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BLAME ON FLORIDA

Republic's Captain Says Italian Steered Wrong.

PRAISE FOR WOMEN PASSENGERS

They Never Lost Their Heads In the Most Trying Situations and Acted Like Heroines, He Declares.

New York, Jan. 26.—Captain Sealby of the White Star steamer Republic, who was rescued from drowning after he had leaped from his sinking ship south of Nantucket, declared today that the Italian Lloyd liner Florida was to blame for the loss of the Republic and her cargo and for the loss of the baggage of her passengers.

"The Italian steered wrong," said Captain Sealby, "and struck the Republic amidships. Something went wrong with the Florida's steering wheel. A quartermaster had the wheel when the commander yelled for it to be jammed to starboard. He put it to port instead, and the Florida crashed into us."

Another version of the story is that the man dropped his wheel in a panic when danger impended. Both versions agree in saying that the commander felled the quartermaster with an iron spike following what he must have considered the seaman's recreancy. Possibly the verdict of a marine court will be needed to determine the blame.

Captain Sealby gave the warmest praise to the conduct of the women passengers. He said they never lost their heads even in the most trying situations and "acted like heroines."

"It was a mighty fine sensation when I felt a strong hand seize me by the hair when I came up the second time," said Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, the author, who fell from the dory as she was being transferred from the Florida to the Baltic.

"I had about given up hope, and in the brief time that I fancied was allowed me before I became unconscious I was trying to resign myself to my fate. I cannot swim, and I knew I could never save myself, but I felt myself rising through those horrible green depths, and then I felt a man's hand seize me by the hair. It pulled my hair terribly—I think I lost a lot of it—but I prayed that it wouldn't let go, and when it pulled me to the edge of the boat that brown face of the Italian sailor, the first thing I saw, was the most welcome sight in the world. He was a brave and a strong man, and he pulled me into the dory unaided."

Mrs. Herbert L. Griggs, who had a narrow escape, said that she occupied stateroom 30, next to the two rooms occupied respectively by Mr. Mooney and Mrs. Lynch, who were killed.

"Coming on near daylight," she said, "I had fallen into a nap when there was a terrific crash which sounded like a report of a cannon. All I remember of it was that I was covered with debris.

"Everything was in absolute darkness. I was pinned down by wreckage and could not move. I think I lost consciousness. I remember that I knocked repeatedly on a piece of wood that lay over my head. Then I cried out as loudly as I could.

"About that time I heard the voice of my bedroom steward, who said: 'There's a woman in there. I know there's a lady in that berth. Let us get her out.' 'They pushed their way in by hammering down some of the debris, and Roberts, with a cabin boy, brought me out and carried me through the wrecked Murphy cabin, then through another wrecked cabin and into an alleyway, where I was revived.'

Mrs. E. McCready and her daughter, Miss Grace McCready, were in stateroom No. 28, one of the five to receive the brunt of the collision. They escaped without a scratch by what Mrs. McCready referred reverently to as an act of divine Providence.

"It was only the will of God that saved our lives," she declared, "for we were thrown from our berths and piled with wreckage. A great piece of iron became wedged over us, but did not touch us, and we managed to crawl out unscathed.

"We saved only our dressing gowns and fur wraps. All my jewelry and other clothing is at the bottom of the sea, but for that I care nothing. That we escaped with our lives was a miracle."

Harry Savage Landor, the African explorer, a passenger on the Baltic, was emphatic in his praise of the pluck and bravery of the American women aboard the Republic. "Never in my life," said the explorer, "have I seen such splendid nerve exhibited by human beings as that displayed by the American women after the terrible ordeal through

which the passengers of the Republic were forced to go.

"Transferred from one sinking ship to another and finally to the decks of the Baltic, they showed marvelous fortitude and nerve. It was enough to bring the tears to one's eyes. Imagine those women, in wet night attire, with hair hanging disheveled and wet from the ocean spray—not one complaining or protesting. They had lost their belongings, and their lives had been thrice endangered, but they were actually cheery. It was a spirit that cheered us all.

"One of the noblest spirits of that noble band of shipwrecked humans was the Countess Pasolini, an American girl, the wife of an Italian nobleman. When she came aboard the ship, wet and bedraggled, she went at once to the steerage and began to minister to the unfortunate women of the steerage. She forgot her own miseries to lessen those of others. It was a magnificent sight."

