men into the earth in the mad rush. We applaud the ideal and damn the real. We wrap ourselves in a dream of what used to be and scarce bestow a thought on what is to come. What the barefoot boy could do he can no longer do. The race is keener, the competition more heartless, and the struggle more bitter than it ever was. Machinery has almost superceded hand labor, more shoes are made than can be worn, and there are more barefooted boys, women and men than ever before. In the race of years ago only the idle and shiftless went down, F. L. Philips, W. G. Robertson, C. R. Rimsley, Blakely; Charles C. Rose, E. F. Grainberdin, George F. Ferris, Pittation, J. L. Foster, Jisane L. Post, W. S. Blanchard; D. B. Atherton, G. P. Rogers, Carbondale; Mayor E. E. Hendrick, Carbondale; Captain W. A. Trautwein, Carbondale; Captain W. A. May, R. J. Foster, W. A. Wilcox, Dr. B. Myor, R. J. Foster, W. A. Wilcox, Dr. B. H. Thropp, C. D. Jones, W. H. Peck, L. F. Megargel, E. B. Sturges, W. J. Torrey, A. C. Fuller, C. H. Pond, J. H. Fisher, F. Platt, A. G. Gilmore, C. H. Welles, Scarcely bread to eat, and with the

who were once merchants, manufacturers and prosperous workmen, but who went down before the march of the merchant prince, or the coming of the merchant prince, or the coming of the trust. I grant that the tramp element father?" is largely made up of the idle, the drunken and the shiftless, but never forget that when a brother falls or halts by the wayside the whole re-sponsibility rests not upon himself

The Accumulation of Wealth A dozen men, or families, in this na-ion own or control one-fiftieth or the wealth, and the reverse side of the octure shows that 90 per cent. of the producing masses support their families on an average of 90 cents a day. While this is true, we hear a cry go up from the citadel of the nation: "Make things cheap, give us cheap products, cheap food and clothing." The sin of cheapness has run mad, for its logical-ending is poverty, its final analysis is charity to men who should be self-sustaining. Cheap products ends in cheap men, and the conscience of the nation should be stirred until it real-izes that the lesson of old is still true: "The laborer is worthy of his hire." While those who play in the game of darker, When we trace the causes why many a life is tainted with crime, no man can boast, for the race of life is not run with an equal chance for allthe barefoot boy carries double weight today. As we shake the frosts and snows of time from the boughs of

memory, we can look back to nothing purer or brighter than the green fields and sparkling rivulets of our boyhood What we fondly love to dwell upon within the sacred walls of memory we thould not begrudge to others. the barefoot boy of the future may hold his own in the march of progress, which rushes so swiftly onward, we should give of our effort to make it possible for him to reach the goal of his ambition and become a gain to the ma-tion, instead of being a drain upon her charity. We devote time, thought and means, to the erection of warships, forts and arsenals; we clamor for office and strive to write our names as those who did something great or heroic, but we miss the greatest of all opportunities when we pass the door of the public school unmindful of the fact that, after all, it is the only real fortress of freedom, the bulwark of liberty, the hope of the barefoot boy upon whom this nation must, after all, depend for its strength and support. On behalf of the barefoot lad now entering on the march, made rough and perilous by the greed of those who went before, let

me quote the words of Longfellow, another son of New England: Were half the power that fills the world with terror, Were half the wealth bestowed on

camps and courts, Given to redeem the human mind from There would be no need for arsenals or

What Congressman Northway Said.

Hon, S. A. Northway was introduced by Mr. Torrey and asked to respond to the toast, "Uprising of a Great Peo-

ple." In the course of an interesting speech Mr. Northway said: My toast is "The Uprising of a Great People," and on an occasion like this politics are apt to predominate, and if I say anything in political matters which seemingly offend any one, you must charge it to those who originated the toast and not to the one who sponds. American people are peculiar people in one respect, in being emphatic in expressing their ideas. There are no other people on the globe who can ex-press their ideas in such an emphatic manner, and no people can gather to-gether like ourselves in the sense that at the top of the shaft. Where shall we look, in the days to come, for the we look, in the days to come, for the land people, can. With the New England and people originated the government for the people by the people. It is a saying worthy of the wisest man that people who can hold a proper, peaceful public meeting are fit people to form a government, and we have gathered that idea until we express it in an emwhich we express our ideas more emphatically than another it is the field of politics.

I have come in contact with a large number of men of all political parties and the great majority, I am firmly convinced, are thoroughly honest, whether they be Republicans, Demo-crats or Populists. We are all politicians-we are the only people on the globe who, as a class, are all politicians. Up to a few years ago it was generally believed that the position of parties in politics did not affect much in their results to the country and the general talk we were accustomed to was that it did not make much difference which party was in power, the country would go on just the same. One other idea is that great people are capable of great things. They can rise above party for the sake of their county, their home and their country's industries when any of them are beset by danger. Much of this feeling we owe New England people and their descendants, who, from their town neeting had originated the great common school system, the dual system of government and many advantages of the present day. There, that evening, they renewed their allegiance to the memory of their ancestors and revived their pledge of faith, given to their old fathers and mothers, to hold to those glorious principles which had. to those glorious principles which had been taught and given to them in homes defended by their life's blood. Rev. Dr. W. H. Pearce was the last speaker. He responded to the toast,

'New England Mothers, the Angels of the Household." He said:

New England Mothers. I am not sure that I belong to this roodly company, and that I should be Household." I am not an immediate New Englander, I wish that I was; at least for the present hour, and for the full enjoyment of this bright and festive occasion. And yet, perhaps, I do not deserve to be wholly ostracized, for my life has been cast upon the great lines of New England history and by the royalty of descent. I am some what, though remotely, akin to you.
My father's father came from so far
down east that he used to say that
there was nothing beyond his father's farm but the bleak shore of Nantucket and the judgment day. My mother's mother spent a happy girlhood amid the green hills and laughing rills of Vermont. So you see that I am at least tributary to the great river of New England life, that has poured its noble waters through every channel of our splendid civilization.

There is a royalty of mind, as well as a royalty of blood; there is a royalty of character, as well as a royalty of decharacter, as well as a royalty of de-scent; and this royalty of mind and character characterized the New Eng-land mother. Her life was given up to the home and home-making. She cared but little for anything else, and her life in the home was as tender as It was brave, as gentle as it was strong. with a lofty purpose to make the home as sweet and blissful as a bit of heaven on earth, and at the same time as strong and rigid in its moral, mental and physical ministrations as if it were the grasp of an unrelenting law. A story is told of a down-eastern mother who was seeking to correct her boy of 7 years for ill conduct. He eluded her grasp, fled from her and hid under the porch. She threatened him and impor-tuned him to come out, but of no avail,

World Indebted to Her. The life of the New England mother was full orbed in the home. She guided in all of its affairs, and she holds a very heavy account against our best civilization for the unnumbered host of mighty men she manided into pobliof mighty men she moulded into nobility of character and inspired with reverence and fast clinging love for

law, purity, truth and goodness.

I am just old-fashioned enough to believe, when a man steps out into the glare of public life or sits down at the loom of life's weavings, that he is already what the home has made him. It is the eternal and inallenable heri-tage of woman to mould the man, to nourish his body into strength and his mind into soundness, to equip him for the warfare of life and inspire him for its victories; to breath through him the wishes of her soul and teach him how to gain the ideals which her purity reyeals, her ambition craves and her love demands; and in this she gives tone and character and color to society life are permitted to stock the cards and through it virtually makes the that they may win and keep the golden world. The souls and minds of little prize, the homes of the poor grow children are marvelously tender, sensichildren are marvelously tender, sensi-tive and delicate things, and keep forever the shadow that first falls upon them, especially if it is the mother's I do not think that it is an exaggeration to say that there was never a truly great man whose life ran along the lines that converge in the world's peace, purity and universal brother hood, but what had a great mother. The first six years of our life makes us. It stamps the coin of our character and tells what it will be worth in the great market and exchange of life. After the years of our childhood all that is added is only veneer. There is

no higher dignity than the dignity of shaping in silence and patience the forces that mould and guide human society, nor can the sphere be narrow from which such potent influences flow. This is just what the old-time New England mother thought. She thought that the home was the divinely dained fountain of all blessing to the world, that it was so powerful in its moral and social training and equip-ments that neither time nor change could arrest or undo what it had wrought! That the home life over-reached and undergirded all other life and character, and if things went right there, they would go right everywhere, and if they went wrong there, they would go wrong everywhere. That she was right and her deduc-tions safe and wise, none of us in this

presence would question for a moment Her Lofty Mission.