General Brayton Ives, one of the Republic's passengers, spoke with much bitterness of his treatment on the Republic after the collision. He said:

"From the time of the collision I saw no officer of the ship for hours. There were stewards around, smoking black pipes in the faces of the women passengers, but not one officer to direct them, to encourage the women and children, to give information or to quell panic.

"I own a yacht and know enough about seafaring matters to know pretty well when such an emergency is being handled properly. I say that the handling of the Republic after the wreck was conspicuously inefficient and conspicuous by its absence.

"The first and only time I saw the captain was when he appeared on the bridge and said that it was considered necessary to move us to the other ship, the Florida. She was lying a quarter of a mile away. He said that all the women and children would be taken first. The women and children were separated from the men, and the loading into the boats was speedily done. But I saw no officer supervising this work.

"No officers of the Republic accompanied us to the Florida. There was no officer of the Republic there to care for us. We were left to the courtesy of the Italian captain. He did the best he could. We had some potato soup and macaroni. The ship was dirty and in disorder. It was as uncomfortable as an Italian emigrant ship could be. We were kept on deck in the rain all the time, with no seats even.

"There was a long, unnecessary delay in making ready for the transfer to the Baltic, during which the sea and wind were constantly rising. I was told they were haggling about the terms of salvage.

"My whole criticism of the affair is summed up in the neglect of the Republic's officers in not accompanying their passengers and looking out for them and the way the captain left everybody to shift for himself. What else did he have to do, once he saw how badly his ship was damaged, except to take care of his passengers? He never came near us."

29 DAYS IN MESSINA RUINS.

Eighty-year-old Man Rescued From Debris by Soldiers.

Messina, Jan. 26.—Gaetano Millitello, an octogenarian, has been rescued alive from the earthquake ruins. Millitello managed to escape from under the walls of a house a few days after the earthquake, fleeing in terror to the outskirts of the town. For a time he sustained life with herbs, but at length fell exhausted under a pile of wreckage, where he was found by the soldiers.

Within the last three days 200 permits have been issued to individuals to excavate on their own premises. A large number of people are now engaged in this task, and hundreds of dead bodies are being removed.

TEN MINERS ENTOMBED.

Rescue Parties Trying to Reach Men in Mine at Boswell, Pa.

Pittsburg, Jan. 26.—Ten miners are entombed in the Merchants' Coal company mine at Boswell, Pa., where a gas explosion occurred.

Three men, badly injured, escaped after the explosion, and Superintendent Logan was carried out unconscious.

Rescue parties are trying to reach the imprisoned men. Some of the miners had not been permitted to enter the mine because of anticipated trouble which the superintendent and party were investigating.

CANNOT RAISE REPUBLIC.

Sunken Liner Lies at Depth of at Least 200 Fathoms.

Boston, Jan. 26.—Captain Alfred Sorenson, one of the best known wreckers on the coast, was asked what were the chances of raising the Republic. He said:

"They will never raise the Republic. She lies at least 200 fathoms deep. Now, a diver cannot work in water over 100 feet, and he cannot perform laborious tasks in water much over sixty feet.

"If the Republic lay in ten fathoms it might be possible to pump her out, provided there was a period of good weather lasting for several weeks. Where the ship lies is open ocean and exposed to the gales from every point of the compass. She is a total loss. They won't even be able to get any cargo out of her."

TRYING TO SAVE THE HUB.

Famous Evangelists Begin Great Religious Meetings There Today.

Boston, Jan. 26.—Two of America's most famous religious workers, the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman and Charles



REV. J. W. CHAPMAN.

M. Alexander, will begin here today a series of simultaneous evangelistic meetings that are expected to reap a large harvest of souls. The preaching will be done by Dr. Chapman, and Mr. Alexander will be in charge of the musical side of the work.

Dr. Chapman is the executive secretary of the Presbyterian general assembly's committee on evangelistic work. Mr. Alexander is the author of many famous gospel hymns. He has conducted religious song services in many American and British cities in connection with the Rev. Reuben A. Torrey and others.

Desperado Was Russian Anarchist.

London, Jan. 26.—One of the Russian desperadoes who was killed in the desperate attempt at highway robbery in London has been identified as Jacob Lapidus, an anarchist, brother of the Leiser Lapidus who was blown to pieces in the bomb explosion in the forest of Vincennes, near Paris.

EX-WIFE SUES GUGGENHEIM.

Declares That Her Divorce From Mine Owner Was Invalid.

New York, Jan. 26.—Justice Gerard in the supreme court has appointed a referee to hear testimony on the application of Grace B. Guggenheim-Wahl for alimony and counsel fees pending her action for absolute divorce from William Guggenheim, the multimillionaire financier and mine owner.

It is alleged that in November, 1907, the plaintiff, then Mrs. Herbert, married William Guggenheim in Hoboken and subsequently divorced him in Chicago and that nine months thereafter she married Jules Roger Wahl in New York city. Wahl's father, it is said, secured an annulment of this marriage in France on the ground that his son had not obtained his consent to get married. Guggenheim, believing his wife's divorce in Chicago to be legal, married Miss Aimee Lillian Steubner in New York on Oct. 16, 1904.

Mrs. Guggenheim-Wahl now declares that the divorce she obtained was not valid.

BOGUS PASTOR A FUGITIVE.

Took a Minister's Name and Preached For Four Months.

St. Louis, Jan. 26.—That a young man who for four months preached from the pulpit of the Congregational church in this city was an impostor, using the name of a Chicago clergyman, is the allegation made in a letter received from the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, by the Rev. Herman Swartz, pastor of the Webster Grove Congregational church.

The "clergyman" called himself "Rev. Ivan M. Gray," and just before leaving Greenwood he paid accounts with bank checks, receiving several hundred dollars in change. The checks were returned as worthless.

JEFF DAVIS FLAYS WALL ST.

Senator Attacks Alleged "Evils of the Money Power."

Washington, Jan. 26.—The alleged evils attending gambling in the products of the soil by the sale of futures on the exchanges was the subject of a passionate speech delivered by Senator Jeff Davis in the senate. Mr. Davis denounced what he declared to be evils of the "money power" and referred to the acts of Caesar in securing laws to suppress usury and in obtaining legislation for the benefit of the poor of Rome, followed by his tragic death when, "surrounded by the treachery of the money power, twenty-three knife wounds pierced his body, illustrating the terrible fate that lies in the path of any man who seeks to shake loose from the throat of any government these parasites of wealth that attempt to control the destinies of the government." He further said:

"The money power of this government is treading upon dangerous ground. They do not know or else they do not care that the people are already ground down with taxation and the weight of government until their backs are almost broken beneath its load. I would not be an alarmist, but I predict here and now that unless congress turns a listening ear to the lamentations of an outraged public within ten years the red broom of war may sweep this government as it has never been swept before, and when that day shall break in all its fury woe to the crowd working in the field of legislation that have laid these grievous burdens upon the backs of the crowd working in the field of human endeavor."

BIG ATHLETIC CARNIVAL.

Yale University Team Wins College Relay Two Mile Race.

New York, Jan. 26.—At the big indoor athletic carnival of the Pastime Athletic club at Madison Square Garden the following were the principal events:

800 yards handicap, Eugene Gillmore, Dominican Lyceum (59 yards), won; V. Jarboe, Acorn Athletic association, Brooklyn (59 yards), second; H. Lee, Boston Athletic association (28 yards), third; time, 1 minute 53-4-5 seconds.

40 yard run, handicap, G. W. Foster, Irish-American Athletic club (16 yards), won; R. T. Edwards, New York Athletic club (11 yards), second; B. E. Terrier, West Side Y. M. C. A. (16 yards), third; time, 3-3-5 seconds.

College relay, two miles, scratch, Yale university team, Baird, Mann, Kirjasoff and Spitzer, won; Columbia university team, Bucklach, Kennedy, Zink and Sanders, second; University of Pennsylvania team, Cohn, Levering, Wilson and Beck, third; time, 8 minutes 2-2-5 seconds.

Putting twelve pound shot, handicap, C. Pellingier, Pastime Athletic club (7 feet), 45 feet 11 inches, won; J. M. Rosenberger, Irish-American Athletic club (10 feet), 41 feet 7-1/2 inches, second; A. Drummond, Pastime Athletic club (9 feet), 42 feet 7 inches, third.

440 yard run, novice, won by Hamilton Reeve, Inglewood High school; C. B. Copinger, Pastime Athletic club, second; Walter Hurst, unattached, third; time, 67-3-5 seconds.