Controlled by this thought, inspired by the greatness and loftiness of her mission and sublimely awed by the results and destinies that it involved, she gave herself up to the home and to home-making so lovingly and ef-fectual, and with such faith in God that the beauty and strength and value of her productions have been the high-est adornment and the strongest story and the surest and most enduring sal vation of this great American republic. Sad day will it be for the home and church and nation when the home shall be anything less than our New England mothers thought it to be, a divine thing sent of God to bless and beautify the whole round of human life. Lead child-hood captive to high and ennobling principle, and through it, the whole world to its promised latter day glory.

Let me say in closing that as woman decrees so will human society be When cruelty held high carnival in the Coliseum at Rome and bloody tragedy in human life was the sport and fasci-nation of the people, the victorious gladiator held his victim close to the ground and before he daggered him to death turned his gaze toward the balcony of the great building that was with women the most and richly attired of Rome! And if it response to his gaze they turned their thumbs down he proceeded with a new and increased relish to finish his awful work. But if the thumbs were turned up he quickly released his victim and

sought to ease his wounds.

Today such is the power and in fluence of woman in society that if she smiles at sin and gives herself up to fashion and pleasure the tragedy of sin will go on to its awful finish; but if she decrees purity and lofty Christian character for herself and the world and adheres to it in sublime consecration, earth's sorrowful dirge will speed ily end in songs as sweet as those that float from angel harps.

Unique Menu Cards.

Each succeeding year the society has included in its menu card some feature symbollic of early New England and later day Scranton. This year Oliver Wendell Holmes and the witchcraft o Puritan days and the witcheraft of this generation were ingeniously and historically embodied in the menu cover. On the front of the cover is an engraving of Mother Goose riding the trolley of an on car, while above her the wire is throwing off a splutter of sparks, and be neath her can be seen only the roof of the car. The words, "Scrantor tion, that is was the first city in the United States to build a road for the purpose, and that its cars were the first in the world to be lighted by electricity. The whole is a travesty of Holmes' "The Broomstick Train." On the rear cover reproductions of Fancuil Hall and the old North church and other colonial structures suggest

the early scenes of and the title, 'Salem accorded the privilege to respond to the toast just offered, "The New Eng-land Mothers, the Good Angels of the the enclosed menu will prove a happy shown with an ecru coloring and with and appropriate souvenir to the ban-

INTERESTING AND VALUABLE.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS A SUFFERER Mrs. Lizzie C, Wilt's Grateful Account of Her Recovery-A Simple Remedy. From Advance Argus, Greenville, Mercer

With feelings of uncertainty Mrs. Wilt began the use of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, but today it has no better friend than she. Mrs. Wilt is well known, for she has lived for years within a few miles of Greenville. The following letter, addressed to Dr. Kennedy, will make interesting reading for many a sick person:
"Dear Sir; For twenty-live years I have been troubled with sick and nervous headaches, so bad that much of the time I was unable to do anything, for I would be so weak and prostrated after the severe pain was gone. I tried every do me any lasting good. Last spring my son was using Favorite Remedy, and he insisted on my trying it. I did so, and used less than a bottle, and found it was just the medicine I needed, for I have not had a headache since.

"It also benefited me in other ways, fo my health was poor, and it acted as a tonic. I hope this letter will reach the eye of some poor sufferer, for I know if they will only try Favorite Remedy they will be thankful for it. Yours truly,
Mrs. Lizzie C. Wilt, Greenville, Penn. Such a mark of commendation

the minds of all the great value of this edy is pronounced by the majority of physicians as the superior of all blood

medicines and nerve restorers. It cures rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous and bilous headaches, nervous prostration and the tired feeling reusiting therefrom. It is a specific for scrofula, crysipelas, dyspepsia and for the troubles peculiar to the femile system. the female system.
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The symptoms of which are dizziness, lack of confidence, sexual weakness in men and women, ball risting in throat, spots floating before the eyes, loss of memory, unable to concentrate the mind on one subject, easily startled when suddenly spoken to, and dull distressed mind, which unfits them for performing the actual duties of life, making happiness impossible, distressing the action of the heart, causing flush of heat, depression of spirits, evil forebodings, cowardice, fear, dreams, melancholy, thre easy of company, feeling as tired in the morning as when retiring, lack of energy, nervousness, trembling, confusion of thought, depression, constipation, weakness of the limbs, etc. Those so affected should consult us immediately, and be restored to perfect health.

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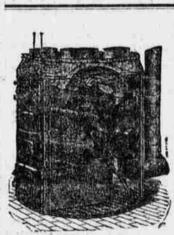
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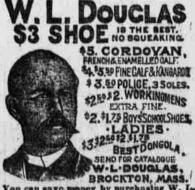
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