One mile run, handicap, won by W. S. Nobis, Mohawk Athletic club, New York (55 yards); H. L. Trube, New York Athletic club (scratch), second; I. B. McDowell, Pastime Athletic club (75 yards), third; time, 4 minutes 23-1-5 seconds.

CATTLEMEN IN CONVENTION.

Meet in Los Angeles Today to Discuss the Grazing Industry.

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 26.—Questions of great importance to cattlemen throughout the country, especially in the west, will be discussed at the twelfth annual convention of the American National Live Stock association, beginning here today and lasting three days. Hundreds of delegates, among whom are owners of some of the biggest of western ranches, throng the streets of the city.

Among the important questions which will come before the convention will be the proposed revision of the tariff in its relation to meat, hides, wool and other products of the live stock industry. It is expected that the association will adopt resolutions favoring the enactment of laws for adequate railroad service, the furnishing of plenty of freight cars and other problems of transportation.

EGGS FOR CARRIE NATION.

London Audience Pelts and Hisses Her at Lecture.

London, Jan. 26.—Mrs. Carrie Nation, who is attempting to deliver a series of lectures here, met with a very hostile reception at the Canterbury Music hall. She was pelted with eggs, one of them striking her in the face.

When the Fog was Really Thick.

Weather Bound Traveler Hears About Mart Kimble and the Spook Bear on the Log.

[BY ED. MOTT.] "I was on a little jaunt through the hilly corner of northeast Pennsylvania," said John Gilbert, the traveling groceryman, "and was held captive one day at a little wayback tavern by a dense fog that had settled down in that vicinity and made traveling the roads impossible for the time.

"This is the thickest fog we've had," said the landlord, "since the one that was hovering the time Matt Mogridge started in to shingle his barn and the fog shut things in so solid that he had shingled one side of the roof and ten foot out on to the fog before he seen what he was doing."

"I had been using quite some language against the weather conditions that had housed me up in that out of the way bailiwick, but now I began to be sorry I had done it.

"But this fog is considerable hefty," continued the landlord, "than the one that set Mart Kimble, down Dyberry way, to thinking one time that a spook bear was playing it on to him, way low down and aggravating."

"The fog bank was looking to me now like a bright stretch of sunlight on the hill and in the hollows.

"The fog dropped down that time," said the landlord, "and caught Mart on the ridge while he was out looking for deer. It came down so fast that in less than ten seconds or so Mart couldn't see more than twenty feet ahead of him, and he sat down to wait until it took a notion to lift.

"Suddenly out of the fog what should loom up, dim and hazy, but not to be mistaken, but the form of a big bear. The bear had his fore feet planted on a log that lay on the edge of that twenty foot line of vision and was peering through the thick mist. Mart looked twice to make sure his eyes wasn't deceiving him and, seeing that they wasn't, he paused long enough to say:

" 'Tain't exactly fair to take advantage of that bear, sort o' blinded by the fog as he is, but he ought to stay to home till things get clear. So I'll have to get him."

"Then Mart socked a rifle bullet in the bear. The smoke from his gun deepened the fog so that for a spell the place where the bear had loomed up was shut out of sight, and when it cleared away Mart was near knocked out with surprise to see the bear still peering out into the fog. Mart came to himself pretty quick, though, and sent another couple ounces o' lead into Bruin.

"Now Mart hadn't never been in the habit o' shooting more than once at a bear or anything else to bring it down, so when the stirred up fog and the smoke from his gun cleared up again and he seen the bear looming there on that log just the same as before and as if nothing had happened in them woods to make it any different, Mart certainly was flabbergasted, and he could feel his hair beginning to stand up toward the crown of his hat, for he couldn't think anything else but what he had been wasting powder and lead on a spook bear. But skeery as he was the idee made him mad.

" 'Gosh a'mighty,' says he, 'I'll risk another whang at it, anyhow,' says he, 'and if that don't tumble it, I scoot out o' these woods as if the old boy himself was kicking me on end."

"So he socked the third charge of powder and lead into that starty bear, and when things cleared up and the critter wasn't on the log this time Mart felt good and concluded that the bear wasn't a spook, but only tough. But I s'pose he was about the most astounded man that ever shot a bear when he walked up to that log and looking over it seen three big bears laying there dead instead of jest one.

" 'Yes sir. Them three bears, as Mart figured it out, had been coming through the woods in Injun file and as the first bear that stepped on the log fell dead, the one behind stepped into his place on the log, and when this one went down the third bear stepped up. But if there had been another bear to get up on that log after he had fired the third time, Mart would have scooted for home on the jump and would have believed to his dying day that he'd been shooting at a spook bear."

"I regretted to notice that the fog outside was lifting, for it was evident that I would be able to go on my way before long and the way back tavern was getting interesting as the landlord thought of more and proceeded to tell it.

"But that fog o' Mart Kimble's, said he, was a good deal thinner than the fogs that drop down onto us in these parts. Now s'pose that one had been as hefty as the fog Fin Teeple run up against up Star Lake way once."

"Fin Teeple knowed the ways of wild critters in the woods so complete and could handle his gun so unfailing that he didn't have to see his game at all to whang it over. All he wanted was to hear it holler or rustle or thump in the brush, no matter how thick the brush was and bang! his old gun would go belching bullets or buckshot in the direction of the hollering or the rustling and thumping in the bushes. Then the hollering and the rustling and the thumping would quit mighty sudden and Fin would walk in and get his game.

"One day he was out when a fog dumped itself over everything the thickest he or any one else had ever knowed it to dump itself, and as Fin stood and cussed that fog for holding him up that way he heard a panther yell off to one side of him.

"Well," says Fin, 'I'll get that panther anyway and that'll be a little consolation."

"So when the panther yelled again Fin whanged way toward the spout where the yell come from, but he could scarcely believe his ears when he heard the panther tearing away unhit through the woods, for nothing like that had ever happened to Fin before.

"I'm gettin' old," says he, 'I can't shoot no more. And I'll jest about die with shame when I go home and have to tell about it. It was loaded with 19 buckshot, too,' says he.

"But Fin didn't go home and have to tell about it. All he had to tell was as he sat there moaning over how he couldn't shoot any more, the fog began to clear, and as it got thinner and thinner he heard a sudden rattling made by something coming tumbling down like hail on the dead leaves. He went and looked to see what it was, and picked up them 19 buckshot he had fired at the panther's yell.

"The fog had been too solid for 'em" said Fin, "and they lodged in it 'fore they could go 20 feet. It let 'em go ag'in when it thinned out, of course," said he, "but all they could do then was to rattle down to the ground."

"So Mart Kimble was in great luck not to have such a fog as that one Fin Teeple struck," said the landlord, "for then he wouldn't have got any bear at all."

"I said that was so, and I wished that the fog outside had come down as hefty as Fin Teeple's for the day was young yet and the landlord's memory evidently just getting in good working order." But the fog had cleared up, so that I had no excuse for tarrying longer.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.

Among good plays, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch", which comes to the Lyric for matinee and night Tuesday Jan. 26, seems to have the most super-abundant vitality. From the first, dramatization of Mrs. Rice's two popular stories, "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Lovesy Mary" met with a degree of popular favor more enthusiastic, if anything, than that awarded those "best-selling" novels of low life in mean streets. In Mrs. Wiggs herself, Mrs. Hazy, Lovesy Mary, and Mr. Stubbins, the play presents four types, each one of which remains firmly fixed in the most pleasant recollections of the playgoer. The character of Mrs. Wiggs, the optimist and philosopher of the Cabbage Patch, takes rank with many of the prominent comedy creations heretofore presented upon the American stage. A very close second for popularity is the character of Miss Hazy, the forlorn and lugubrious spinster, in which the dramatist has evolved something new and likeable in the psychology of the unmarried. Miss Hazy marries Mr. Stubbins: "the prominent citizen of Bagdad Junction" has been provided by a matrimonial agency, and in the various scenes between Miss Hazy and her matrimonial bargain, the humor is irresistible. Lovesy Mary, in her transition from the pages of the book to the stage has been made a very lovable character who at once wins the sympathy of the audience. The juvenile element in the stories of "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Lovesy Mary" is decidedly happy in its humorous appeal, and plays an equally delightful part in the play. Asia, Europa and Australia and Billy Wiggs; Chris Hazy with his wooden leg; Pete and the other sons and daughters of the Patch make the scenes bright and merry with the play and sunshine of childhood. And "Cuby" the "fit-horse" whose "lights was riz" is not forgotten in this background of juvenile jollity and pie-nicking.

"A Summer Paradise."

All hotel and boarding-house proprietors on the line of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad desiring representation in the new edition of the Hotel Directory, should send full information at once to the General Passenger Agent, Albany, N. Y.

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